

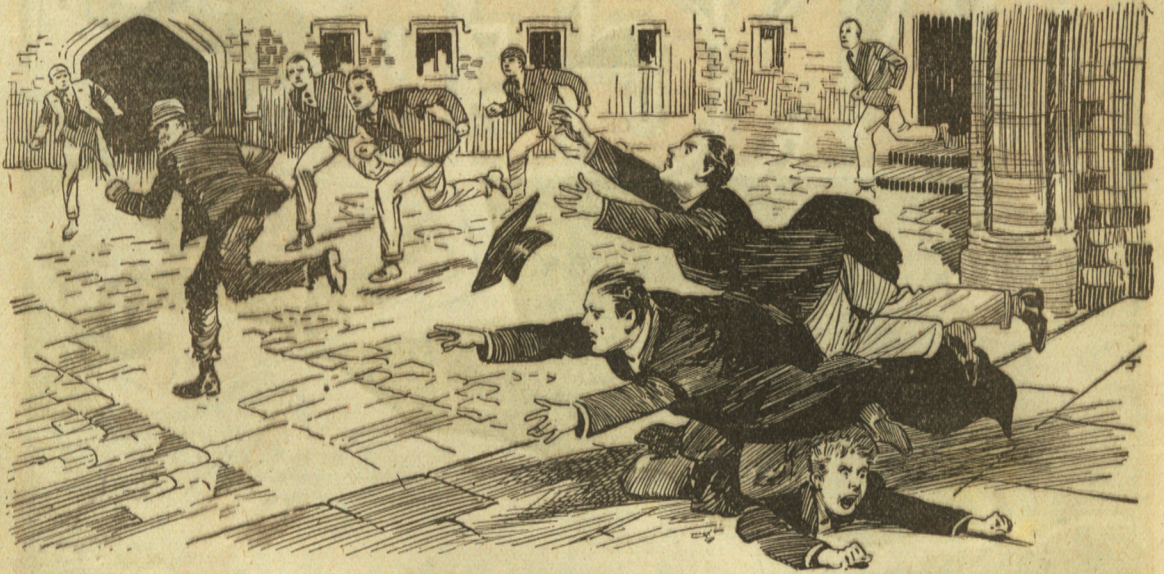
6 FREE GIFT PICTURE STAMPS AND THE BEST STORIES OF THE WEEK—INSIDE!

The RANGER

2^d



The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



YOU'LL ENJOY EVERY LINE OF THIS NOVEL SCHOOL STORY, FEATURING THE CHEERY CHUMS OF GRIMSLADE. IT'S GREAT! IT'S THRILLING! IT'S WONDERFUL! BY FRANK RICHARDS.
(Author of the Famous Greyfriars Stories appearing every week in "The Magnet.")

FRITZ VON SPLITZ IS A SENSATION AT GRIMSLADE THIS WEEK. HE'S ROLLING IN MONEY! WHERE DID THE "STONE BROKE" FRITZ GET HIS MONEY FROM? YOU'LL NEVER GUESS!

Cornered!

LOOK out! Stop him!" Jim Dainty jumped and spun round. "That's Sammy's toot!" he ejaculated.

The December dusk was falling when Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson trotted up to the gates of Grimslade School. They were just in time to dodge in before old Sykes closed the gates. But they stopped and turned back as that ringing shout and a patter of hurried footsteps came along the road.

Dr. Samuel Sparshott, the headmaster of Grimslade, had a powerful voice. It sounded rather like a megaphone as he roared to the two juniors. "Sammy" Sparshott was coming up the road at a rapid run.

Just ahead of him was a man who panted and gasped as he ran, evidently going "all out" to escape the grasp of Sammy. His face streamed with perspiration, and his nose streamed crimson, which looked as if he had had a knock on it. Sammy Sparshott was a first-class sprinter, but the man with the damaged nose was outpacing him as he came racing by the school gates.

Jim Dainty and his chum stared for a second. In another second the man with the crimson nose would have raced by. But Jim made a spring into the roadway.

"Back up, Dawson!" he shouted.

What the trouble was neither of the schoolboys could guess. But the man with the crimson nose looked a tough customer, and they had no doubt that their headmaster had good reasons for chasing him as he was doing. Anyhow, it was up to Grimslade men to heed Sammy's orders.

Crash!

The running man barged fairly into

Jim Dainty. The junior went headlong on the frosty road, but he had hold of the fugitive, who went down with him. They sprawled together.

Dick Dawson leaped to his chum's aid. The red-nosed man was struggling up, and as Jim clung to him tenaciously he rained furious blows on the junior. Dawson grabbed him by his rather unclean neckcloth and dragged him backwards.

The man sprawled on his back, panting out an oath. In a moment, however, he turned on Dawson like a wildcat, and a jab in the ribs sent Dawson spinning. The fugitive scrambled to his feet.

"Hold him!" panted Dr. Sparshott. "He's a thief! He has stolen my note-case! Hold him!"

He came racing up. Dawson was still sprawling, gasping for breath; but Jim Dainty was up like a Jack-in-the-box, barring the pickpocket's way. The man glared round desperately. Jim was in front, Sammy Sparshott behind, both about to jump on him and gasp. In the twinkling of an eye he darted into the open gateway of the school.

Old Sykes, the porter, had come down to close the gates. He stood staring at the startling scene outside. The sudden inrush of the pickpocket took old Sykes quite by surprise. Before he knew what was happening, the Grimslade porter went over backwards, and the running man was treading on him.

Wild roars came from Sykes as his waistcoat was trodden on, hard and heavy. Leaving him roaring, the desperate man rushed on into the quad, where the shadows of the November evening were falling thickly.

"After him!" panted Jim Dainty.

Sammy Sparshott spun in at the gates, swift as a deer. After him rushed Jim Dainty, and Dawson picked himself up, gasping, and followed. Sammy's voice rang the length and breadth of Grimslade.

"Stop that man! Stop thief! Seize him!"

The dusk was deep, but many of the study windows gleamed with lights. Ginger Rawlinson, Sandy Bean, and Streaky Bacon were in the doorway of Redmayes House when a panting man flew by. Then they heard Sammy's stentorian roar. Ginger & Co. rushed

out at once. Ginger led, and did the House steps in one.

Unfortunately, he stumbled as he landed and went at full length, right in the path of Dr. Sparshott. Sammy was going too fast to stop—even to see Ginger before he staggered over him.

"Ooooooh!" roared Ginger, as the headmaster of Grimslade landed, with his knees in Ginger's back. "Oh, my giddy goloshes! Wow!"

Buap! Jim Dainty, streaking like lightning behind his headmaster, crashed into his back, and Dr. Sparshott pitched forward.

There was a howl of anguish from Ginger, a gasp from Dr. Sparshott. Jim Dainty staggered from the shock.

But Sammy was up in a moment or two. Leaving Jim staggering and Ginger spluttering wildly, Dr. Sparshott dashed on in pursuit of the man with the crimson nose.

Other Grimslade men had taken the alarm now. Trafford of the Sixth rushed on the man from one direction; Yorke of the Sixth came speeding over from White's House. Mr. Redmayes appeared on one side, Mr. White on the other.

The desperate, breathless man dodged and twisted like a hare. Only to escape immediate capture had he fled into the school, and it looked as if he was trapped there. Old Sykes had got to his feet and slammed the gates, to cut off his escape. Fellows were pouring out of both Houses.

Fritz Splitz, the German junior, came along from the school shop, and met the desperate man in full career. Fritz was laden, with a bag of jam tarts in one podgy hand, a bag of eggs in the other. He was heading for White's House and Study No. 10 for tea.

"Splitz, stop him!"

The fat German stared round with his saucer-eyes. The next moment there was a crash, and Fritz hit the ground with a concussion that made it shake.

"Ach! Himmel!" shrieked Fritz. "Ach! Vat vas tat? Mein tarts—mein eggs! Peast and a prute! Ooogh!"

Fritz Splitz rolled over—in tarts and eggs! The man with the crimson nose staggered, recovered, and dashed on, heading across the quad for White's House, with a shouting mob in chase.

Fritz was left wallowing in squashed jam tarts and broken eggs.

"After him!"
The man ran under the study windows of White's House. He paused for a second under an open window, as if with the desperate thought of clambering into the House. But the chase was hot at his heels, and he tore on. Twenty or thirty fellows were after him now, with Sammy Sparshott in the lead. More and more were joining up.

Fritz Splitz, jammy and eggy, picked himself up and tottered to his House, but every other fellow in the quad was joining in the hunt. The fugitive left White's House behind after that momentary pause under the window of Study No. 10, and raced on to the wall that bordered the school field.

He reached the wall and made a desperate bound. But even as he bounded Sammy Sparshott's grasp fell on him. He came backwards with a crash and landed at the feet of the headmaster of Grimslade.

"I think we have him now!" drawled Sammy.

They had him—there was no doubt about that. Sammy's powerful grasp dragged him to his feet, and he stood gasping, winded, done to the wide. Round him surged a crowd of fifty or more fellows.

"But what—" panted Mr. White. "He picked my pocket in Middlemore Lane," explained Sammy. "He has my notecase! Haad it over, my man."

"I ain't!" gasped the culprit. "Better hand it over," said Dr. Sparshott pleasantly. "Or would you like another tap like the one I gave you in the lane?"

"I tell you I ain't got it, and I never 'ad it! I jest 'appened to push agin you, sir, and you fancied—"

"Byes"—the Head's man came up—"search this scoundrel for my notecase!"

The man with the damaged nose stood panting, while Byes searched him. He mopped his beaky nose, which was still oozing claret. The search was thorough, but no notecase was found.

"Wot did I tell you?" demanded the accused. "You was mistaken!"

"I was not mistaken," said Dr. Sparshott coldly. "You threw the notecase away, I presume, so that it should not be found on you. You had plenty of opportunities."

"You'll 'ave to prove it!"
"I shall not take the trouble! I shall deal with you myself!" said Dr. Sparshott. "Byes, fetch my cane!"

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger Rawlinson. "He's going to cane him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Good old Sammy!" chuckled Jim Dainty.

Nearly all Grimslade gathered round, and there was a roar of laughter. Byes came back with the cane; and even on the calm, impassive face of the Head's man there was a grin. Dr. Sparshott took the cane and swished it. The man with the red nose eyed him apprehensively and almost unbelievably.

"Look 'ere, guv'nor!" he gasped. "You ain't going to wallop a cove with that there cane! You 'ave me 'run in if you like; you'll 'ave to prove it agin me! But you can't wallop a cove!"

"Your mistake!" said Sammy tersely. "I can, and will!"

His left hand was wound in the dingy neckcloth. The pickpocket was bent over, like a Grimslade fellow to take "six." He wriggled and struggled and roared, but in Sammy's iron grasp he was bent over and held as if he had been in the grip of a steel vice.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!
The cane rang on frowsy trousers. Wild yells came from the hapless pincher of notecases. He struggled frantically.

Sammy laid it on with vigour. The crowd of Grimsladers roared with merriment. The Head of Grimslade

had many original ways, and this method of dealing with a pickpocket was as original as any.

Probably the man with the nose would have preferred to be handed over to the police, especially as the proving of the charge would have been doubtful as the plunder was not found on him. But what he preferred did not matter to Sammy. Sammy was a busy headmaster, with no time to waste. His method was short and sharp.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!
"Yaroooh! Leave orf! Whooop! Urrrrrgh! Oh, my eye! Oh, jumping snakes! Wow!" roared the hapless pickpocket.

"Go it, Sammy!" yelled Jim Dainty, from the back of the crowd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Whack, whack, whack!
"I think that will do, my man," said Dr. Sparshott coolly. "Now I will give you ten seconds to jump that wall!"

Two seconds were enough for the pickpocket. He vanished over the wall like a ghost at cock-crow. Pattering footsteps were heard for a few moments and then he was gone.

Sammy Sparshott tucked the cane under his arm and walked away to his study, leaving the crowd of Grimslade men in the quad, rocking with laughter.

A Windfall for Fritz!

"PEAST and a prute!" groaned Fritz Splitz.

Headless of the uproar going on in the quad, Fritz limped dismally into his study in White's House. He was jammy and he was eggy, and he needed a wash. That did not worry Fritz. There was no limit to the amount of washing that Fritz could do without. Jam and eggs plastered about

him were not nice, but what worried Fritz was that, having been taken externally, they could not be taken internally. There was the rub!

Who had barged him over in the November dusk, Fritz did not know, or care. That did not matter. What mattered was the loss of the tuck. Not a jam tart remained unsquashed. Not an egg remained unbroken. There was only one consolation, it was not Fritz who had paid for them. His study-mates, Dainty and Dawson, had stood those supplies for tea; which Fritz was to share if he had it ready when they came in.

"Prute! Peast! Prutal pounder!" moaned Fritz. "Ich bin hungri; ahretty I am ferry hungry pefore. Also I have no more to breff!"

The fat German sat down in the study armchair and gasped for breath. Through the open window he could hear roars of laughter in the quad, where Dr. Sparshott was dealing with the thief in his own original way. Fritz von Splitz heeded not. There was nothing for tea; and when there was nothing for tea the world was a dreary desert to Friedrich von Splitz. Life was no more than a delusion and a snare.

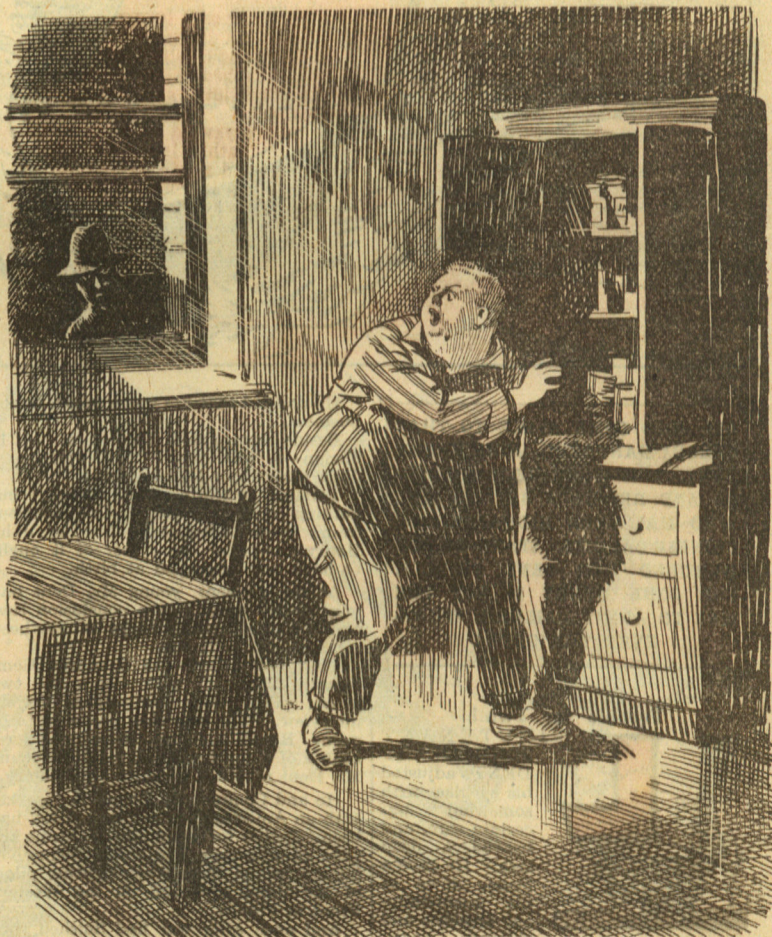
As he sprawled in the armchair Fritz became aware that he was sitting on something as well as the chair. Some small object in the seat caused him discomfort. He wriggled to one side and blinked with his saucer-eyes to see what it was.

"Ach! Mein gootness!" ejaculated Fritz.

He jumped out of the armchair as if he had been electrified. His fat hand clutched up the object on which he had sat.

It was a notecase!
Fritz stared at it blankly.

(Continued on page 301.)



Fritz groped in the dark cupboard, and as he did so he became aware of a cold, chilly draught playing round his legs. His startled saucer-eyes peered at the window, and his heart almost ceased to beat as he saw the dark, shadowy silhouette of a man framed there.

THE FOURTH FORM AT GRIMSLADE!

(Continued from page 295.)

It was a small leather case, fastened by a button. Falling into the chair, from somewhere, the button had jerked open and the case revealed its contents—currency notes!

Fritz, in utter amazement, counted the notes—ten pound notes in one compartment, fifteen ten-shilling notes in another. With incredulous, amazed eyes the fat Rhinlander stared at that sum of money. Seventeen pounds ten shillings; fallen in Study No. 10, in White's House, like manna on the Israelites of old!

"Mein gootness!" gurgled Fritz.

He blinked round at the window. It was open, and the chair happened to face the window. Had someone passed that window and thrown the case of currency notes in? It seemed the only explanation, yet it was amazing.

Who on earth, at Grimslade, could afford to chuck seventeen pounds about? Certainly the notecase did not belong to Dainty or Dawson; they had no such sum of money, or anything like it. To whom did it—could it—belong? It was a plain leather case; no name or initial on it. There was no clue to the proprietor. Where had it come from?

That was a mystery to Fritz Splitz. "Mein gootness!" murmured Fritz again.

He slipped the notecase into his pocket and sat down in the armchair again to think over this amazing occurrence. Thinking it over did not bring Fritz any nearer a solution of the mystery. But the cash was safe in his pocket. It was likely to remain there.

Fritz von Splitz was of the opinion of Vespasian of old, that the smell of all money was sweet. A person who chucked seventeen pounds in at a study window could not, obviously, want it himself. But Fritz wanted it!

There was a tramp in the passage, and Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson came into the study. Fritz blinked at them.

"What about tea?" demanded Dainty.

"Ach! Tat is all right, mein goot Taintf," said Fritz. "Te cham darts and te eggs are all broken! A peast and a prute knock me ofer and I fall on tem! But it is all right. This time I stand te tea."

"Gammon!" growled Dawson.

Fritz grinned as he heaved his fat person out of the armchair. Fritz was in funds—for once! Whose funds they were was a trifling light as air. They were Fritz's now.

"Mein goot frients," said Fritz, "I have told you many dimes tat in Chermany te Von Splitzes have colossal estates—"

"Cheese it!" grunted Dainty.

"Now mein onkel, te Graf von Splitz, he send me vun pig remittance," said Fritz. "You, Tawson, you go to te duckshop and get te duck, and I gif you a bound note te change, ain't it."

Dick Dawson chuckled.

"Like a shot—if you cough up the pound note," he said.

Fritz von Splitz threw a pound note on the study table. He threw it there with a flourish. It was the first time since he had been at Grimslade that Fritz Splitz had been able to throw pound notes about.

Dainty and Dawson jumped as they saw it.

"Seeing is believing," said Fritz, with dignity. "Vat do you tink of tat, Taintf and Tawson?"

"My only hat!" said Jim Dainty, staring.

"Well, it's about time you stood your whack, Fatty," said Dawson. "It's the first time this term. I'll cut down to the shop. How much shall I spend?"

"All of it," answered Fritz loftily. "I have more tan tat, Tawson! Mein beoples are colossally rich, as I have told you more tan vun time."

"Bow-wow!"

Dawson departed with the pound note. He returned laden with tuck. That tea-time there was a reign of plenty in Study No. 10. Fritz in funds was quite a new Fritz. Seldom or never did Fritz Splitz stand his "whack." But that, no doubt, was because the colossal riches of the Von Splitzes never travelled as far as Grimslade. Now that he was in funds Fritz spread himself.

News spread along the passage that Fritz was standing a spread. It was surprising news and interesting news! Fellows dropped in to see whether it was so; and, finding that it was so, they stayed to the spread. Tommy Tucker and Bates, Pulley and Lomas and Paget, sat round the festive board, and the fat founder of the feast beamed on them with his saucer-eyes.

Quite a lot of tuck was obtainable for a pound; but it all disappeared. After tea, Fritz Splitz disappeared also. But he might have been seen, as a novelist would say, in the school shop; where, for once, he was a welcome customer. He sat at Mrs. Sykes' counter, and consumed tuck till he could consume no more, and a second pound note was detached from the wad in Fritz's notecase. Mrs. Sykes was quite impressed.

Fritz rolled out at last, weary and heavy-laden, with a big cake under one arm for supper, and a large bag of tarts and doughnuts under the other.

So long as that amazing windfall lasted Study No. 10 in White's House seemed likely to be a land flowing with milk and honey. But it did not seem likely to last long at this rate.

In the Dead of Night!

JIM DAINTY awoke suddenly. He was fast asleep in the Fourth Form dormitory in White's House, dreaming of Soccer, when something awakened him. He started out of balmy slumber, to feel something groping over his face in the dark.

"Oh!" gasped Jim.

He started up in startled alarm. Something, apparently, was bending over him in the dark, for as he started up, his head came into contact with a hard object.

"Ach! Himmel!" came a howl of anguish. "Mein Gootness! Mein nose! Ooogh! Vy for you preak me te poko, you dummkopf? Wow!"

"Ow!" gasped Jim, rubbing his head. "You silly chump, what the dickens are you up to?"

He peered at Fritz in the gloom. The fat German was clapping his podgy nose with both hands, and gurgling wildly. Jim's head was a little hurt by the crash—but Fritz's nose seemed to be very much hurt.

"Ach! Peast and prute!" groaned Fritz. "You preak me te boko! I have a colossal bain in mein nose! Ach!"

"You fat lunatic, what are you waking me up for?"

"Mein goot Taintf—ach, mein poko—I vant you to gum down te te study mit me te get te duck."

"The duck?" repeated Jim. "Oh, the tuck! You hungry octopus, go back to bed, and let a fellow sleep!"

"Ich bin hungri—ich habe hunger, mein goot Taintf, and I tink—Whoop-hoop!" spluttered Fritz, as Jim, grasping his pillow, swept it through the air.

Crash! Fritz von Splitz sat down suddenly.

"Now let a fellow sleep!" growled Jim Dainty.

"Ach! Peast and prute!" howled Fritz. "Now I vill not give you any of te duck! You can go and eat goke! Mein goot Tawson, are you awake? Vill you gum down te te study to fetch te duck— Ach! Pang me not mit tat pillow, you peast and prute! Mein gootness!"

Fritz Splitz scuttled away to the door. Fritz had awakened hungry. How a fellow could be hungry after the supper Fritz had packed away in Study No. 10

was rather a mystery. But there was more tuck in Study No. 10—plenty of tuck—and the thought of it haunted Fritz in his slumbers.

He dreamed of it, and when he awakened about midnight, he yearned for it—and he turned out of bed at last. Dark staircases and passages at midnight's witching hour were not attractive, and Fritz wanted a companion on his trip to the study—but evidently he had to go on his own, if he went at all. Jim Dainty heard the dormitory door open and close.

Fritz shivered as he groped along the passage. The December night was cold. The wind wailed over the roofs of Grimslade; windows creaked, and ivy rustled. Fritz's fat heart beat unpleasantly. The thought of burglars came disagreeably into his mind, and he was tempted to turn back. But there was a cake in Study No. 10—there was a bag of doughnuts! He screwed his courage up to the sticking-point, and groped on.

The study passage was dark, with only a faint glimmer of wintry starlight in the big bay window at the end. Fritz tiptoed along to Study No. 10. He reached the study, turned the door-handle, and opened the door.

Then he stopped dead, his fat heart pounding against his ribs. He thought he had heard a sound in the study!

Burglars rushed into his startled mind. He stood rooted to the floor, his podgy heart going like a piston, listening. He had heard a sound—he was sure that he had heard a sound! But silence followed. He peered into the darkness of the study. Nothing could be seen save the dim, glimmering window. Fritz did not observe that it was open.

For a full minute he stood with palpitating heart. But the silence reassured him. After all, burglars would hardly burgle a schoolboy's study—there was nothing there to burgle! The most enterprising bandit could hardly have designs on Fritz's cake and doughnuts! Fritz Splitz stepped into the study at last, closing the door and peering round him through his saucer-eyes.

He moved across to the cupboard. He did not venture to put on a light; but he did not need one. He groped in the dark cupboard, and as he did so he became aware of a cold, chilly draught playing round his fat legs. The window was open.

His startled saucer-eyes peered at the window. The lower sash was up, and his heart almost ceased to beat—he saw the dark, shadowy silhouette of a man framed there!

For a long moment Fritz stood rooted to the floor, forgetful even of the cake and the doughnuts! He would have given continents of cake, mountains of doughnuts, to have been safe back in bed in the dormitory.

He stirred at last, and, with a suppressed squeak of terror, made a rush for the door. But during his momentary hesitation, the night intruder had acted. Swiftly, silently, he climbed through the open window.

Before Fritz could reach the door he found himself confronted by a hard, stubby face, with a nose that was red and bulbous—a nose that looked as if it was swollen, as the result of a hard punch. It was a mere glimpse in the gloom, but it terrified the hapless Rhinlander to the very marrow of his bones. He gave a gurgle of horror.

"Crimes!"

It was a low ejaculation, in a rough, harsh voice. The shadow loomed over Fritz, and he jumped back as if he had had an electric shock. A grasping hand just missed him.

"Ach! Himmel! Help!" shrieked Fritz. "Purglars! Purglars! Help!"

There was a muttered oath, and the dim figure lurched at him, the hands grasping. Fritz dodged round the study table. Generally his podgy brain was slow in action, but terror sharpened it now. He had the advantage of knowing

his way about the room, and the intruder was a stranger there. Fritz whipped round the table, and he heard a savage grunt as his pursuer bumped into that article of furniture. He leaped for the door.

He grabbed the door-handle, but before he had time to turn it a hand was on his fat shoulder from behind, grabbing. With a shriek of horror, Fritz spun away, leaving a strip of his pyjama jacket in the unseen's grasp. He circled the table again, shrieking and squeaking.

"Old your row!" came a husky voice. "Crimes! If you don't 'old your row, I—"

The looming shadow was after Fritz. It pursued him round the table again. Fritz remembered the inkstand on the table. Desperation was sharpening his fat wits wonderfully. He grabbed it up and hurled it.

Crash!
"Whoooooop!"

The dim-glimmering face in the gloom was suddenly blackened from sight. Ink smothered it. A yell of anguish told that the inkstand had done damage. The bulbous nose was no longer red, but black! But its last state was worse than its first!

"Ach himmel!" panted Fritz.

There was a rush of feet after him. He circled the table in frantic flight. He brushed by a chair—and his fat wits still working at unaccustomed pressure, he snatched hold of it and threw it in the way of his pursuer. There was a crash, a roar of wrath and anguish, as the shadowy figure stumbled over it and rolled on the floor.

Fritz bounded to the door. His wild yelling had reached many ears by that time. He could hear doors opening, voices calling. The House was alarmed! If he could only get out of the study—

He tore the door open. A hand grasped him in the darkness. Fritz Splitz gave one fearful shriek, and collapsed on the floor in a dead faint.

What happened after that Fritz did not know. Lights were flashing on in the passage—hurrying feet were approaching. Fritz neither saw nor heard. And he did not hear the hurried leap of the night-prowler from the study window, or the pattering of fleeing footsteps in the dark December night.

There was a buzz of voices—a trampling of feet. Mr. White, the Housemaster; Yorke of the Sixth, a crowd of half-dressed fellows behind them, rushed on the scene. They found Fritz Splitz lying senseless in the doorway of Study No. 10—and that was all they found. The study window was open—the cold winter wind blowing in—but there was no sign of any intruder.

Sammy's Catch!

"GAMMON!"

That was the verdict of the House.

The next morning, Fritz von Splitz was looking like the ghost of a fat German. He had had the fright of his life. He had also had "six" from his Housemaster for breaking dormitory bounds. And his story of a burglar in the study only made the House laugh!

No sign had been found of any burglar. It was absurd, on the face of it, to suppose that a burglar, if he came at all, would come to a junior study, where there was nothing to burgle but dog-eared school-books. Fritz was known to be a funk of the first water! He had been frightened by some shadow in the dark!

In vain Fritz persisted, almost with tears in his eyes, that there had been a burglar—that he had narrowly escaped the clutches of a fearful ruffian! Mr. White refused to believe a word of it—and the House shared the opinion of the Housemaster.

It was true that the window of Study No. 10 was found open. But it was not

the first time that a forgotten window had been found open in the morning. Indeed, most of the fellows concluded that the open window had put the idea of the burglar into Fritz's fat mind; and that shadows and funk had done the rest! They refused positively to believe in Fritz's burglar!

"I tell you tat tere vas vun purglar!" wailed Fritz, a score of times at least. "I tell you vunce more tat I have a derrible fight bit tat purglar! I knock him town, and he pellow like a pull!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jim Dainty. "We heard you bellowing like a bull—but we didn't hear the burglar!" "Chuck it, Fritz!" said Dick Dawson. "You saw the window open and fancied the rest! Just funk!"

In morning break, Fritz was sent for to Dr. Sparshott's study. The story of the night's alarm had reached the Head. Fritz had already had six from his Housemaster, and many fellows expected him to get another six from the Head for causing an alarm for nothing.

The fat German made his way to the Head's study in a state of trepidation. Really, it was hard lines not to be believed when, for once, Friedrich von Splitz was telling the truth!

To his relief, the cane was not featured in his interview with Sammy. Dr. Sparshott made him tell his thrilling tale over again, and listened very attentively. Nobody in White's House believed a word of it, and whether Sammy believed a word of it could not have been told from his face. When the fat Fritz had finished, all Sammy said was:

"If you break dormitory bounds again, Splitz, I shall deal with you myself."

"Ach himmel!" gasped Fritz. "I neffer, neffer, neffer preak tormitory bounds any more after! Mein gootness! I tink two times pefore I go town in te tark again! I like not purglars in te tark!"

Dr. Sparshott sat with a very thoughtful brow after he had dismissed the German junior. In third school, when the fellows were all in the Form-rooms, Sammy walked over to White's House, and went into Study No. 10.

Whether he was looking for signs of a burglary or not, Sammy was certainly looking for something, for he searched that study as meticulously as a detective could have searched it. Whatever he was looking for, however, he did not seem to find, and there was a still more thoughtful, and rather puzzled expression on his face as he left the House.

Later in the day Fritz recovered a little. He had been scared out of his podgy wits, he had been whacked by his Housemaster, and he was laughed at by the whole House. But there was still, so to speak, balm in Gilead. He still had his windfall. Two pounds ten had been expended out of seventeen pounds ten! Fifteen pounds remained!

The amount of tuck represented by fifteen pounds was really dazzling. It would have comforted any Deutchlander. It comforted Fritz. At tea-time, there was another spread in Study No. 10. Fritz was not likely to break dormitory bounds again for a feed at night. But the amount he packed away during the day made it unlikely that even Fritz would be hungry that night!

Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson could only stare when they found that Fritz was spreading himself again.

"Come into a fortune, or what?" asked Dainty.

"Been holding up a bank?" asked Dawson.

"Mein goot Tainty and Tawson, I tells you vunce tat mein beoples in Chermany are colossally rich," answered Fritz loftily. "Tey send me vun pig remittance, ain't it!"

And Fritz's study-mates almost began to believe that there was something in it. Certainly Fritz was in funds—ample

funds—whether they came from his "beoples" in Germany or not! By that time, indeed, Fritz almost believed himself that it was his own cash.

Fritz had long ago given up wondering where that money had come from! The fact that he had got it was enough for him!

A whole pound note went on tea, a ten-shilling note on supper, and Fritz grunted laboriously when he crawled up to the dormitory that night. He always had plenty of weight to carry, but now he had quite an unusual cargo. And if he woke up that night, and thought of the tuck that was left in the study, he did not think of going down for it! Wild horses would not have dragged him downstairs in the dark.

The Houses of Grimslade were buried in darkness and slumber. The last door closed, the last light was extinguished. The December gloom and mist hung heavy on the quad. But in the sleeping school, there was at least one person who was awake.

Had Fritz Splitz been peering from the window of Study No. 10 instead of snoring in the dormitory, he might have fancied that his burglar had come back. For in the deep dusk of night, a shadowy figure stirred outside that window. A close inspection, however, would have revealed the fact that it was the figure of Dr. Samuel Sparshott.

In a dark coat and cap, almost invisible in the gloom, with a golf-club under his arm, Dr. Sparshott loomed in the shadows under the window of the study in White's House. He stood there for some moments, watching and listening, and then backed into the cover of a stone buttress near at hand. Leaning on the wall, screened by the buttress, the Head of Grimslade waited and watched.

White's fellows, had they known he was there, might have guessed that Sammy, alone in Grimslade, believed in Fritz's burglar—and expected him to return.

For a long hour he waited, without sound or motion, and heard the chimes at midnight! Another long hour—and then, soon after the stroke of one had died away, another sound came to the alert ears of the patient Sammy.

It was a stealthy footfall in the dark quad.

Sammy smiled grimly.

From the shadows of the night came a slinking figure, approaching the window of Study No. 10. Dr. Sparshott, peering through the gloom, had a glimpse of a stubbly face with a red and bulbous nose. He did not stir.

The man with the crimson nose stopped under the window of Study No. 10. He stood there listening for a few moments. Then there was a faint creak and a crack as the window fastening was forced. Almost inaudibly the lower sash was pushed up.

The red-nosed face was inserted in at the open window; the shoulders followed—and at that point in the proceedings Sammy Sparshott stepped out from behind the buttress and grasped the legs that were about to whisk in.

There was a startled, gurgling gasp from within the study, and the man in the window twisted round like an eel.

"Crimes!" he gasped.

"Better come quietly!" said Dr. Sparshott gently.

The red-nosed man did not seem to think so. With a panting oath, he twisted out of the window and grasped at the headmaster of Grimslade. There was a jemmy in his hand, but he had no time to use it. A golf club swept through the air and landed with a loud crack!

"Ooooooh!" came in a yell from the red-nosed man. He rolled over in the quad at the headmaster's feet.

Sammy's left grasped him by a dingy neckcloth. He jerked him to his feet. The golf club was lifted in his right.

"I shouldn't argue any more if I were you," said Sammy placidly.

And the man with the damaged nose decided not to. He rubbed his head sadly, as Sammy, with a grasp of iron, led him away.

Light at Last!

DAINTY! Dawson! Splitz! Headmaster's study!"

Mr. White rapped it out after breakfast the next morning. Study No. 10, wondering what on earth Sammy wanted, walked across the quad towards Big School.

Ginger Rawlinson yelled to them from Redmayes.

"Heard, you men? Burglar last night—"

"Gammon!"

"Honest Injun! Locked in the garage, waiting for a bobby to come from Blackmoor. They say Sammy got him!"

"Mein gootness! Berhaps tat is te same purglar!" ejaculated Fritz Splitz. "Perhaps he gum pack."

"Streaky's seen him, and he says it's the same man that Sammy whacked for picking his pocket!" said Ginger breathlessly.

"Great Scott!"

Jim Dainty & Co. looked very curiously at their headmaster as they entered Sammy's study. Dr. Sparshott had a rather grim expression on his face, and they noticed that his cane lay handy.

"Which of you boys found a notecase in Study No 10, containing seventeen pounds ten shillings?" barked Sammy.

Jim Dainty jumped; Dick Dawson almost staggered; Fritz von Splitz goggled at the Head. The three had wondered what Sammy had to say. They had not dreamed of anything like this. Sammy's keen eyes were on them. He read blank amazement in two faces; more than amazement in the third. And his grey, penetrating eyes fixed on Friedrich von Splitz.

"Wha-a-at—" stammered Jim Dainty.

"You recall that a pickpocket was

chased in the quadrangle the day before yesterday. The notecase was not found on him. I concluded that he had thrown it away in his flight. I did not know then that he had thrown it into a Grimslade study window!" barked Sammy.

"Wha-a-at—" stuttered Dawson.

"But I knew as soon as I heard that a burglar had entered a study in White's House!"

"Ach! Tat purglar—"

"And, guessing what he was after, I waited for him last night and took proper care of him," said Dr. Sparshott.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jim Dainty.

"Then Fritz's burglar—"

"Exactly! The plunder was still on the rascal when he was chased here, and he threw it into a study window to get shut of it. He hoped to be able to get hold of it again. That was the only explanation of what happened to Splitz. I have not mentioned the matter hitherto; I did not want to risk a word getting out and keeping the man away. You get me? Well, now he has called, and is safe for three months to come. Now, where's the notecase?"

"Mein gootness!" gasped Fritz.

Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson glared at their podgy study-mate. Like a flash they understood the source of Fritz's recent wealth.

"Splitz!" barked Dr. Sparshott.

"Ach! I know nothing!" gasped Fritz. "Mein prain he is vun perfect plank! I neffer find tat notegase in te stutty; also I tink tat he is vun bresent tat somevun gifft to me. I neffer know tat you lose vun notegase—I know nothing of tat bickbocket! Mein gootness!"

"Fortunately for you," said Dr. Sparshott grimly, "I believe that you did not know that the notecase was mine. But you knew that it was not your own. You found it and kept it. Give it to me at once, and then bend over that chair,"

With a shaking, podgy hand, Fritz Splitz handed over the notecase. Thunder grew on the Head's brow as he ascertained that it held only thirteen pounds ten shillings.

"Splitz, you have spent the money! You—"

"Ach! Mein gootness!" groaned Fritz. "I spend a few pounds, sir—I porrow it! Ach, gootness! I puy duck for Tainty and Tawson—"

"You Dutch villain!" roared Jim Dainty. "If we'd known— May I kick him, sir?"

"Certainly!" said Dr. Sparshott.

"Ach! Yarooogh! Whoop!" roared Fritz. "Peast and a prute!"

"You may do the same, Dawson."

"Yooooo! Mein gootness! Tat you kiek me not on mein trousers!" yelled Fritz. "I have a colossal bain in mein trousers! Ach, himmel!"

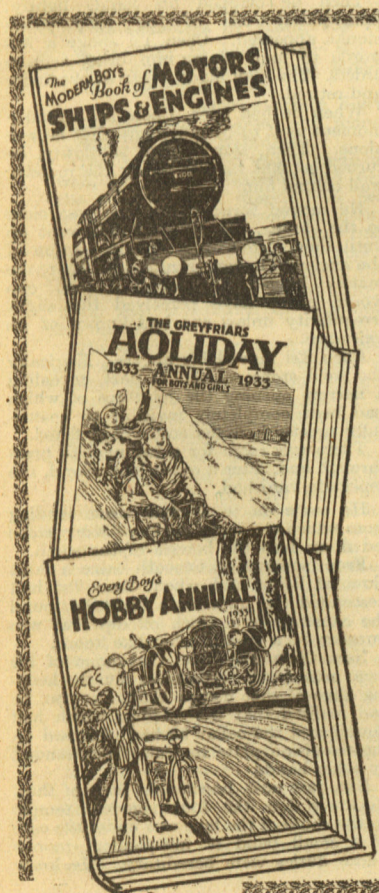
"I was sure that you two boys knew nothing of this," said Sammy. "Splitz, I grant that you are too stupid to understand how dishonest you are! It will be my endeavour to make it clear to you. Your allowance will be confiscated until the sum of four pounds is made up. I shall give you a whopping that you will remember till the end of the term. Bend over that chair!"

Jim Dainty and Dawson left the study. Fearful yells followed them. They rang almost the length and breadth of Grimslade. Fellows in the quad heard the whacking of the cane. Sammy was laying it on as if he fancied that he was beating carpets.

When Fritz Splitz emerged at last he wriggled his painful way along like a wounded snake. His study-mates were waiting for him. Sammy had given Fritz what he considered enough. His study-mates seemed to think that he needed a little more. They did not speak; they charged. And Fritz fled for his House, with two incensed juniors behind, dribbling him like a fat football.

How many kicks Fritz von Splitz collected that day he never knew. But there was no doubt that his windfall had brought him more kicks than ha'pence!

(Popular Frank Richards has written another topping yarn of the Clums of Grimslade in next week's RANGER, which will also contain six more Free Picture-Stamps for your collection.)



Bumper Books for Boys

HOBBY Annual
Price 6/-

Every Boy's HOBBY ANNUAL is the finest book of its kind ever published. It is packed with brightly written articles on practically every hobby and subject appealing to the boy of to-day. Boys who are keen on making things and finding out how things work will want this wonderful book. It is profusely illustrated with photographs and drawings that show "how" in the simplest way. There are also two large folding photogravure plates.

The HOLIDAY ANNUAL
Price 6/-

Billy Bunter is the fattest, funniest schoolboy in the world. You can read heaps about him in the HOLIDAY ANNUAL. Don't miss this big budget of school and adventure yarns. Not only can you find out more about Bunter, but you will also enjoy all the other famous schoolboy pals of Greysfriars, St. Jim's, and Rookwood Schools who are featured in many of the stories, too! Get this topping book to-day.

The MODERN BOY'S BOOK of MOTORS, SHIPS & ENGINES Price 7/6

Many experts have contributed the intensely interesting articles, full of the romance of Man's mastery of Speed on land and water, which appear in the MODERN BOY'S BOOK OF MOTORS, SHIPS, and ENGINES. This magnificent new book is crowded with hundreds of fascinating pictures and well-written articles which tell of great achievements in things mechanical. And there are FOUR COLOURED PLATES!

On Sale at all Newsagents and Booksellers.