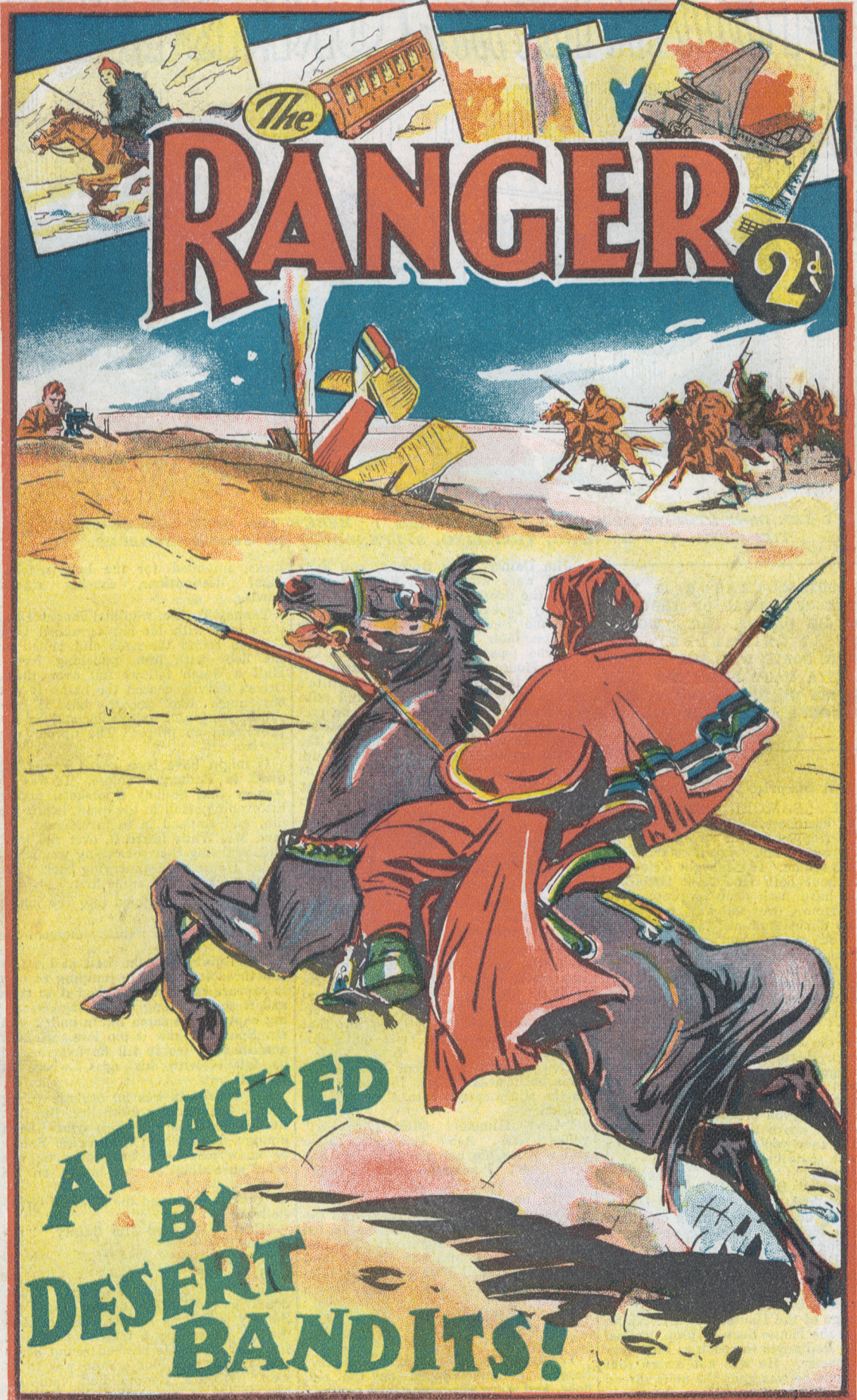


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The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



ONLY THE BEST STORIES APPEAR IN "THE RANGER"! HERE'S THE BEST SCHOOL STORY OF THE WEEK. IT'S AMAZING, THRILLING, STUPENDOUS! BY FRANK RICHARDS.

A FOOTBALL MATCH IS THE START OF A HEAP OF TROUBLE FOR JIM DAINTY, THE "WORST BOY AT GRIMSLADE." JIM SCORES GOALS, WINS THE MATCH, SAVES A MAN'S LIFE, WINS THE RESPECT OF HIS HEADMASTER—AND GETS A FLOGGING ALL IN ONE DAY!

A Surprise for Sammy.

DR. SAMUEL SPARSHOTT, headmaster of Grimslade School, stopped in his stroll round the quad and stood staring at White's House. It was eight o'clock, at which hour both Houses at Grimslade should have been deep in prep. Redmayes House, over the way, was silent, and no doubt studious. White's House was not silent, and obviously not studious. From White's House came a terrific uproar, which told that the juniors of that House, howsoever they were occupied, were not occupied in prep.

Bang! Crash! Bump!
"On the ball!"
"Pass, there, you dummy!"
"Leggo my neck! Think this is Rugger, you fathead!"
Bump! Bump! Bang!
"Play up, you men!" Jim Dainty's voice rose above the tumult. "On the ball! Fancy you're playing Redmayes, and put some beef into it!"
"Hurrah!"

"Sammy" Sparshott smiled grimly and walked into White's House. Evidently no prep was going on there. Passage football was going on—and it was going strong.

Jim Dainty & Co., in point of fact, were having the time of their lives. There was a prefects' meeting that evening over in Big School. Mr. White was in charge of the House. But Mr. White, leaving the House deep in prep, walked over to Redmayes to speak to the other Housemaster. He was not aware that the minute he was gone the news spread through the junior studies.

Jim Dainty, Dick Dawson, and Fritz Splitz were working in Study No. 10 when the door opened with a bang and Tommy Tucker rushed in with the news that the Beak had buzzed off. Two minutes later the studies were empty and the passage was full.

The House match with Redmayes was due the following afternoon. White's juniors were living, breathing and talking Soccer. With no beak and no prefects about, football easily superseded prep. An old ball was kicked into the junior passage, sides hastily picked up, and in White's House it was as in the olden time, when there was no king in Israel, and every man did that which was right in his own eyes.

Up and down the wide passage surged the juniors. The Common-room doorway at one end, the big bay-window at the other, were the goals. Hard and fast went the game. It was mostly kick and rush, and though it was supposed to be Soccer, it had some resemblance to Rugby, and still more to a dog fight.

Only one fellow stood out of the game, and that was Fritz Splitz. Friedrich von Splitz had no taste for footer. He stood in the doorway of No. 10 and stared on with his saucer eyes. Perhaps by accident, the ball flew into that doorway, and caught Fritz under his fat chin.

There was a yell from Fritz as he went backwards in No. 10 and landed on the study carpet with a terrific concussion.

"Ach! Himmel! Mein goodness!" yelled Fritz. "Ach! Geep off! Peast and a prute, do not chump on me like tat! Ach! I have no more to breff! Ooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Five or six juniors swarmed into the study after the ball. Fritz was in the way, and he was trodden on. The ball was kicked out into the passage and the juniors rushed after it, leaving Fritz spluttering wildly and feeling like a pancake.

"On the ball!"

"Play up!"

"Hurrah!"

Tramp, tramp, tramp! Bump! Bang! Fellows slipped on the oak floor, and there were sometimes as many as five or six down at once. Other fellows stumbled over them. Many

kicks, intended for the ball, reached other destinations, causing frantic howls.

Tommy Tucker, who had caught Dawson's boot with his ribs, grabbed Dick Dawson round the neck and rolled on the floor with him, punching freely. Half a dozen fellows fell over them. Others merrily chased the ball. It was not much like Soccer, but it was exhilarating and enjoyable, and an improvement on prep. The uproar was terrific.

It might have been heard across the quad, in Redmayes House. It was no wonder that Sammy Sparshott, taking his evening stroll in the quad, heard the din, and stepped in to investigate. In fact, Mr. White heard it, over the way, and, realising that something was amiss in his House, came hurrying back. But Sammy was on the scene first.

Dr. Sparshott stepped into the junior passage.

He did so at an unlucky moment for himself.

Jim Dainty had the ball at his feet and three fellows were jumping at him to capture it. Dainty kicked it in time and it soared along the passage, escaping capture. It came like a bullet, and Dr. Sparshott saw it too late. He did not, in fact, see it till he felt it—and he felt it with his nose, where it crashed.

Dr. Sparshott was an athletic young man, a boxer and a footballer. But that sudden crash bowled him over like a ninepin. It took him by surprise. Before he knew what was happening he was over, sprawling at full length on his back.

"Ooooooh!" gasped the Head of Grimslade.

"Cave!" shrieked Jim Dainty. "It's Sammy!"

"Oh, orikey!"

"Hook it!"

There was a rush to escape. Study doors banged after fleeing fugitives. Sammy Sparshott sat up. He blinked dizzily. There was a trickle of crimson from his nose. He blinked round at an empty passage. Not a man was to be seen. White's juniors had vanished, like ghosts at cock-crow. Every study door was shut. Mr. White, hurrying in, found his chief sitting in a deserted

passage, holding a handkerchief to his nose, and gasping for breath.

"What—what—" stuttered the Housemaster. He gave Sammy a hand to rise. "What—what—"

Sammy dabbed his nose. "An unexpected goal!" said Sammy calmly. "Dainty, I am sure, did not mean to bowl over his headmaster. But I suggest six, as a warning to be more careful."

Dr. Sparshott walked out of White's House, leaving the Housemaster staring. Now that Mr. White had returned the matter was left in his hands. Sammy was not the man to interfere with his Housemasters. Mr. White stepped to his own study for a cane, and then went along to No. 10.

He threw open the door of that study, disclosing three juniors, working hard at prep!

"Dainty!" Jim stood up. "You kicked a football at your headmaster."

"An accident, sir!" "Bend over that chair!"

Six of the best were duly administered. Jim Dainty wriggled as he rose after the infliction. Mr. White eyed him grimly. He was not finished yet.

"Every boy in the Form will take a hundred lines," he said. "You, Dainty, the ring-leader, will be detained to-morrow afternoon."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Dainty, in dismay. "It's the junior House match to-morrow, sir!"

"That will do!" Mr. White tucked his cane under his arm and walked away. He left dismay behind him in No. 10.

Desperate Measures!

"**W**OW!" yelled Jim Dainty. He was on his way up to Big School in the morning.

Paget of the Fourth, junior football captain in White's, let out his boot in passing and landed a fierce hack. Jim spun round and glared at him. Paget glared back.

"That's a tip," he said, "and if you don't get off detention this afternoon, somehow, I'll boot you all round Grimslade."

Paget marched on, and Jim Dainty restrained himself from rushing after the football captain and rubbing his features in the quad. Jim was wanted in the junior House match that afternoon—wanted badly. Paget's action was really a compliment. He would not have kicked any other man for getting himself taken out of the team.

Grimslade was a footballing school, and House matches were fought hard and strenuously. It was a sore point with White's that Redmayes House played a harder game, and generally pulled it off. Paget had been delighted when he found that the new boy at Grimslade was a wonderful man on the wing. Jim Dainty had been delighted when he found his name on the list for the House game. But a man under detention couldn't play football; hence the cloud on Jim's brow, and hence the hack his skipper had given him in passing.

Dr. Samuel Sparshott was standing in the doorway of Big School as the juniors streamed in to go to their Form-rooms. Jim stopped to speak.

"I am sorry, sir, that footer—I never saw you—"

"Quite!" agreed Sammy Sparshott. "Keep football for the day-time and Little Side, Dainty. I believe you are playing for your House to-day?" he added genially.

"My name's down, sir, but my Housemaster's given me a detention."

Jim had a faint hope that Sammy Sparshott, well known to be a sportsman, might put in a word for him. Sammy himself would never have de-

tained a man who was down to play in a match. But if Sammy disapproved of a Housemaster's methods he was not likely to let a junior know it.

"Ah! Hard luck, Dainty!" he said, and turned away.

There was no help from Sammy!

Peck, the master of the Fourth, did not find Dainty an attentive pupil that morning. Jim was thinking of Soccer. It was his first chance in a House match, and he was determined not to miss the game. By hook or by crook, he was going to be on the wing when White's played Redmayes.

When, in third school, the rain came down in torrents, dashing on the Form-room windows, some of the fellows groused in whispers and made blood-curdling remarks about the weather. But Dainty rather hoped that the down-pour might cause the match to be postponed till Saturday.

When the Fourth came out, however, the rain had stopped, and there was a glimmer of sunshine from a watery sky. It was likely to be muddy on Little Side. But the Grimsladers did not mind a little mud; or a lot!

After dinner, Paget tapped Dainty on the shoulder.

"Go and see Billy White and put it to him," he snapped.

Dainty went to his Housemaster's study. He put it to him, and Mr. White heard him with a grim, unsmiling face, and cut him short.

"You are the most unruly boy in the House, Dainty," he rapped. "You were the ring-leader in the riot last night. At two-fifteen wait for me in the passage. I shall take you to the detention-room, where you will stay till five. Say no more."

"But, sir—" urged Jim. "Another word, and I shall cane you."

"Look here, sir, it's a House match and I'm wanted."

Mr. White rose and picked up a cane. "Bend over, Dainty."

Swish! Swish!

Jim was dismissed—with that! Mr. White's back, evidently, was up, and there was nothing doing. But Jim left the study with his mind made up. Sammy Sparshott was teaching the rebel of Grimslade discipline, but Jim was far from having learned his lesson yet. It was settled, in his own mind, that he was going to play football that afternoon.

Paget came across to him in the passage.

"Playing?" he grunted. "Yes," answered Jim.

"Oh! You're let off?" "No."

Paget stared. "Then how the dickens—"

"Leave that to me," interrupted Dainty. "I can wangle it, and if I get a flogging afterwards that's my look out."

"Oh, all right! Kick-off at two-thirty," said Paget amicably. "We're going to beat Redmayes this time. I don't mind telling you that I'm relying on you. You're a rod in pickle for Ginger & Co. But look here, if you out detention, and Billy White spots you, he—"

"He won't—not till after the match."

"Leave it at that, then," agreed the White's junior skipper.

At two-fifteen most of the junior footballers were already in the changing-

(Continued on page 253.)



"Dainty! Go back!" whispered the exhausted Housemaster, but Jim, with set teeth, paid no heed. He lay with his chest on the ridge, his legs dangling over one side, his arms over the other, and both hands grasped the Housemaster's wrist just before the numbed fingers released their hold.

THE FOURTH FORM AT GRIMSLADE!

(Continued from page 247.)

room. Prompt to the minute, Mr. White came out of his study to take the detained junior over to Big School. Jim Dainty was sitting on the banisters of the big staircase. Mr. White glanced up at him with a frowning brow and beckoned to him.

"Follow me, Dainty!" he snapped. Dainty slipped from the banisters. Instead of coming down the staircase, however, he went up. Billy White stared after him in surprise.

"Dainty!" he shouted. Jim glanced back over his shoulder. "Come down at once!" thundered the Housemaster.

"Bow-wow!" "What—what did you say?" "Bow-wow!" repeated Dainty coolly. He ran on lightly up the staircase. Billy White, his face red with wrath, mounted the stairs two at a time.

"Stop!" he shouted, as Jim scuttled up the dormitory staircase. Dainty scudded on.

Breathing wrath and fury, the Housemaster of White's followed him up. Dainty scudded along the dormitory passage and ran up a narrow staircase at the end which led to the disused attics at the top of the House.

"You young rascal!" roared Billy White. "Come back at once!" "Rats!"

That answer was too much for Billy White. He rushed up the attic stairs after the rebel of Grimslade, panting with wrath. There was a little landing at the top, on which an attic door opened. Jim darted into the attic. The door slammed almost on Mr. White's nose.

The next moment it was hurled violently open and Mr. White strode into the little room. It was dusky and dark, lighted only by one small window, that looked over sloping tiles. Mr. White's angry stride carried him to the middle of the room, where he glared round for Dainty.

Jim slipped out from behind the door, darted out of the attic, and slammed the door after him. Mr. White spun round, glimpsing him as he vanished. He made one leap to the door.

Click! The key had already been placed outside. Jim turned it as the enraged Housemaster grasped the door-handle.

Billy White almost staggered. He knew now why the rebel of the House had led him on that chase to the top of the building. He was locked in the attic! He dragged furiously at the door-handle.

"Dainty! You have locked me in! Open this door at once!" he roared. Thump! Thump! Thump! He hammered on the oak door. "Do you hear me, Dainty?"

"I hear you, sir," came Jim's cool voice through the keyhole. "But nobody else will hear you here. Catch on, sir?"

"Dainty! Boy! You shall be flogged—I shall report this to the Head!" "I know that, sir."

"Open this door at once!" shrieked Mr. White.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Jim Dainty grinned. Billy White was welcome to make all the noise he liked—he could never be heard at such a distance, especially as the House would be deserted on a half-holiday. Jim drew the key from the door and dropped it into his pocket.

"Will you let me off detention, sir, please?" he asked politely, through the keyhole.

"What? What? I will thrash you! I—I—I will—I—I—"

Words failed Billy White. Jim Dainty scuttled down the stairs.

Mr. White heard his retreating footsteps with feelings too deep for words. A sound of shouting and thumping followed Dainty, but died into silence behind him. Billy White was left raging, a good deal like a tiger in a cage, while the rebel of Grimslade strolled into the changing-room to get dressed for the footer match.

Under Sammy's Eye!

GINGER RAWLINSON and his merry men were already on Little Side, punting a ball about and collecting mud, when the team from White's House arrived. Trafford of the Sixth, a Redmayes man, was there to referee. A good many fellows had gathered round the field, and Jim Dainty cast a quick and rather anxious glance over the crowd.

It was not uncommon for Dr. Sparshott to give the junior games a look-in, and when Sammy's eye was on them every man went all out and played the game of his life. Jim Dainty would have been glad to play in his first House match under Sammy's eye, but for one circumstance—Sammy knew that he was detained that afternoon, and would certainly not expect to see him among the white shirts.

If Sammy saw him he might conclude that Billy White had let him off, but it was far more likely that he would guess that the rebel of Grimslade had cut detention. So it was rather a relief to note that the athletic figure of the Head of Grimslade was not in view.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" said Ginger Rawlinson, as he spotted Dainty in the White's team. "They're playing that new tick!"

"He's not bad," said Sandy Bean. "I've noticed him in the pick-ups! But he won't get past me."

Sandy kept goal for Redmayes. "If he does," said Ginger darkly, "we'll hold your head under the tap in the changing-room. So look out!"

The kick-off fell to White's; the sides lined up, and Trafford blew the whistle. The ball rolled, and the game was soon going hot and strong. Jim Dainty forgot his Housemaster, locked up in the attic over in White's House, and the wrath to come. What was going to happen to him after the match he could hardly guess. It was a comfort to reflect that they never sacked a man at Grimslade.

But it was certain that the fellow who had locked up his Housemaster would be made an example of. Jim dismissed it from his mind, and threw himself into the game. He was going to make the game worth the candle, anyhow.

Paget, who had a keen eye for a fellow's form, had said that the new man would be a rod in pickle for Redmayes, and he was right.

Ginger & Co. were soon coming up the field in great style, and a hot attack on White's goal followed, and white shirts mingled with red in a fierce tussle. The ball came out on the right wing, and Jim Dainty was on it like a shot. So far, Jim had played only in the pick-ups, but he had shown that he was a born footballer. Now that he had his chance in a House match, he made the most of it.

He took the ball down the field at a pace that made some of the Grimsladers stare. Ginger Rawlinson, who played centre-half for Redmayes, got in his way. Ginger was nearly a stone heavier than Dainty; and he was greatly surprised to find himself shouldered out of the way as if he had been a feather-weight. Ginger sat down and stared after the fleet-footed forward, who raced on with the ball at his feet.

"My giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger. But the Redmayes backs had marked Dainty. They were sure of him; and

how he wound round them they never knew. Dawson, at inside right, was racing up to take a pass, but he was left behind. Jim ran in and kicked for goal, with only Sandy Bean to beat.

The Lancashire Scot in goal was a hard man to beat. The ball came in like a bullet, and a grin flickered over Sandy's freckled face as he drove it out. But the grin vanished, as if wiped away with a duster, as an active figure leaped, a ready head met the leather, and it came back like a pip from an orange. Before Sandy knew what was happening, it was in the net; and the White's crowd were yelling:

"Goal!" "Hurrah!"

"Goal! Goal! Goal!" Jim Dainty panted, his eyes dancing. Paget rushed up and smacked him on the back.

"Good man!" he gasped. "Goal! Goal!"

"First blood to White's!" chuckled Dick Dawson. "Jim, old bean, you're a giddy prize-packet!"

"Whites! White's!" roared the House. "Goal! Goal!"

"Mein gootness!" remarked Fritz Splitz, who was sucking toffee behind the goal. "Tat is not pad! I tink tat I could not have done tat petter meinself."

"Keep an eye on that new tick!" growled Ginger Rawlinson to his men, as they went back to the centre of the field. "That kid's the pick of the basket! They've got a good man for once!"

And after that goal, Jim Dainty was honoured with the very special attention of the Redmayes men. Ginger & Co. were rather accustomed to getting the upper hand of White's at Soccer; but it looked like a change was setting in with the coming of Jim Dainty.

The game went hard and fast, the Reds bent on equalising, at least, before Trafford blew the whistle for half-time. But it did not work out like that. Half-time was close at hand when Paget netted the ball, after receiving a pass from his new winger, and White's House roared deliriously:

"Goal!"

Two up in the first half was rather a record for White's. Ginger was a good sportsman, and knew how to take a reverse, but he was rather disgruntled now.

"For goodness' sake, Sandy, pull up your socks," he said. "Are you making a collection of goals, or what?"

Sandy Bean snorted.

"They've got a good man in that new tick," he answered. "Better than any man we've got on the field—except the goalkeeper!"

Jim Dainty grinned as he sucked a lemon. He was thoroughly enjoying his first House match. He knew that his play was winning golden opinions; and he was far too happy and exhilarated to think of the hapless Housemaster locked up, all this time, in the attic at the summit of White's House in the distance. But he remembered him as he heard a squeak from Fritz Splitz.

"Here gums Sammy!"

Jim glanced round quickly. From the direction of Big School the tall, athletic figure of Dr. Sparshott appeared, striding towards the junior ground.

Jim's heart almost missed a beat. If Sammy's eye fell on him now—Sammy was a strict disciplinarian. It would go against the grain with him to interrupt a game of Soccer, but discipline came first! The moment Sammy's eye picked him out, he would want to know how, and why, he was there! Jim's brain worked quickly.

Ginger Rawlinson, the next moment, had the surprise of his life. White's winger leaped on him, rushed him over,

and rolled him on the ground. The ground was muddy and wet from the recent rain—every fellow on the field was well-splashed with mud. Quite a large puddle was close at hand, and Ginger, spluttering with surprise and rage, rolled into it in Dainty's grasp.

"My giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger. "What the thump—you mad idiot—What's this game? Yaroooh!"

They rolled in the mud.

"Jim!" gasped Dick Dawson.

"Stop that!" roared Paget.

"Is the man mad?" howled Streaky Bacon.

The footballers stared on, amazed. Trafford came running up.

"You young sweeps!" he roared.

"Chuck that at once! Ragging on the football field, by gad! Scrapping at half-time! My hat! Stop it at once, or I'll kick the pair of you off the ground!"

Ginger had the upper hand now, hardly knowing how he had got it. He was rubbing Jim Dainty's features in the puddle. It did not occur to Ginger that that was precisely what Dainty wanted.

At Trafford's angry roar, the two separated and scrambled up. Both were streaming with mud and utterly unrecognisable. Only the colour of their shirts distinguished the Redmayes man from the White's man—and even their colours were almost blotted out by mud. Their nearest and dearest relatives would not have recognised their features.

"Any more of this—" hooted Trafford.

"Only a lark, Trafford!" gasped Dainty.

"Well, chuck it!"

Dr. Sparshott arrived as the sides were lining up again. Ginger had rubbed off some of the mud. Dainty hadn't! Sammy Sparshott smiled a little as he noted how muddy the footballers were, and especially the man on White's outside right. But who that man was, even Sammy's eagle-eye was not likely to discern. If he thought of Jim Dainty at all, he thought of him as sitting at his desk in the detention-room in Big School. Certainly he did not dream of recognising him on the football field.

"Play up, White's!"

"On the ball, Redmayes!"

The second half went on hard and fast, every man putting all his beef into the game under the eye of the Head. Sammy looked on approvingly. He liked to see Grimslade men putting their beef into it. And when a White's forward streaked through the Redmayes defence like a knife through cheese, and slammed the ball home barely out of reach of Sandy Bean's finger-tips, Sammy shouted as loud as any White's junior on the ground.

"Goal! Goal! Bravo!"

"That's a good winger," Sammy remarked to Mr. Redmayes. "Is White here? No! A pity he's missing this! They seem to be finding new talent in his House—that man on the right wing is good—distinctly good. I must ask his name presently. I can't make him out."

Sammy stayed for a quarter of an hour, watching with keen interest, before he walked away. The muddiest man on the field was rather glad when he went; he dreaded Sammy's eagle-eye. But Sammy walked away without a suspicion. The game went on fast and furious, and it was almost on time when Streaky Bacon put in the ball for Redmayes. It was the last score; and White's House roared themselves hoarse when the players came panting off.

"Three—one!" chortled Dick Dawson. "Three—one! My hat! What price Ginger now?"

"White's! White's!" roared the House.

Jim Dainty, when he had changed, disappeared up the attic staircase in White's House. Ginger Rawlinson and Streaky Bacon were still busy in the changing-room—holding Sandy Bean's head under the tap!

Between Life and Death!

"HELP!"

No ear was likely to hear that faint cry from far up on the roof of White's House at Grimslade.

Billy White knew that!

He had shouted again and again, but he knew that no one would hear. And his numbed fingers were almost slipping from their hold.

For nearly an hour after Jim Dainty had locked him in the attic Mr. White had remained there—raging! He knew why the rebel of Grimslade had tricked him into that solitary room and turned the key on him there—it was to leave him free to play football! And Billy White had only one desire, but that was an intense one—to follow the young rascal down to Little Side, grasp him by the shoulder, and march him off, first to a record thrashing, and then to detention! To let him get away with it seemed intolerable.

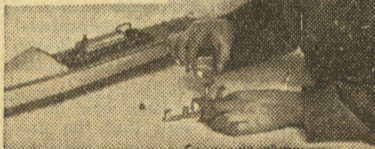
Many times the imprisoned Housemaster stared out of the little attic window, his only way of escape. It looked on sloping roofs, but at a little distance was a chimney-stack, and if he could reach that he would be in view from the quad and could summon assistance.

The venture was a terribly risky one—and it was long before Mr. White resolved on it. But he resolved on it at last. Billy White's temper was at boiling-point, and he threw prudence to the winds at last.

He climbed out of the little window and worked his way along the roof-ridge towards the chimney-stack.

The roof was wet with the morning's rain, and the tiles slippery. Slowly,

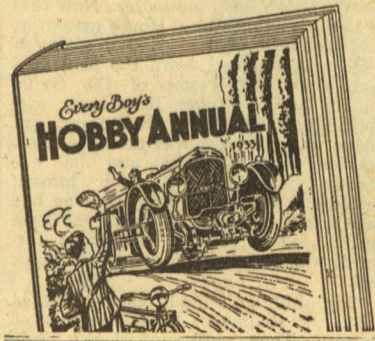
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cautiously, carefully, the Housemaster worked his way along—till he slipped. He grasped hard on the cement ridge, slipped again, and just managed to grab hold of another ridge that ran along the roof a little below. There he hung, sprawling on the slanting tiles at full length.

Below him was a gutter and a drop of seventy feet. He had to drag himself on to the ridge above him from which he had slipped. And he found that he could not.

All he could do was to hold on to the lower ridge, and save himself from slipping down the slant to certain death.

As he held on he shouted for help again and again; but he knew that it was useless and no one could hear.

Grimly he held on.

Again and again he strove to drag himself up, but every time he failed. The rounded, wet ridge gave no grip to the fingers, and his fingers were growing numbed with cold. He could not drag himself to safety, and his hold was growing more and more precarious.

He was not angry now. He knew that if help did not come, and come swiftly, he was a dead man; and there was no room in his heart for anger. He thought of Dainty, but it was with pity for the boy's remorse and horror when he learned what he had done.

With a face white as chalk, but calm, he held on with failing strength. After the game was over, no doubt Dainty would return to release him; and if he came in time— But it was a matter of minutes now.

And Jim Dainty, coming up the narrow stair to the attic, had a cheery grin on his face. He had won the House match for his side—he knew that. Paget had told him so—all the fellows had told him so! It was worth whatever Billy White handed out. Dick Dawson, following him up, was not grinning, however. Not till after the match had Jim told his chum how he had "wangled" his escape from detention.

"You mad ass, Jim!" said Dawson. "It's too jolly thick! Sammy will be frightfully wild about this!"

"Let him!" answered Dainty, as he drew the attic key from his pocket. "I know it's a whopping, and I can face the music."

He unlocked the door of the attic and threw it open. He expected to see the exasperated face of his Housemaster, and to feel a heavy hand on his collar. But Billy White was not to be seen, and Jim stared into the dusky little attic in wonder.

"My hat! He's gone!"

"Gone!" repeated Dawson blankly.

Jim stared round the room. It was empty. He ran across to the open window. He had been certain that escape by the window was impossible; he had satisfied himself as to that before selecting that attic. And if Billy White had escaped from his imprisonment, after all, he would have expected to see him on the football field.

Jim Dainty stared blankly from the open window. And then, with a sudden chill of horror at his heart, he saw and understood.

Along the wet roof a man with blue, numbed fingers clung somehow to the tiles. The colour was drained from Dainty's face as he looked. He could just see Mr. White's face as it was turned towards him, and in that face he read despair.

Even as he looked one of the Housemaster's hands slipped. He disappeared from view, but one hand still remained visible. He made an effort to regain his hold with it, and failed. And by that one hand Billy White now hung over death.

"Oh!" gasped Jim. "Good heavens!"

"What—" began Dawson, joining him at the window.

Then, as he saw, he gave a cry. His face whitened.

Dainty caught his arm in a grip that almost made the bone crack.

"Get help!" he hissed. "Call all the

House—get ropes—get Yorke here—and Sammy—quick! Don't stand staring—quick, I tell you, quick!"

He was clambering out of the window the next moment.

"Jim—" stuttered Dawson.
"You fool—quick—get help!" panted Dainty.

Dawson turned and rushed down the attic stairs. He shouted at the top of his voice as he went.

Jim dropped from the window to the roof-ridge. Mr. White came into view again. His eyes were on him. His lips moved; his voice came faintly to the boy.

"Go back, Dainty! You cannot help me now! Go back! I will not allow you to risk your life! Go back—go back!"

Jim Dainty did not even hear him. With a face set and almost desperate, he worked his way along the ridge. Only too well he knew that it was a matter now, not of minutes but of seconds. In a few minutes there would be help, but it would be too late for the man whose feeble fingers were already relaxing their last grip. Every instant, as Jim clambered savagely along, he dreaded to see the Housemaster's last hold go, to see the rolling figure spin down the slant to death.

With set teeth, he clambered along.
"Dainty! Go back!"

It was hardly a whisper from the exhausted Housemaster. The numbed fingers were failing, when a strong grasp was fastened on Mr. White's wrist just before it relaxed its grip on the lower ridge.

Jim Dainty lay with his chest on the ridge above, his legs dangling over one side, his arms over the other, and both hands grasped the Housemaster's wrist.

And his grasp was like that of a vice. He did not speak—he needed all his strength. For the Housemaster's numbed fingers had no hold now, and all his weight was on the schoolboy. Jim strove to drag him up, to give him a hold again on the ridge. But the man's weight was too much for him—he could not draw him up an inch.

And in a few seconds it was driven into Jim's mind that the Housemaster's weight was dragging him down. He cramped himself desperately on the cement ridge and held. So long as his strength lasted he could hold Billy White back from death, but when his strength failed under that terrible strain—

He knew what would happen then, but he did not think of letting go. He had done this—this was the fruit of reckless disobedience, of his disregard of all that Sammy had taught him since he had come to Grimslade. And he held on to the Housemaster, while his muscles ached and cracked under the strain, and the steady pull of the slipping man's weight dragged him nearer and nearer to death.

Mr. White's eyes met his. His lips

moved, but no word came. But Jimmy Dainty knew that the lips formed the words "Save yourself!"

There was a sound of shouting voices, of trampling feet. Dick Dawson had lost no time. The face of Yorke of the Sixth looked from the attic window—the captain of White's had a coil of rope over his arm.

"Hold on, Dainty!"

Jim heard his voice, but he dared not look round. Every effort now was concentrated on his hold. He heard another voice—the deep voice of Sammy Sparshott.

"Stand aside, Yorke!"

"But, sir, let me—"

"Stand aside, and hold the rope!"

Without looking round Jim knew that it was Dr. Sparshott, the Head of Grimslade, who was clambering actively out of the attic window. The attic was packed now with Sixth Form men and masters, holding the rope. Sammy, with the end of it looped over his arm, was coming along the roof-ridge, active as a cat, steady as a rock.

Dainty knew that he was coming—knew that he was close. But the strain on him was too terrible. He was going—he felt himself being dragged down. Only by letting go his hold could he save himself. And he did not let go—he gritted his teeth and held harder. A muscular hand grasped him—an arm in which there seemed to be a giant's strength held him back from destruction.

"Hold on!"

From the packed window many eyes watched Sammy tensely.

Cramped on the ridge, he reached down and grasped the Housemaster's collar.

"Now you can let go, Dainty."

Sammy's voice was as calm as if he had been speaking to the junior in his study. Jim, at the very limit of endurance, was relieved of the weight, and he straddled the ridge, breathing in gulps. With an arm of iron Sammy Sparshott pulled the Housemaster up the slant and looped the rope round him. He barked out a word, and the crowd at the attic window pulled.

"Safe now, White!"

Many hands dragged on the rope; the Housemaster was pulled up to the attic window, and Yorke helped him in. Sammy's strong hand was on Jim Dainty, whose senses were whirling.

"Steady the Buffs!" said Sammy.

Jim pulled himself together.

"I—I'm all right, sir—I—"

"Come!" barked Sammy.

He worked his way back to the window, his strong grasp on the junior all the time. Now that the strain was over, Jim was feeling weak and sick—utterly at the end of his tether. Billy White was in safety now; but Jim knew that only the strong hand of his headmaster saved him from rolling down the slanting tiles.

It was hardly more than a minute, but it seemed an age to him before Sammy lifted him to the attic window, and many hands from within grasped him and drew him in.

Jim Dainty stared stupidly at a crowd of faces that were blurred to his sight. Dick Dawson grasped his arm.

"Jim, old man—"

The next moment Dawson caught him as he reeled and fell. For the only time in his life Jim Dainty had fainted.

Dr. Samuel Sparshott smiled grimly as a footstep approached his study door after prep that evening. There was a tap.

"Come in!" barked Sammy.

Jim Dainty entered. The Head of Grimslade gave him a nod, then turned to his table and selected the stoutest cane that lay there.

"Dainty," said Sammy, "I'm proud of you!"

"Oh," gasped Jim, "thank you, sir!"
"You've shown pluck—wonderful pluck!" said Dr. Sparshott. "You've saved a man's life and nearly lost your own. Both were endangered, however, by your disobedience. I think it probable that some day you will be captain of Grimslade, and giving orders! Obviously, you must learn to obey them first! You get me?" barked Sammy.

"Oh, yes, sir!" gasped Jim.

"Mr. White has asked me to overlook your conduct—he forgives you fully, in view of what you did for him—very right and proper of Mr. White! But your headmaster is bound to take a different view! I'm proud of you, Dainty—proud of your pluck—proud to have you at Grimslade! And I'm going to give you the whopping of your life!"

And Sammy kept his word.

Jim Dainty had had more than one whopping in that study, but the one he had now was a real record. Sammy had plenty of beef, and he put it all into that whopping. For a couple of minutes Jim Dainty shut his teeth hard and made no sound. Then he yelled—then he yelled—then he roared. Fellows at quite a distance heard him, and remarked to one another that Sammy was going it. Undoubtedly Sammy was! He was quite tired when he had finished.

Having finished, Sammy threw down the cane, smiled, and shook hands with Jim Dainty.

"Cut!" he barked.

And Jim, as he limped back to his House, feeling as if he had been under a patent carpet-beater, did not quite know whether he worshipped Sammy or hated him like poison!

(Another grand story of Jim Dainty and the Grimslade Chums—and six more Picture Stamps—in next week's RANGER. A ripping, long school story by Frank Richards also appears every Saturday in the "Magnet," price twopence.)

HIT THE TARGET WITH A SNAPPY JOKE AND YOU'LL WIN A GRAND PRIZE!

RANGER DAN'S BULL'S-EYES!

TOMMY KNEW.

Science master: "Trees contribute greatly to the heat of the atmosphere."
Tommy: "Yes, the birch has often warmed me up!"

(A Combination Knife has been awarded to G. Wood, 33, Blenheim Crescent, Luton.)

FAME.

Jack: "Gee, pa, I'm getting famous! I've got into the newspapers to-day."
Pa: "That's great. What's it say?"

Jack: "It says that 56,823 people crossed that new bridge over the river last week, and I was one of them!"

(A Combination Knife has been awarded to A. Hutchinson, 13, St. Mary's Road, Southampton.)

VERY TRUE.

First traveller: "Your firm can't hold a candle to mine."
Second traveller: "What is your firm?"

First traveller: "Oh, we manufacture gun-powder!"

(A Grand Prize has been awarded to R. Taylor, 378, Victoria Road, Sydney, Australia.)

SOME HOUSE.

Foreman (outside newly-built house): "We'll test these walls now, Bill. Can you hear me talking?"

Bill (inside the house): "Ear yer, mate? Why, I can see yer in three places!"

(A Combination Knife has been awarded to S. Clarke, 60, Coldharbour Road, Croydon.)

ALL BLUFF.

Customer: "If this is an all-wool vest, why is it marked 'Cotton'?"

Salesman: "Oh—er—that's to deceive the moths, sir!"

(A Pocket Wallet has been awarded to L. Armitage, 55, Hunter Hill Road, Sheffield.)

ONE FOR THE BOSS.

Boss: "My lad, you are the last to arrive in the morning and the first to go home."

Office-boy: "Yes, sir. I don't like being late twice in one day!"

(A Pocket Wallet has been awarded to W. Martin, West Winch Road, King's Lynn.)

Send your jokes to "Ranger Dan," THE RANGER, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.). The sender of every joke published will receive a handsome prize.