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The RANGER

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EVERY
SATURDAY.

2d



SAFETY
FIRST!

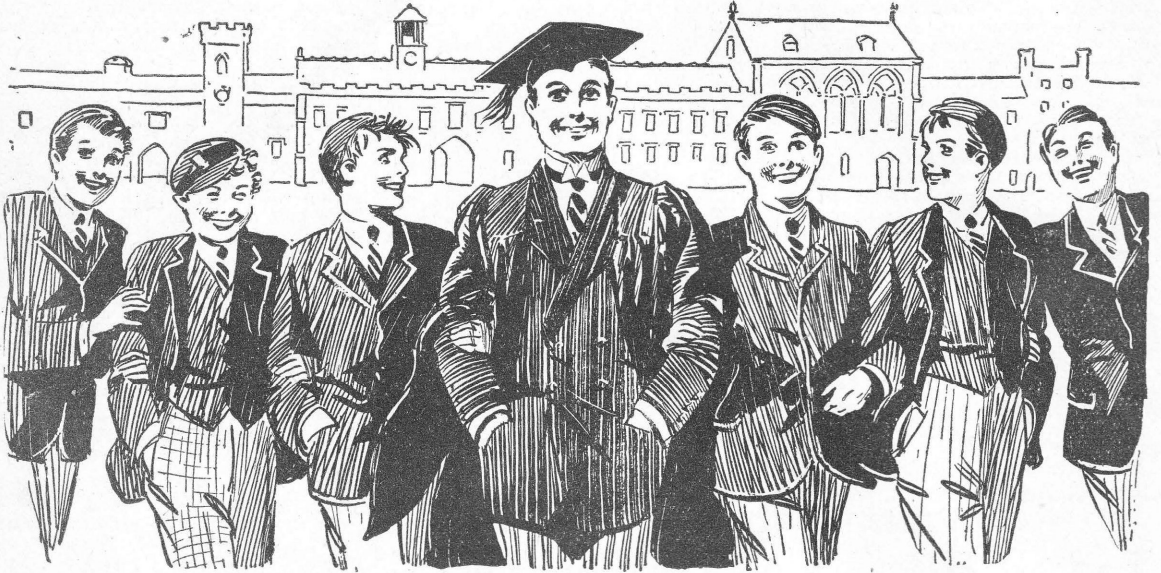
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Wonderful News for Readers - See Page 131

THE FAT BOY WHO TOOK HIS HEADMASTER'S CAKE! Full o' laughs school yarn!

The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!

By Famous FRANK RICHARDS.



Whose Cake?

"VAT a gake!" gasped Fritz Splitz.

Fatty Fritz's saucer-eyes fairly danced as he looked at that cake. Mrs. Sykes was packing it into a cardboard box on the counter of the tuckshop at Grimslade School when Fritz von Splitz rolled in.

It was a large cake—a rich cake—a luscious cake. It was a cake of cakes! It was so large that half a dozen fellows might have cut and come again. It was as much, or almost as much, as Fatty Fritz himself could have disposed of at one sitting!

Ginger Rawlinson, the red-headed junior of Redmayes House, stood by the counter. He grinned at the ecstatic expression on the face of the fat Rhinelander.

"Some cake—what, Fatty?" he remarked.

"Ja! Ja wohl! Mein goot Chinger, I vill gum to tea mit you tis afternoon, if you vould like mein gompany!" gasped Fritz.

"What a jolly big 'if'!" chuckled Ginger. "Buck up with that cake, Mrs. Sykes! The bell will be going soon!"

Fritz Splitz gave the huge cake one last, longing, lingering look, and rolled out of the tuckshop. Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson of White's House were standing by the fountain, and Fritz rolled over to them in a hurry.

"Tainty! Tawson!" he gasped.

Dainty and Dawson were discussing the holidays, now near at hand; but they broke off to stare at Fritz's excited face.

"What's up, Fatty?" asked Jim.

"Gum!" gasped Fritz, grabbing him by the arm with one fat hand, and Dawson with the other. "Gum!"

"Gum!" repeated Dawson. "What about gum? There's gum in the study if you want any!"

"I mean, gum mit me!" panted Fritz. "Tat Chinger dake a gake mit him to his House for tea—ve can gatch him on te vay! I dells you, it is vun colossal gake—vun vunderful gake—te piggest gake tat neffer was before!"

The chums of the Fourth grinned. They were not so keenly interested in cakes as Friedrich von Splitz. But they were rather interested in dishing a man of the rival House. So they followed Fritz.

Ginger Rawlinson emerged from the tuckshop. He had a large cardboard box under his arm. Evidently it contained that colossal cake. Instead of heading for Redmayes' House, however, he started towards Big School.

"Nail him!" whispered Jim Dainty. "You bag the cake, Fritz, and scud for the House, while we handle Ginger."

"Vat you tink?" grinned Fritz. "Those Redmayes' ticks had our doughnuts yesterday!" grinned Dawson. "We'll take the cake in exchange! Come on!"

There was a sudden rush, and Ginger Rawlinson found himself sitting in the quad. Fritz Splitz grabbed the cardboard box and bolted for White's House. Ginger gave a roar, and grappled with his assailants.

Bump! Bump!
"Oh! My giddy goloshes!" roared Ginger. "Leggo! Oh, my hat! You silly White's ticks! Leggo, and gimme that cake! I say—Whoop!"

IT WAS A LARGE CAKE—A LUSCIOUS CAKE—A WONDERFUL CAKE! BUT FRITZ VON SPLITZ, THE HUNGRIEST BOY AT GRIMSLADE, WOULDN'T EAT IT. . . WHY?

"Rescue, Redmayes!" shrieked Ginger, struggling frantically.

Streaky Bacon and Sandy Bean came tearing up to the rescue. Staying only to rub Ginger's features in the dust, Dainty and Dawson left him and cut after Fritz. Ginger sat up, spluttering, as they vanished in the distance.

Breathless, but gleeful, they arrived in Study No. 10 in White's House.

Fatty Fritz had already reached that study, and he plumped the cardboard box down on the table. Eagerly he opened the box, and in it was revealed the wonderful cake.

"Mein gootness! Vat a gake! Vat vun colossal gake!" gasped Fritz, as he carefully lifted it out of the box.

"Ginger and those Redmayes' asses are coming after us!" grinned Dawson, looking from the study window. "Hallo, there's Sammy!"

Ginger & Co. had started for White's House. But as the tall, athletic figure of Dr. Samuel Sparshott, the Head of

Grimslade, appeared in the offing, they suddenly halted. Big, athletic Sammy, who looked remarkably boyish for a headmaster, came along towards White's, heading, not for the door, but for the Fourth Form windows.

"My hat!" ejaculated Jim Dainty. "He's coming here! Keep that cake out of sight—put it on the floor! Sammy's down on House raids! Stand that cake behind the table, Fritz—quick!"

Sammy Sparshott arrived at the study window, looked in, and nodded pleasantly to the juniors within. Dainty and Dawson tried to look as if butter would not melt in their mouths, wondering, meanwhile, what on earth Sammy wanted, and whether he knew that a raided cake was there. Fritz Splitz goggled at him uneasily. It would almost have broken Fritz's fat heart to have lost the cake now.

"Oh, here you are!" said Sammy in his pleasant voice. "Dainty—Dawson!" He did not seem to see Fritz—or perhaps did not want to see him. "Not booked for tea to-day—what?"

"Oh, no, sir!" gasped Jim. "Then both of you come to tea in my study!"

"Oh, yes! Thank you, sir!"

"Rawlinson and Bacon and Bean will be coming, and a gentleman I desire you to meet," said Sammy. "I am going across the moor to meet him on his way this afternoon, and shall bring him to Grimslade—Captain Coote, of the yacht Spindrift. I want you to meet him, for a reason I will explain over tea."

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"And it will be quite a spread," added Sammy, with a twinkle in his eye. "I've asked Mrs. Sykes to send up her biggest and best cake! Rawlinson is taking it to my study—if he doesn't meet with an accident by the way! Tea at five-thirty!"

With a pleasant nod, Dr. Sparshott turned away and walked down to the gates. Dainty and Dawson looked at one another.

"He jolly well knows!" gasped Dawson. "My hat, it's the Head's cake we've snaffled! That idiot Ginger was taking it over to Big School to his study! Lucky we haven't started on it!"

"Thank goodness!" said Jim Dainty.

"Why—what— Fritz, you fat scoundrel, let that cake alone!"

Dainty and Dawson jumped at Fritz, yanked him back, and the fat Rhineland sat down on the study floor, with a bump that almost shook White's House.

"Ach!" roared Fritz. "Peasts and prutes and pounders! Vy for you pang me on te floor! I have vun pain in mein trousers! Mein gootness!"

Ginger Rawlinson's red head appeared under the study window.

"You White's ticks," roared Ginger, "that's the Head's cake! I've got to take it to his study!"

"Here you are, old bean!" said Dainty.

He put the cake back in the box, and passed it out of the window to Ginger. There was a howl from Fritz von Splitz.

"Mein gootness! Tat gake! Peasts and prutes! Tat is te most colossal gake tat neffer vas before!"

"It's Sammy's, you ass!"

"Plow Sammy!" roared Fritz. "Pother Sammy!"

"You Boche bloater! We might have scoffed Sammy's cake! Bump him!"

"Ach! Pump me not!" yelled Fritz. "I tink— Yaroooh! Peasts and Prutes— Whoooooop!"

Bump! Fritz von Splitz yelled. Dainty and Dawson strolled out of Study No. 10, and left him yelling; and he was still yelling when the bell rang for afternoon school.

A Desperate Deed!

"GREAT Scott!" ejaculated Sammy Sparshott.

The young headmaster of Grimslade was following a lonely track across the wide, rugged moor. He stopped in sheer amazement and shaded his eyes with his hand against the glare of the summer sun. He was coming over a ridge, golden with gorse, and at a distance ahead of him he could see two struggling figures.

Both of them looked like seafaring men, and one, even at the distance, Sammy's keen eyes recognised. It was Captain Coote, the skipper he was on his way to meet. The other was a bony, muscular man, with a lantern-jaw, dressed like a seaman. And he was evidently the stronger of the two, for he was forcing the skipper away from the track, driving him and half-dragging him across the rugged moor.

Sammy's teeth set hard.

The hillside was dotted here and there with the old pits of abandoned quarries, half hidden by gorse and bush. Even as he stared there came a sudden change of the scene. The two grappling men separated. One of them vanished from sight, as if the earth had swallowed him up, the other stood panting, and wiping his brow. And it was the skipper who had gone headlong into the pit.

Dr. Sparshott leaped into speed. He raced down the slope as if he were on the cinder-path. Whether the seaman saw him or not, he could not tell; the man vanished suddenly into the bushes. If he was in flight after his desperate deed the headmaster of Grimslade was not thinking of pursuing him. His thoughts were concentrated on the man who had been hurled into the sunken pit.

In the clear air of the Yorkshire moors he had seen the struggle from afar. Swiftly as he ran, it was long, long minutes before he reached the spot where the seaman had been standing. There was no sign of the man now, and no sign of the man who had gone down.

Sammy Sparshott dropped on his knees and crawled to the edge of the pit. It was a dangerous spot, for the edges crumbled. But Sammy's nerve was of iron. He shouted into the pit.

"Coote! Answer me, if you can!"

"Bust my topsails!" came a deep voice from below. "Who's hailing? That's not that mutinous dog, Ezra Sarson!"

"Sam Sparshott hailing! I saw you pitched in!" called back Dr. Sparshott.

"Are you hurt?"

"No; but there's a foot of water here. I'm down twenty feet or more!"

"Thank goodness you are unhurt! I cannot descend. There is no way up again. You'll have to wait while I get ropes—"

"Ay, ay!" came the deep voice booming from below. "Lucky you was coming to meet me, sir! It would be Day Jones for me! I reckon I can wait. And, by gum, that swab Sarson will find that he ain't done with me yet!"

"I shall have to get back to Grimslade, Coote! Who is the man? I'll put the police after him by telephone."

"Ezra Sarson's his name. Yankee seaman. I gave him a dozen of the best with a rope's end on the Spindrift for thieving, and kicked him off the craft at Liverpool. I reckon he must have followed me here. He jumped on me sudden."

"I'll give his description to the police and—"

"I guess not!" said a nasal voice behind the headmaster of Grimslade.

And as Sammy Sparshott spun round a fierce grip was laid on him from behind.

Sammy Sparshott gritted his teeth. He turned desperately on the man behind him, realising, too late, that the rascal had not fled, but had been watching him from the bushes. But the headmaster of Grimslade, sinewy and athletic as he was, had no chance.

With all his strength he resisted, but the savage grip from behind forced him over the crumbling edge. Earth and stones fell away in a shower, and in the midst of them Dr. Sparshott went whirling downwards. He had a glimpse, as he went, of a tanned, savage face glaring after him. Then he shot down into darkness. And Ezra Sarson, pant-

ing, turned away and fled—this time not to return.

Splash!

It was fortunate for Sammy Sparshott, as it had been for Captain Coote, that the old pit was flooded by the rains. He splashed into water and mud, which broke his fall. He scrambled to his feet, smothered with mud, gasping for breath. In the dimness of the sunken pit he wiped the mud from his eyes and blinked dizzily at Coote. The skipper, leaning on the wall of the pit, which was almost as sheer as the side of a house, blinked back at him, his sunburnt face white.

"He got you, too!" muttered Coote huskily.

"He took me by surprise," said Sparshott quietly. "I thought he was gone—but he wasn't! By gad! We're in a bad box, Coote!"

"Any chance of a hail being heard aloft, sir?"

"Very little. This is as lonely as any spot on the moor. People keep clear of it because of the danger of these old pits. But while there's life there's hope!" said Dr. Sparshott.

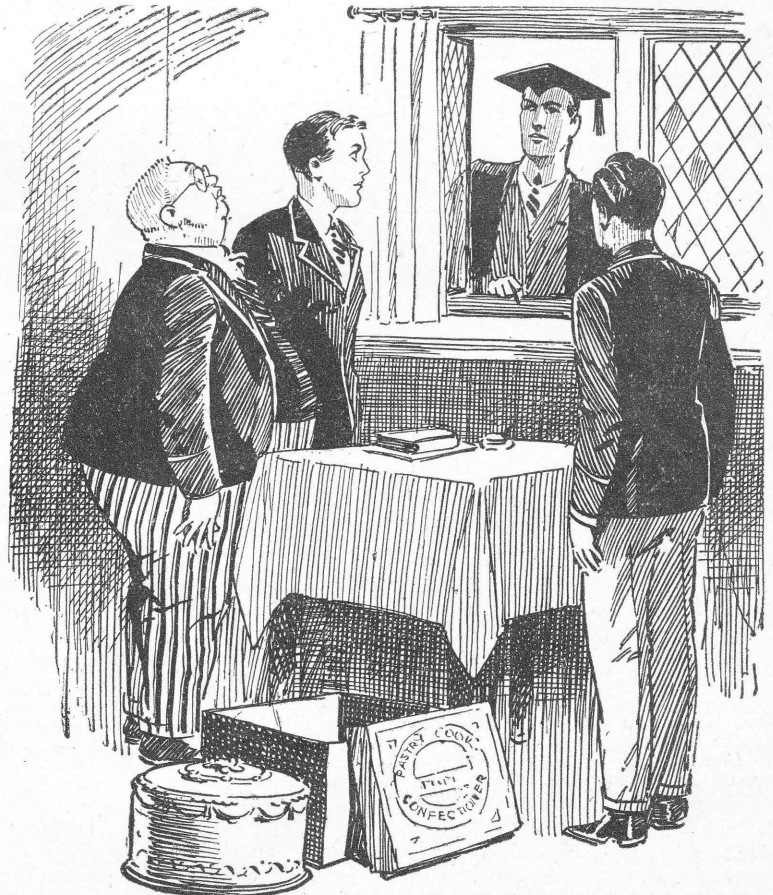
He spoke quietly and coolly. But as he spoke he was well aware that the hope of rescue from this pit on the lonely moor was a slender one.

Hunting Fritz!

"BLEASE, sir—" Mr. Peck, master of the Fourth, snapped.

"You may sit down, Splitz!" "Ach! Ja wohl—but I forget mein map!" gasped Fritz. "Bleaste tat I go and fetch me mein map, sir!"

Last class was geography. All the Fourth had brought in maps, as instructed by their Form master—excepting Fritz! Fritz had his own good reason for forgetting.



"Stand that cake behind the table, Fritz—quick!" Next moment Dr. "Sammy" Sparshott looked in at the window, and Dainty and Dawson tried to look as if butter would not melt in their mouths, while Fritz goggled uneasily at the Head.

"You may fetch your map, Splitz—and take fifty lines for forgetting to bring it!" snapped Mr. Peck.

Fritz Splitz rolled out of the Form-room. Once that door was closed on him, he grinned a podgy grin. Fritz was not thinking of a map. He was thinking of a cake! That colossal cake had been taken to the Head's study. And Fritz had heard the Head say that he was going to walk across the moor that afternoon to meet an unexpected visitor. So the coast was clear!

Fritz headed for Dr. Sparshott's study. He could not remain out of the Form-room long—certainly not long enough to scoff the cake! But Fritz had it all out and dried.

Cautiously he entered the Head's study. The big cardboard box lay on the table there, as Ginger Rawlinson had left it. Fritz grabbed it up, crossed to the window and opened it, dropped it into the quad, and dropped after it. Catching it up again, he scudded away at the top speed of his podgy legs.

Nobody was in sight—all Grimslade was in class. He reached the wall of the school field, clambered on it, and dropped the box over into a bush. There it was to remain—till after class, when Fritz was going to saunter out and pick it up and deal with it. But at that point Fritz felt himself unable to stick to his cut-and-dried plan. He simply had to have some of the cake!

He dropped over the low wall after the box, tore open the lid, and grabbed a chunk of the cake. There was a sound of happy munching. Fritz's fat face beamed. He grabbed another chunk—and another! He munched and munched!

Then, with sudden terror, he realised that he was expected back in the Form-room before this. Over the wall he clambered again, leaving the cake box hidden in the bush, scuttled into White's for his map, and scuttled back breathlessly to Big School.

"Splitz! You have been a quarter of an hour fetching your map!" rapped Mr. Peck.

"I—I could not vind him, sir!" stammered Fritz. "Vun of Tainty's pooks was ofer him."

"You have been eating—cake!" exclaimed Peck angrily.

He scanned the signs of a recent meal on Fritz's podgy face and the sea of crumbs that clung to his fat waistcoat.

"Ach! Nein! I—I—I—"

"Take a hundred lines!"

Fritz sat down again. Lines did not matter much to Fritz, with the glorious prospect of scoffing that colossal cake after class. Nobody would know that he had had it. How was Sammy to guess? He would miss the cake when he came in; but there was no clue to Fritz!

Dainty nudged the fat German and Fritz blinked round at him with saucer-eyes. Dainty was suspicious.

"You fat Boche! You've been scoffing cake!" he muttered. "Have you been after Sammy's cake?"

"Ach! Neffer! Nottings of te gind!" gasped Fritz. "I tink—"

"Silence in class!" rapped Peck.

Fritz Splitz was always anxious for class to be over. But on this particular afternoon he longed and yearned for dismissal. It seemed to him that the hour would never come. But it came at last, and the Fourth streamed out of the Form-room.

Fritz rolled away to the gates at once, Jim Dainty's eyes following him suspiciously. To cut round into the field, recover the hidden cake and trot away with it under a fat arm, did not take Fritz long. At a safe distance, there was going to be a feast of the gods! As he came out of the field into the road, the carrier's cart from Middlemoor came rumbling by. Fritz waved a fat hand.

"Ach! Gif me vun lift!" he squealed. The Middlemoor carrier stopped,

Fritz clambered into the cart, and it rolled on towards Blackslade. Fritz grinned as it passed the school gates, and he saw Jim Dainty looking out—still suspicious. The cake was out of sight in the cart. The carrier drove on and disappeared by the road over the moor. Jim turned back into the school.

"Seen that lump of Boche blubber?" Ginger Rawlinson came running up to him in the quad, ten minutes later.

"Fritz? He's gone out—why?"

"He's got Sammy's cake!" roared Ginger. "Sammy hasn't come in yet—and you saw he had been scoffing cake when he came back with his map! I've looked in Sammy's study—the cake's gone!"

"Oh, my hat! That's why—"

"Where is he?" roared Ginger. "He can't have gone far yet—where is the Boche bloater?"

"Gone in the carrier's cart, more than ten minutes ago. Get your bike—we'll catch him all right."

In a couple of minutes, the rivals of Grimslade—comrades for the nonce—had wheeled out their machines and mounted. They pedalled hard on the road across the moor. But they were a couple of miles from the school before they overtook the carrier's cart; and then Fritz was not to be seen in it. Jim shouted to the carrier.

"Where did you drop that Boche?" The Middlemoor carrier grinned.

"The German gent, sir? 'Arf a mile from Grimslade, at the footpath."

"My giddy goloshes! We've passed him then! Get back!" shouted Ginger, and the two juniors whirled their bikes round in the road, and shot back the way they had come.

Dust flew in clouds under the whizzing wheels. They fairly shot along to the spot where the footpath to Blackslade turned off from the road. They turned from the road on to the moor.

But Fritz was not to be seen. Fritz Splitz had spotted the cyclists. He crawled through the gorse, reached a spot where the footpath was screened by willows, and started at a run, the cake under his arm.

Jim Dainty swung himself into the branches of a tree, to scan the moor.

The Bounder of Greyfriars!



ONE of the most perplexing schoolboy characters at Greyfriars is Herbert Vernon-Smith of the Remove Form—a mixture of good and bad. When he's running straight there's no finer chap breathing than "Smithy." But when he breaks out he well merits his nick-name of the "Bounder" which was given him when he first joined up with Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, whose exciting adventures are told in breezy fashion each week

in

THE Magnet

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He yelled down to Ginger and pointed. Far away across the moor, just disappearing over a rugged ridge, he spotted the fat figure of Friedrich von Splitz. Jim slithered down the tree.

"Come on!" he panted.

They remounted the bicycles and pedalled over the rough, hard track. It was hard going; but they made good speed. But Fritz had a long start, and he disappeared over the ridge long before the pursuers were near it. Down the slope on the other side went Fritz at a trot, his fat face streaming with perspiration. He halted at last, and dabbed his streaming fat brow.

"Peasts and prutes!" he gasped. "Now tey vind me not, and I eats mein gake in beace."

And Fritz sat down under a tree, and re-stated on the cake. Munch, munch, munch! But alas for Fritz! Hardly five minutes later, two cyclists came into view against the sky, on the summit of the ridge. They came whizzing down the slope at lightning speed, the bikes rocking on the rough moor.

"Himmel!" gasped Fritz.

He started up, clutching the cake. To run was useless; and he glared round for cover. Jim Dainty and Ginger had spotted him, and they waved their hands and shouted. Unheeding, Fritz ran off the track and plunged into the gorse bushes, seeking cover.

A horrified yell suddenly burst from him. In his haste he had forgotten the old shafts that had pitted the moor. Suddenly, the earth vanished from under his feet, and he felt himself falling. Still with the cake-box under his arm, Fritz von Splitz went plunging into the depths of the earth.

Fritz, Too!

SPLASH!

"What the dickens!" exclaimed Dr. Sparshott.

"Shiver my topsails!" ejaculated Captain Coote.

"Ach! Grooogh! I am keeled! I am trowned! I am ferry muddy! I am joked mit mud!" wailed Fritz Splitz.

He sat up in a foot of water and soft mud, and gurgled. Dr. Sparshott and Captain Coote blinked at him.

"Splitz!" said Dr. Sparshott. He jerked the fat Fritz to his feet.

"Mein gootness! It is te Head!" gasped Fritz, his saucer-eyes almost popping from their sockets in his amazement.

"Were you alone here, Splitz?" asked Sammy quietly.

"Ach! Nein! Tat Tainty and tat Chinger vas after me!" gasped Fritz. "Tat is vy I fall in tis peasty bit!"

"Dainty and Rawlinson! Thank goodness!" Sammy stared at the cake-box, half hidden in mud. "What the dooce—"

"Look out, Ginger!" He heard a voice above. "This is where the fat freak went in. We shall never get Sammy's cake back for him now—there's water in these old pits. But never mind that, if we find the blithering Boche safe!"

Sammy grinned.

"Dainty!" he shouted. "Rawlinson! Take care!"

"My giddy goloshes!" He heard Ginger's yell. "That's Sammy's toot! I tell you it's the Head!"

"Sammy—here!" gasped Jim Dainty.

"Take care, my boys!" shouted Sammy. "You are on dangerous ground. Splitz is here—safe! Go at once to the school and bring back some strong ropes. We are shut up in this pit, and there is no way out. Hurry!"

"Well, my only hat!" gasped Jim Dainty. "All right, sir—I'll out off to Grimslade on my bike. You stay here, Ginger!"

Utterly amazed, but losing no time, Jim Dainty ran back to his bicycle. He mounted and rode away for Grimslade the wheels seeming hardly to touch the ground as he went.

"My dear fellow," drawled Sammy.

"I said that while there was life there was hope! What?"

"Aye, aye!" said Captain Coote. "Mein gootness," groaned Fritz. "I vas ferry muddy! I vas all smothered mit mud!"

Sammy smiled. "In the fortunate circumstances, Splitz, I shall not punish you for pinching my cake!" he said. "And you may have the cake!"

Fritz only groaned. The once wonderful, luscious cake was soaked with water and mud; and even Fatty Fritz did not want it now.

Ginger remained by the pit till Jim Dainty returned—with a party of Grimsladers on bikes, with plenty of ropes. Three muddy figures were dragged up from the pit. And Fritz Splitz let out a dismal groan at every step, as he squelched his weary and muddy way back to Grimslade.

The colossal cake was missing from tea in the Head's study. But there were plenty of other good things; and tea with Sammy was a great success. And over tea, Sammy had something to say that made his schoolboy guests' eyes dance. They learned why Captain Coote had come to Grimslade.

"These hols," said Sammy, "I am going for a cruise in the South Seas, in my friend Captain Coote's vessel, the Spindrift. With the consent of their parents, I shall take some Grimslade boys with me, to see a little of the world, and—" Sammy's eyes twinkled—"holiday tasks will not be quite forgotten! If you boys like the idea—"

"My giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger. "You may write to your parents and obtain their consent. There will be accommodation for five or six."

Immediately after tea, Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson, Ginger and Bacon and Bean were writing home.

"Toctor Sparshott!"

It was break-up day at Grimslade. Fellows were packing, to scatter to the four corners of the kingdom. Five fellows were getting ready to accompany Sammy Sparshott to Liverpool, where the Spindrift lay in the Mersey. Sammy was busy that day; and as Fritz Splitz put a podgy face into his study, he barked:

"Well?"

"I tinks tat I like to gum, sir!" said Fritz. "Mein beoples in Chermany gannot pay any eggspenses for me, but—"

"What?"

"But since tat I save you te life, and te life of Gaptain Goote, I tinks tat it is up to you, sir!" said Fritz. "I like ferry mooch to gum on te gruisse!"

Sammy gazed at him. It was quite possible that both he and the skipper of the Spindrift owed their lives to the fact that Fritz had tumbled into the pit after them, with Dainty and Ginger on his track. Sammy did not speak for some moments. When he spoke at last, he said:

"You are a cheeky young rascal, Splitz!" Then he laughed. "But you may come! You may go and pack!"

Fritz was beaming when he rolled into White's House.

"Tainty! I vas gumming also!" he trilled. "Will not tat be ferry nice for you, to have mein gumpany all te holidays? I tink tat you would have missed me derribly! Now you vill not miss me!"

"I will not!" assented Jim Dainty; and he heaved a newly-packed bag at Fritz von Splitz.

"Ach! Peast and a prute!" roared Fritz, as he sat down. Jim Dainty had not missed him!

(Jim Dainty and Co. are holiday-bound—and what an amazing holiday it is going to be for the cheery Grimsladers! Don't miss Frank Richards' wonderful new series of thrill stories in next week's number of the NEW RANGER.)

Bigger, Brighter, Better!!

NEXT WEEK'S WONDERFUL PROGRAMME!



THE COWBOY HOBO!

By Ivan Storm.

Buck Farrell's his name, and he spends his life wandering across the Western Plains in search of a job with hundred per cent thrills attached to it. When Buck calls in at Pedlar's Gap he finds a job after his own heart, and, at the end of it, even Buck has to admit that the job was thrilling. Read all about it when you meet Buck in next week's special Western thriller!

"PUPS" OF THE BULLDOG BREED!

By Hedley Scott.

Harry, Chris, and "Tubby" are the "Pups" in question—much too young to be doing their bit amid the war clouds of the Western Front. All the same for that these three inseparable pals soon show the military authorities that age doesn't matter, for they bring down three German Gothas on their first day in France. Once you start to read this thrill-packed flying story of the Great War you'll not want to put it aside! It's super!



PEDAL ALONG PADDY!

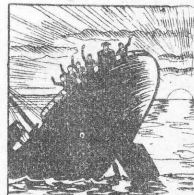
By Rod Carstairs.

Yes, sir, he paddles his way along the Congo always looking out for the big thrill adventure. You'll meet Paddy and his novel, home-made bicycle-raft in next week's wonderful all-star number of the NEW RANGER. Don't miss it, or you'll be missing the treat of a lifetime!

THE CHERIO CASTAWAYS!

By Frank Richards.

Adrift on a sinking tramp steamer—thousands of miles from land—that's the amazing adventure which overtakes your old favourites, Jim Dainty & Co., in next week's extra-special yarn of the Grimslade chums. But are they down-hearted? NO! But you will be if you miss this amazing, never-to-be-forgotten story of perils and adventure at sea!



SPARKY DRIVES ON!

By Capt. Robert Hawke.

You'll like Sparky—he's a square-jawed youngster, who won't stand any hanky-panky from any one: not even policemen! And cars—well, Sparky's just mad about 'em. In next week's tip-top thrill-story, starring Sparky, he buys his own car—for five pounds! Then the fun starts! Don't miss this quick-action, human interest yarn—it's the best of its kind!

GHOSTS OF THE GUILLOTINE!

By Geo. Rochester.

Moricaud, the cleverest spy in Revolutionary France, has sworn to capture the Phantom—the mystery man who snatches the innocent victims of the Revolution from the jaws of death. In next week's pulsating chapters of this wonder-story you will read how Moricaud follows up a clue which leads him direct to the Phantom!



THE WHITE INDIAN!

By John Brearley.

The whole tribe of Sun Redskins rounded up and corralled! No wonder Major Vandecker is feeling pleased with himself. But White Indian, the most important member of the Sun tribe, is at liberty—and that spells danger for Vandecker. In next week's special, all-thrilling story of White Indian you will read how he turns the tables on Vandecker and sets the Sun tribe free.

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