

CAPTAIN JUSTICE'S ADVENTURE IN SPACE!

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CHRISTMAS OF THE FUTURE—CHOOSING PRESENTS BY TELEVISION!

The Rio Kid In Hollywood

Six-shooters roared a-plenty on the Sound Stages of the Film City. But when the Rio Kid blew into Hollywood, his guns ablaze, he meant business!

***** By *****

A "Leave that Stiff to Me!"
S the cars rushed by, the Rio Kid called himself a gunk, and a toughnut, and a big stiff, in the intervals of murmuring something words to Side-Kicker. Cars, of course, the Kid had seen before, though he stalked them, and kept them a day's ride distant if he could. But he had hardly dreamed that there were so many autos in the wide world as he saw in a single morning between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. Fresh from the prairie and the rolling grasslands, the Kid was a little dazed by what he beheld in Southern California.

By devious ways, the Kid had hit the trail out of Texas, where the hunt was getting altogether too hot after the young outlaw of the Rio Grande. The Kid reckoned that he would give skiffs and rangers a rest, and let them give him one. Westward for many a long day, and many a long night, the Kid rode the black-wheeled Mustang—far from the land that knew him. In New Mexico and Arizona he had heard his name spoken—but he figured that when he hit California, he would hear no more of the Rio Kid. He rather liked, too, the idea of giving civilization the once-over—seeing for himself how guys continued to live in streets of houses, getting about on wheels instead of a horse's legs, and settling their disputes by chewing the rag in a court instead of pulling a six-gun.

Seeing what they called civilization, the Kid did not think much of it. Side-Kicker, steady as a rock under gunfire, diked motor-cars, and the Kid had to keep a steady hand on the rein. A smooth highway under him made the Kid long for the rugged prairie trail. He attracted a good deal of attention, too. A companion in greenish chaps and a stetson and neck-tie seemed a little unusual in these parts—not to mention two long-barreled, walnut-butted guns packed in fore-sling holsters. The Kid had been told that they did not pack guns in that country, but he reckoned that he was not riding without his hardware.

Los Angeles, the Kid knew, had once been cow country. He knew, too, that it had changed a lot in recent

RALPH REDWAY

years—he had heard that guys had put up a place there called Hollywood, where they made pictures. But he had not figured on such a complete change as he found.

He was sorely tempted to wheel Side-Kicker, and ride for any spot where there were no autos, no houses, no chimneys, no paved sidewalks, and no gabfests in store clothes rubbering at a guy as if a companioner was one of the wonders of the world. But he had made up his mind to give Hollywood the once-over, and he was going to do it.

The sight of a shady lane leading up from the road, over the hill, tempted the Kid, and he wheeled into it. It was a relief when the roar of innumerable engines died into a murmur behind him.

The Kid discovered suddenly that excitement and adventure were not quite dead in this changed Los Angeles. Sharp and clear, through the sunny air, came suddenly a woman's scream. The Kid pulled in his Mustang, his hand dropping to a gun butt, and his eyes flashed round under the wide brim of his stetson. If there was a female in danger, guys in store clothes and plug hats might be wanting, but a Texan puncher was the hombre to hear in, pronto.

"Search me!" ejaculated the Kid, as he stared over a fence beside the road, thick with clambering creepers. On the other side were trim green lawns, with a painted bungalow that looked like a bay at the back. In a rocker on a lawn sat a fat man in store clothes, with a beaky nose. But the Kid gave him only a careless glance. His eyes fixed on another figure—a girl who ran from the open doorway of the bungalow, screaming. After her leaped a scraggy-looking Mexican.

The girl rushed across the lawn, right under the eyes and beaky nose of the man in the rocker, who sat unheeding, smoking a cigar. The Mexican, leaping like a tiger, grasped her by an arm, and the girl struggled wildly, screaming and screaming.

The Kid's eyes fairly blazed. A

screaming girl straggling with a lanky bushwhacker, and that fat old gunk sitting there looking on—this was their degenerated civilization, was it? It was not good enough for the Rio Kid. Swiftly, he backed Side-Kicker across the road. A touch of the spurs, and the grey Mustang shot at the fence, rose to the leap, and cleared it with a foot to spare. There was a crash as he came down with thundering hoofs on the trim lawn within.

The creaking hoofs had hardly halted, when the Kid was out of the saddle, and on the scene.

His sudden arrival took the whole party by surprise. The fat man half rose from the rocker, staring at him blankly, the cigar sagging in his mouth. The girl ceased to scream and struggle—the Mexican ceased to drag her back towards the house. Both of them blinked at the Kid. They had time for only one blink. Like a cougar, the Kid leaped on the Mexican.

He was wrenched away from the startled girl, and pitched to the earth, with a concussion that knocked the breath out of him. Up went the Kid's spurs. Down it came with a terrific lash—and the Mexican uttered a yell of anguish, leaped up, and dived into the bungalow.

The Kid stopped to speak a reassuring word to the girl. With his spurs in his left hand, he swept off his stetson with his right.

"O.K., miss!" he said. "I guess you're sure safe now, miss—you have that degenerated stiff to me. I sure am going to lam him a few more, and then some."

The girl only stared. Perhaps it was terror—but whatever it was, she seemed petrified.

The man in the rocker heaved his bulk out of the chair, and cheek and outraged fat at the Kid.

"Say, you?" he roared. "What's this game? What you doing here, you big stiff? You wise to this gink, Jane?"

"Sure not!" gasped Jane. "Sure not, Mr. Pook."

"What you mean, you gunk?" roared the fat man. "Say! Spill it! I've never seen you before! You don't belong to Gorgonzola. Search me, if I don't boot you all round the lot, and back again!"

The man was elderly and fat. The Kid declined to hit him. He gave him a push that set him back in his rocker, and turned to the girl again.

"Don't you be afraid, miss!" he said. "I reckon I'll see you safe—and if that greaser has got a damn side-kicker around, it won't cut no ice with me! I'm sure seeing you through, miss! A Texan puncher don't stand for landing a woman the rough stuff, miss. I—"

The Kid broke off suddenly.

The girl was laughing.

Rough on the Kid!

THE Kid blinked.
The girl was fairly rocking with uncontrollable merriment. What there was to amuse her had the Kid guessing. He could see nothing amusing in this occurrence. Neither, clearly, could the fat man

breath and with rage at the same time.

From a window of the bungalow the Mexican was peering out—evidently in a mingled state of rage and alarm, from the expression on his swarthy face. He had had only one cut from the Kid's quirt, but he was likely to feel it for some time to come.

The gurgling fat man found his voice. He yelled to the man at the window:

"You, Johnson! Phone up a cop! Jump to it!"

The amazed Kid had never heard of a Mexican named Johnson before. He stared at the face in the window, and noted, with further amusement, that the Mexican's black beard was now all on one side of his face—hanging, apparently, by a wire to his ear! It was a false beard, and had been disarranged in his trouble with the Kid. It dawned on the Kid that there was something queer about this business, though he could not guess what it was.

"Oh, don't, Mr. Pook!" gasped Jane, between ripples of laughter. "You don't want a cop here. Rube isn't wise to it."

"What do you mean, Jane?" gurgled the fat man. "This is a hold-up, I guess—"

"Sure not!" giggled Jane. "I'm telling you, the boob don't know a thing. He sure has come up from the farm, with the hayseed in his hair!"

The Kid coloured deeply.

The fat man rose from the chair. Jane's words seemed to have stung his vanity. He set a pair of rimless glasses on his heavy nose and examined the Kid like a strange zoological specimen.

"It ain't possible!" said Mr. Pook. "I'm telling you, Jane, that it ain't possible that there is such a boob in the Ten-nit States! Say, you boob, what you come in here for?"

"I guess you seen that, you crazy old pican!" answered the Kid. "You figure that a Texas puncher was aiming to ride on and leave a woman unprotected? You got another guess coming!"

The fat man blinked at him. Then, to the Kid's surprise and irritation, he began laughing. Jane went off into another spasm, and they laughed together.

Another yell of laughter made the Kid turn his head towards the window. The Mexican was laughing, too—shaking with merriment, while his black beard, hanging on the wire, dangled to and fro.

The Rio Kid looked from one to another, angry, puzzled, utterly at a loss. The three of them howled in unison—yet only five minutes ago the girl had been struggling and screaming in the grasp of the Mexican. It was a sore puzzle to the Kid.

"Say, Rube, where you from?" gasped the fat man.

"I'm from Texas, feller," said the Kid, his eyes gleaming, "where a guy don't stand for being called fancy names!"

"Right off the march, I guess!" gurgled Mr. Pook. "Big boy, you better hit Texas again, and punch



"Come, you guy, dance!" snarped the Kid—and the studio door-keeper jumped as a bullet clipped his boot.

cow! You sure better. But if you ain't rubber around in Hollywood, I'm advising you not to interrupt picture rehearsals, or you sure will get run in so quick it will make your head swim! You get me?"

The Kid stood dumb, his handsome, contented face red, and growing redder. He had figured that they always made pictures in studios, with a guy on hand grinding a camera, and something called a "mike." An open-air rehearsal of a scene that was to be taken later was quite a novelty to the puncher from the Texas grasslands.

"He figured," almost sobbed the fat man, "that you was beauty in distress, Jane Oker, and Johnson—ha, ha—" Mr. Pook went off into another howl.

It was a new experience for the Kid to feel a boob. He would have been glad for California to open under him and let him drop through out of sight of Jane Oker's laughing eyes.

"Big boy," gasped Mr. Pook, "I'll say you've given me a good laugh! But time's money, and maybe you'll be beating it and letting Jane Oker

and Johnson get on. You'll find a gate in that fence if you look for it."

The Kid breathed hard. "I'll say I'm sorry I harmed ya," he stammered. "I sure did figure—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And sure, the boy has sense," said Jane, "and if I was in danger, I'd be glad to see a Texas puncher around."

Which comforted the unhappy Kid a little. He lifted his stealer to Jane, who made a not very successful effort to keep down the next laugh, and strode back to Side-Kicker. He found the gate in the fence, and led the Mustang out, his ears burning at a sound of laughter behind him. He slammed the gate and mounted.

Come to be Excited

"HELP!" So loud and wildly earnest was that call that but for his experience that morning the Kid would have jumped up, his hand on a gun. But no hands for help were going to interest him, after that

The Rio Kid in Hollywood

peaky experience at the Park bungalow.

The Kid had off-shouldered to give Side-Kicker a rest, and himself the same. His meaning was contentedly cropping grass by the wayside. He sat on a log and looked down from the hill at an ocean of roofs.

Looking down on the buildings and broad tree-lined boulevards of Hollywood, with Los Angeles stretching beyond, the Kid admitted that it was some large, though he reckoned it did not cut much in comparison, as a view, with the prairie of the Pecos, the soaring bluffs of the Staked Plain, or the rolling Rio Grande. And then, as that yell for help struck his ears, he laughed.

Gleaming round, he spotted the man who yelled—a young man, dressed in store clothes, with a remarkably handsome face. The Kid had never seen the guy before, but he knew that handsome face, because he had seen it pictured in a hundred posters. That guy was a film actor—Brian Bennett. That handsome face was widely coveted now. What they called "registering" excitement in the studios, the Kid supposed.

Taking the scene seriously—which the Kid did not think of doing for a moment—the handsome man had cause to be excited. A man with a bulldog jaw was gripping him by the collar of his well-cut lamaze jacket. Another man was grasping his arms. Between them the handsome man struggled violently—and to no avail. He yelled for help.

That little scene was taking place at some distance from the Kid—and none of the three noticed him sitting there on the log under the shady tree. They seemed to have appeared suddenly from nowhere—the Kid had been unaware that anyone was on the road till he heard that yell. Sitting back against the tree, the Kid watched—amused. He was not learning in this time. But for his unpleasant adventure at the Park bungalow, he certainly would have taken this for an attack on a lonely pedestrian by a couple of thugs. They looked the part thoroughly. He made up for it, the Kid reckoned, the that galoot Johnson, who had looked like a Mexican.

He sat and watched the struggle as he might have watched a play. And he reckoned that Brian Bennett knew how to act, for he was pulling real business into the struggle. But for the fact that the Kid had learned not to be taken in by film actors at their play, he really would have fancied that the young man was struggling desperately for his liberty, it not for his life, so well did Brian Bennett play his part.

With a terrific effort, so well acted that the watching Kid could not but admire it, the young man wrenched loose, and started up the road at a desperate run. After him tumbled the thugs. He had almost reached the spot where the Kid sat looking on when they ran him down, grasped him, and crashed him to the earth. At the same moment all three of them saw the Kid.

"Help! Help!" yelled the film actor.

The Kid gave him a cheery nod. "Say, he, I'll tell all Hollywood you can act a few, and then some!" he said. "I'm sure enjoying this here show."

A tag was stuffed into the film actor's mouth the next moment, stifling his cries. Grapping him, pinning him down to the dust, the two thugs stared at the Kid uncertainly, savagely. He smiled at them.

"Say, you learning into this?" rapped one of them.

"Not so's you'd notice it!" drawled the Kid. "I ain't no call to here in, feller. I ain't signed on in no film studio for play-acting, I ain't."

Between them the two thugs swung the film actor off the ground, and rushed him into a patch of woodland. The three disappeared from the Kid's sight.

He laughed at the thought that, but for his painful lesson that morning, he would have taken that kidnaping and locking scene in all seriousness, and napping on to the two thugs with a loaded six-gun in his grip. Which, the Kid supposed, would have made all three of them sashay a whole lot, like Jane in the garden.

The Big News

THE Rio Kid put up at Diego's joint, in a back street behind the Magnolia Boulevard in Hollywood, because it was the first place he struck where there was accommodation for a horse. Accommodation for cars, it seemed, was unlimited; but for horses it was another matter.

The Kid had a room which had a view from the window across the street, and by way of a gap between two gigantic buildings, of the magnificent Magnolia Boulevard, with its rows of pepper-trees. On that boulevard, laid in the Kid's view from his window, stood a great building which Diego told him was the studio of Gorgeous Pictures. The Kid's cheeks burned a little at the reminder of his meeting with the Gorgeous bunch, and the bash he had made of himself. But he looked at the studio with some interest. That was where Jane Ober and that fat and old greck Peck did their stuff; and that handsome guy, Bennett, too—he had seen on the posters that Brian Bennett acted for Gorgeous.

At the big boarding-houses along the boulevard, a puncher in shape and sixteen would have been looked at very hard; but at Diego's joint, where a number of small film people boarded, it was O.K. for the Kid. Chapperoles, true, he discarded when he went down to the dining-room; but he would not have changed into store clothes and a stiff collar to buy all Los Angeles. Likewise, he left the walnut-buffed guns in his room.

In the hallway, as the Kid came down the rickety stair to dinner, a number of the guests were gathered. To his surprise, one was an stranger to his eyes. The Kid gave quite a jump as he recognized

Jane Ober. Jane, it seemed, was one of the boarders at Diego's—from which the Kid figured that she was no star. Jane was speaking as the Kid came down.

"They got him—they sure got him! I'm telling you, Cyrus is hopping all over the studio! They put a call through to Cyrus—I'm telling you, I was there. They want fifty thousand bucks."

"You don't tell!" ejaculated one of the boarders. There were six or seven of them, mostly men.

"I'm telling you," said Jane, "and there's no news yet. I guess there won't be till Cyrus has coughed up what they want!"

Jane's eyes fell on the Kid, and she started.

"Say, it's you, puncher!" she exclaimed.

The Kid reddened. He rather liked Jane, on her looks; also seemed as good-tempered and good-humored, but he was not glad to meet up with her again. He would have preferred to forget widely and entirely that misadventure up on the hills.

"Sure, it's no, miss!" said the Kid, a deep colour in his embarrassed cheeks. "I never figured on seeing you again, miss!"

Jane's eyes were brimming with merriment. But she suppressed it. Perhaps she, too, liked the Kid on his looks.

"I guess you sure think me the grim look, miss," said the Kid. "But this here country is new to me, and I ain't never seen guys making pictures, and—"

"Forget it, puncher," said Jane. "You sure had got to hear in as you did. I'll say Jim has got a sure spot where you quitted him!"

They entered the dining-room together, and the Kid found his seat by Jane's side. There was a buzz of talk up and down the table over the meal, and the Kid observed that there was some sort of excitement in the air. Frequent references to gangsters, and thugs, and Spanish John, reached his ears, mingled with the name of the Rio star, Brian Bennett.

The Kid gathered that something had happened to Bennett, and that Cyrus Peck, director of Gorgeous Pictures, was hopping mad about it—and that it had something to do with a phone call and fifty thousand dollars. It was rather a puzzle to the Kid, and when dinner was over, and the guests trooped out into the veranda in the sunset, the Kid reckoned that he would like to be put wise about what had happened. So he asked Jane.

"What's all this about that guy Bennett?" asked the Kid. "What's come to the guy?"

"Ain't you heard what's happened to him?" exclaimed Jane. "The gangsters have got him!"

The Kid jumped. "You ain't telling me!" he exclaimed.

"I surely am!" said Jane. "Why, all Los Angeles is ringing with it! It's the big news! They got Bennett walking up to call on Cyrus Peck. We wondered why he never blew in.

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but we're not gettin' into when we come down to the studio—Cyrus—got a phone call from Miss."

"From the kidnapers?" gasped the Kid.

"Sure, thing. They want fifty thousand dollars for Bennett, and they got him garbed somewhere quiet till they touch it."

The Kid was remembering, with dismay, the scene he had witnessed, an hour or two after his misadventure at the Pook hangout. He was realizing that he had made another mistake—the other way round! He had taken Jane's addresses for the genuine article, when it was only film acting. And he had taken Brian Bennett's yells for help for film acting when—as shown on him now—they had been the genuine article. He grew hot all over at the thought that he had set and laughed, as if watching a play, while a man who

called on him for help was dragged away by ruthless thugs to be held in ransom.

"Say, where's that guy Pook to be found?" asked the Kid.

"He's at the stuffin'—hangin' on the phone on the 'rhapsody of getting news," said Jane. "Say, what's got you, punger?" she added, as the Kid hunched back into the lounge.

But the Kid did not pause or answer. Now that he knew what really had happened to Bennett, he guessed he had news of the film star for Mr. Pook, and he guessed he was losing no time hanging over that news. He hurried up to his room for his suitcase and gambelt out of Diego's joint, and hurried the wind for the Congress lot on Magnolia Boulevard.

Guns Out!

"**B**EAT IT, you!" ordered a harsh, unpleasant voice.

The Kid had arrived at the gate of the Congress lot. The gate

stood wide open. In the doorway of the great building within, five or six people stood in excited talk—the topic the Kid could guess. Six feet three of brawn and muscle, packed in a uniform, interposed at the Kid was about to enter. A large hand pointed to the open boulevard.

"Say, what's biting you, feller?" asked the Kid good-humoredly. "I guess I want to see Mr. Pook!"

The gatekeeper stared at him, in wondering fashion. The puncher from Texas naturally could not guess that a hundred people wanted to see Mr. Pook every day—every one of whom Mr. Pook did not want to see!

"You want to see Mr. Pook?" gasped the big man. "Search me! You don't want to see nobody less'n Cyrus Pook!"

"You said it!" agreed the Kid. "I sure do want to chew the rag a piece with the humber, and I'll take it kindly if you'll step out of the way quick. I sure do not want to walk round you, feller!"

"Search me!" repeated the big man. "You won't walk round me, I guess—you'll walk right out of that gateway, and me helping you."

He made a grasp at the Kid.

The next moment, he jumped back with a roar of surprise and rage, as two levelled six-guns looked him in the face. The Kid's eyes glauced over them.

Bang! The big gatekeeper jumped into the air, as the bullet clipped a chunk of leather from his boot. Bang! He jumped again, frantically, as the other bullet was clipped, feeling the nip of the bullet along a toe.

"Say, you all-fired gunman," he stammered, "you figure you're on your ranch back in Dakota! I'll say—great snakes!"

Bang, bang!

"Dance, you guy, dance!" snapped the Kid. "I guess I'm fanning you a few, humber, and if you ain't to save your toes, jump! You sure will want a new outfit in town if you don't jump quick!"

Bang, bang! The big man jumped, and jumped quick. The "fanning" game, no new thing to the Texas puncher, seemed new to the Hollywood gatekeeper. But he had to jump. There was a roar of startled voices from the bunch in the doorway, and some of them came running out.

"Let up, you gaboot!" roared the gatekeeper. "I'm saying let up! I guess I don't want to trouble with you. I'm shouting to you to let up." "O.K.," said the Kid, lowering his smoking guns. "I guess you can jump right smart, feller, with a Texas puncher fanning you with a six-gun. I'll mention that you don't want to blow off your mouth promises, when you're chewing the rag with this baby. Stick up your hands, feller!"

The big man's hands flew up, over his hat, with indolence promptness.

"Now keep 'em up and walk in front of me, and take me to that guy Pook! Pronto!"

"I guess you can't see Pook!" gasped the gatekeeper. "I'm telling you!"

"I sure said pronto!" said the Kid.



The Editor Talks

Address your letters to:
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MAKE A NOTE OF THIS!—Motions Boy will be on sale a day earlier next week, Friday instead of Saturday. So make a note of that, all you fellows who call at the newsagent's for your copies, and be sure to tangle along next Friday, otherwise you may be too late to secure a copy. And that doesn't bear thinking about with this tip-top programme of stories awaiting you!

LOST IN SPACE!—It is not often Professor Blamond clips up, but he's done it this time—done it so badly that the chances are that he'll never see Captain Justice, Midge, and Len Conner again. They're lost in space... trapped on Nervia, which is speeding back from whence it came, no longer under the control of the professor's magnetic ray. This story will grip you from start to finish.

DETERMINED NOT to put his best in it a second time, the Rio Kid has calmly stood by and allowed a film star to be kidnaped. Now he's out to retrieve his Maudie. Single-handed he tackles the kidnapers—beats them that a two-gun man from Texas is not to be trifled with. You'll enjoy the Rio Kid on the job in the FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR PRISONER, next Friday.

THIRTEEN HOURS TO GO!—The fight for Warronders has taken a turn in the enemy's favour. They've captured Pat and his precious contract. But capturing him and holding him are two entirely different matters. How he wins his freedom and brings new life to the yard is told in next Friday's fall-of-action story. THIRTEEN HOURS TO GO!

GOFFIN FOR LAUGHS.—The Grey-stones story-spinner is in great form next week. He tells of another of his Uncle Robert's inventions—a motor lawn-mower that makes the grass fly. And everything else fine, too, when Mopson, the motorist's terror, climbs aboard!

TENSE MOMENTS on Epsom Downs and a breathless chase on land and sea bring to an end for Jim and Jonathan the mystery of THE THREE-COLOURED PENCIL!

SEE YOU AGAIN NEXT FRIDAY!

K. O. Deane

The big man turned, and walked across to the open doorway of the building. Five or six startled faces stared at the scene—three or four amazed voices called—but the Kid got no heed.

They passed into the big building. The name of Cyrus Pank, in gold letters, on a door caught the Kid's eyes. The door was half open, revealing the fat man standing at a telephone, receiver in hand, his fat face full of angry excitement.

"Mr. Pank, sir?" gasped the gatekeeper.

The fat man spun round. His eyes almost popped from his fat face at the sight of the big man in the doorway, his hands over his head, and the Kid smiling behind him.

"This here guy won't take tops for an answer!" gasped the big man.

"Yes!" roared Mr. Pank, crimson with fury. "You posky pancher, you hornin' in again? I guess it's you for the con this time, holding up my

gatekeeper!" He turned to the phone.

"Aw, forget it, feller!" drawled the Kid. "I guess I've messed in to talk turkey! You've had that star of yours, Mister Bennett, and I've just hopped in to tell you where to

find him. I am sure wise to the guys that cinched that bomb, and I'm here to spill it. I guess, if you want, I'll help in trailing them and getting back that guy. Say, you want me to spill the news?"

Cyrus Pank gaped at him, dumbfounded, for a long moment. Then he gasped: "Spill it!"

The Kid gets on the head of the kidnapers, next Friday—takes them, and makes them surrender their **FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR PRISONER!**

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