



OUR EXCITING
PICTURE-STORY!

THE RIO KID!



1. The Kid had ridden far since his escape from the Double Bar Ranch, and his money was running out. "What's this?" he muttered, pulling up and reading a poster announcing a rodeo. "One hundred dollars for riding Dynamite, the untamed bronco—entrance fee two dollars." He dived a hand into his pocket. "I've just got two dollars. I'll risk 'em and see if I can win that hundred!"



2. There was a crowd of cowboys around the rodeo office when the Kid rode up. One of them stared suspiciously at the Kid and sidled up to the door of the office when the Kid strode in and handed his last two dollars to an official seated at a table. "Guess I'll have a shot at riding Dynamite," said the Kid. "Name?" asked the official. "Oh, Wandering Willie'll do," replied the Kid.



3. "Who's that guy?" asked the suspicious cowboy, darting into the office and jerking a thumb towards the departing Kid. "Wandering Willie," was the reply. "Wandering nothing!" granted the cowboy. "Guess I'll keep an eye on him." The man was holding Dynamite's head when it came to the Kid's turn to try his luck. He was the last of the epizants, and if he stuck on the prize was his.

FALSELY accused of robbing his late boss—old Man Dawnay of the Double Bar Ranch—and outlawed, the Rio Kid is a fugitive from justice



4. As the Kid leapt on Dynamite's back, the cowboy released its head. The bronco back-jumped madly, trying to unseat the Kid. "Gosh! I remember you now!" exclaimed the cowboy, and went tearing into town. "That's him!" he exclaimed, bursting into the sheriff's office and pointing to a poster about the Kid. "The Rio Kid's in town. Come on, and we'll get him!"



5.—The Kid succeeded in sticking on Dynamite, and mounted on the now tamed bronco, he rode up to the judge's stand to get his prize. The judge was about to hand over the hundred dollars in notes when there came a commotion from the back of the stand. "Hold that money!" roared the sheriff. "That man's the Rio Kid!" Quick as lightning, the Kid leaned forward and grabbed the notes.



6. Wheeling Dynamite, the Kid clapped spurs to it and rode straight at the fence. He leapt over it, the onlookers scattering out of his way. A whistle brought his own mustang galloping up, and the Kid changed mounts whilst going at full speed. He thundered away, easily out-distancing his pursuers. (The Kid rides full-tilt into more trouble in Next Saturday's pictures!)