

MODERN BOY'S ANNUAL—THE BEST BOOK FOR YOU!

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260 M.P.H. FOR 3,000 MILES!—See centre pages

Success or failure for the Rio Kid? Hollywood was waiting to hear, and now it was to be decided by—

# One Throw of the Lariat!

By

RALPH REDWAY

"Get that Gangster!"

CYRUS PONE, director of Gargoss Pictures, stood outside his office, on the film company's location at Hucking Beach, and let off steam. He cursed fluently and at great length, with a choice variety of words that the Rio Kid could only admire. Cyrus was fat, and short of breath, and he soon had himself gasping; but he went on, and on, and on.

It appeared to be Cyrus' object, and intention, to vex the whole company, young and old, male and female, so long as he had a spot of breath left. The Kid wondered what had got Cyrus' goat to this extent.

The Rio Kid was new, for the time at least, a member of the Gargoss company, booked to play the part of the "Outlaw" in a thrilling Wild West drama. It tickled him to be frank to think that Cyrus had picked him to play the "Rio Kid," without the faintest suspicion that he actually was the celebrated Kid.

Cyrus, indeed, was not sure that the Rio Kid really existed, outside cow-town legends and newspaper reports, though the Kid could have given him definite information on that point.



The rope whirled downwards, and dropped over the film star's head.

"They called him 'Cyrus' in the Gargoss company, and no member thereof dreamed of guessing that he had ever played the part of the 'Outlaw' in deadly earnest, and that he was in California chiefly to keep out of the way of Texas Rangers and sheriffs.

The Kid had turned out at dawn that morning, and had come in from a ride on the hills, to find nearly the whole company assembled, and Cyrus shooting off his mouth in a breathless but unceasing burst of diatribe.

Mr. Clew, assistant director, was waving soothing hands at Cyrus, but he was not able to get in a word. The Kid, with his mustang's reins looped over his ears, stood and listened. He had heard some tall talk in his time, in the cow-camps and robes of his own country, but he had never heard any guy spill it to such an extent as this, and he was duly impressed.

"Say, now, what's the rockin'?" asked the Kid, addressing Jane Ober, one of the "extra" girls. "Something has sure gotten Cyrus good and hard, to make him go off on his ear this-a-way."

Jane chuckled.

"Cyrus is mad, because that gangster, Spanish John, has made his getaway!" she explained. "That guy wasn't so hurt as he made out, and his man Pete Henry got him away last night."

"Search me!" ejaculated the Kid.

"You dog-goned bunch of stiff!" came Cyrus' breathless voice. "You pecky crowd of boneheads! You let that gangster slip through your fingers! I guess you want him to hold up this location again! You all put up your hands like you was Mary's little lambs, when he harned in with his gang, and he sure would have walked off with a heap of dollars, if that Texas pancher hadn't blown in and shot him up. Now you let him walk off, and him with an ounce of lead in him, and you—*you—*!" Breath failed Cyrus at last. He could only splutter.

The Kid could understand that Cyrus was mad, and he sympathized. There were more than fifty members of the film company, but Spanish John and his gang had had it all their own way, till the Kid harned in. The Kid had beaten them at gun-play, and John had remained a prisoner—

## One Throw of the Lariat!

with a bullet in him. Now, it seemed, he and Pete Henry had got away in the night, and their escape had just been discovered. It was no wonder that Cyrus was turning the air blue with his eloquence. That very day, officers of the law were due to come up from Los Angeles and take the captured hold-up men away. John had made his getaway early in time, and the fact that he had been able to do it showed that the Kid's bullet had not damaged him so much as had been supposed.

Not that Cyrus cared a whole heap whether gangsters were roped in by the law or not. But Spanish John had made a special mark of his pet star, Brian Bennett. Brian had been in his clutches once, and he had wanted a ransom of fifty thousand dollars for the film star. No doubt Cyrus figured that the gangster would be on the same trail again, now that he was loose.

"Here, you!" Cyrus spat the Kid. "Here, you, Carfax! You was sneering, I reckon, like the whole caboodle, while that gangster was walking off last night."

"I sure was asleep in my bunk, sir!" agreed the Kid. "If you'd guess me that trouble to look after, I guess I'd have kept him safe. But you sure did not."

"Aw, can it!" snorted Cyrus. "I ain't asking you to chew the rag, panther. You're a god-darned big still, like all the rest; but I guess you're the only he-man in this company, and I want you to get after that gangster. You get me?"

"Sure!" asserted the Kid. "He's around in these hills somewhere, and you got to get tabs on him. Bennett will be coming up from Hollywood this afternoon, and what's going to happen if Spanish John meets up with Brian? Last time John had him you treated him, and got him away. Did you or did you not?"

"I sure did!" admitted the Kid. "And the guy has had a grouch agin me ever since."

"That cuts no ice, you big stiff! If you picked up a trail in Hollywood, you can pick up a trail here in the Santa Mountains! Pick it up, and get after that gangster. And next time you throw lead at him, throw it where it will fix him. Got that?"

The Kid laughed. "If I find that guy, and he pulls a gun on me, I'll sure fix him so quick it will surprise him," he answered. "But it won't be pie to pick up a trail on these rocks, and I guess Spanish John ain't the jasper to leave a lot of signs behind him. Don't back on it."

## "Stick 'Em Up!"

SPANISH JOHN lifted his head, and looked down over the rocks into the mountain road, and listened. Pete Henry, sitting against the rock, chewed tobacco, and did not stir. John listened intently.

"I guess he's coming!" he said.

There was a faint sound from the distance, which the gangster reckoned was the sound of a horse's hoofs.

It was a wild and solitary spot where the two gangsters were crouching in cover—a narrow canyon in the Santa Monica Mountains. Along the rocky bottom ran the road to Bucking Bronco, ten or more miles distant. In the other direction, looking south, there was a glimpse of the blue sea and the white walls of the town of Santa Monica, far away across the bay.

Several times, as they lay in cover, Spanish John and his comrade had seen horries and baggage-cars grinding up the ragged road, bound for the distant location. But now, in the red sunset, the road had been deserted and silent—till John heard that faint sound from below.

"You figure it's the Bennett?" drawled Pete Henry.

"Sure thing! I got it certain that he's riding that pinto of his up to the location. We sure got him now."

Spanish John gritted his teeth, under his thick, black mustache. His swarthy face was pale, he was far from recovered from the wound he had received in the gun-pplay with the Rio Kid up at Bucking Bronco.

Looking over the shoulder, he watched and listened. From the lower road the sound came—clearly now the sound of hoof beats. It was a horseman that came; and the gangster had no doubt that it was Brian, riding his pinto up to the location.

The rider came suddenly in sight. John's black eyes snapped at the sight of the handsome face, the graceful and well-built figure in well-cut riding-clothes, sitting a "painted" horse that had few equals in California. Pete Henry breathed hard at his side.

"That sure is the guy!" he muttered. "Say, John, I guess he packs a gun, coming up into these hills. Mebbe—"

Spanish John laughed scornfully. "I guess he won't pull!" he snapped. "He sure does sling a gun on the pictures, that horse; but he won't sling no gun with a Colt looking at him. He ain't the left of that dog-gone Texas panther."

They watched as the horseman came at a light canter up the ragged road. Bennett's handsome face, under a Panama hat, showed no sign of alarm. He was not expecting danger. The last he had heard of Spanish John, the gangster had been a wounded prisoner at Bucking Bronco. Had the film star looked for danger on the mountain road, he would not have been riding his pinto! He would have traveled in a car with a couple of armed detectives. His look was careless and unconcerned as he rode.

He was almost level with the ambush when the two gangsters suddenly revealed their presence. Swiftly as the wolves they resembled in many other ways, Spanish John and Pete Henry leaped out of cover and sprang into the road.

"Halt!" A revolver in Spanish John's dusky hand bore full upon the startled film star! At the same moment, Pete

grasped his bridle. The pinto came to a sharp, clattering halt.

The colour wavered in Bennett's handsome face.

"Spanish John!" he breathed. He did not wait to be told to put up his hands. They went up over his Panama at the sight of the leveled gun.

"I got you, Bennett!" said the gangster, with a savage grin. "Git off'n that critter! Frosto!"

"You!" snarled Bennett. "I heard they had you staked, up at Bucking Bronco!"

"They sure did!" sneered Spanish John. "But I guess I'll keep you under than they kept me, Bennett. Light down, I'm telling you."

Steadily, unwillingly, the film star dismounted from his horse. His face was pale with rage; but if he had a gun, he did not make any attempt to pull it. He cast a wild glance up and down the canyon. Little as the road was used, there was a chance of a car coming in sight from either direction. But Spanish John knew that as well as Brian, and he was losing no time.

"Start that critter going, Pete!" he snapped, as he grasped Bennett by the arm.

Pete Henry hesitated. "Say, that pinto's worth more'n a thousand bucks, John!" he muttered.

"You big stiff, you figure we could get away with it? I guess Cyrus Frank's crowd will find that critter wandering, and learn that we got Bennett!" said Spanish John. "We ain't no use for horse-theiving! That pinto is known all over California, even if we could get it to the hide-out! Start it going, I'm telling you."

Pete nodded, and gave the horse a blow, sending it galloping off up the canyon. It disappeared, the clattering of the hoofs dying away in the distance. Brian Bennett stood trembling with rage and uncertainty.

"Get moving!" snapped Spanish John.

"I guess——" began Bennett. "Quit showing the rag, and get moving!"

The gangster made a threatening gesture with the revolver.

The film star said no more. He set his lips and moved off the road with Spanish John, Pete Henry following behind.

From the canyon-side, a narrow gulch opened, leading away into the untracked, untrodden heart of the mountains. In a few minutes the road was out of sight behind—and Brian Bennett, the Handsome Member of Gorgeous Pictures, was tramping away by unknown paths, with rage in his face and a mingling of despair and terror in his heart.

## Hot Lead!

THE red sunset was in the Kid's face as he picked his way along a high, rocky, winding ledge, jutting from the rugged mountainside. It was such a path as even the sure-footed Texas mustang found perilous, and Side-Kicker was going slowly and with

care. On the Kid's left the rocky wall dropped away sheer for thirty feet. On his right, another rocky wall rose a hundred feet or more. The ledge, jutting from the steep slope, was the only path—and a wildly dangerous one. Its width varied from two feet to four, and it was broken and ragged and cracked, and looked as if a mountain goat could hardly have found safe footing there. But Sate-Kicker picked a footing, and the Kid trusted to him.

All through that day, from golden dawn to ruddy eve, the Kid had been on the trail. He reckoned that he was going, if he could, to do what Cyrus Peak wanted. He had no use for Cyrus' tall talk, but he was willing to oblige—and he had his own grudge against the Californian gangster also.

But, as he had told Cyrus, it was no pie. The Kid could pick up a trail where a Navajo or an Apache could pick it up; but where there was no sign, the Kid was left guessing.

Indeed, the Kid figured that Spanish John had a hide-out somewhere up in the high hills, and that the escaped gangster had got to it before he was missed at Bucking Bronco. And Spanish John was no guy to leave a trail to his hide-out.

A mile from Bucking Bronco, the Kid knew that he was beaten, and that if he hit the trail of Spanish John, back would have a lot to do with it. But he was willing to keep on, and give his luck a chance.

Truth to tell, the Kid was keener on riding mountain tracks than on listening to the instructions of Mr. Chick Chow on the subject of acting for the film. Neither the camera nor the "mike" delighted his eyes, and going through a scene again and again, till Chick was satisfied, made the Kid restless. Hunting for signs in the Santa Monica Mountains was rather in the nature of a holiday in comparison, though few members of the Gorgeous company would have thought it easy work.

After ten or twelve hours of hard trailing, the Kid was as fresh as paint; but he figured that any of those film guys would have been spread out gassing in less than half the time.

The precipitous path the Kid was following, in the crimson glare of the sunset, was a good fifteen miles from Bucking Bronco. In the heart of the desolate mountains, where hardly a stunted pine or a straggler of juniper grew, all was solitary and still. This was, the Kid reckoned, the sort of section where a bandit on the run might hide out—not the sort of country that "cops" would be likely to explore if they could help it. For that reason the Kid was exploring it, guided by chance.

Because he had trailed the kidnaped star at Hollywood, Cyrus Peak had a fancy that he could trail any guy anywhere, if he chose to do it. Which was, of course, only a town guy's dog-goned ignorance of the matter. Still, Cyrus was terribly anxious for Spanish John to be cinched for keeps, and the Kid was going to do his best. And so he rode slowly and cautiously by that

perilous path, he suddenly altered an ejaculation as he looked down the drop on his left.

Thirty feet below him there was a trickle of water at the bottom of a rugged, rocky ravine. The Kid would have been glad to let Sate-Kicker dip his black muzzle in that clear, glistening water; but he could no more have reached it than if it had been thirty miles away instead of thirty feet. It was almost a sheer drop-down the side of the ravine, with no footing for a mesquite, let alone for a horse or its rider. The Kid was not getting near that water unless, indeed, his mustang's feet slipped, in which case he would go down, and land in a heap of broken bones.

It was a light sound of splashing that drew his attention downward, and from lower down the ravine a hat bobbed into view. It was a black Derby hat, and it was immediately followed by a white Panama, and then by another black Derby. And the Kid, with a careful hand, checked his mustang, and sat in the saddle, his elbow touching the rock wall on his right, and looked steadily down the steep drop on his left.

Three men were tramping along the bottom of the ravine, going in the same direction as the Kid. They tramped through the trickle of shallow water, splashing it with their boots. For the moment the Kid could see nothing of them but three hats; but his eyes gleamed as he stared down at the hats—drawing nearer now that he was at a halt on the ledge above.

The Kid had figured that this wild section high up in the mountains was a likely location for a hunted bandit's hide-out. It looked as if he was right, for he did not reckon that honest men had any business in that remote wilderness of rock. And he was sure of it when a glimpse of a snarling face showed him that the men in advance was Spanish John.

The guy who followed him was in neat riding-clothes and a Panama—an outfit more suitable for Hollywood than for rugged mountain passes, and he had the Kid gassing for a minute. Then he knew—and whistled softly. Cyrus had stated that Brian Bennett was coming up that afternoon. The Kid had a glimpse of the handsome face in California. Behind Bennett tramped Pete Henry.

"Search me!" murmured the Kid. "They got that film guy—they sure got him! And I reckon they're making for Spanish John's hide-out."

He had no doubt about that. But, though the gangsters were in sight, in sound of his voice if he had called, the Kid had no chance of following on their trail. Ahead, the ravine curved to the south, but the ledge the Kid was riding, thirty feet above, curved round the mountainside northward. A little farther on he would lose sight of them—and he had no means of reaching them, unless he leaped his mustang down thirty feet on to hard rock—which the Kid did not figure on doing.

The Kid watched, with a pattered brow. None of the three glanced up—neither the kidnapers nor their prisoner dreamed that there was a

looker-on high up the mountain wall, looking down at them.

Five minutes would be enough to take them out of the Kid's sight, by the curve of the deep ravine. The Kid did not reckon on that. They had got Cyrus' pet star, but they were not getting away with him, if the Kid could help it. Bennett had awarded him with bitter animosity for having rescued him from Spanish John's hidden cellar at Hollywood; but the Kid had no grudge on that score. The Handsome Hombre had had cold feet, and he was peeved because the Kid knew it. But the Kid was not the guy to remember offenses. He had almost forgotten Bennett's bitter words in the studio on Magnolia Boulevard, and was going to see the star through, if he could.

But how, had the Kid gassing for the moment. Bennett and his captors were as much out of the reach of rescue as if they had been over the border in Mexico. The Kid could not stand for shooting down guys without warning. At the moment, the gangster's lives were his to take, if he chose to burn powder. But as soon as they got wise to him, they would be in over in one shake of a beaver's tail, dragging Bennett with them. The bander-strewn ravine had cover for a crowd. But if the Kid was at a loss, it was only for a matter of moments.

He slipped from the mustang's back—cautiously, for these was little space, and he stood on the very edge of the abyss when he dismounted. From the saddle he took the coiled lariat. Leaving his horse, he stepped back along the ledge a few yards for mere elbow-room.

The Kid was no useful a man with the forty-foot rope as any gangster who ever lassoed a steer on Texas prairie. But it was no easy cast, from a height of thirty feet, at a figure moving below, and it he roped Bennett, he had to rope him too—he did not want to hang the pet star of Gorgeous Pictures. But this, the Kid knew, was the only chance of getting the Handsome Hombre away, and, being the only chance, he had to take it.

He knew that he would have time for only one cast. If he lost his man, he lost his keeps. But now, an upward glance from Spanish John would have beaten him. But John did not glance up.

Loose in hand, the Kid waited, and watched, till the gangsters and their prisoner were abreast of the spot where he stood on the ledge above their heads. Then his arm swung with the coiled rope, and the lariat flew, whirling as it descended.

In a split second, the loop dropped over Brian Bennett's Panama hat, drawing a startled cry from the film star.

It dropped round him, and the Kid dragged at the exact moment, and the noose tightened round Bennett's body under his arms. Brian Bennett bolted, and stumbled over. As he did so, the Kid heaved with all his strength, and the Handsome Hombre was spun bodily to the rocky wall.

(Continued on page 10)

## One Throw of the Lariat!

(Continued from page 13)

He roared there, dashed and dived, startled out of his wits, unaware of what had happened to him so suddenly.

Holding the rope in his left, the Kid drew a gun. As Spanish John and Pete Henry, as amazed as Bennett by the sudden happening, stared round them in bewilderment, the Kid's gun roared, and hot lead splattered on the rocks round them.

After one bewildered stare, the gangsters belted for cover.

### The Kid Wins!

"THE pancher!" hissed Spanish John.

He crouched low, panting with rage. Pete Henry breathed curses as he appeared behind a rock, rubbing a stubby cheek where a bullet had grazed.

The Kid had not fired to hit, but to rattle the gangsters—and they were wildly rattled. Both of them figured that they had had the closest escape of their lives, as they hunted cover like rabbits. One glimpse of the Kid, high up the rocky slant, with the roaring gun in his hand, had been enough for them. Cover there was in plenty, and they hunted it fast. The Kid had not time to fire on them again, if he had wanted to.

But from where he stood, thirty feet over their heads, he had all the

advantage in gun-play. The gangsters could not show an eyelid without drawing fire from above.

Spanish John, foaming with rage, whipped out his revolver. Pete Henry grabbed his arm.

"Forget it!" he muttered. "You try to get a bead on that guy, and you get yours mighty sudden."

And John, infuriated as he was, stopped. Crouching behind a massive boulder in the bed of the ravine, he was screamed—but if he put out head or hand, a bullet from above would have smashed through it before he had a chance of getting a bead on the man high up the rocky wall. The Kid had the gangsters corralled; and so long as he watched, they had to stay corralled, or take what was coming to them.

"It's that dog-goned pancher!" breathed Pete. "But he can't get at us, and he can't get Bennett. Say, if you'd grabbed that gunk——" Pete Henry had not even seen that the film star was roped, so promptly had he hunted cover. But Spanish John had seen it, and he knew.

"Aw, cuss it, you big stiff!" hissed John. "That pancher's got him on a rope—he sure roped him before he landed lead!"

The gangster swore savagely. He knew the Kid's game, and it got his goat to think that he could not stop it. Bennett was not fifteen feet away, but to reach him and grab him the gangster had to face fire from the high ledge, and that was death.

"He ain't getting him away!"

hissed Spanish John; and he made another movement to emerge into the open for gunplay with the pancher. The crown of his hat showed for a split-second past the edge of the protecting rock, and in that fraction of time a gun roared above, and a bullet smashed through the left, tearing the hat from his head.

The blast fairly had spun away on the rocks, with a hole through the crown, leaving Spanish John bare-headed. The bullet had taken a lock of his thick black hair away with the hat! Grinding his teeth, Spanish John crouched low again. From high above came a voice:

"Say, John, was that you or your side-kicker? I guess one of you will want to buy a new hat!"

"You dog-goned pancher!" yelled Spanish John, in a frenzy of rage. "I'll get you for this—I'll sure get you!"

"I wouldn't bank on it, feller!" came back the Kid's cheery voice. "If I could step down at you, I'd sure rope you in, and walk you off to the big man. But you want to watch out, John! I guess if I get a bead on you, you sure will want a new cabana to put in your new hat!"

Spanish John almost fumed at the words. But he did not venture to put his head out of cover again. Pete Henry had not stirred since he had hunched himself in cover behind the big boulder. He did not intend to stir till the sunset had died into darkness. And John, mad with rage as he was, had to chew on it that he could do nothing else.

The Rio Kid, on the high ledge, watched warily. He had to pack his gun to handle the rope, but the gangsters below, behind the big boulder, could not see him, and he reckoned they were not likely to put out their heads for a care-over. Taking the rope in both strong hands, he pulled.

Brian Bennett, crouching at the end of the rope, close under the rocky wall, had not seen him. But he understood now what was happening, and that some guy on the high ledge was aiming to get him out of the hands of the gangsters. As the drag came on the rope, the Handsome Member grasped it with both hands and held on. He was not a heavy-weight, and the Kid's steady pull lifted him up the steep slant of the rock. Bennett could give no help by clambering—he could only hang on the rope, hoping that the man above was equal to the strain.

The Rio Kid was equal to it. Slowly but surely he swung the film star up the slant, and Brian was able to get his arms over the edge. Then he scrambled up to safety actively enough, and stood panting on the ledge. He tottered across it, and leaned on the rocky wall on the other side, breathing in gasps. The Kid unhooked the lariat and coiled it.

Then, for the first time, the film star looked at his rescuer.

"You?" he muttered.

The Kid nodded, with a faint smile. "Sure, me, Mr. Bennett. I guess I surprised you some, but if I hadn't roped you, them guys would have

# THE TERROR OF THE FORM!

By  
**FRANK RICHARDS**

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toted you along with them, and I sure couldn't get down at them, down in that arroyo, without going around some miles. And Spanish John sure would not have waited!" added the Kid, with a chuckle.

"What you doing here?" muttered Bennett.

"I'll say I was hunting for signs of Spanish John," answered the Kid. "I've sure found him, though the dog-goned gunk is out of reach!"

"You could have put a bullet through him!" muttered Bennett. "You could have shot them both down before they saw you!"

"Mebbe!" said the Kid quietly. "But I guess I never was a guy to stand for shooting down any hombre that-a-way, Mr. Bennett."

"You feel—"

"I guess, Mr. Bennett, you want to pack that up," said the Kid, in the same quiet tone. "I don't stand for being called fancy names—not even by a big star worth fifty thousand dollars to a kidnapper. Ner you don't want to waste your breath—you'll need it to hoof it as far as Bucking Bronco, which ain't less'n fifteen miles from this here spot. If you figure you can hit the right trail for the location, I sure will go after them gangsters. I'd give a whole pocket to catch Spanish John."

"The film star stared at him.

"How'd I find the way, and with the dark coming on?" he snarled. "I guess I'd wander till I fell over a cliff. You got to guide me." He gave the Kid a sneer. "I've heard that that old gink Cyrus has signed you on his pay-roll. If you're drawing pay, you can make yourself useful."

The Kid gave him a long, quiet look.

"I guess," he said slowly, "that I never saw a guy I liked less'n I do you, Mr. Bennett! I ain't taking orders from you, but I'll sure guide you to Bucking Bronco, if you ain't got the hom-sense to hit a trail on your lonesome. But don't give me any more bunk, Mr. Bennett, or I might hit you—and if I did, them good looks of yours would want a few repairs. Just don't chew the rag any more."

The Kid turned from him. He loomed off a bullet into the ravine below, chipping rocky fragments from the boulder behind which the gangsters crouched, as a warning to them to keep hugging cover. Then he drew Side-Kicker round on the narrow ledge, and led him back the way he had come, and Brian Bennett tramped unawares after him.

It got the Kid's goat to let up on Spanish John, when he reckoned that he might have trailed him to his hide-out if he had been left free to act. But he could not leave the film star to lose himself in the trackless hills.

**CYRUS PUNK** had started that day with a fine, full flow of eloquence. He seemed to be bent on finishing it the same way, the Kid reckoned, as he rode up into the glare of the bright electric lights. Cyrus' voice reached him as he came—in a string of expressive cuss-words. A man was standing holding a handsome pistol horse, which the Kid

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**THE DEATH RIDE!**—It takes a lot to make the Rio Kid's heart beat faster, but Cyrus Punk, the film director, manages it. Calmly he points to a waterfall cascading down a rocky cliff, tells the boy outside that he wants him to ride down it. The Kid is prepared for all that a horseman can do in the way of wild riding for the films, but this, he tells himself, is a movie stunt gone crazy! He knows, too, that he'll be crazy if he takes it on . . . but he does, as you will read in next Saturday's fine story.

**THE EARTH GETS THROUGH!**—Holding during their trek across the bed of the frozen Novian sea, Len Connor puts on his headphones—and suddenly gestures for silence. A message is coming through—the first they have had from Earth. Breathless Captain Justice and Hidge wait. What will the message say? Is Professor Plazangol about to draw the

runaway planet back to Earth—give them the opportunity of taking off in their space-plane? You'll be as excited as the contractor when you read this gripping story next week!

**IF THERE'S ONE THING** young Bill Strong won't stand for, it is the hunting of wild animals on his father's estate. So when the TRAPPER OF LEOPARDS tells him that what he wants he takes, and that he is going to use Bill to lure a certain leopard into his trap . . . well, the fur flies! This is John Hadstone's best story, and it is coming to you next week.

**SIBERS BLAZE** and men cheer in Warronders' Shipyard. The moment has come that is to crown an epic of team work and toil. Pat forgets all the heartbreaks that have gone into the building of tanker 529 as she goes sliding DOWN THE SLIPWAY! The ship he has fought for so gallantly is safely launched. But Pat has to settle with the enemies of Warronders before that great moment arrives. Be in at the starting with him in next week's story.

**WE'LL MEET AGAIN NEXT SATURDAY!**

knew at a glance as the speed that Brian Bennett rode in the picture. And Cyrus, staring at it, was losing off wrath at a great rate, with a dozen members of the company listening to him, when the Kid came up and jumped off his mounting. At sight of him, Cyrus turned the breast of his eloquence on him at once.

"You?" he snarled. "Here's you, and you ain't got Spanish John! Nope! You ain't found that gangster! Mebbe you 'was scared what might happen if you did find him?"

"Not a whole lot, Mr. Punk," answered the Kid cheerily.

"Look at that cayuse!" roared Mr. Punk, pointing to the pistol. "You see that cayuse, dog-gone you?"

"Sure thing," said the Kid. "That's Brian's cayuse! He was riding up today!" howled Cyrus. "How come he lost his cayuse? I'm making you! I'll tell all California, them gangsters 'ave got him again! You let that freking make his getaway, and he's sure got Brian! I'm

telling you, he's got him—and the big picture has got to wait! That critter was found wandering, and as soon as I see him I know that Spanish John had got Brian! And you, you slab-faced gunk—"

"Aw, can it!" grinned the Kid. "If you need your eyes, instead of your chin—which sure does need a few—you'd see Bennett this very minute. There's your pet star, air, walking into camp!"

The wrath faded from Cyrus' fat face at the sight of the film star trailing wearily into camp. He rushed to meet him, forgetful of the existence of the Kid. . . . And the Kid, grinning, led Side-Kicker away, for his supper, which came before the Kid's.

The Rio Kid is prepared to put over with a riding attack for the films, but he has got to leave when Cyrus Punk calls a stand. Don't miss the thrills in THE DEATH RIDE, next week.