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The RANGER

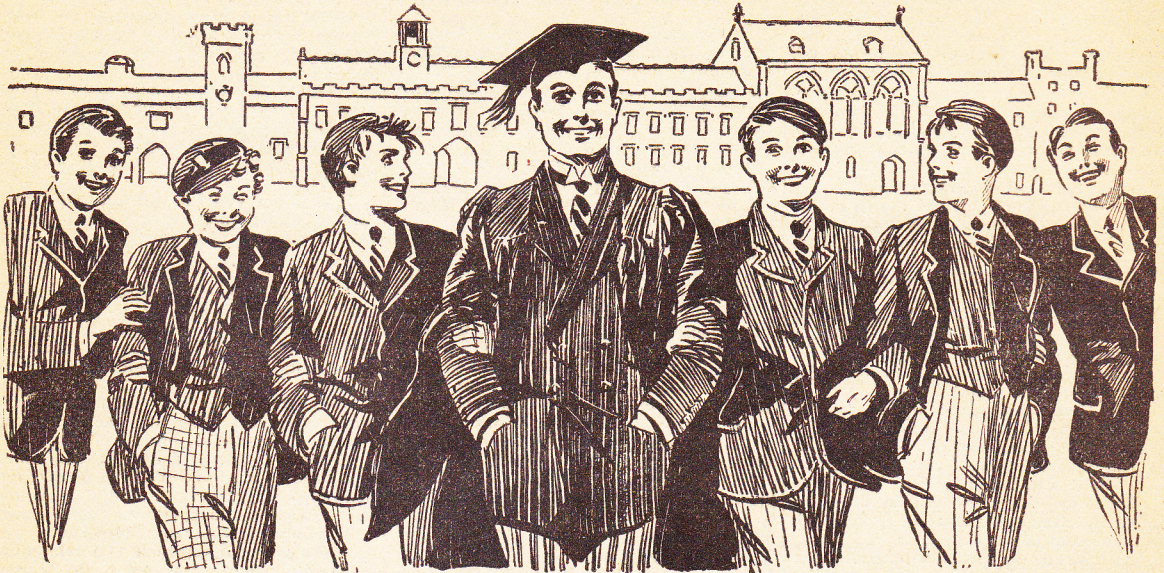
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STOP HERE FOR THE BEST SCHOOL STORY OF THE WEEK!

The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!

By Famous FRANK RICHARDS,



THEY'RE AN ARTFUL, MISCHIEVOUS CROWD OF KIDS AT GRIMSLADE SCHOOL, AND DR. SAMMY SPARSHOTT, THE HEAD, HAS ALL HIS WORK CUT OUT TO KEEP THEM IN ORDER. "SAMMY" NEARLY GETS TAKEN IN THIS WEEK WHEN FRITZ VON SPLITZ, THE FAT BOY, SPRINGS A STUNT ON HIM—NEARLY, BUT NOT QUITE!

Tug-of-War!

"MY giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger Rawlinson.

Ginger's face was as red as his hair with wrath.

Ginger was as good-tempered as any fellow at Grimslade School. But what Ginger beheld, as he looked into his study in Redmayes House, was enough to make the best-tempered fellow in the wide world wrathful.

Ginger Rawlinson had—or rather, had had—a cake! It had arrived from home, and Ginger had unpacked it on his study table with great delight. Then he went to call a few friends to whack out that cake with him. He came back with more than a few friends—there was hardly a junior in Redmayes House who was not willing to help Ginger dispose of the cake.

He had left the study untenanted. It was not untenanted now. Standing by the table was a fat and podgy figure; that of Fritz Splitz of White's House.

A White's fellow had no business in Redmayes House. He had still less business to scoff Ginger's cake! But as Ginger arrived in the study doorway, with Streaky Bacon and Sandy Bean behind him, and a crowd of fellows following on, Fatty Fritz was finishing the last crumb and the last plum.

"Mein gootness!" ejaculated Fritz, spinning round in alarm as he heard Ginger's exclamation. "Mein goot Chinger!"

"My cake!" spluttered Ginger. "You've scoffed my cake!"

"Ach! Nein! I have not seen 'tat gake!" gasped Fritz. "Tat is not vy I get in at te window! I—"

"Collar him!" roared Streaky Bacon.

Fritz made a bound for the open study window, as the Redmayes juniors rushed into the study.

He plunged headlong through the window; but quick as he was, he was not quite quick enough. Ginger grasped a fat ankle, and dragged; Streaky grasped another fat ankle, and dragged; and Fritz Splitz, spluttering, hung out of the window, his bullet head tapping on the earth, his feet in possession of the enemy.

"Ach!" gurgled Fritz. "Tat you led go! Groooogh! Urrrrgh!"

"Got him!" chuckled Ginger.

"Drag him in!" yelled Sandy Bean.

Dragging Fritz back into the study was not so easy. There was a lot of weight to lift. Ginger pulled, and Streaky pulled; and Fritz yelled and roared. But Fritz's weight was too much for the Redmayes fellows.

They had his feet; and they kept them. But the rest of Fritz hung outside the window, the top of his head tapping the ground, his little pimple of a nose scraping on the wall under the window, his fat hands clawing wildly, and his extensive mouth wide open and emitting howl after howl.

Fellows in the quad stared at him. Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson, of White's House, came scudding across the quad. Fritz was a White's fellow, though White's were not proud of him; and they were not going to leave him in the hands of the enemy.

"Ach! Tat you led go!" shrieked Fritz. "Rescue! Tainty! Tawson!

Gum! Gum and help me! Mein gootness! Oooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Lend a hand here, you men!" gasped Ginger Rawlinson. "He weighs about two tons, I think! Get hold."

Sandy Bean leaned from the window and grasped Fritz. Ginger & Co. gave a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together! The three of them were equal to the hefty task. Fritz rose—slowly.

"Ach! Ooooooh! Tainty! Tawson!" gurgled Fritz.

Two or three more Redmayes fellows leaned over the sill and grasped Fritz's fat legs. Then he rose more rapidly. His legs went in at the window, his fat person followed—and only his head was still outside, when Jim Dainty and Dawson breathlessly reached the spot. They did their best. Dainty grasped a large fat ear—Dawson grasped a large fat ear! And they tugged!

They meant well. They had to catch hold of something, and only Fritz's ears were at their disposal. And those ears

were extensive, and gave a good hold. But Fritz felt rather like the ancient gentleman who prayed to be saved from his friends! He yelled frantically.

"Ach! Led go! Ach! Mein ears! Oh, grumbs! Oh, grikey! Tat you pull not mein ears out of mein head! Whooop!"

"We've got you, old bean!" gasped Jim Dainty. "Pull away, Dawson."

"Yaroooh!"

"Go it, you men!" roared Ginger. "We've got him."

It was quite an exciting tug-of-war. Five or six Redmayes men had hold of the greater part of Fritz, and were dragging him in. Dainty and Dawson, hanging on tenaciously to his ears, were dragging him out. Fritz yelled wildly.

"Hook him in!" gasped Ginger.

"Hang on, Jim! Pull him out!" panted Dawson.

"Yarooooh!"

It really looked as if there would be a painful parting, and that Fritz would be dragged into the study, leaving his ears in possession of his rescuers!

Luckily for Fritz, Streaky Bacon grabbed the inkpot from the study table and leaned out of the window, streaming its contents over the chums of White's House.

There was a simultaneous yell from Dainty and Dawson as they got the ink! Dawson received a stream on his head, and from there it splashed all over Dainty's face. They gurgled, and let go Fritz!

Redmayes had won the tug-of-war! But the sudden letting go of Fritz had a rather disastrous result. Five or six fellows were dragging at him, and as he was released, he fairly shot in at the window. Ginger & Co. staggered back, sprawled, and Fatty Fritz sprawled over them.

The study floor was strewn with Redmayes juniors. Fritz staggered up, planting a knee on Ginger's face and a foot on Streaky's waistcoat. He bounded for the window again. But Fritz had no chance—he was collared and jerked back,

and surrounded by the excited and wrathful mob of Redmayes men.

"Now, where's that cake?" roared Ginger.

"Ach! I have not touched tat gake!" groaned Fritz. "Ach! Kick me not on mein trousers, you peast and a prute! I cannot giff you tat gake now tat it is in mein inside! Mein gootness! Pang me not in mein pread-basket! I have vun collossal bain in mein pread-basket!"

"You've got my cake in your Deutsch bread-basket!" roared Ginger. "My giddy goloshes! Bang his head on the table, you men! That will teach him to keep out of another fellow's study! Go it!"

"Ach! Led go! Mein gootness! Yoooop!" yelled Fritz Splitz, as the Redmayes juniors banged his head on the study table.

Bang, bang! Bang, bang!
"Ach! Tat you stop! You will preak me to napper!" shrieked Fritz. "My prains will be broken! Help!"

Bang, bang, bang!
"Hold on, you men, for goodness sake!" exclaimed Jim Dainty, at the window. "The fat dummy hasn't much brains; but you'll damage what he has, at that rate."

"Well, perhaps he's had enough!" admitted Ginger. "Chuck him out!"

Fritz Splitz dropped from the study window. He roared as he landed. Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson picked him up, grinning, and walked him away. Ginger & Co. grinned after them from the study window. Friedrich von Splitz groaned deeply as he was led away to White's House. He had had the cake—but he almost wished he hadn't! Fritz's head was hard—but the way of the transgressor was harder!

Fritz Loses His Memory!

"SPLITZ!"

No answer.

"Splitz!" repeated Dr. Sparshott, raising his voice.

Fellows in the Fourth turned their heads to look at Fritz Splitz. "Sammy" Sparshott was calling the roll in Hall, and it was not healthy to keep Sammy waiting for an answer.

Fritz was there—as large as life—he was not cutting roll! Yet he did not answer! He stood with the Fourth, his saucer-eyes fixed on the headmaster, but without speaking. Unless Fritz had gone suddenly deaf, there was no accounting for it. He took absolutely no notice of the deep voice of Dr. Samuel Sparshott.

Ginger & Co. stared round at him. Jim Dainty pinched his podgy arm. Fritz squeaked.

"Are you deaf, you podgy piffler?" demanded Jim, in a whisper. "Sammy will give you beans for this! Answer, you Dutch ass!"

"Splitz!" came Sammy's deep voice, for the third time.

But Fritz Splitz did not answer. For some mysterious reason of his own, he kept silence, and Sammy, who could not see him in the dusky corner of the Hall, in the crowd of fellows, marked him down as absent and went on with the roll.

Jim Dainty & Co. gazed at Fritz. Ginger & Co. gazed at him. Fellows in other Forms gazed at him. Lines, at least, would fall to Fritz for being marked absent from roll-call; unless he could give a good reason, he might be "whopped." He was not absent—but he had deliberately incurred the penalty of cutting roll! Why?

Roll-call over, Dr. Sparshott left the Hall by the upper door, and the Grimsladers, dismissed to their Houses, streamed out. Ginger tapped Fatty Fritz on his shoulder as he was going out.

"What's this game, Fatty?" he asked. Fritz blinked at him with his light-blue saucer-eyes.

"Vat game?" he asked.

"Why didn't you answer 'adsum' to Sammy?"

"Sammy! Who is Sammy?" asked Fritz.

Ginger Rawlinson stared at him. That question took Ginger's breath away.

All Grimslade called Dr. Samuel Sparshott "Sammy." If Fritz wanted to know who Sammy was, it looked as if Fritz's brain was wandering.

"My giddy goloshes!" said Ginger. "You know I mean the Head, you fat freak."

"Who is te Head?" asked Fritz.

Ginger could only gasp. He was still gasping when Fatty Fritz rolled on to White's House. Streaky Bacon and Sandy Bean stared after the podgy Rhinelander, and stared at Ginger. Streaky gave a low whistle.

"Is he off his rocker?" asked Ginger, in wonder.

"Is he ever on it?" asked Sandy Bean.

"I—I say, we—we banged his head a bit hard this afternoon!" murmured Streaky. "Do you think that—that—"

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!"

Ginger & Co. had grave faces as they walked away to Redmayes House. Streaky's suggestion was rather an alarming one.

Friedrich von Splitz rolled into White's House amid a crowd of fellows, with a peculiar glimmer in his saucer-eyes. There was still a lingering ache in Fatty Fritz's bullet head. There was still rather a pain in his large ears. Fatty Fritz did not like aches and pains. He had collected plenty of both in Ginger's study that afternoon.

Had Fatty been a fighting-man, certainly he would have given Ginger Rawlinson the whopping of his life. But Fatty Fritz could not have whopped a fag of the Second Form. Perhaps the astute Rhinelander was thinking of less strenuous ways of paying off scores against Ginger & Co. There was a vein of sly cunning in Friedrich von Splitz, with all his fat obtuseness.

In No. 10 study in White's House, Jim

Dainty and Dawson regarded the German junior curiously.

"Were you pulling Ginger's leg?" asked Dawson.

"Who is Chinger?" asked Fritz.

"Rawlinson, of Redmayes, fathead!"

"Who is Rawlinson?"

"Who is Rawlinson?" repeated Dick Dawson. "Are you making out that you don't know Ginger Rawlinson of Redmayes?"

Fritz shook his head.

"I do not seem to remember," he said. "I remember nottings! I tink tat mein memory he is gone! I have a peastly pang on te head, and tat is all I remember."

Dawson whistled. Jim Dainty scanned Fritz's fat face rather uneasily. There was no doubt that Fritz's head had been banged rather hard in Redmayes House that afternoon. Ginger & Co. had, in fact, banged it not wisely but too well!

Banging a fellow's head on a table was, in point of fact, rather a risky game, liable to do damage. It looked as if Ginger & Co. had done damage. If so, the results were likely to be rather serious for the Redmayes fellows.

"Look here, Fritz," said Jim quietly, "if this is some more of your spoof, chuck it! You pinched Ginger's cake, and you asked for what you got. It's not cricket to get the chap into a row with the beaks."

"Vat is a peak?" asked Fritz. "Oh, my hat! Don't you remember what a beak is?"

"I remember nottings."

"Gammon!" growled Dainty.

"I—I say," said Dawson, "if—if this is genuine, Fritz ought to see a doctor. If he's lost his memory—"

"Gammon!" repeated Jim. He sat



Streaky Bacon grabbed the inkpot and leaned out of the window, streaming its contents over the chums of White's House. There was a simultaneous yell from Dainty and Dawson as they got the ink. Dawson received a stream on his head and from there it splashed all over Dainty's face.

down to prep. And Dawson, after a little hesitation, followed his example.

Fritz sat in the armchair. He did not seem to intend to do any prep that evening. The chums of the Fourth worked in silence for a time; but Jim looked round at the fat German at last.

"Aren't you doing your prep, Fritz?" he demanded.

"Vat is brep?" asked Fritz.

"Oh, my hat!"

Dainty gave it up. Either Fritz really had lost his memory, as a result of that banging of his bullet head on Ginger's table, or else he was playing his part with great cunning. Jim could not help having a suspicion that Fritz had only lost his memory until Ginger & Co. had been landed into trouble for banging his head—and that then he would recover it promptly! He knew his Fritz!

Prep over, Jim rose from the table. He went to the study cupboard and opened the door.

"Who says cake?" he asked.

"Cake!" said Fritz promptly, jumping up from the armchair.

"You'd like a cake?" asked Jim, looking round at him.

"Ja wohl! I tinks tat I likes him ferry much!" grinned Fritz. "I vas as hungry as neffer was before."

"So you remember what a cake is, though you've lost your memory?" asked Jim.

Fritz Splitz started.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dawson. The spoofer was fairly caught.

"Ach! Nein! I do not remember!" exclaimed Fritz hastily. "I remember nottings! Vat is a cake?"

"What?" roared Jim.

"I remember nottings, mein tear Tainty—"

"You remember nothing, but you remember that my name's Dainty?"

Fritz started again. It was borne in upon his podgy mind that, as the proverb declares, liars should have good memories.

"Ach! Nein! No! Neffer! I do not remember tat your name is Tainty, my good Chim!" he gasped. "I remember nottings. Mein prain is a perfect plank."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Dawson.

"You spoofing Boche!" roared Jim Dainty. "This is a trick to get Ginger into a row! You're going to chuck it, see? Do you know what a bumping is?"

"Ach! Nein! I do not remember—"

"Then you're going to learn on the spot! Collar him!"

"Ach! Tat you pump me not!" yelled Fritz Splitz, as Dainty and Dawson collared him, evidently remembering very clearly what a bumping was. "Led go, Tainty—led go, Tawson! Pump me not, you peasts and prutes."

Bump!
"Ach! Mein gootness! Whoop!"
Bump!
"Yaroooooooop!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fritz Splitz sat on the study carpet roaring. Dainty and Dawson strolled out of the study, chuckling, and left him to roar.

Keeping It Up!

GINGER RAWLINSON looked worried.

The Fourth were in Form, in Big School, the following morning. And Mr. Peck's attention was drawn very particularly to Fritz von Splitz. Fellows were expected to work at Grimslade School. Sammy Sparshott did not approve of slackers, in class or out. A fellow who cut prep had trouble in store.

Fritz had cut prep. Now he was dodging the trouble. He had brought no books into Form with him. And when called on to construe, he blinked uncomprehendingly at Mr. Peck with his saucer-eyes. Certainly he looked as if his mind, such as it was, was a perfect blank.

"You will go on where Dainty left off, Splitz!" rapped Mr. Peck. "Where is your book?"

"Mein pook?" repeated Fritz. "Vat is a pook, sir?"

The whole Fourth Form, Redmayes and

White's alike, stared at Friedrich von Splitz. Mr. Peck stared blankly. Jim Dainty looked daggers at the fat German. As Fritz had remembered what a cake was, the previous evening, Jim had no doubt that he remembered what a book was.

Fatty Fritz was "spoofing," and he had the nerve to try it on in the Form-room with the Form-master. The astute Fritz's dodge was serving a double turn. Ginger was to get into a row, for having banged his head, and caused him to "lose" his memory. And a fellow who had lost his memory could not be expected to work!

"What did you say, Splitz?" gasped Mr. Peck, at last.

"I am ferry sorry, sir, but I remember nottings," said Fritz.

"You remember nothing?" exclaimed Mr. Peck.

"Nottings at all, sir, since I have had te head panged mit me! Mein prain is a perfect plank!"

The master of the Fourth came nearer to the desk, staring at Fritz. Fatty Fritz's goggle-eyes met Mr. Peck's calmly. So far as Fritz Splitz could see, he had only to stick to his story, in order to get away with it. Nobody could prove that he remembered anything, if he did not choose to remember.

"Are you telling me, Splitz, that you have lost your memory?"

"Vat is a memory, sir?"

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" murmured Ginger. Whether Fritz was spoofing or not, Ginger saw trouble ahead. He wished that he had not banged the fat Rhineland's head quite so emphatically.

Mr. Peck gave Fritz a very searching look. He was dubious; but he was puzzled.

"Who banged your head, Splitz?" he demanded.

Fritz pointed a fat forefinger at Rawlinson.

"Tat pad poy," he answered. "I do not remember his name. He pang mein head ferry hard, and after tat, I remember nottings."

"Rawlinson!"

"We—we never meant to damage him, sir," protested Ginger. "He snaffled a cake in our study yesterday, and we tapped his head on the table."

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snapped Mr. Peck. "If Splitz has indeed sustained injury, the matter is serious."

"Oh, sir!" gasped Ginger. "I—"

"That will do! I shall excuse you this lesson, Splitz, and report the matter to Dr. Sparshott."

Fritz suppressed a grin; Mr. Peck's eyes were very keen. But inwardly he grinned considerably. He sat idle while the other fellows worked—which was very agreeable to Fritz.

A little later, however, something occurred that was not quite so agreeable. Jim Dainty leaned over, and pushed the point of a pin into the fattest calf at Grimslade, while Mr. Peck's back was momentarily turned.

A terrific yell rang through the Form-room. Fritz Splitz leaped to his feet, and glared round at Jim.

"Tainty, you peast!" he howled.

Mr. Peck spun round.

"Silence! What—"

"Tat peast and a prute stick vun bin into mein leg!" howled Fritz, hopping on the other leg in anguish.

"Dainty! How dare you play such tricks in class?" thundered Mr. Peck.

"I was helping Splitz get his memory back, sir!" answered Jim. "He remembers my name all right."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ach! I remember nottings—not a ting!" gasped Fritz. "Mein prain is a perfect plank! Ach! I have a colossal bain in mein leg."

"Dainty, you will take a hundred lines! Be silent, Splitz! If you have been attempting to deceive me, you will answer for it to the headmaster."

"Vat is a headmaster, sir?" inquired Fritz. Evidently the fat Fritz was on his guard again.

"Silence!" snorted Mr. Peck.

Fatty Fritz sat rubbing his calf while the lessons proceeded. When the Fourth were dismissed in break, Mr. Peck went away to speak to Dr. Sparshott on the subject of this extraordinary happening to Splitz. The juniors streamed out into the quadrangle, and Fatty Fritz was surrounded by a crowd of fellows.

Generally, Fritz was nobody—or rather less than nobody—now he was the cynosure of all eyes. A fellow who had "lost his memory" was something rather new at Grimslade; but few of the Fourth believed that it was genuine.

"Coming to the tuck-shop, Fatty?" asked Dawson.

But Fritz was not to be caught this time.

"Vat is a duck-shop?"

"My giddy goloshes!" exclaimed Ginger. "If Fritz doesn't remember the tuck-shop, it's a bad case. I believe he's spoofing. Look here, you Boche bloater, if you get me into a row with Sammy, I'll scalp you, see?"

"Vat is to scalp?" asked Fritz.

"He's keeping it up," growled Streaky Bacon. "He's going to keep it up till Sammy's whopped us for banging his napper. Is that it, Fritz?"

"Who is Sammy?" asked Fritz.

"You pie-faced, piffing porker!" yelled Jim Dainty. "If you get those Redmayes men ragged by the Beak, we'll boot you out of our House."

"Vat House?" asked Fritz. "I do not remember a House! After tat I have been panged on te head, I remember nottings."

Jim Dainty glared at him. The rival Houses of Grimslade were in a state of war; but this was hardly fair play.

Ginger and Co. were rather alarmed; but Jim Dainty was angry and exasperated.

"Do you remember what a fountain is?" he demanded.

"Nein! I remember nottings!"

"Then we'll duck you in one, and see if it will help your memory! Yank him along!" growled Dainty.

"Hear, hear!"

Fritz Splitz gave a yell, and bolted. The fountain in the quad, on a cold day, was anything but inviting; and apparently Fritz remembered that in spite of his lost memory!

"After him!" yelled Dawson.

There was a whoop, and a crowd of juniors rushed in pursuit of the fleeing

Fritz. Half-a-dozen hands grasped the fat German, and dragged him away towards the granite basin of the fountain. Fritz struggled frantically.

"Ach! Tat you led go!" he yelled. "I will not be tucked—I like not to be tucked! Peastly pounders and prutes, tat you led go!"

"Shove him in!"

"Ach! Tat vatter is ferry cold!" shrieked Fritz, as the juniors heaved him up. "I shall gatch a gold—yurrrrrgggh!"

Fritz spluttered, as his fat face was dipped in the basin. There was no doubt that the water was cold.

"Urrrrrrgggh!"

"Got your memory back yet?" asked Jim Dainty.

"Ach! Mein gootness! I rememper nottings."

Fritz's head went in again. It came out streaming. He roared.

"Tat you led go! I rememper eferyting—mein memory he gum pack."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fritz, streaming water, bolted for White's House. A roar of laughter followed him. Evidently the "cold water cure" had done it; the fat Boche had recovered his lost memory.

But when the Fourth went in for third school, it transpired that the cure was only temporary. Ginger tapped him on a fat shoulder.

"Caught a cold, old fat sausage?" he asked.

Fritz blinked at him.

"Vat is a gold?" he asked.

"Why, you—you—you—" gasped Ginger. "Are you still keeping it up that you've lost your giddy memory?"

"Vat is a memory?" asked Fritz calmly.

"You fat villain, if Peck wasn't in sight, I'd give you my boot!" gasped Ginger.

"Vat is a boot?"

"What—what—what is a boot?" gurgled Ginger. "Peck or no Peck, I'll jolly well show you what a boot is!"

He did—and Fritz rolled headlong into the Form-room, roaring.

"Rawlinson, take two hundred lines!" snapped Mr. Peck.

Fritz grinned as he sat down in his desk. After third school, Sammy Sparshott was looking into the matter; and, if Fritz was able to keep up his little game, that meant dire results for Ginger and Co. And Fritz was quite determined not to recover his lost memory till those dire results had accrued to the chums of Redmayes House.

Sammy Knows How!

DR. SAMUEL SPARSHOTT had a thoughtful expression on his keen face. Four juniors filed into his study after third school: Ginger and Bacon and Bean, looking worried and uneasy; and Fritz Splitz, looking very smug. Sammy Sparshott scanned each face in turn.

"Splitz! I am informed that you have lost your memory as the result of your head being knocked on a study table!" he barked.

"Tat is so, sir! I rememper nottings!" answered Fritz, cheerfully.

"Knocking a fellow's head on a table," said Sammy, "is a dangerous thing. The result may be serious."

"Yes, sir," said Ginger, meekly. "But when a fellow snaffles a fellow's cake—"

"We were rather waxy, sir!" murmured Streaky Bacon.

"And I jolly well believe that Splitz is spoofing, sir!" said Sandy Bean.

Sammy's eyes twinkled for a moment.

"We shall see!" he answered. "Do you remember purloining a cake in Rawlinson's study, Splitz?"

"Nein! I know nottings about a gake, sir! I do not rememper vat a gake is."

"Indeed!" said Sammy, grimly.

"Evidently the matter is serious. Do you remember your own name?"

"Nein, nein! I rememper nottings."

"Yet you answered to it when I addressed you," said Sammy.

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Fritz started.

"Ach! I tink tat I rememper mein name!" he stammered. "Ja! But oddervise, mein mind is a perfect plank."

Sammy Sparshott surveyed him thoughtfully, and grimly. Ginger & Co. waited with great uneasiness. Apparently Sammy was taking a very serious view of the matter.

"If you have indeed lost your memory, Splitz, owing to shock, you must be excused all lessons for the present," said Dr. Sparshott.

Fritz's saucer-eyes gleamed for a moment.

"You must have medical attention without delay," went on Sammy. "A complete rest, and the greatest of care."

Fritz beamed.

"But first," went on Sammy, softly, "we must do what we can to attempt to restore you, Splitz! It appears that you have lost your memory owing to shock caused by banging your head on a study table. Now, it is recorded in the annals of medical science that damage caused by shock may sometimes be completely cured by a similar shock administered at a later date."

Fritz's saucer-eyes opened wide.

"Such results have been known: and this method is at least worth trying," said Sammy. "We will try it here and watch the result. Rawlinson!"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Ginger.

"Take Splitz by the collar!"

"Oh, my giddy goloshes! Yes, sir!"

"Ach! Vat—"

"You may use my study table for the experiment," said Dr. Sparshott. "You will now, Rawlinson, proceed to bang Splitz's head on my table—"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Exactly as hard as you banged it on your study table yesterday."

"Mein gootness!"

"Neither more nor less!" said Dr. Sparshott. "I shall watch the result, and I have every hope that it will lead to the restoration of Splitz's lost memory. Get going!"

"Ach! I—I—I tunk—mein gootness—I like not te head panged on te table!" yelled Fritz.

"That is immaterial," said Dr. Sparshott. "You wander from the point, Splitz. The question is, can your lost memory be restored by this method? I am resolved to put it to the test. I am waiting for you, Rawlinson."

Sammy did not have to wait long for Rawlinson. Grinning, Ginger grasped the fat German by the back of the neck. Bacon and Bean looked on, chuckling; Sammy, with a face of perfect gravity. Fritz Splitz yelled and roared as Ginger jerked him to the study table. He

struggled and squirmed. But his struggles and squirmings did not avail. Ginger proceeded to bang his head on the table, as hard as he had banged it the day before—perhaps a little harder!

"Yarooooooooooh!"

Bang!

"Ach himmel! Tat you leaf off!" yelled Fritz, frantically. "Mein gootness! You preak me te prain! Yarooooop!"

Bang!

"Whoooooooooop!"

"Hold on a moment, Rawlinson, while I question Splitz. Do you feel better, Splitz?"

"Ach! No! Nein! Neffer! Vorse!" yelled Fritz.

"If you feel worse, Splitz, you are evidently not cured yet. Try again, Rawlinson."

Bang!

"Yaroooooooooop!"

"Do you feel better now, Splitz?"

"Ach! Ja—ja wohl—ferry petter!" shrieked Fritz, realising at last that the banging was to go on till he got his memory back. "Mein gootness! I vas all right—so right as neffer vas before! Ooooooooooh!"

"Dear me!" said Dr. Sparshott.

"This method certainly seems a very satisfactory one! I admit that I had great hopes of it! Have you recovered your lost memory, Splitz?"

"Ach! Ja! Yes! He gum pack!" yelled Fritz. "He gum pack to me. I rememper eferything so plain as neffer vas! Led go, peast and a prute."

"You may release Splitz, Rawlinson! You boys may leave my study! Splitz now that you have recovered your memory, naturally you remember what a cane is?"

"Ach! Ja!" groaned Fritz, rubbing his bullet head.

"Good!" said Sammy. "Hand me that cane from the table! Now bend over that chair! Thank you!"

Swish! Swish! Swish!

"Ow! Wow! Yow!"

"Now you may go, Splitz; and if ever you feel this loss of memory coming on again, come to me at once, and I will attend to you," said Sammy Sparshott.

Fritz Splitz limped out of the Head's study. He limped out into the quad, where a roar of laughter greeted him. Through a crowd of yelling juniors, Fritz wriggled away to his House. Fritz had recovered his lost memory! He was not likely to lose it again!

(Another rollicking Grimsdale yarn in next week's RANGER. Don't forget that Frank Richards also writes a long complete school story every week in the "Magnet," price 2d.)