

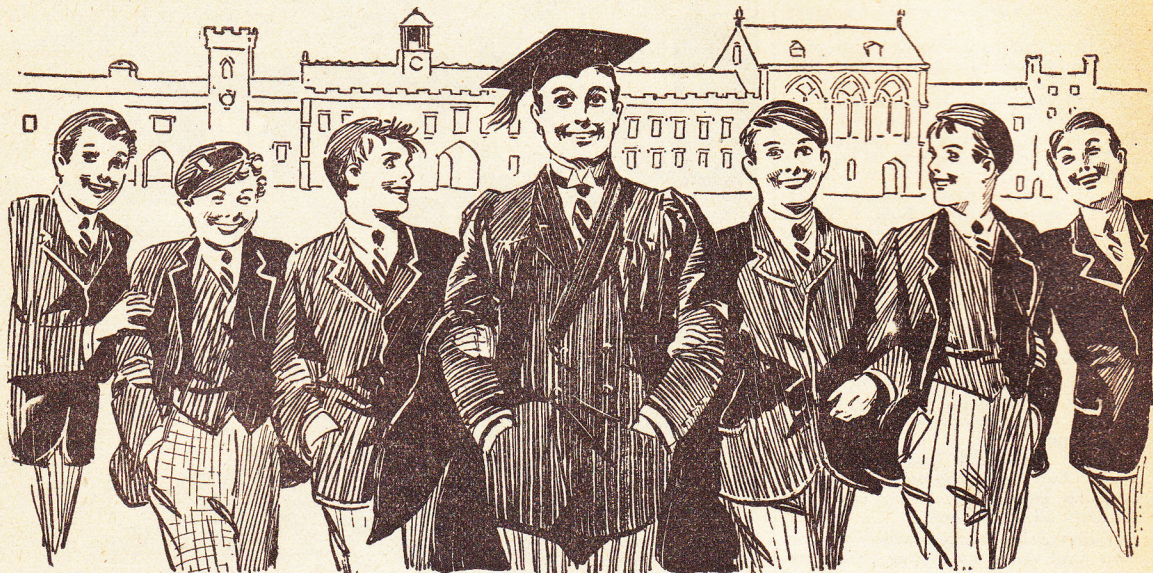
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# The RANGER

2<sup>d</sup>



# The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Author of the famous "Greyfriars" stories in the "Magnet.")

YOU CAN'T BEAT THIS GRAND SCHOOL YARN FOR LAUGHS, ADVENTURE, AND HUNDRED PER CENT ENTERTAINMENT. IT'S A WOW!

## To Go or Not to Go!

**G**ATED—Wednesday afternoon!" said Dr. Sparshott tersely. "But, sir—" said Jim Dainty.

Dr. Samuel Sparshott reached for his cane.

"I think I said out, Dainty!" he remarked.

"Yes, sir! But—" "I sent for you, Dainty," said "Sammy" Sparshott, "because it has come to my knowledge that you have been japing the boys of Redmayes House after lights-out. You are gated for the half-holiday! Now out!"

"But," said Jim, for the third time, "it's the Middlemoor Fair on Wednesday afternoon, and I'm going with a lot of fellows!"

Dr. Sparshott rose to his feet. "Oblige me by bending over that chair, Dainty! Thank you!"

Swish!

"Now out!"

Jim Dainty left his headmaster's study. One swish from Sammy's cane was enough.

Dainty wriggled as he went. Sammy had a scientific way of laying it on; even a single swish, from Sammy, was a thing to be remembered. Jim was wriggling as he walked across the quad to White's House; and Ginger Rawlinson, of Redmayes, seemed to find it amusing.

Ginger was seated on the broad granite rim of the fountain in the middle of the quad, swinging his long legs. Behind him was the big basin of the fountain, full of water, with a little bit of ice floating in it.

"What's that game, Dainty?" he called out. "Something new in the jazz line?"

"You fatheaded, red-headed, dunder-headed Redmayes freak!" answered Dainty. "I've been whopped by Sammy."

"Poor little thing!" said Ginger, commiseratingly. "You White's ticks can't stand a whopping! You're too soft! Poor ickle zing, den!"

Ginger spoke soothingly, as if to a baby. Ginger was amused. The next moment he ceased to be amused as Jim Dainty jumped at him, and gave him a

sudden shove on his waistcoat. Ginger went backwards.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Jim Dainty, as the Redmayes junior landed on his back in the water.

"Oooooooh!" spluttered Ginger, struggling and splashing wildly in the fountain. "Ooooooh! Oh, my giddy goloshes! Wooooooh!" He struggled with the water to his waist. "Ooooooh! I'm wet—I'm soaked—oooooh!"

"You Redmayes ticks can't stand a ducking!" chuckled Jim Dainty. "You're too soft! Poor ickle zing, den!"

"Whooooo! You wait till I gerrout!" gasped Ginger.

Jim Dainty did not wait. He trotted on to his House, leaving Ginger to splash out of the fountain and trail away to Redmayes, leaving pools of water behind him as he trailed.

Dainty went into his House, and tramped down the passage to No. 10 Study. His study-mates, Dick Dawson and Fritz Splitz, were there. Jim came into the study with a frowning brow.

"Licked?" asked Dawson.

"Gated to-morrow afternoon!" growled Dainty.

"Oh, rotten! That knocks the fair on the head for you."

"You must gum!" exclaimed Fritz. "Mein goot, Tainty, you simply must gum!"

"What the dickens do you care whether I come or not?" grunted Dainty, ungratefully.

"Mein goot Chim, because you are my jum!" explained Fritz. "Also I want you to pay to expenses, as I have no money."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Dawson.

"You—you—you blithering Boche!" exclaimed Dainty. "Well, I'm going to-morrow, anyhow; and Sammy can go and eat coke!"

"That is right, my goot Tainty," said Fritz approvingly. "You vill gum, my beloved jum! If you get a whopping for gumming, vat is a whopping? Tat is nottings!"

"You don't mind a whopping?" asked Dainty, glaring at him.

"Not the least leedle pit," assured Fritz. "If I had a whopping, Tainty, you

would see how I stand him! I would show you how to be bold and brave!"

"Good!" said Dainty. "I'll give you a chance! Chuck over that fives bat, Dawson."

He grasped Friedrich von Splitz by the back of his podgy neck, and hooked him across the study table.

"Ach himmel!" roared Fritz, struggling frantically. "Tat you stop! Tat you pang me not upon mein trousers!"

Whack! Whack!

"Oooooooh! Wooooooh! Tat you stop!" raved Fritz. "I like not to be chopped on mein trousers! I have a colossal bain in mein trousers! Peastly pounder and a prute! Ach! I have no more to breff! Ach!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Friedrich von Splitz tore himself away, and jumped for the door. Jim Dainty jumped after him, brandishing the fives bat.

"Hold on! I haven't finished yet—I want you to show me how to stand a whopping!"

"Geep off!" shrieked Fritz, and he bolted out of the study.

Jim Dainty chuckled, and threw down the fives bat.

"You're really going to-morrow, Jim?" asked Dawson.

"Yes!"

"But Sammy—"

"Blow Sammy!"

And it was settled!

## Spoofing Sammy!

**M**IDDLEMOOR Fair was jolly. After dinner on Wednesday, juniors of both Houses marched off in a swarm.

While crowds of fellows cleared off in cheery excitement, Jim Dainty strolled sedately in the quad. The Head, if he happened to be looking out, could see him, and see that he had not gone to the fair.

Dick Dawson and Fritz Splitz joined him in the quad, Dawson was rather anxious on Jim's account. Fritz was rather anxious on Splitz's account!

"If you stick in, old chap, I'll stick in with you!" said Dawson.

"Rats! I'm going."  
 "Tat is right! Have a leedle bluck—peast and a prute!" Fritz Splitz dodged a kick, and rolled away to the gates with Dawson.

Jim Dainty promenaded in the quad for a time. He wanted to lull Sammy's suspicions, if any.

Then, in a casual sort of way, he strolled to a spot where some of the ancient Grimslade oaks screened the school wall. The wall was rather high, and Jim jumped twice and dropped back, without catching the top. At the third attempt, however, he grabbed the coping, and hung on.

"Well jumped!" said a quiet voice behind him.

Jim started convulsively. Holding to the wall with his hands, he looked round, and down, and beheld Sammy—looking up at him with a smiling face.

"Well done, Dainty!" said the Head calmly. "A good jump—quite a good jump!"

Jim dropped back to the ground, rather breathlessly.

"I think," said Sammy gently, "that you had better go to your study, Dainty! Remain there till five o'clock. I shall glance in at the window occasionally. Cut!"

With feelings too deep for words, Jim Dainty walked back to his House. He went to No. 10 study, with a grim and knitted brow. Jim sorted out a book and sat down in the study armchair with it—to wait till Sammy went in. He did not intend to wait longer than that.

A quarter of an hour later, Dr. Sparshott glanced in at the window of No. 10. He gave the junior in the armchair a smile, and walked away.

One minute afterwards, Jim was out of the armchair. He hurried out of No. 10, and came back with a suit of clothes over his arm.

With a rug and some dusters, and a few other things, he stuffed the clothes into the semblance of a human form. A Guy Fawkes mask represented the face and Jim rammaged a cap on the dummy's head.

He arranged the dummy carefully in the armchair, the chair-back turned partly to the window.

Anyone looking in at the window could have seen a shoulder, a sleeve, and a leg, apparently of a fellow sprawling in the armchair. The high back concealed the rest.

Jim chuckled.

That, he considered, was good enough for Sammy, if he looked in at the window again. Having arranged that little comedy for the benefit of Dr. Sparshott, Jim Dainty scudded through the House and left it by a back door. He sprinted across the kitchen gardens, vaulted over the tradesmen's gate, and ran.

Far in the distance he could hear the blare of merry music. He cut across the fields in the direction of the fair.

All Grimslade had arrived on the fair ground long ago. Jim Dainty followed a path across the fields. He turned into a sunken lane, between rows of straggling willows, and almost ran into the back of a burly man in a red-striped jersey, who was going in the same direction. Jim swerved just in time to avoid a collision. He was running on, when the man in the dingy red jersey called to him.

"Old on, sir! Got a match for a bloke?"

Dainty stopped and felt in his pockets. The man in the jersey made a swift stride towards him and caught him by the shoulder. Middlemoor Fair attracted a lot of rough characters, and this man, on his looks, was one of the roughest of them. He had a bulldog jaw, a broken nose, and a beetling brow.

"Old on," he repeated. "Never mind about the match—p'raps you could 'elp a cove on his way! P'raps a quid, what?"

Jim Dainty's eyes gleamed. He was still a quarter of a mile from the fair ground, and there was nobody in sight. Evidently the man in the red jersey thought it a good opportunity to stage a hold-up on a small scale.

"And it out," he said. "All you got in your pockets, and sharp! I'll wring your

neck as soon as look at you, you young spadger."

Jim Dainty's clenched fist came up like lightning, catching the ruffian on the point of his stubby jaw, with an uppercut that jarred every tobacco-stained tooth in his head.

He staggered back with a howl, releasing the schoolboy as he did so. Dainty leaped away and ran.

He heard a roar of rage behind him and a tramping of rapid feet. Red Jersey was in fierce pursuit.

Jim ran desperately. After that jolt on the jaw, he had something more painful than robbery to expect, if Red Jersey laid hands on him. The Grimslade junior fairly flew.

But Red Jersey was gaining on him. Jim tore on, and leaving the lane, leaped across a wide, flowing ditch, into a gap in the hedge on the other side.

There he halted, panting, and turned. The ruffian came on with a rush, and leaped the ditch in his turn. As he landed, Jim sprang at him, and hit out. Before the ruffian could make good his footing, the schoolboy's fist crashed on his brawny chest and sent him reeling backwards. There was a heavy splash in the ditch and a spluttering yell of rage.

Jim Dainty did not stop to see Red Jersey sort himself out. He scudded off and vanished across the fields.

He dropped into a trot as he arrived on the fair ground. It was swarming with villagers, country-folk, and Grimslade fellows. Jim Dainty mingled with the merry crowd, looking for his friends.

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Dick Dawson. "You got away all right?"

Jim chuckled.

"Yes—I've left a dummy in my study for Sammy to blink at!"

"Tainty, Tawson, gum tis vay!" exclaimed Fritz Splitz. "Tere is a stall here mit gakes, ferry lofely gakes—lofely gakes like tey make in Chermany."

The three juniors patronised the cake-stall—Fritz Splitz causing the cake merchant to open his eyes with wonder. Cake after cake vanished down Fritz's capacious gullet.

"Go it, my tear jums," said Fritz hospitably. "It is mein treat—I pays for tese gakes! Are tey not lofely?"

"Good!" said Dawson. "But we haven't come here to watch you feed, Fatty! Chuck it!"

"I have had only vun tuzzen," protested Fritz. "I vill have anodder tuzzen. Have some more, my tear jums—it is mein treat."

The cakes were good, and Dainty and Dawson had some more. Fritz Splitz packed away another dozen—where, was a mystery. Then even Fritz was satisfied.

"Come on," said Dainty. "Pay up and get a move on, Fatty."

Fritz groped in his pockets. "Mein gootness!" he ejaculated. "I forget tat I have no money!"

"What!" roared Dainty and Dawson together.

"Tat is all right, Tainty—you pays, and I pays you anodder time."

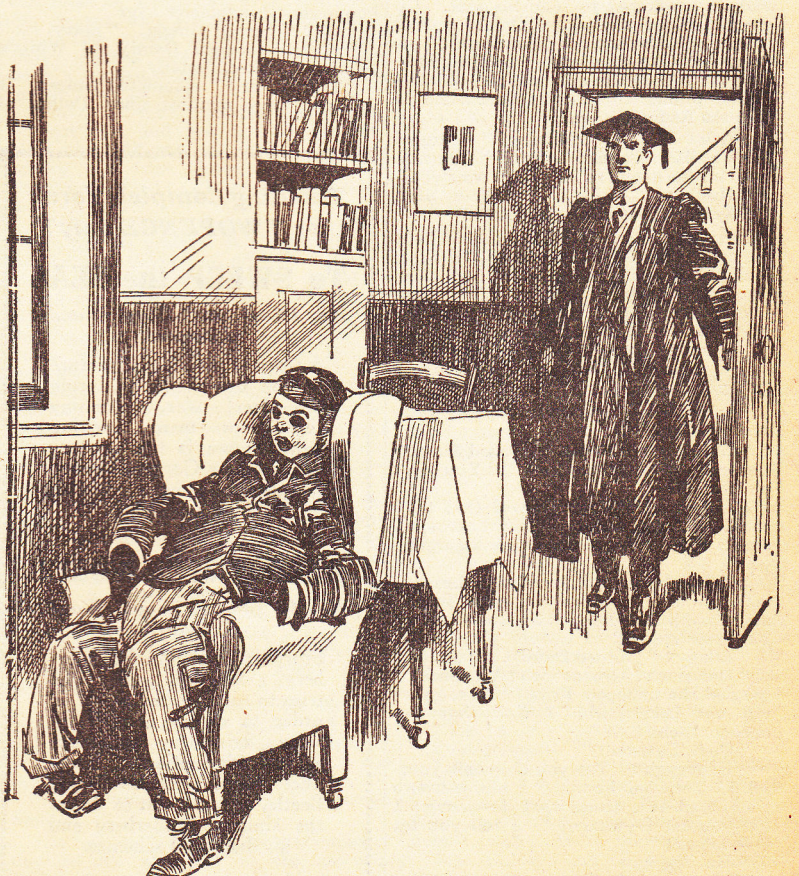
Dainty and Dawson gazed at the happy Fritz. There was seven-and-sixpence to pay at the cake-stall. In silence, they sorted out three-and-nindepence each. Then they turned on Fritz. Dainty grasped him by his right ear, Dawson by the left. There was a fearful yell from Fritz Splitz.

Dainty and Dawson tugged together. Fritz wriggled and howled. Dainty pulled in one direction, Dawson in the other. Fritz felt as if his extensive ears were being pulled off his bullet head.

"Ach! Tat you led go! Ach! Mein ears! Himmel! I have vun colossal bain in mein ears! Whooop!"

"Come on," said Jim, and Fritz's ears were released at last, and the chums of No. 10 study left him rubbing them—not quite sure they were still there.

It was merry and bright at Middlemoor Fair, and Jim Dainty forgot all about



"Dainty," said Dr. Sparshott, looking in at the door, "I am glad to see that you have remained here—obedience to authority, my boy, is one of the first virtues. Now you may get off to the fair, and I hope you have a good time." There was no answer from the figure in the chair—which was not surprising, for that figure was a stuffed dummy which Jim had left there while he cut detention!

Sammy at Grimslade! The dummy in No. 10 study was good enough for Sammy.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Samuel Sparshott was just then glancing in at the window of No. 10 in White's House. He glanced at the half-seen, sprawling figure in the chair and walked round to the door, went into White's House, and arrived at No. 10 study.

"Dainty," he said, looking in, "I am glad to see that you have remained here—obedience to authority, my boy, is one of the first virtues! Now you may get off to the fair, and I hope you will have a good time."

There was no answer from the figure in the chair.

Sammy stepped into the study.

"Dainty!" he barked.

Dr. Sparshott stepped closer to the armchair. Then he understood why Jim Dainty had not answered. The Head of Grimslade stood looking down at the dummy in the armchair, with quite a peculiar expression on his face.

"Dear me!" said Sammy Sparshott. And he smiled—a rather grim smile!

### The Fun of the Fair!

"TAINTY!"

"Gerrout!"

"Mein goot Tainty, you will not leaf out a jum!"

Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson had been enjoying the fun of the fair, when Friedrich von Splitz rejoined them.

Swingboats were swinging high, especially one on which sat Ginger, Bacon, and Bean, of Redmayes House. From a giddy height, Ginger Rawlinson yelled to the White's juniors.

"Get going, you White's ticks! Beat you hollow! You can't pull!"

Which challenge Dainty and Dawson were keen to accept. They clambered into a boat, and Fritz von Splitz threw his weight after them.

The man was starting the boat. Fatty Fritz was allowed to take his seat. Up went the boat, swinging: Dainty pulling at one rope, Dawson and Fritz at the other. Ginger & Co., who were reaching giddy heights, yelled defiance, and the White's juniors pulled with a will, determined to beat the Redmayes trio.

"Ach! Mein gootness!" gurgled Fritz Splitz. Ceasing to pull, he pressed both his fat hands to his podgy waistcoat.

"Hold on, fathead!" yelled Jim. "Do you want to be pitched out?"

Fritz held on with one hand, and kept the other pressed to his middle. His fat, pink face was changing in hue. A greenish tinge was spreading over it. Two dozen cakes were a good allowance, even for Fritz von Splitz; and now they seemed to be rising in mutiny, as Fatty Fritz swept to and fro, up and down, in the swinging boat.

"Go it, Dick!" panted Dainty. "We're beating them!"

"Not in your lifetime!" yelled Streaky Bacon, from the other boat. "You can't pull for toffee."

Dainty and Dawson showed that they could pull for toffee. Their boat spun dizzily high. Fritz Splitz gave a gurgling yell.

"Ach! I have a bain in mein inside—tat you stop! Stop tat poat before, mein goot jums—I do not feel so vell after! Tat you stop!"

"Likely!" grinned Dainty. "Go it!"

"Ooooooch! Grooooooch! Woooooch!" gurgled the unhappy Fritz. "Tose gakes vill not keep still! I tink, that I—ooooooboch!"

"Go it, Dawson!"

"Urrrrgggh! Tat you stop mit yourself!" shrieked Fritz. "I tell you two times and tree times that I—urrrrg! I tell you tat I—wurrrrg! I tell you tat I—oooo-er!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Higher and higher swept the boat. Fritz Splitz had to hold on with both hands, gurgling and gasping and guggling. His fat face was a study in white and green; and horrible sounds came from him. But the chums of White's House were not going to be beaten by Redmayes, because

Fritz had scoffed too many cakes. They pulled and pulled and pulled; and the boat swept up and down at a terrific rate.

"Urrrrrrgh!" gurgled Fritz, in anguish. "Vill you not stop mit yourself, peast, and a prute! Wurrrrgh! Tat you stop!" He flung a fat arm round Dick Dawson's neck, and dragged at him. "Stop, peast! Stop, prute! Stop, pounder!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Dawson.

"Look out!" yelled Jim. "You'll go overboard!"

"Ach! I gare not—I am so ferry ill." Jim ceased to pull and the boat slowed down. As soon as it came to a stop, Dainty and Dawson seized the fat German together, and hurled him forth. Fritz roared as he sprawled on the ground.

"Beaten you, you White's ticks!" chuckled Ginger, as he jumped from his boat. "You can't pull!"

"What price that, then?" exclaimed Jim Dainty, and he suddenly stretched out his hand, grasped Ginger's nose and pulled.

"Oooooooh!" yelled Ginger. "Leggo! Woooooh! Oh, my giddy goloshes! Led do by dose!"

"Can I pull?" asked Jim. "Ooooooh! Led do! I'll smash you—oh, my giddy goloshes! Wow!"

Jim Dainty released Ginger's unfortunate nose, and disappeared in the crowd with Dick Dawson, both of them laughing. Ginger Rawlinson clasped his nose with both hands in anguish, and then gave chase.

Dainty and Dawson jumped on the horses of a roundabout. Ginger, rushing after them, was left behind as the wooden horses swept round in a circle.

Holding his damaged nose as he ran, Ginger did not see a tall, athletic gentleman till he ran into him. A hand dropped on Ginger's shoulder and steadied him.

"Careful, my boy!" said the cheery voice of Sammy Sparshott. "Don't barge your headmaster over."

"Oh!" gasped Ginger. "Sorry, sir." "Have you seen Dainty, of White's House?" asked Sammy.

"Dainty, sir?" ejaculated Ginger. It was not three minutes since Dainty of

White's House had been pulling Ginger's nose. But Ginger was not the man to give a fellow away. "Yes, sir—I—I saw him over there by the swing-boats, only a few minutes ago, sir." He pointed.

"Thank you!" said Sammy, and he walked off towards the swing-boats. Ginger grinned. The horses were careering round, and in another half-minute, Sammy would have seen Jim on the roundabout, had he stayed. For the moment, the merry-go-round hid Dainty from his sight. Fortunately, Sammy's back was turned as Jim came sweeping round, past the spot where Ginger stood.

Ginger made a bound and landed actively on Jim's horse.

"Oh, my hat! Chuck it, you ass!" gasped Jim. "No larks on this jolly old roundabout, you fathead."

"Ass!" gasped Ginger. "Sammy's after you—I've just sent him the other way—but if he looks round—"

Jim stared round. Over the crowd, he had a view of the back of Sammy's head. "Thanks, old bean," he said. "He can't know I'm here—but I fancy he's a bit suspicious! Sorry I pulled your nose—you can consider it unpulled!"

Jim took a flying leap from the horse and sprawled. Dawson sprawled after him. They scuttled away into the crowd, in the opposite direction from that taken by Dr. Sparshott.

"Jolly narrow escape!" grinned Dainty. "Sammy's a downy old bird—he's got an eye open in case I'm here! We've got to give him a miss."

"Tainty—Tainty—"

"Oh, my hat! That Boche bloater again! Blow away, Fritz!"

"Mein goot Tainty, tere are gokernuts—gum and knock ofer some gokernuts," said Fritz eagerly. "I tink tat I would like to eat some gokernuts."

"Two dozen cakes not enough?" asked Dawson sarcastically.

"But I have been ill since I eat tem gakes," explained Fritz innocently. "Now I vas hungry vunce more."

"Coconut shy, gents! Try your luck! All sweet and juicy! Tuppence a time, and easy as winking!" bawled a gentleman with a bulldog jaw and striped jersey.

"Ere you are, sir!"

"Oh, scissors! You!" exclaimed Jim Dainty, staring at him. It was the ruffian who had attempted to rob him on his way to the fair, and whom he had left struggling out of the ditch.

Red Jersey blinked at him. "So you're a coconut merchant as well as a footpad!" said Jim Dainty.

"Eh! Never saw you before, sir—don't know what you're a-talking about," said Red Jersey coolly. "Are you 'aving a go at them coconuts? This way, gents—all sweet and juicy."

"Give me a dozen balls," said Jim, tossing the man a two-shilling piece.

"Ere you are, sir!" said Red Jersey, quite affably. But his expression quickly changed when Jim got into action.

"Good man!" exclaimed Dick Dawson, as the first ball sent a coconut flying off its stand.

"Goot!" ejaculated Fritz Splitz. "Go it, Tainty. I vill take gare of te gokernuts!"

Jim Dainty went it. Each ball went down with cool precision, and each knocked over a coconut. A crowd of Grimslade fellows gathered round at the news that a Grimslader was knocking off coconuts galore. Nut after nut dropped from its perch and Fritz Splitz grinned with satisfaction as his fat arms were stacked fuller and fuller.

Red Jersey did not grin. Evidently he did not like to see his nuts going down at this rate. He scowled. At the sixth ball he broke in:

"Ere! You chuck it! This 'ere ain't good enough, this 'ere ain't! Chuck it and 'ook it, sir! 'Ave your money back and 'ook it."

"Nothing of the kind!" answered Jim Dainty coolly. "You tried to rob me on my way here and I'm going to punish you by bagging your nuts! Stand back."

"Fair play!" shouted Dawson. "Go it, Jim!"

"I'm jolly well going it!"

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Red Jersey slouched forward and shoved a big, knuckly fist under Jim's nose. Five or six Grimsladers pushed forward and shoved him back.

"Bump him!" yelled Ginger Rawlinson, coming up with Bacon and Bean.

"Goot egg—pump him!" shouted Fritz.

Red Jersey backed away. He did not want a Grimslade bump! He looked on with a scowl while Jim Dainty proceeded to throw the remainder of the dozen balls, one after the other, with cool and deadly accuracy. Every ball knocked down a nut, amid cheers from the Grimsladers and scowls from Red Jersey. Dawson collected the nuts and piled them on Fritz. Fritz Splitz looked like a walking monument of coconuts.

"I'll have another dozen shots, please!" said Jim with a cheery grin at the footpad coconut merchant.

Ginger caught Jim by the arm.

"Look out—here comes the beak!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

A tall head and hat loomed over the crowd. Jim gave it one swift glance and darted away—much to Red Jersey's relief. He vanished into the crowd with Dick Dawson, and Sammy, if he was looking for him, did not find him.

### Not a Whopping!

"JOLLY afternoon, what?" said Dainty.

It had been a jolly afternoon, but everything comes to an end. It was time to go, and most of the Grimsladers had already left the fair-ground and started for the school in the deep dusk.

Fritz Splitz had gone quite early. Fritz had been left with a dozen coconuts in his charge, and Fritz had done the disappearing act. With a keen eye open for Sammy, Jim and his chum had had a jolly time, spotting Sammy's tall head several times in the distance and giving it a wide berth.

"You cut off with the fellows," said Dainty. "I'd better keep clear—I don't want to drop on Sammy on the way back. I'll wait till all the fellows are gone—Sammy's sure to see the last off—and get in over the wall. Won't do to let old Sykes see me going in. Cut off, old fellow."

"Right ho!" agreed Dawson, and he joined a crowd of White's juniors heading for Grimslade.

Middlemoor Fair was still going strong. Grimslade fellows had to be back for lock-up, but the local inhabitants were there in big crowds. For a time Jim Dainty strolled about the fair ground, after his chum was gone, to give the fellows—and Sammy—time to get clear.

He gave the coconut-shy a look in, but it was closed down, and the man in the red-striped jersey was gone. There was no other Grimsladers left on the scene, and Jim failed to catch sight of Sammy's tall head, and at last he started for Middlemoor Lane. The coast was clear now, and he hoped to get in at the school unseen, in time for call-over.

Evidently Sammy was gone and had not spotted the truant, and Jim was unaware, so far, that Sammy had spotted the dummy in Study No. 10. It was quite a happy prospect to escape the "whopping," after having enjoyed the fun of the fair, and Jim Dainty was in cheery spirits as he trotted down the lane.

Half-way to the school he sighted a tall figure ahead of him, dimly seen in the glimmer of the stars.

It was only a dim glimpse, but he knew that tall head. It was Dr. Samuel Sparshott. Evidently Sammy had lingered longer, with an eye open for Jim Dainty! Anyhow, there he was, going back to the school alone, long after the Grimslade crowd had gone.

Jim whistled softly.

He had come near overtaking his headmaster. Now he followed on, treading very softly, and keeping at a respectful distance behind Sammy.

Sammy Sparshott did not glance round as he walked towards the school. He had no suspicion that the truant was behind him, and Jim grinned as he followed

## THE CHIEF RANGER CHATS.

HALLO, Buddies!—I'm afraid our Chat space has been cut down somewhat this week, due to the fact that I've managed to get in an *extra story* in this number. I'm sure you prefer six yarns to five, especially when they are RANGER yarns, so I'll say no more about it. Next Saturday's programme will also include six stories. among them being a topical Cuptie story of Rashton Rangers, describing their thrilling battle in the Sixth Round of the F.A. Cup. Those of you who have written in asking for another yarn starring those old favourites Jim, Buck, and Rastus, can "rest easy," as I have arranged to publish one in a fortnight's time! While I think of it, let me hasten to assure you all that I welcome letters from my readers whether it's approval or criticism of RANGER stories they have to talk about, so let's hear from you all. The strip of picture stamps included in this week's issue exhausts the extra supply I put in hand a few weeks ago, so I hope your albums are complete now. If there are still some "blank spaces," scout round among your pals and exchange those stamps you don't want for some you do want.

Chin, chin!

*The Chief Ranger*

silently in the footsteps of his unsuspecting headmaster.

He was ready to dodge into the shadow of a hedge if Sammy turned his head, but Sammy did not turn his head. They had the dark and lonely lane to themselves as Dr. Sparshott strode on with ringing strides and the grinning junior trod silently six or seven yards behind him.

But those ringing footsteps ahead of Jim ceased suddenly. Instead of footsteps he heard the sudden sound of a crashing fall.

"What the thump—" breathed Jim, in amazement.

"You scoundrel!" He heard the voice of Sammy, panting in the gloom ahead.

A dark figure, concealed in the hedge, had leaped suddenly on Dr. Sparshott as he passed. Taken utterly by surprise, the Head of Grimslade went heavily to the ground, and a knee was planted on him; two sinewy arms in a red-striped jersey grasped him and a stubbly face with a broken nose and a bulldog jaw glared down at him.

"And it over!" snarled the footpad. "I got 'you, and you can lay to that! Now, then, all you got about you—your money and your blooming watch, and sharp's the word! I'll out yer as soon as look at yer!"

"You scoundrel!" panted Dr. Sparshott, and he grasped at the ruffian and struggled to throw him off.

Brawny as the ruffian was, Dr. Sparshott would have been more than a match for him, on his feet. But he was at a hopeless disadvantage down on his back, with the burly ruffian kneeling on him. But he struggled fiercely.

Neither the schoolmaster nor the footpad heard a light patter of running feet in the lane. Jim Dainty was coming on at a spurt. He did not want to meet Sammy—but that could not be helped now.

Sammy was down in the grasp of the ruffian in the red jersey, and Jim Dainty forgot everything else as he rushed to the rescue. In the dim glimmer of the stars he recognised the ruffian as he came sprinting up, but Red Jersey did not even see him till Jim's clenched fist crashed into his stubbly face like the kick of a mule.

"Ooooooh!" spluttered the ruffian, as he reeled under that hefty drive. "Oh, my eye! Crimes!"

Jim's left was in his other eye the next second. Red Jersey rolled off Dr. Sparshott, and in a twinkling the Head of Grimslade had leaped to his feet. His eye glinted at Jim for a second.

"Hold my hat, Dainty!" drawled Sammy.

Jim held his hat while the schoolmaster devoted his attention to the footpad. Red Jersey had scrambled to his feet and turned on him again like a tiger. Sammy Sparshott met him with left and right. He did not need any help from Dainty. It was the footpad that needed help; now that Sammy was on his feet and able to handle him.

Red Jersey put up a fight—quite a good

fight. But the athletic headmaster of Grimslade handled him in a way that Jim watched with breathless admiration.

Five minutes it lasted—five hectic minutes. Then Red Jersey lay in a gasping, groaning heap, without an ounce of wind left, both his eyes darkening and half-shut, the claret streaming from his nose, and more aches and pains distributed about his burly person than he could have counted. Sammy looked down on him with a cheery grin.

"Is that enough, my friend?" he asked politely.

Groan!

Dr. Sparshott rubbed his knuckles as he walked on to Grimslade, Jim trotting in silence by his side. He did not speak till they entered the gates, and Jim wondered what was going to happen. Sammy walked with him to his House.

"Well, you young rascal!" said Sammy. "You've been out of bounds."

"You wouldn't have known if I hadn't chipped in, in the lane, sir!" suggested Jim. "I gave myself away."

"That was rather decent, Dainty!" said Dr. Sparshott. "As you fancied I did not know, it was very decent of you to give yourself away by coming to my aid."

Jim started.

"Oh, my hat! You knew!" he gasped. Sammy chuckled.

"There are some birds that are too old to be caught with chaff," he remarked. "But it was quite a bright idea, and if I had only looked in at your window, no doubt the dummy in your armchair would have passed muster."

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Jim.

"I ought," said Sammy thoughtfully, "to give you six for breaking bounds and six more for attempting to spoof your headmaster. But in this imperfect world, Dainty, people do not always do as they ought—and I'm no better than the rest! Cut!"

Dr. Sparshott walked away and Jim, greatly relieved, went into his House. A chuckle and a groan greeted his ears as he arrived at Study No. 10. The chuckle came from Dick Dawson; the groan from Fritz Splitz.

In the armchair was Fritz, with his fat hands pressed to his waistcoat. On the study table were four coconuts. The other eight were inside Fritz Splitz. And they seemed to be causing trouble. Once more Fatty Fritz had overdone it.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Dainty.

Fritz groaned.

"Ach! It is not for to laff! Mein gootness! I have vun colossal bain in mein pread-pasket! I tink tat I tie! Mein pread-pasket he is jock full of fearful bains! Ach! It is not for to laff!"

But Dainty and Dawson evidently thought that it was, and they roared.

*(Another rollicking story of Jim Dainty and the Chums of Grimslade next week. There's an escaped tiger at the school, and the fun is fast and furious. Look out for plenty of laughs, buddies!)*