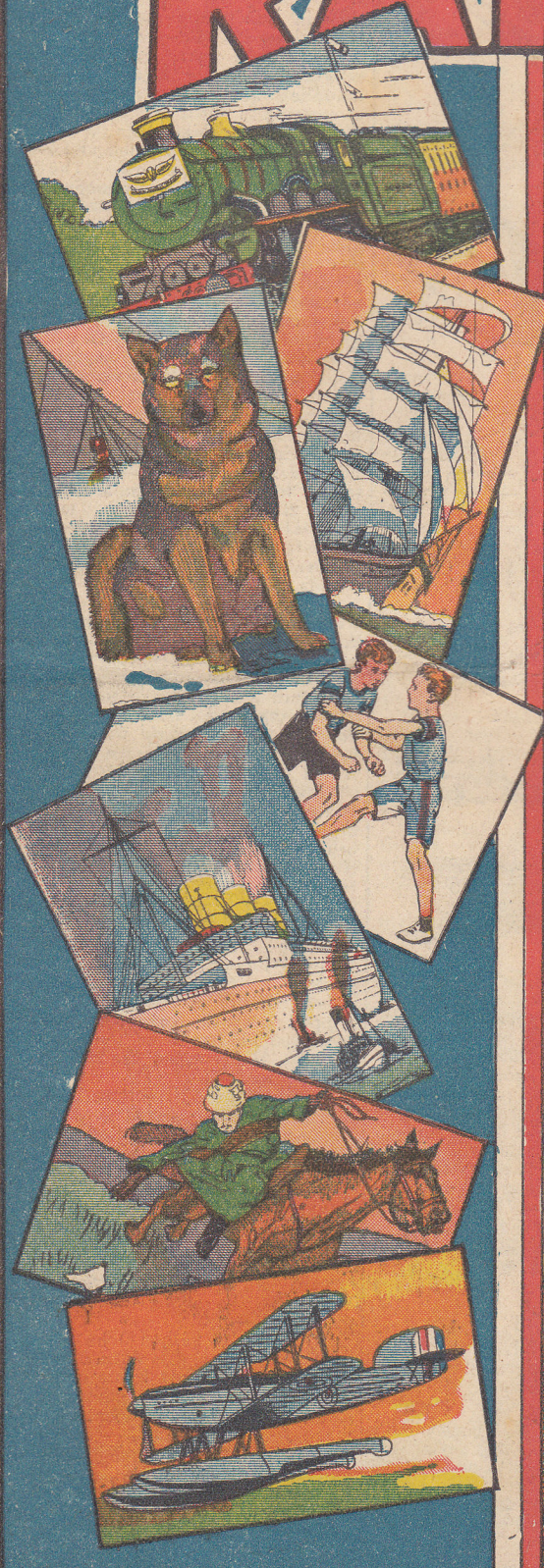


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THE MOST UNRULY BOY AT GRIMSLADE IS JIM DAINTY. NOT EVEN THE HEAD CAN TAME THIS HOT-HEADED REBEL. BUT DESPITE HIS FAULTS JIM PROVES THAT WHEN PLUCK IS WANTED HE'S GOT MORE THAN AN AVERAGE SHARE OF IT!

Washing for Two.



RUTE!" roared Fritz Splitz.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Peast!" yelled Fritz.

There was a roar of laughter in the quad at Grimslade School. Fritz Splitz, the Ger-

man junior of White's House, howled with excitement and rage.

"Prute and a peast!" he spluttered.

Jim Dainty, the new boy in White's House, looked out of the study window of No. 10, and grinned as he looked. Fritz was in the midst of a crowd of Redmayes juniors. Ginger Rawlinson held him by the back of a podgy neck, wriggling on the edge of the granite basin of the fountain in the middle of the quad. "Streaky" Bacon had a bar of soap in his hand. Sandy Bean had a large scrubbing-brush. It looked as if Fritz was going to get a wash—which was what Fritz needed, but did not want.

With his fat face bent over the water, Fritz could see his reflection, with a smear of jam and a smudge of bull's-eyes on it.

He struggled frantically to keep his features from dipping in.

"Tat you let go!" howled Fritz. "Ach himmel! I vill not be vash! I do not need all tat vashing! I am not dirty like te English!"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Ginger. "Didn't Peck rag you in class this morning because you hadn't washed?"

"They never wash in White's House!" said Sandy Bean. "Lemme gerrat him with this scrubbing-brush."

"And me with the soap!" said Bacon. "Ach! Ooooooh!" spluttered Fritz, as the grip on the back of his neck dipped his face in the water. "Whooooooh!"

His face was streaming as it came up.

"Get going with that soap, Streaky!" ordered Ginger.

"Tat you keep tat soap away!" shrieked Fritz. "I like not te soap! Soap is not goot for a Cherman! Ooooooogghh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Redmayes crowd as Streaky Bacon rubbed the bar of soap on Fritz's wet face.

Jim Dainty chuckled. Fritz Splitz wanted washing, and Peck, the master of the Fourth, had "jawed" him in class that morning for that very reason. Hence Ginger and Co's little joke on the German. Jim saw no reason why Fritz should not have the wash he needed. But his studymate, Dick Dawson, joining him at the window, looked warlike at once.

"My hat! They're ragging a White's man!" he exclaimed. "Come on, Dainty!"

Without waiting for Dainty to answer, Dawson jumped from the window, and started for the fountain at a run. Jim followed him at once. He had not been long at Grimslade, and had made few friends in his House; but he was a "White's" man, and ready to back up in a House row. Fritz von Splitz was not much of a credit to his House, but he belonged to White's, and that was that!

"Ach! Groooogh! Tat you take

away tat soap!" shrieked Fritz. "I tells you tat I vill not be vash—ach, I am all vet—tat you let go mein neck, you peastly Chinger—ooooogh! Tawson—Tainty—tat you help me, ain't it."

Dick Dawson came up with a rush. But three or four Redmayes men collared him as he arrived, whirled him over, and sat on him. Streaky continued to lather on the soap, and Sandy Bean flourished the big scrubbing-brush—which certainly would have damaged Fritz's face, had it been applied there. Jim Dainty was only a few moments after Dawson, and a couple of fellows seized him by the arms.

"Sit on him!" chortled Ginger.

But Jim Dainty was a tougher proposition than Dawson. The two Redmayes fellows who seized him went staggering to right and left, and Dainty jumped at Ginger and Co.

"Here, look out!" yelled Ginger.

A fist that seemed like a lump of iron caught Ginger Rawlinson on the side of the jaw. He roared and reeled, and Fritz von Splitz jerked loose.

"Ow!" roared Ginger Rawlinson.

"Collar him!"

"Back up, Fritz!" yelled Dainty, as he faced the rush of the Redmayes crowd with his hands up.

But Fritz Splitz did not heed—even if he heard. With his fat face streaming water and lather, Fritz headed for White's House as fast as his podgy legs could whisk, and he vanished into the House like a rabbit into a burrow.

Dick Dawson struggled under the fellows who were sitting on him. Jim Dainty backed against the granite fountain, in a swarm of the enemy. He hit out right and left, but he was collared on all sides.

"Bag him!" roared Ginger. "Bring him here! Jerry's gone—we'll wash Dainty instead of Fritz."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jim Dainty, resisting desperately, was forced over the edge of the basin. He dipped into the water and he gurgled.

"Go it with the soap, Streaky! They all want washing in White's!" roared Ginger. "Pile in!"

"Rescue, White's!" Dawson was yelling, and White's juniors came running up on all sides. But the Redmayes crowd were here in force, and they held them back, while Ginger and Co. handled Dainty. Soap lathered thickly over his crimsoned face. He struggled furiously, but his arms were pinned, while Streaky Bacon lathered on the soap. The Redmayes juniors yelled with laughter as his face disappeared under a mass of white lather. Jim Dainty spluttered and gasped and gurgled, with soap in his nose and mouth and ears.

"Now barge in with the brush, Sandy and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cave!" yelled a Redmayes junior. "Ware prefects!"

Trafford, of the Sixth, the captain of Grimslade, came striding over from Redmayes' House. From another direction came Yorke, the captain of White's. Rags and rows were frequent enough in the quad at Grimslade, but this "rag" was rather a record, and it caused "Sammy" Sparshot, the headmaster, to look out of his window with a frown.

There was a scattering of the juniors at once. The scrapping, whirling crowd broke and scattered in all directions. Ginger caught a lick from Trafford's asphalt as he went, and Streaky Bacon captured a swipe from Yorke's. But in a few seconds the whole crowd, Red

and Whites, had vanished, and Jim Dainty was left leaning on the fountain, blind with soap, gasping for breath, and spluttering lather.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Trafford, staring at him. "Who—what's that!"

Jim gouged soap from his eyes, and blinked dizzily at the two laughing prefects.

"Ooogh!" he gasped.

"Cut off!" chuckled Yorke, and he gave Dainty a lick with his ashplant to start him.

"Urrrgh!"

Jim limped away to his House, still gouging soap. He was smothered with soap and streaming water. He hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels as he came into White's House.

"Dainty!" He almost ran into his Housemaster as he entered. Mr. White fixed a grim and disapproving look on him. The Housemaster of White's had had more trouble with this new boy than with any other boy who had ever come into the House. "Dainty, what does this mean? How dare you appear in public in such a state? You are a disgrace to the House. Go and clean yourself at once. You are detained for the afternoon, Dainty!"

"Ooogh! I—I—" stuttered Jim. "Not a word! Go!" thundered the Housemaster.

And the new boy at Grimslade, with a sulky glare under the lathering soap, went.

Breaking Bounds!

"MEIN goot Tainty—"
"Oh, shut up!" growled Dainty.

It was a half-holiday at Grimslade. Jim Dainty was staring from the window of the detention-room, watching the crowds of fellows going out of gates, when Fritz came under the window and blinked up at him, with his saucer eyes. Dainty's face was dark and sullen. He felt that his detention was unjust. He had been no more to blame than any other fellow concerned in the rag. He was not in a mood to reflect that he had given his Housemaster so much trouble that Mr. White had some reason for losing patience with him, and coming down short and sharp.

"My goot Tainty, it was ferry prave of you to gum to pack me up when those peasts and prutes was vashing me," said Fritz. "I tinks tat you are almost as prave as a Cherman."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Dainty. "Cut off, you fat freak!"

"Also, tere is anoder matter," said Fritz. "I am so sorry tat you are

tained, mein tear Tainty. I have a colossal sympathy."

"Can't be helped!" grunted Dainty. "Also," continued Fritz, "I tropped a half-crown while those peasts and prutes was vashing me. I have not find him again, Tainty! If you vill lend me tat half crown till I find him—"

Jim Dainty glared down at the fat German. It was not sympathy for his rescuer's detention that had drawn Fritz there. The fat Rhinelanders, as usual, was on the make.

Dainty did not answer in words. He leaned down from the window, and with a sudden snuff, flattened Fritz's hat over his extensive ears.

"Ach!" roared Fritz, staggering away. "Vy for you pang me on mein Kopf?" Fritz clawed at his hat, to extract his bullet head from it. "Ach! I tinks tat you are a beast and a prute, and I am cholly glad tat you are detained, you peasty pounder! Ach! You go and eat coke."

And Fritz departed in wrath. Jim Dainty scowled from the window. He had planned to go out of gates that afternoon to explore the fall at a little distance from the school, where Grimslade Water came tumbling down from the slopes of the great Pike across the rugged moors. But his scowling face cleared a little as Dr. Sparshott came into view, striding away from his house towards the gates.

"Sammy" Sparshott did not look much like a headmaster, equipped in an old shabby coat, a cap, and a pair of rough boots for a tramp across the moors. The rebel of Grimslade had not been gently handled by the Head; but he had come to respect and to like "Sammy," and to share in the sort of hero-worship with which the Grimsladers regarded him.

Sammy evidently spotted the face at the window of the detention-room, for he swung round, and gave Jim a cheery smile and a nod.

"Detention, what?" he asked.

"Yes, sir!" answered Jim. "Sorry! All in the day's work," said Sammy, and he strode on and disappeared out of gates.

Jim did not go back to the task his Housemaster had left him. Before seeing Sammy, his mind had been made up to "cut," with his usual reckless disregard of consequences. Now he hesitated. He was still reckless of consequences; but somehow, he disliked the idea of displeasing "Sammy." Sammy Sparshott had a heavy hand, and he stood no nonsense, and Jim, like all Grimslade, respected him the more for it.

But the sense of injustice was strong on

the new boy. The detention-room and the detention-task were dreary, and he made up his mind at last. He dropped from the window, put on his cap—which he had taken in under his jacket—and scudded away. Two or three juniors saw him scudding, and grinned. In a couple of minutes he was under the oaks by the school wall. He clambered into a tree, of which one branch brushed the top of the wall, crawled along the branch, and dropped from the wall into the road.

A minute more and he was off the road, and on the moor, tramping away in the direction of Grimslade Water. It was a cold, but sunny afternoon, and the keen, invigorating wind of the Yorkshire moors blew in his face, as he tramped on cheerily. Across the moor he sighted Trafford of the Sixth, with his camera slung over his arm, and dodged out of sight. The captain of Grimslade had disappeared. A little later, as he followed a sunken lane towards the waterfall, he was hailed by a fat voice.

"Ach! Is tat you, Tainty?" He glanced round at Fritz Spitz. Fritz waved a fat hand.

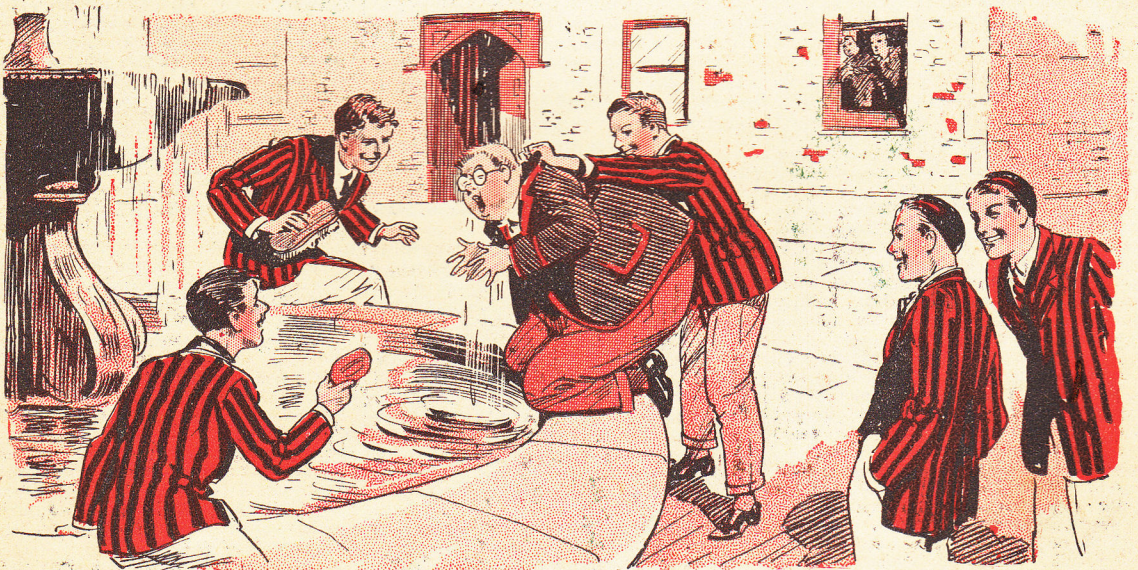
"Tat you stops mit yourself," he called out. "If you go valking, I vill walk mit you, mein goot Tainty."

As Jim had no desire for the fat Rhinelanders' company, he accelerated, and Fritz was left behind. He came higher and higher up the rising moor, by the side of the rippling stream that tumbled down from the distant Pike.

He stopped below the fall, where Grimslade Water came splashing down in a fall of twenty feet, over the water-worn stones, in a mist of spray. The stream had cut a deep channel, and it was difficult, and in places dangerous, to pick a way up the rugged bank. Below the fall was a deep, swirling pool. It was a glorious scene, and Jim stood for several minutes watching the play of the sunlight on the water. Then a footstep behind him made him turn his head.

He felt a pang of dismay at the thought that it might be "Sammy" Sparshott. He realised that he would have hated to be caught out of detention by "Sammy." The Head would think that he was still the reckless, wilful, defiant young rascal he had been when he came first to Grimslade—and Jim had come to value Sammy's good opinion. But to his relief, it was not Dr. Sparshott who came clambering up the rugged rocks beside the torrent. He had a glimpse of Trafford of the Sixth with his camera slung over his shoulder, and he promptly backed out of sight.

Trafford was there to take photographs, but if he had found a junior out of detention, he would have collared him at once. It was easy to keep out of sight,



Ginger Rawlinson held Fritz by the back of the neck, on the edge of the granite basin of the fountain. Streaky Bacon had a bar of soap ready and Sandy Bean had a brush. "Prute and peast!" spluttered Fritz. "Tat you let go! I vill not be vash, ain't it!"

however, in the narrow, rugged valley of Grimslade Water; and Jim crouched in cover while the senior went tramping by.

He looked out from behind a thicket when Trafford had passed. The footsteps stopped. Jim Dainty grunted as he saw that Trafford had halted, to take a shot at the waterfall flashing down from the high moor above. Trafford was taking his time about it, too. The junior impatiently waited in cover for him to go, but he did not go.

He heard a snap, and hoped that Trafford was finished. He grunted again as he saw the senior clambering up on the rugged rocks at the very edge of the falling torrent, his camera slung again. Standing on a high rock, on the verge of the deep pool at the bottom of the fall, Trafford looked about him, with the spray falling round him, and Jim stared glumly at his back. Quite unconscious of the impatient eyes watching for him to go, the Grimslade captain picked out a scene for his next "shot." And Jim, realising how keen he was not to be spotted, and realising that it was because he did not want "Sammy" to know that he had kicked over the traces again, resolved that, as soon as Trafford was gone, he would turn back at once to Grimslade and return to the detention-room.

That thought was in Jim Dainty's mind when he gave a sudden jump. Trafford, moving on the high rock, slipped where the footing was slippery with the constant spray. Jim Dainty sprang forward, involuntarily, but there was no chance of reaching Trafford.

He saw the tall Sixth-Former reel, clutching wildly, and heard the startled cry that broke from him. A moment more and Trafford disappeared from his eyes, shooting down over the edge of the high rock to the pool below. Through the boom of falling water came the sound of a splash.

Pluck!

JIM DAINTY clambered fiercely over the rocks to the edge of the torrent. He stared down at the glimmering water. Trafford was a swimmer—every fellow at Grimslade had to learn to swim. But if he needed help, Jim was ready to help. He scanned the water below, but he could not see Trafford swimming. His face was white as he stared down. Surely the big, powerful Sixth-Form man could not have gone down like a stone.

A few moments later he sighted him. Trafford was not swimming—he lay like a log in the water, without an attempt to struggle, bobbing up and down on the deep pool. Jim caught his breath. He knew what must have happened—Trafford had struck his head in falling, and he was insensible; and he was drowning helplessly under the staring eyes of the junior on the bank.

Jim panted.

It was deep and dangerous in the pool, with the water crashing down from above. But Dainty did not hesitate. Reckless, wilful, rebellious, the rebel of Grimslade had plenty of pluck. He tore off his cap and jacket and boots almost in a twinkling and plunged headlong into the water.

Trafford, unconscious, sinking helplessly to death, did not know that a hand grasped him in the whirling water, and dragged him back from death. His face deadly white, with the eyes closed, came over the water, and Jim Dainty, holding him afloat, fought desperately for his own life and another's.

Strong as he was, good swimmer as he was, the chances were against him, and he knew it well. But he did not think of that. With all his strength he fought the whirling water. Alone he could have reached the bank, but with his helpless burden it was a different matter. One hand held Trafford's head above the water; with the other and his active legs he swam, his teeth shut hard.

Once he came within touch of the stony bank, but an eddy swept him away again, and he went under. The din of

the falling water thundered in his ears, and he felt his senses reeling as he struggled and fought. He had a glimpse of a fat figure on the bank and through the din of the torrent he heard a startled voice.

"Mein gootness! Tainty! Mein gootness!" panted Jim.

But Fritz Splitz, staring at him from the bank with scared saucer-eyes, did not move. Not for his podgy life would Fritz have dared to plunge into that death-trap of foaming water. He watched the desperate swimmer in terror as Jim fought for his life. The boy's strength was going—a thousand strange noises were in his ears, strange lights danced before his eyes.

Even yet, by letting go his burden, he could have saved himself, but he did not dream of letting go. Grimly, savagely, he fought on, in the very shadow of death, and again and again he went under, but every time he came up again, still fighting. But hope was gone when suddenly, in the whirl of an eddy, he crashed on the bank and clutched. His fingers fastened on a trailing root, and he held.

For a full minute he held on there, trying to get back his breath, and his strength. There was a scrambling in the stones, as Fritz Splitz crawled down the steep bank to him. But the fat German did not venture near enough to help. With a desperate effort, Jim dragged himself on the stony bank, still with a grip on Trafford's collar, and again he had to rest, before he could drag the insensible senior ashore. But he got him on land at last and sank down, utterly exhausted.

"Ach! Mein goot Tainty!" gasped Fritz. "Tat is ferry prave—you are almost as prave as a Cherman!"

Jim got on his feet at last. He gave the fat Fritz a savage glare.

"You rotten funk, why didn't you help me?" he snapped. "Afraid of getting your clothes wet? Well, that'll wet them for you."

He grasped Fritz by the collar, swung him over, and plumped him into the water. There was a gurgling howl from Fritz.

AMAZING ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AMERICA

THE LITTLE MEN WHO RIDE THE CONDORS

A series of amazing adventures have befallen Mr. Claude Galloway, the well-known traveller, and his young air-pilot, Mr. Lindy Ransome.

They recently flew to the Cordillas, in a wild and quite unexplored part of South America, with the avowed intention of finding the fabulous treasure of the Incas. But apparently they were not the first in the field, for they soon came up against a rival expedition led by an unscrupulous individual known as Bullman.

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary of the many strange things they report is the existence, in this hitherto unknown territory, of what they describe as Birdmen. These are dwarf-like men who fly on the backs of condors. Apparently they have succeeded in harnessing and training these great birds just as the South Africans have "broken-in" the ostrich. From latest messages received, it appears that these Birdmen have supplied Mr. Galloway with a clue to the treasure.

You can read the whole enthralling story of the amazing adventures of these two intrepid explorers in "VOLCANO GOLD," which is No. 5 of the BOYS' WONDER LIBRARY and is now on sale, price twopence.

The next moment Dainty dragged him out again and pitched him down on the bank, where he lay spluttering.

"Ach! I am vet—I am ferry vet!" howled Fritz. "You peast and a prute, vy for you make me trench mit wasser?"

Jim looked at Trafford. He was still unconscious, and there was a dark bruise on his forehead. But he was safe and sound. Jim Dainty squeezed the drenching water from his clothes, as well as he could, and put on his boots and jacket and cap. He could see the signs now that Trafford was coming back to his senses, and he knitted his brows.

As soon as the Grimslade captain opened his eyes the game was up—so far as getting back to detention undiscovered was concerned. He was not thinking of punishment but of what "Sammy" would think.

"Look here, Splitz," said Jim hurriedly. "Trafford hasn't seen me—he doesn't know I was here. You stay with him while I cut off—you know I'm out of bounds—"

"Peast and a prute!" roared Fritz. "You make me all vet."

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snapped Jim.

"Ach! I giff you not avay, mein goot Tainty," said Fritz. "I am one good chap, like all Chermans. But I tinks tat if I giffs you not avay, you lend me tat half-crown, ain't it?"

Jim stared at him for a moment, and then laughed and took a half-crown from his pocket.

"Keep it dark that I was here," he said. "Ja! Ja wohl! I says notting," assured Fritz. "I will be tumb!"

There was a movement from Trafford, and there was no more time to lose. Jim Dainty cut away down the bank of the stream, and disappeared in a moment. Without losing a second he started back for the school, running hard.

Fritz Splitz remained with Trafford, blinking at him impatiently with his saucer-eyes. Now that he was in possession of the half-crown, Fritz was anxious to be gone. Likewise, he was anxious to change into dry clothes. But he had not long to wait. Trafford's eyes opened and he stared round him dizzily. His hand went to his bruised head and he sat up, staring at Fritz.

"I—I fell in—" he stammered. "I—I knocked my head—" He stared round in amazement. "Great Scott! Did you get me out, Splitz?"

Fritz blinked at him. It was a natural assumption on Trafford's part, as there was no one in sight but the fat German, and it was obvious that someone must have got him out of the water. And Fritz was squeezing water from his drenched clothes.

For a moment, Fritz blinked at him blankly, and then a sly gleam came into his saucer-eyes. He was not to mention that Dainty had been there—and it was certain that Dainty would not mention it. Grimslade had no use for funks and Fritz had often been kicked for funking. This was a chance for Fritz von Splitz, and he jumped at it.

"You got me out!" gasped Trafford. "Ach! Vat you tink?" said Fritz.

Trafford staggered to his feet. He stared at the foaming water, from which he had been dragged—he stared at the drenched German! It was impossible to doubt; yet it was amazing that the fat and clumsy Rhinelander, who had often been kicked for funking at "ducker," should have risked his life to save him from that fearful peril.

"Oh!" gasped Trafford blankly. "My only hat! It—it—it was you?"

"Could I stand by and see you trown?" said Fritz reproachfully.

"N-no—I suppose not! But—but—Well, my hat!" Trafford realised that his amazement at the fat German's exploit rather savoured of ingratitude, but he could not help it; he was fairly staggered. "Plenty of good swimmers would think twice before going into Grimslade Pool—"

"A Cherman would not tink two times," said Fritz. "All te Von Splitzes are ferry prave, like all Chermans. To me it is notting."

Trafford smiled. "Well, it was a lot to me," he said. "Do you know that you've saved my life, young 'un?"

"Any Cherman would do it," said Fritz modestly.

"Well, I don't know about that; but you're a plucky kid, and no mistake, and you must be as good a swimmer as any man at Grimslade, though you've never shown it before. Come along with me, kid—the sooner we change the better."

"Gum on," assented Fritz. "You lean on mein arm, ain't it?"

Trafford chuckled. He would have had to lean a long way to lean on the arm of the tubby Fritz.

"That's all right—come on," he said. "I'm all right now."

Fritz von Splitz grinned complacently as he trotted back to Grimslade by the side of the big Sixth-Formers. Fritz felt that he was in luck. When they came near the school, and Grimslade fellows observed them together, Fritz began to strut. Fellow after fellow stopped them, to ask what had happened, and jumped with amazement when Trafford told.

The amazing news preceded them, spreading over the school like wildfire; and there was a crowd in the quad to see them when they came in at the gates—the fat Fritz strutting by the side of the tall Trafford.

"Beats me hollow!" gasped Ginger Rawlinson. "I say, Trafford, is it true?"

"Quite! Splitz got me out of Grimslade Pool and saved my life!" answered Trafford.

"Wake me up, you fellows!" said Sandy Bean.

"Bravo, Fritz!" roared Dick Dawson.

"Bravo, White's!"

White's men took up the shout. But the Redmayes' men joined in heartily. Both Houses at Grimslade could appreciate pluck, and give honour where honour was due. Trafford was seen to shake hands with Fritz in the quad, before he went into Redmayes. And Fritz, as he rolled off to his own House, was escorted by a shouting, cheering mob, and loudest of all were the voices of Ginger & Co. And a junior in the detention-room heard the uproar and wondered what it was all about—without dreaming of guessing.

Borrowed Plumes.

JIM DAINTY was sitting at his desk in the detention-room when Mr. White came in at five o'clock.

His face was a little pale—that terrible struggle in Grimslade Water had told on him. But he smiled faintly as he rose to his feet, and watched his Housemaster examining the detention book.

Luck had befriended the truant. A good many juniors had seen him out of bounds, but that mattered nothing. He had got back into the detention-room unseen by the eyes of authority and that was all he wanted. Then, tired as he was, he had worked hard at his task, only anxious that it should not be discovered and reported to "Sammy" that he had been out of bounds.

Mr. White frowned a little over the paper. Jim had not been in a state to do good work, and though he had done it, he had not done it well. But it was clear that the Housemaster had no suspicion that he had been out of the room.

"I am not satisfied with this, Dainty!" snapped Mr. White. "You are, I fear, an idle boy. But you may go now."

And Jim went.

"Heard?" roared Ginger Rawlinson, as he came into the quad.

"Heard what?" asked Dainty.

"Old Trafford—jolly nearly drowned in Grimslade Water," said Ginger. "And—you'll jump—Fritz got him out!"

Ginger was right—Jim Dainty did jump at that startling piece of information! It was more than enough to make him jump! He jumped clear of the ground.

"Fritz!" he yelled.

"Yes! Who'd have thought it?"

grinned Ginger. "That German sausage has got pluck, what? I'm sorry I washed him this morning—poor old Fritz! Fancy Fritz risking his life—and getting an extra wash at the same time!"

"The lying worm!" exclaimed Jim. Ginger stared at him.

"It's official," he said. "I got it from Trafford. It beats the band, I know—but it's true!"

Dainty opened his mouth—and closed it again. He ran on to White's House and burst into No. 10 Study. Fritz von Splitz was there, seated at the study table with a big cake in front of him, which he was slowly but surely devouring. Apparently, some admirer of Fritz's amazing pluck had stood him that cake; Dainty's half-crown would not have run to it. Fritz started and choked as Dainty burst in.

"You spoofing Hun!" gasped Dainty. "Did you tell Trafford—?"

"Mein goot Tainty!" gasped Fritz. "You make me [oomp—ach! Groooogh! Ja wohl! Did I not bromise you tat I mentions you not? A Cherman always geeps a bromise. Trafford tink it was me, and I let him tink—odderwise I must gif you avay. Tat I gannot do—for a Cherman must always be honourable."

"I never dreamed—"

"Tat is all right, Tainty. You say nothing—I say nothing."

"I can't let you go on telling lies like this—"

RANGER DAN'S WINNERS!

WISE.

Football Captain: "Do you know enough about football to take the ref's place?"

Football Fan: "I know enough about it not to!"

(A Torch has been awarded to F. Read, 48, Locks Hill, Uploders, Bridport, Dorset.)

PAY UP.

The nervous young actor was anxious to make a good impression on his new landlady.

"Madam," said he, in answer to the grim-faced lady's questions concerning his character, "I left my last landlady in tears!"

"Then it won't happen here," came the harsh retort. "I want my money in advance!"

(A Pocket Wallet has been awarded to J. Meredith, 6, Ultonia Street, Garston, Liverpool.)

"I tinks tat you can," said Fritz coolly. "You say anything; you gets a peating for preaking tetention if tey pelieves you. But I tinks tat they not pelieve you, Tainty. You say tat you do tis ting, and I say tat you fell vun pig tie!"

"What?" roared Dainty.

"I do tis ting. Trafford knows and all te school knows that I risk mein life to save him," said Fritz. "Vat proof have you tat you do him?"

Dainty stared blankly at the German. Hitherto he had regarded Fritz von Splitz only as a fat, funky duffer. Now it dawned on him that there was a good deal of the rogue in the fool.

Fritz had captured the glory. He found it pleasant and did not mean to part with it. A fellow who had been kicked for funking at ducker liked to be pointed out and cheered as the fellow who had plunged into deadly danger to rescue a school-fellow. It was meat and drink to Fritz. Like wine, it had got into his head. Fritz was happy and glorious; and, indeed, by this time he almost believed that he really had rescued Trafford. And if Dainty laid claim to the glory Fritz was going to dispute his claim.

"Nopody pelieve you," said Fritz triumphantly. "You vas in tetention—night war? You say anything, tey tink you telling crammers. Ja wohl!"

"You—you—you—" gasped Dainty.

Fritz had him there! Not that Dainty cared a straw about the glory. He wanted

his part in the affair to be kept secret. Even if he did not want that, it was too late now. Stating the facts meant entering into a wrangle with Fritz; and Fritz, with all the proof on his side, would be believed.

"You tinks two times before you—ach! Let go mein neck!" roared Fritz. "Yarooooogh!"

"Take that—along with your lies!" shouted Dainty. With his left hand he grabbed Fritz and sprawled him backwards over the table. With his right he grasped the cake and stuffed it into Fritz's capacious mouth. Wild howls and gurgles came from Fritz.

"Ach! Help! Mein gootness! Yoooooooogh!"

Three or four White's juniors ran into the study. Dawson and Tucker collared Jim and dragged him off the German.

"Let Fritz alone!" shouted Dawson angrily. "Don't you know what he's done to-day?"

"It's a lie—"

"Rats! Shut up! Let him alone!" shouted Tommy Tucker.

"Ach! Tat Tainty he is jealous because I save Trafford's life!" gasped Fritz. "I would gif him a peating, but I am so tired after tat fearful swim—"

"Chuck him out!" roared Tucker.

And the indignant White's juniors, grasping Jim Dainty on all sides, pitched him headlong out of the study.

Fritz von Splitz grinned and settled down to the cake again. Jim picked himself up, glared at the juniors in the study, and went out of the House.

He was angry and annoyed. On all sides he heard the praises of Fritz, and it made him feel that he was a party to a ridiculous deception. But there was nothing he could do. To enter into a wrangle with the egregious Fritz as a rival claimant for glory was too absurd; moreover, he was still as keen as ever on keeping it from "Sammy's" knowledge that he had played truant. He had to let the fat Fritz rip!

"Fancy Fritz!" Ginger Rawlinson was holding forth in the quad. "Only this morning when we washed him he was funky of having his fat head dipped in the fountain! And he jumped into Grimslade Water after old Trafford!"

"Blessed if I know how he got out alive!" said Streaky Bacon.

"Can't make it out now," said Sandy Bean, scratching his head, puzzled. "But it seems all right. Trafford must know. Hallo, Dainty! You didn't know you had a giddy hero in your House—what?"

"I don't know it now!" snapped Jim savagely.

"Fritz—" said Ginger.

"Fritz is a fat funk, and a liar—"

"Oh, can it!" exclaimed Ginger indignantly. "That's too thick, after what he's done! You ought to be proud of having him in your House. He's good enough for Redmayes!"

"Quite!" growled Dainty. "But he's not good enough for White's."

"Collar that cheeky tick!" roared Ginger. And Jim was promptly collared, and in spite of his struggles the Redmayes juniors frog-marched him round the quad. And a crowd of White's fellows rushed up to lend a hand. A fellow who slanged the hero of the hour and denied his claim to distinction was a fellow both Houses were keen to handle—as Jim Dainty discovered. In a mingled mob of Reds and Whites, Jim Dainty went through the frog's-march amid a terrific uproar.

That sight met the eyes of "Sammy" Sparshott when he came in at the gates. At sight of the Head the mob of juniors dropped Dainty and fled. Jim was sprawling breathlessly on the ground, dizzy and dazed, when Dr. Sparshott came along. "Sammy" glanced down at him, smiled and walked on. Jim picked himself up and limped back to his House. He went into the Common-room. Fritz was there with a dozen fellows.

"Ach! Ja! It was ferry prave, but all Chermans are prave—"

That was enough for Dainty. He tramped out of the room, went up to his study and slammed the door.

Sammy Surprises the School!

"**H**ALL!" said Dick Dawson, looking in at the door of No. 10.

"What the thump for?" grunted Jim Dainty.

"Sammy's order—the whole school in Big Hall," said Dawson. "I dare say it's about Fritz. Sammy's the man to give him his due, if he's heard—"

"What utter rot!"

Dawson sniffed and went. Jim followed, him, frowning, from the study. All Grimslade was crowding to Big Hall, by order of the Head, and the general impression was that Dr. Sparshott had heard of Fritz's heroism and was going to give it a public acknowledgment.

All the Forms took their places, and Big Hall was crowded when Dr. Sparshott came in by the door at the upper end. "Sammy" glanced over the sea of expectant faces and there was silence.

"Boys of Grimslade!" Sammy's clear voice was heard in every corner of the great hall. "You are called together to hear the public recognition of an act of courage which reflects credit on the whole school. This afternoon a boy belonging to Mr. White's House risked his life to save a school-fellow from drowning in Grimslade Water."

"Bravo!" roared a hundred voices.

"This boy probably does not know that I am aware of his action," said Dr. Sparshott. "He has not been long among us, and it is a fact that he has given an extraordinary amount of trouble since he has been here. But great courage, like charity, covers a multitude of sins."

Jim Dainty started and Fritz stared. The Grimsladers exchanged surprised glances. Dr. Sparshott spoke of a new fellow in the school, and Fritz was certainly not a new fellow.

"I am sorry to say," went on Dr. Sparshott, "that this boy must have broken detention, or he could not have been on the spot at the time. That is a very serious matter, but it will be overlooked in consideration of his brave and devoted action."

"Mein gootness!" murmured Fritz.

"As it happened, I was taking a walk over the moors this afternoon," Dr. Sparshott went on in a breathless silence. "I was looking through my field-glasses from a high slope on the Pike, when I saw what occurred—"

"Mein gootness!"

"I was, of course, too far off to render aid or to reach the spot," continued Sammy. "It would have taken me half an hour to reach Grimslade Water from where I stood on the Pike. You will guess my terrible anxiety when my glasses showed me Trafford of the Sixth falling into the pool."

"Ach!" groaned Fritz.

"To my relief, to my delight, I saw a Grimslade boy plunge into the pool. I could see that Trafford was helpless, and I should have seen him sink to death but for this brave lad's prompt aid. I saw him fight for his life and drag Trafford to safety. I regret to add, the Head's voice deepened, "that another boy was at hand and evidently feared to attempt to help him. I will not mention this boy's name—I leave him to his conscience."

"Mein gootness!"

"And now," said the Head, "I call on all Grimslade for three cheers for the brave boy who risked his life to save your

captain—James Dainty, of the Fourth Form and White's House!"

"There was a gasp of stupefaction.

"Dainty!" gurgled Ginger. "Then—then it wasn't Fritz! Oh, my hat!"

Jim's face was crimson.

Dr. Sparshott held up his hand.

"Boys of Grimslade! Three cheers for Dainty of White's House!" he called.

And then, as the school understood, the cheers rang out with a will till the old rafters of the Hall boomed and thundered. The Grimsladers cheered and cheered again. When they streamed out of the Hall, Jim Dainty was caught up in the shoulders of Dick Dawson and Ginger Rawlinson and carried out into the quad in triumph.

"Dainty, after all!" yelled Dawson.

"Kick that lying Hun—"

"Ooooooh!"

How many kicks the hapless Fritz collected before he escaped he could never have counted. It was a breathless, aching, and spluttering Fritz that dodged into White's House at last and hid, palpitating, under a bed. Fritz's brief hour of glory was gone—never to return! And as he palpitated and panted in his hiding-place Fritz could hear the roar of voices from the quad, where the fellows of both Houses were parading Jim Dainty shoulder-high round the fountain.

"Bravo, Dainty!"

"Hurrah!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

And every echo of Grimslade answered to the roar of cheering for the hero of the hour.

(Jim Dainty's the hero of the hour now, but the rebel of Grimslade is in trouble again next week—trouble of someone else's making. Make sure of reading this topping, complete tale.)

ALL ABOUT NEXT WEEK'S GRAND FREE GIFTS!



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COMPLETE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME!

In honour of the great occasion, all RANGER readers will find an extra special programme of stories and pictures in next week's Free Gift Issue. One of the treats will feature John Henry & Co., doing a "peace-time" job. Does that excite your imagination? Oh, yes, it concerns flying—you couldn't imagine J. H., Bud and Wagstaff out of an aeroplane, could you? Next on the list is a newcomer in the person of Nippy Nobby Clark. He's a great lad, is Nippy Nobby. You'll like him first time of meeting. Close on Nippy's trail, as it were, is Lone Jim of the Wilds—a young trapper who roams the Rockies. Those of you with a liking for mystery tales will not be disappointed with "The Eye of the Dragon!"—a super-thriller, written by G. Hamilton Teed. To complete the programme, you will find another dashing story of Jim Dainty and the chums of Grimslade, and, of course, another page of laughs, featuring friend Kelly and the gang from Paradise Alley. No reader should leave the ordering of next week's RANGER a moment later than is absolutely necessary. There will be a record run on it—you can bet your shirt on that! Chin, chin, buddies, till next week.

The Chief Ranger