

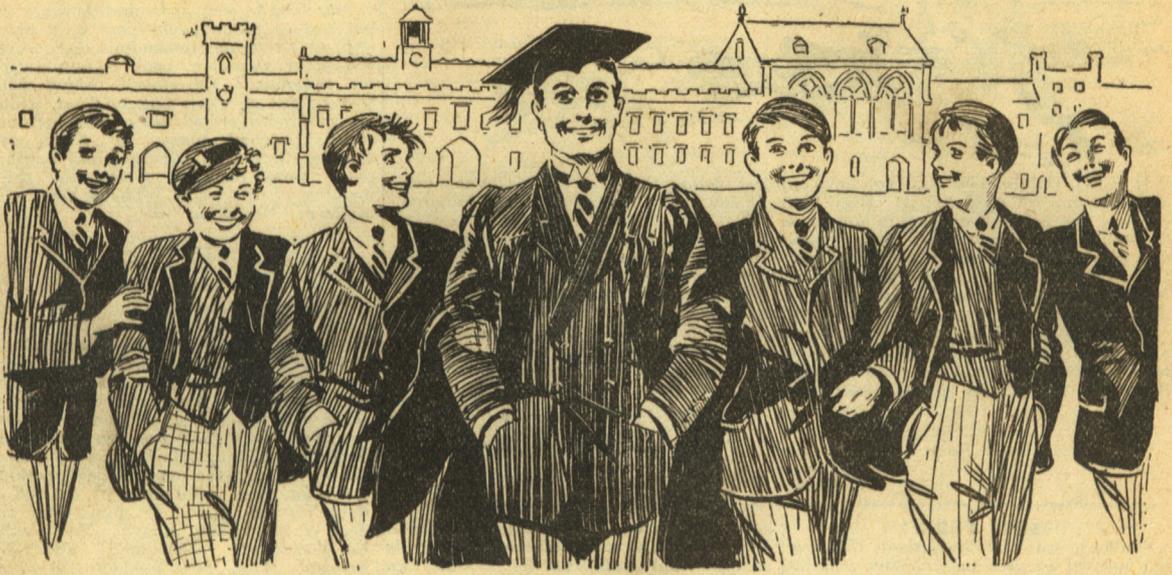
JIM, BUCK, AND RASTUS ARE BACK AGAIN, BUDDIES!

The RANGER

2^d



The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



WHO WANTS THE BEST SCHOOL YARN OF THE WEEK? HERE IT IS,
FULL OF HEARTY LAUGHS, FUN, AND ADVENTURE.

By Famous FRANK RICHARDS.

Dogged!

"GUM!" yelled Fritz Splitz. Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson were in their study—No. 10 in White's House at Grimslade School—when they heard that yell.

They did not heed it, though it was just outside the study window. If Fritz Splitz wanted gum he could come into the study and fetch it.

"Gum!" roared Fritz. "Gum, gum! Tainty, Tawson! Gum!"

"What on earth does the silly ass want gum for in the quad?" asked Dick Dawson. "I'll give him gum—and ink, too, if he doesn't shut up!"

"Gum! Ach! Gum!" shrieked Fritz. "Help! Gum to me!"

Jim Dainty jumped up, bursting into a laugh.

"My hat! It's his jolly old Deutsch lingo—he means come!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gr-r-r-r! sounded under the window. It was the growl of a dog. The juniors knew that growl. It belonged to Snap, a little Aberdeen terrier and the property of Billy White, their Housemaster.

Snap did not like Fritz. Fritz did not like Snap. But, while Fritz was afraid of Snap, Snap was not in the least afraid of Fritz. As soon as they heard the terrier growl the chums of the Fourth knew why Fritz wanted them to "gum."

They looked out of the window.

The fat German junior was backed up against the wall, his saucer-eyes blinking at the little spotted terrier. Snap snarled and growled at him, and seemed to be watching to pick out a place to fasten his teeth.

"Gum! Gum and help me, my tear jums! Trive off tat tog, my tear Tainty. Peat off that peastly prute, Tawson!" Fritz roared.

Dainty and Dawson grinned from the window. Snap had an unnerving growl, but he was really an inoffensive little animal, if left alone. Fritz had, a bad habit of buzzing surreptitious stones at Snap from a distance. The juniors guessed that Fatty Fritz had been at it again—with alarming results for himself.

"Ach! Vill you not gum?" roared Fritz. "In vun moment tat peast vill pite me! I vill not be pitten! I like not to be pitten! Gum!"

"You've been ragging him," said Jim Dainty.

"Ach! I trow a stone—a ferry small stone—a small stone as neffer vas pefore! Now he gum to pite me! Ach! Gum and help me, you peast and a prute!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell from a crowd of fellows in the quad. Ginger & Co., of Redmayes House, came scooting across to watch the entertainment.

"Look out, Fritz!" yelled Dawson.

Snap jumped.

So did Fritz!

He just escaped, and leaped away and ran. After him went Snap. Snap jumped again. This time he landed.

His teeth fastened in Fritz Splitz's baggy trousers. Fortunately, they did not fasten in Fritz. But the baggy trousers gave a good hold. Snap hung on.

The yell that came from Fritz rang the length and breadth of the Grimslade quadrangle.

"Ach! I'm pitten! Help!"

Fritz tore on, with Snap hanging on behind. Snap's teeth were fast in the baggy trousers, and he declined to let go. He hung on grimly as Fritz Splitz raced across the quad.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Fritz!"

"Stiek to him, Snap!"

"Ach! Mein gootness! Help!" roared Fritz as he ran. "Mein tear jums, peat off tat peast and a prute! I am pitten in mein trousers! Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dr. Samuel Sparshott, the Head of Grimslade, looked out of the doorway of Big School as he heard the roar in the quad. "Sammy" Sparshott looked—and stared—and chuckled. Then he strode out to the rescue of Friedrich von Splitz, nobody else seeming ready to help the hapless German. All the rest of Grimslade seemed to be enjoying the show.

Fritz raced across the quad. Perhaps he hoped that Snap would drop off. But Snap did not drop off. Snap was a stickier. He stuck.

Dr. Sparshott, with a cheery grin on his face, ran across to meet Fritz. He met him quite suddenly—much more suddenly than he had expected. Fritz came whizzing across the quad, and did not even see the headmaster before he crashed.

"Ooooh!" gasped Sammy Sparshott, staggering back under the charge. "Splitz—oooh—you stupid boy—wooh!"

Sammy landed on his back and Fritz collapsed in a breathless heap over Sammy. At the same moment there was a tearing, rending sound. Snap had been jerked loose—but with a large section of Fritz's trousers still in his teeth. Snap had not let go. It was the trousers that went!

Apparently satisfied with his prize, the terrier careered away with that section of trousering in his teeth, amid howls of laughter.

"Ach! Mein gootness! I fall ofer something mit meinsel!" gasped Fritz. "Vat is it tat I falls ofer?"

He struggled up, planting a fat set of knuckles in Sammy's eye and a podgy knee on Sammy's waistcoat.

"Oooogh!" spluttered Sammy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Ginger Rawlinson rushed up and dragged the fat German off the headmaster. Dr. Sparshott sat up, gasping.

"Splitz!" he gurgled. "Splitz! You clumsy, stupid boy!"

"Ach! I am pitten! Take off tat tog!" roared Fritz. "Tat tog he is piting me pehind me! Take him away!"

"You silly ass, he's gone!" gasped Ginger.

"Oh, ach!" Fritz realised that Snap was no longer hanging on behind. "Mein gootness! Tat peast and a prute has torn mein trousers! I feel ferry cold!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dr. Sparshott staggered to his feet. "Splitz, go to my study at once! I shall cane you! Go!"

"But I am not to plame!" gasped Fritz. "It was tat tog!"

"Go!" barked Sammy.

Fritz Splitz started for Big School. Sammy stared after him. It was no wonder that Fritz felt the cold wind! Snap had departed with quite a considerable section of trousering.

"Oh!" gasped Sammy, while the Grimsladers yelled. "Splitz! Hem! Go to your House at once—at once! Change your trousers immediately!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Sammy, suppressing a chuckle, strode away. Amid yells of laughter, Fritz disappeared into White's House. There was no doubt that he needed a change.

Scouts of Grimslade!

DAINTY! Housemaster's study!" called out Yorke of the Sixth. Jim Dainty gave a snort.

It was the following afternoon: a half-holiday. The sun was shining brightly and there was a breath of cheery spring in the air.

Jim Dainty & Co. were in Scout rig, just about to start for a run on the moors, in rivalry with Ginger & Co. of Redmayes House. Nearly every junior at Grimslade was a Boy Scout.

It was not a moment when Jim wanted to see his Housemaster, but there was no help for it, and he left the other fellows waiting at the door and repaired to Mr. White's study.

Billy White was frowning. "Dainty—" he began.

"We're just going out Scouting, sir!" murmured Jim. Not being a perfect character—there were few at Grimslade—Dainty supposed that some sin of commission or omission, on his part, had reached his Housemaster's ears, and that it meant trouble.

"Quite so, Dainty! That is why I have sent for you. My dog is missing."

"Snap, sir?" asked Jim.

"Yes. There is some rascally dog-stealer in the neighbourhood," said Mr. White. "Snap has not wandered away—the chain was unhooked from his collar last night, which proves that he was taken away. Now, Dainty, as you and your friends are going Scouting, I suggest that you might usefully occupy your time by searching for the dog."

Jim's face brightened. It was not trouble after all.

"Certainly, sir!" he exclaimed. "We'll all be jolly glad! We'll find Snap if we can, sir, and if we find the dog-stealer we'll jolly well—" He paused there. It was not suitable to tell a Housemaster what would happen to the dog-stealer.

Billy White smiled. "Very well, Dainty! I shall be greatly obliged if you find my dog."

Jim went back to his friends in the quad.

"Detained?" asked Paget.

"No fear! Snap's been pinched, and Billy wants us to hunt for him. We're on, of course," said Dainty.

"Yes, rather! Fritz will be frightfully keen!" chuckled Dawson.

"Ach! Tat is not so!" exclaimed Fritz Splitz. "I vill not look for tat tog! I like not tat tog!"

Fritz was in Scout garb, almost bursting out of it. Fritz was not a keen Scout. Dainty and Dawson had had to kick him into changing for Scouting. And it was fairly certain that that particular Scout would disappear very early in the run.

And if anything could make him disappear earlier than he had intended, it was the suggestion of hunting for Snap.

"This way!" said Jim Dainty, and the Scouts followed him round the House to the terrier's now untenanted kennel.

"Here, you White's ticks, aren't you coming?" roared Ginger Rawlinson.

But as soon as Ginger heard what was on, he was as keen as the White's fellows.

"My giddy goloshes!" said Ginger. "We're on this. It's up to Redmayes—you White's ticks can't Scout."

And his chums, Streaky Bacon and Sandy Bean, agreed.

"Keep back," said Dainty, as he arrived at the kennel. "It was raining last night, and we may be able to pick up tracks."

The crowd of Scouts stood back, while Jim Dainty and Ginger hunted for "sign." As a matter of fact, there was plenty of sign—rather too much! Plenty of people had trodden there since the night before. The earth was damp from the night's rain: and retained many footprints—too many.

Jim Dainty glanced round. At a distance was the low wall bordering the School Field. Leaving Ginger at the kennel, Jim started for that wall at a trot. That was the likeliest spot by which the dog-stealer might have got in. And at a distance from the house, near the wall, Jim picked up tracks where no feet had trodden since.

"Sign!" shouted Jim.

The Scouts rushed after him. Ginger was with him in a moment, and he bent his red head and scanned the footprints leading to the wall. He burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Just like a White's Scout! I know this track! Ha, ha, ha! It's Fritz's squeakers left this sign!"

"Wha-a-at?" gasped Dainty.

"Ach! I tink tat you are mistaken, mein goot Chinger!" exclaimed Fritz.

"Look!" yelled Ginger, pointing to the tracks Fritz was leaving in the damp earth. The tracks were the same—there was no mistaking the print of Fritz's big, squeaky, elastic-sided boots.

"One up for Redmayes!" chuckled Streaky.

Jim Dainty grunted.

"How was I to know that silly Boche had been wandering about here?" he growled. "Anyhow, I fancy the thief came over that wall."

"He walked on air, if he did!" grinned Ginger. "There's no tracks here, excepting Fritz's."

Jim Dainty went on to the wall and leaned over it, scanning the muddy field beyond. Fritz Splitz's tracks were plain

enough up to the wall—evidently the fat German had walked there, after the rain the previous evening. But there were no others. But outside the wall, in the field, Jim Dainty spotted fresh tracks—those of a pair of large, hob-nailed boots. He jumped over the wall.

A double-track ran across the field to the road. Less skilful Scouts than the Grimsladers would have read that sign correctly. The hob-nailed man had crossed the field to the school wall, and then tramped back to the road—here and there the returning tracks obliterating the earlier ones.

"Looks like business!" agreed Ginger this time. "Though I'm blessed if I know how he got to the kennel without leaving any sign. Get on!"

The whole troop crossed the field to the road. In the road there was plenty of mud—and plentiful tracks of all sorts. But to pick out the hob-nailed track was a task beyond the powers of any Scout. There had been too much traffic on the road since the night.

"Separate, and take different directions," said Jim Dainty. "We'll know that track if we pick it up again anywhere."

It was the only thing to be done, and the Scouts took varied directions, spreading over the roads and lanes and moors. The direction that Fritz Splitz took was back to Grimslade, as soon as eyes were off him. Fritz preferred frowning over a study fire to Scouting, any day; and certainly Fritz was not keen on finding the missing Snap.

Ginger Rawlinson, Streaky Bacon, and Sandy Bean tramped into a sunken lane on the moor, a mile from Grimslade. Ginger gave a sudden yell.

"My giddy goloshes! Look!"

In the mud of the lane, a clear track leaped to the eye! It was the hob-nailed footprint they were looking for.

"Oh, what luck!" exclaimed Streaky.

The three Redmayes Scouts pressed on eagerly, following the hob-nailed trail. They came suddenly on a man in dingy velveteens and hob-nailed boots, sitting on a fallen log, smoking a pipe, and holding a little spotted terrier under his arm.

There was a cord attached to the terrier's collar, and the other end was tied to the stranger's arm.

Ginger & Co. simply stared. The terrier gave a welcoming bark at the sight of them.

The man in velveteens rose, and touched his rag of a cap very politely to the Grimslade Scouts.

"Arternoon, gents," he said, in a husky but affable voice. "You young gents like to buy a dorg?"



"Ooooh!" gasped Dr. Sammy Sparshott, as Fritz charged into him. "Splitz—oooh—you stupid boy—wooh!" Sammy landed on his back, and Fritz collapsed in a breathless heap over Sammy. At the same moment there was a tearing, rending sound. The dog had been jerked loose—but with a large section of Fritz's trousers still in his teeth!

"B-b-buy a dog!" gasped Ginger. "Oh, my giddy goloshes!" And Streaky and Sandy gazed at the man open-mouthed.

"That's a good dorg, sir!" said the man civilly. "I got him cheap, and I'm selling him cheap! A quid will buy that dorg, sir! What?"

They gazed at him. They had found the dog, and the dog-stealer, and the latter was offering to sell them the former! Ginger & Co. were not likely to buy that dog.

"Collar him!" gasped Ginger. And the Redmayes three fairly hurled themselves on the hob-nailed man.

Muddy!

"SWIPES!" roared the hob-nailed man, in angry astonishment.

He went down with a crash under the assault. He crashed and splashed in the muddy lane, roaring. "Pin him!" yelled Ginger.

"Oh, swipes! You covveys mad, or what?" yelled the man in velveteens, struggling frantically. "Why, I'll smash you! I'll spifficate the lot of you! Oh, swipes!"

"Mop him up!" gasped Streaky. There was a terrific struggle. Ginger & Co. were far from the other Scouts, and there was no aid at hand, but they had a lot of confidence in themselves. They piled in with vigour.

Snap, at the end of the long cord that secured him to the dog-stealer's arm, jumped and dodged and barked wildly, joining in the excitement. He was pulled and twisted in all directions, as the man struggled wildly with the three schoolboys.

"Hold him!" gurgled Sandy.

"Scrag him!" panted Ginger. But it was not easy to hold, or to scrag, the hob-nailed gentleman. He was a powerful fellow, and though he had been downed by the sudden rush of the three Grimsladers, he was putting up a good fight. He hit out in all directions, and he hit hard.

Ginger caught a knobby fist with his chin, and went over as if he had been shot. Sandy felt something like the kick of a mule land on his chest, and he was hurled breathless into the hedge.

The hob-nailed man struggled up, with Streaky Bacon clinging to him like a cat.

"Swipes!" he gasped. "Oh, swipes, won't I spifficate you! My eye!"

Grasping Streaky with both powerful hands, the hob-nailed man hurled him clean over the hedge, and Streaky gave a gasping howl as he landed in a ditch on the other side. There was a terrific splash.

"Now then!" roared the hob-nailed gentleman. "Now then! Setting on to a covey what offers to sell you a dorg, fair and square! Won't I spifficate the lot of you! Won't I just!"

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger, as the infuriated man grasped him, whirled him into the air, and tossed him over the low hedge after Streaky. "Oh crikey! Ooooooh!"

Splash! Ginger joined his lanky chum in the ditch.

"Now then!" the man in velveteens gasped at Sandy Bean. "Won't I jest spifficate you! What?"

Sandy Bean flew.

There was another splash behind the hedge. Three Grimslade fellows, dazed and dizzy and breathless, were wildly springing themselves out of mud and ooze.

The hob-nailed man glared over the hedge at them.

"Take that and go!" he roared. "Setting on to a covey what offers to sell you a dorg! My eye! Ain't you jest spifficated!"

And the man in velveteens, snorting with wrath, dabbed a crimson stream from his nose with one hand, and led the terrier away with the other. His tramping footsteps died away across the moor.

Ginger & Co. were not thinking of stopping him. They were full of pluck, but they realised that they had rather over-rated their powers. The hob-nailed gentleman was too hefty for them, and

they needed reinforcements to deal with him. They needed, in fact, quite a lot of reinforcements.

They crawled dimly out of the ditch. Their Scout garb was in a terrible state. Mud and ooze clothed them like a garment. They felt rather as if they had been under a lorry. They scraped off mud and gasped for breath.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" groaned Ginger. "We—we—we've found him!"

"Wow! I rather wish we hadn't!" groaned Sandy Bean.

"Oh dear! This mud is smelly!" gasped Streaky Bacon. "Oh crumbs! What a life! Woocoooooh!"

They crawled back through the hedge into the road. The man in velveteens, with the hob-nailed boots, was gone. It would have been easy enough to follow his trail; his hob-nails left plenty of sign. But Ginger & Co. were not thinking of following his trail. They had had enough of that hefty dog-stealer at close quarters. Ginger & Co. limped away.

"Cooooo-ee!" came suddenly to their ears. Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson came trotting along a track over the rough moorland that joined the lane at a little distance from the scene of the scrap. Dotted the moor behind them were several more Grimsladers.

"Great pip!" yelled Jim Dainty, at the sight of Ginger & Co. trailing along, dripping mud, and gurgling for breath. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Dawson.

The Redmayes trio gave them muddy glares. They were feeling, and looking, rotten; but they saw nothing to laugh at.

"You cackling ticks!" howled Ginger. "We've found him, and you couldn't! We got hold of the dog-stealer, and the dog."

"Where are they, then?" gasped Dainty.

"He—he's gone across the moor, towards Blackslade, and—and taken Billy White's dog with him! We—we tackled him."

"Ow! Let's get on to Grimslade—I want a wash!" groaned Sandy Bean.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Dainty and Dawson. The muddy, drooping trio struck them as funny, though Ginger & Co did not see where the fun came in.

Ginger Rawlinson glared, his face as red as his hair.

"Think it's funny, what?" he roared. "We look muddy, don't we—what? Well, so will you in two ticks! Collar them!"

"What-ho!" gasped Bacon and Bean. Dainty and Dawson were doubled up with merriment. But they became serious as the rival Scouts rushed at them and grasped them and rolled them over.

"Here, hands off!" roared Dainty. "You Redmayes dummies, we're after the dog-stealer, not a House rag—yaroooh—oh, my hat!"

"Sock it to 'em!" yelled Ginger. "Down with White's!"

Ginger & Co had been beaten by the man with the dog. But the three of them were rather too much for the two of White's House. Dainty and Dawson went headlong into a wide, swampy, muddy puddle. With great vim and vigour Ginger & Co. rolled them over and over in it.

"Give 'em some more!" howled Streaky. "They think it's funny to be muddy! Give 'em some fun!"

"Ooogh! Ow! Leave off! Wow!"

When Ginger & Co. left off, and tramped away, chucking, Dainty and Dawson crawled out of the puddle, dripping. They looked as muddy and as deplorable as Ginger & Co. now. But it did not strike them as funny. Circumstances alter cases!

"Ow!" gasped Dawson, grabbing up his staff. "Let's go after them and—wooh—smash them!"

"Let 'em rip! We're after the dog!" panted Jim. "Ginger said he was heading for Blackslade with the dog. Come on!"

Jim Dainty, heedless of dripping mud, started at a run and Dick Dawson followed him. In less than ten minutes they sighted the man in the velveteens and the hob-nailed boots.

One Up for White's House!

"HOLD on!" breathed Jim Dainty.

He stopped and pointed with his Scout's staff.

The two Scouts were coming over a rise in the moor. There was a dip beyond, and there, seated on a grassy bank, with his back to them, was a man in velveteens. The hob-nailed track led directly towards him. Attached to his arm by a long cord was a little spotted terrier, whom they immediately recognized as Billy White's terrier, Snap.

The hob-nailed gentleman was lighting his pipe, apparently resuming the smoke that had been interrupted by Ginger and Co. With his back to the Scouts, he did not see them, and they made no sound running on the grass.

"Quiet!" whispered Jim. "He looks pretty hefty—must be, to whop those three Redmayes ticks! Get him from behind before he sees us."

Dawson nodded and grinned, and they stole softly down the grassy slope towards the man in velveteens. Snap, lying in the grass, had keener ears than his new owner, and he pricked up his ears, looked round, and barked in welcome. The burly man, thus warned that someone was coming, glanced round. But as he did so, Jim Dainty put on a spurt, leaped, collared him, and dragged him over backwards.

Dick Dawson was on him the next second, plumping down heavily on his chest. There was a roar of rage from the hob-nailed man.

"More of you!" he gasped. "My eye! Won't I spifficate you! Ooooooh!"

But this time the hob-nailed man was at a disadvantage. Down on his back with Dawson sitting astride of him, and Jim Dainty kneeling on his neck, even the hefty man in velveteens had no chance.

He struggled fiercely, but the two juniors exerted all their strength and weight, and they kept him pinned. But that was all they could do. So long as they kept him down, it was all right! But it was rather alarming to think of what would happen if he got up again!

"Now, you rotter, we've got you!" panted Jim Dainty. "Stop punching, you rotter, or I'll bang your head—like that!"

Bang! went the hob-nailed man's head on the hard moor. Jim had hold of his ears as he knelt on his neck, and the man was hammering at him furiously. But he ceased to hammer as his head hit the moor. It hit the moor frightfully hard.

"Ow!" he roared. "Wow! Wait till I gerrup! I'll spifficate you! Wow!"

"Sit on him till the other chaps come along," gasped Dawson. "Then we'll jolly well walk him to the police-station, and charge him with dog-stealing."

The struggling man spluttered.

"Dog-stealing!" he roared. "Who's dog-stealing, you young rips?"

"You jolly well are!" gasped Jim Dainty. "That dog belongs to our Housemaster at Grimslade, you thief!

And we're getting him back, see!"

"Oh, swipes!" gasped the man in velveteens, and he ceased to struggle. "You go easy, kid! Mean to say that dorg didn't belong to the cove I bought him off?"

The juniors started. Like Ginger and Co. they had taken it for granted that they had found the dog-stealer when they found a man in possession of the stolen dog! They realised now that there was room for a mistake!

"You bought him?" exclaimed Jim.

"Bought him fair and square, last evening, for 'arf-a-crown!" gasped the man in velveteens. "Fat cove sold me that dorg—foreign cove, I fancy—Grimslade feller, anyhow."

"A Grimslade fellow sold you that dog!" shrieked Dawson.

"Swipes! It's the truth! Fat cove—at the school!"

"Fritz!" yelled Jim Dainty.

"I don't know his name! I was passing, and he spoke to me—asks me if I'd like a dorg," gasped the man in velveteens. "He says he ain't allowed to keep his dorg in the school, and he'd sell him cheap. Tells me to come round to

the wall behind the place, and brings the dorg along to the wall to show me."

"Oh, my hat!"

The tracks the Scouts had picked up between the kennel and the wall of the school field were explained now.

"That dorg didn't like him, not 'arf," went on the hob-nailed man. "Not he! The fat cove had to hold a bone to his nose all the time, to make him come along. He was scared of his own dorg, he was, and I didn't wonder he wanted to sell him. Seeing he was worth pounds, I give 'arf-a-crown for him, and willing. Now you tell me it wasn't that fat cove's dorg! Swipes!"

Dainty and Dawson removed themselves from the prostrate man in velveteens. Evidently that gentleman was no dog-stealer—though he had an eye to a bargain if he had obtained an Aberdeen terrier for half-a-crown! The hob-nailed man rose breathlessly to his feet.

"Sorry!" gasped Jim. "We thought the dog was stolen—and seeing him with you—what were we to think?"

"Swipes! I got a crick in my neck! Next time you're arter a dorg, you ask a man a question first!" grunted the man in velveteens. "See?" he gasped for breath, and eyed the Grimslade Scouts. "Look here, seeing as it was a mistake, I ain't bearing malice! But I give 'arf-a-crown for that dorg, fair and square."

"We'll make it two!" said Jim Dainty. "Young covey, you're a gentleman!" said the man in velveteens, quite amicably. "I was going to spifficate you, but if you says two 'arf-crowns, it's a trade!"

Dainty and Dawson handed over a half-crown each, and the hob-nailed gentleman, quite restored to good-humour, handed over the terrier, and sat down once more to his pipe. The Scouts

led the recaptured dog away towards Grimslade.

"That fat villain Fritz!" said Dainty. "He must have got out after lock-up and done the trick. He wanted to get shot of poor old Snap—that was his game—and the podgy pirate made half-a-crown on it, too! We can't give him away to Billy White—but we'll give him something in the study."

"You bet!" chuckled Dawson.

The two Scouts led the terrier triumphantly back to Grimslade. They hailed all the Scouts they sighted, to announce their success, and quite an army of Scouts marched in at the gates with Snap. There they overtook Ginger and Co. who had limped painfully home. Ginger and Co. stared at Snap, jumping and barking round Dainty.

"My giddy goloshes!" ejaculated Ginger. "You've got him!"

Jim Dainty smiled, a superior smile. "My dear man, it was up to White's House!" he explained. "You Red-mayes ticks can't Scout! Of course we've got him."

"You got him away from that hefty blighter?" exclaimed Streaky.

"The man handed him over like a lamb!" said Jim, calmly.

"Then there was a crowd of you!" exclaimed Sandy Bean.

"Not at all—only us two!"

"Well, my giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger in astonishment. And Ginger and Co. were still staring in astonishment as Jim Dainty led the terrier into White's House, and handed him over to an overjoyed Housemaster—who thanked him warmly.

Fritz Splitz, frowsting in happy comfort before the study fire, turned sleepy eyes on the two Scouts when they came into No. 10.

"Pack alretty, mein tear Tainty and Tawson?" he said. "Tat is goot! Vat apout tea? I am hungry alretty before! You have not vound tat tog, vat?"

"We've found him, you Boche bloater," answered Jim Dainty, "and we've found who handed him over the wall last evening to a man in hob-nails!"

Fritz jumped. "Ach! It was not me!" he gasped. "I neffer unchained tat tog, and I neffer led him away mit a pone to his nose; I lofe tat tog, and I tink two times before I sell tat tear tog tat pelong to mein tear Housemaster tat I lofe also! Tat man tell vun pig lie if he say tat I sell him tat tog."

"Collar him!"

"Mein gootness!" roared Fritz, as Dainty and Dawson grasped him, and hooked him out of the arm-chair. "Mein tear jums, I tell you two times before tat I know nottings of all tat—mein prain he is a perfect plank! Ach! Help! Pump me not on te garpet—kick me not on mein trousers—I have vun colossal bain in mein trousers—yaroooooooh! Ach! I have no more te breff! Ooooooh!"

For the next five minutes, Fritz Splitz hardly knew what was happening to him. It seemed like three or four earthquakes, all happening at once. It was a dusty, dishevelled and dilapidated Fritz that escaped from the study at last, and fled for his life.

Fritz Splitz was no fonder of Snap than he had ever been. But it was unlikely that he would ever sell Snap again!

(Popular Frank Richards has written another rollicking story of the Grimslade chums for RANGER readers next week. Make a note that this author also writes a long complete story every week in "The Magnet." Price 2d.)

HANDSOME PRIZES AWARDED FOR GOOD JOKES—SEND YOURS IN TO-DAY!



SARCASTIC.

Porter (to passenger who has run after train and just missed it): "Were you wanting to catch that train, sir?"

Passenger (breathlessly): "Oh, no, I didn't like the look of it so I chased it out of the station!"

(A Grand Prize has been awarded to W. Foster, 22, Leeds Street, Christchurch, New Zealand.)

PRACTISING.

Schoolmaster (to bully): "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, hitting a smaller boy than yourself! What do you expect to be when you are a man?"

Bully: "A schoolmaster, sir."

(A Torch has been awarded to C. Goudie, 1, Lytton Avenue, Palmers Green, N.13.)

A LONG WAIT.

Golfing Novice (after several vain attempts to hit the ball): "I'll stay here until I do hit the ball."

Caddie: "Well, you'll want another caddie in that case, 'cause I'm taking up another job the week after next!"

(A Pocket Wallet has been awarded to V. Relf, 5, Station Road, Paddock Wood, Kent.)

PLEASANT DREAMS.

Office Boy (to boss): "May I have overtime money this week, sir?"

Boss: "What ever for, boy?"

Office Boy: "Please, sir, I dreamed about my work last night."

(A Pocket Wallet has been awarded to E. Owen, Norman Villa, 32, Rhos-y-gaer Avenue, Holyhead.)

ARTFUL.

Cinema Commissionaire: "So, my little man, you want to see a boy inside this cinema? Who is he?"

Boy (confidently): "Me!"

(A Pocket Wallet has been awarded to N. Palmer, 26, Vicarage Road, Hastings.)

BLOWN AWAY.

Binks: "Did last night's gale do much damage to your barn?"

Jinks: "I dunno. I haven't found it yet."

(A Pocket Wallet has been awarded to E. Hurst, 71, Union Lane, Chesterton, Cambridge.)



UNLUCKY FOR THE RECRUIT.

"Ever ridden a horse before?" asked the sergeant of a new recruit.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Then here is the very horse for you," said the sergeant, indicating an animal which bucked and jumped furiously. "This horse has never been ridden before, either!"

(A Pocket Wallet has been awarded to D. Cordock, 14, Helder Street, S. Croydon, Surrey.)

PROOF.

Employer: "I advertised for a strong office boy. Do you think you possess that qualification?"

Boy: "Rather, sir! I had to knock twenty-nine other chaps down the stairs to get here first!"

(A Penknife has been awarded to W. Abbott, Orwell Lodge, Hermitage Walk, Snaresbrook, E.18.)

ONE BITE.

Wagg: "How was the fishing?"

Tagg: "Not too bad, but the funniest part of it was that I only had one bite!"

Wagg: "And what was that?"

Tagg: "A mosquito bite!"

(A Grand Prize has been awarded to L. Johnson, 202, Constance Street, Valley, Brisbane, Australia.)

A SNOWY DAY.

Uncle (giving sixpence to his nephew): "I hope you will put this money in the bank for a rainy day, my boy."

Nephew: "No, uncle. I'm saving up for a snowy day!"

Uncle: "A snowy day! What do you mean?"

Nephew: "I'm saving up to buy a toboggan."

(A Penknife has been awarded to G. Jones, 5, Glandydon, Mostyn, Flintshire.)

A TASTY MEAL.

Mother was out and young Jimmy had been very good in helping father to prepare the tea. Now the meal had started, but father did not seem to be enjoying the lettuce.

"Jimmy, are you sure you washed this lettuce properly?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, father," replied Jimmy. "And I used scented soap to make sure it was really clean!"

(A Penknife has been awarded to D. Hutchison, Ovenden, Alty's Lane, Ormskirk.)

ABSENT-MINDED.

Professor (after being hauled out of the river in a drowning condition): "And the worst of it all is I've just remembered that I can swim!"

(A Grand Prize has been awarded to D. Graham, The Residency, Lichtenburg, Transvaal, S. Africa.)

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