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100-SEATER AIR LINER!—See centre pages

Funk of the Films

The Rio Kid's gun roared, and the gangster dropped . . . Bennett's last chance of getting out of the breakneck ride had gone. Now he had to go through with it, or . . .

On the Warpath!

"FORGET IT!" roared Cyrus Funk.

The Rio Kid's eyes gleamed. "I'm telling you—" he began, but Cyrus went on:

"And I'm telling you to forget it!" The director of Gorgoon Pictures waved two fat hands at the Rio Kid. But the boy outlaw of the Rio Grande was not to be put off. His eyes gleamed, and his jaw juttied grimly. Cyrus Funk was in peril just then of getting a jolt that would have surprised him.

The Kid was in Cyrus' office, on the Gorgoon location at Backing Blanco. He wanted to get out, but Cyrus stood in his path, waving him back from the doorway. Mr. Funk's fat face was purple with excitement. Of all the sixty or seventy members of the Gorgoon Company, only one dared to say Cyrus nay—and that one was the Texas puncher whom Cyrus had picked up to play the part of the Rio Kid in the great "Outlaw" film—without guessing that that puncher was the celebrated Kid himself!

Had he guessed that, perhaps Cyrus would have been as anxious to get him out of that office as he now was to keep him in it!

"I'm telling you, feller, that you want to step aside, and step lively!" said the Kid. "I'd hate to spread you over your own office, Mr. Funk, but if you don't step lively, I'm going to hit you."

Breathless with rage and excitement, Cyrus could only gurgie. But his fat figure still blocked the doorway, and he barred the Kid's way.

Chick Chew, assistant director, looked in over Cyrus' plump shoulder. He raised his eyebrows at the sight of the Kid.

"I guess I heard you was back, Mr. Gorgoon!" he said. "I'm sure glad to see you here again—and sort of surprised! But what you bullhounding the boss for? You harned in here to run the show?"

"Naps!" said the Kid quietly. "Dog-gone the show! I guess I was some bouncin' to join up with a film bunch at all. I'm ready to saddle up my Mustang and ride it, if Mr. Funk's tired of seeing me around. But I'm going to beat up that dog-gone, double-crossing guy Brian Bennett afore I hit the trail."

"You hear him, Chick?" gasped Mr. Funk. "He figures that he's going to beat up the Handsome Hombre, and spill his good looks for the pictures! Why, you big stiff, Gorgoon pays Brian thousands of dollars for his good looks! Ain't he the prettiest pet of the film fans? What'd he look like when you're through with him!"

"I guess he'll look like a piece that the cat brought in," answered the Kid grimly.

"Forget it!" spluttered Cyrus. "Listen to the gink, Chick! He allows that Brian Bennett put up those gangsters to rope him in, and pack him in Spanish John's hideout up in the mountains. And he's come back to beat up Brian. But I guess not! I ain't standing for it!"

"You sure have got another guess coming, Curfew!" said Chick, starting at the Kid. "Brian ain't in touch with Spanish John. Bennett would run a mile, and then some, if he heard that Spanish John was round the corner."

"Mebbe," said the Kid. "But I'm telling you it was Bennett fixed it up for that gang to rope me in, and I've had the closest call I ever want, in getting away from them. I'm telling you, Bennett put them wise where to lay for me, and paid them for what they did. I tell you, John told me so himself, when I was roped up in that hideout of his'n. And I've come back to beat up that guy!"

"Forget it!" gurgled Cyrus. "You ain't layin' so much as a little finger on Bennett! Not even if you got it right—and you ain't, by long chalk! Brian don't like you a whole heap, I allow—but why'd he want to get you cinched by them gangsters? Why, when you was missing, we had to figure on sitting out the big punch of the picture—the ride down Pedro's Ride. I tell you, I phoned everywhere for a man to take your place, and there wasn't a guy to take it on! I tell you, Brian will be jumping joyful to hear you're back, and that big scene is in again."

The Kid laughed. Angry as he was, he could not help it. He knew, though Mr. Funk did not guess, that Brian Bennett had had him kidnaped by the gangsters specially to cut out that "big punch," because Bennett dared not face the breakneck gallop down Pedro's Ride. For his life he dared not, and to save his face he had planned to throw the star of showing the white feather on the Kid. "Aw, snicker!" heoted Mr. Funk. "I'm telling you! I'm telling you—Gurrgurgh!"

Cyrus gurgled as the angry Kid grasped him and twisted him out of the way. Heavy and fat as Cyrus was, he twisted like a top in the Kid's slippery grip. He sat down on his office floor with a bump which

knocked out of him his little remaining breath.

Leaving him sitting there, spluttering, the Kid strode through the doorway into the outer office, brushing past the assistant director. But as he strode for the outer door, Chick Chew darted after him, and caught his arm.

"You want to let up, feller!" snapped the Kid. "I ain't hoin' to handle you, but you want to let up, quick!"

"Keep cool, big boy!" said Chick amicably. "If you're going to beat up Cyrus' prettiest pet, he won't spoil by keepin'. Why if you figure that Brian put the gangsters on you?"

"I guess I don't want to shoot it out all over the location!" snapped the Kid. "Sting as I mush him up—"

"Mebbe I can guess!" grinned Chick. "With you missing, that ride down the arroyo had to be cut—and I guess Brian wasn't hoin' for it. Every guy here figured that you had got cold feet, and backed out. Now you come back, and it looks—it sure looks as if Brian was fixin' it for that ride to be cut. Cyrus'd never guess it, but it sure looks to me as if that's the way of it."

"You got it!" snapped the Kid. "And now—"

"Now," said Chick, "you don't want to go beating up Brian. I'll give you two good reasons, Mr. Curfew."

"Shoot!" granted the Kid. "First of all, if you beat up Brian, he sure won't be able to tackle Pedro's Ride, and it'll look as if you was working a get-out that way, instead of staying missing!" said Chick.

"Oh!" The Kid paused. "Second," grinned Chick, "now you're back, Brian ain't got no excuse for backing out, and he's got to make the grade. He's got to face up to it now."

The Kid paused—a long pause! But the grin never faded out of his sun-burnt face, and he grinned.

"Feller," he said, "you sure have spilled a bibid! I guess I ain't stoppin' that guy from facin' up to it, Naps!"

Mr. Funk, gurgling, came out of the inner office. The Kid gave him a shooey grin.

"O.K., Mr. Funk," he said. "I guess I'm comin' to the rope. Your prettiest pet ain't going to have his beauty spoiled."

Cyrus shook a fat fist at him. "If there was another guy in California that could ride Pedro's Ride, I'd beat you off the location!" he gasped. "I'd sure wear out a

By

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branches. "But—"

There was a patter of running feet in the rugged street of Bucking Bronco. Some guy was coming along to the film director's office in hot haste. Chick Chew winked at the Rio Kid, and put his head out of the doorway.

"Brian?" he said. "I guess he's heard the news that you're back, Mr. Carfax, and he's coming to get it official."

The Kid laughed. He could guess with what feelings the Handsome Hombre had heard the rumour that "Boy Carfax" was back on the location. A panting man burst in at the doorway. It was Brian Bennett, his handsome face flushed with haste.

"Peak!" he panted. "What's this they're telling—"

He broke off at the sight of the Kid, the colour sbbing from his face. He looked like a man thunder-stricken.

"You!" he breathed, in a husky gasp.

Five minutes before, the Rio Kid would have greeted him with left and right. Now he gave him a nod and a grim smile.

"Sure, Mr. Bennett, here's me!" he said. "I guess you're glad to see a guy about my size—that big some size ain't going to be cut now, Mr. Bennett!"

The film star did not answer. He could not speak. The Los Angeles gangsters had felled him; his treacherous scheme had come to nothing. He stood white-faced, stricken, staring at the man who had come back. Chick Chew watched him with a derisive grin, but Bennett did not look at Chick. The Kid, with a shrug of the shoulders, walked out of

The Kid plunged down, leaping from rock to rock. But at the last moment Bennett's nerve went, and he pulled his horse back on to its haunches.



the office, leaving the white-faced man staring.

The Only Way!

SPANISH JOHN raised his eyebrows, his black eyes glittering under them. He was glad to see the man who pased under the trees in the moonlight, but he was more surprised than pleased.

It was midnight. Bucking Bronco slept. High over the valley in the Santa Monica Mountains the moon soared, streaming silvery light. Frame-house and cabin and shack lay dark and silent. But there was one member of the Gorgeous Company who could not sleep.

Brian Bennett had left his bungalow, and was pacing in the silvery night, careless whether his

footsteps led him. On the road that was barred by black shadows of branches, Spanish John saw the pacing figure, and looked behind a tree—and then, to his amazement, he saw that it was the film star.

Twice had Bennett been in his hands; twice rescued by the Rio Kid. Third time was going to be lucky, the gangster reflected, as he watched the pacing man. Spanish John was taking the film star's pay to keep the Kid out of the way, but that made no difference to his plans regarding the star himself.

Bennett, in his hands, was worth a ransom of fifty thousand dollars, and that was why Spanish John was lurking round the Gorgeous location. Night after night had the gangster lurked, and watched, round the location, looking for a chance to

kidnap Bennett; but he had never dreamed of a chance like this!

Bennett had never ventured out of safety before. He knew his danger. His dealings with Spanish John were carried on over the telephone. Now he seemed utterly unconscious of danger. He was alone, half a mile from the nearest building. The gangster was pleased, but utterly perplexed.

In the moonlight he could see that the film star's face—the handsome face in California—was white and set. Something was wrong with the darling of the film fans. He came on by the road under the trees, till Spanish John stepped out just in front of him, a revolver in his hand.

"We meet again, actor?" grinned John. "Put them up, Sugar Bennett."

Bennett came to a sharp halt, staring at him. But he did not put up his hands. He paid no heed to the half-raised gun.

"You?" he said. "Are you hanging about the location to watch for me, while your prisoner escapes from your hands?"

"The same Carfax will not escape



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easily!" grinned Spanish John. "He is guarded in my hideout by Pete Henry and the Shooter. You will join him there before dawn."

"Fool! He is back at the location!"

Spanish John started. "Impossible! Head hand and foot—two men guarding him—"

"I tell you he is back at the location," said Bennett bitterly, "and every man here knows the story. Go back to your hideout, fool, and find Pete Henry shot up, and the other men a prisoner. They phoned Hollywood as soon as that accused panther returned, and the police are already at your hideout. Had you been there, you would have been taken. Go back and fall into their hands."

Spanish John could not doubt the savage, bitter earnestness of the film star. What was a blow to him was a blow to Bennett also, and a heavier one.

"You are here—for me!" said Bennett, with a sneer. "Where will you hide me, while you claim the ransom? You are driven out of Hollywood—and now your hideout in the hills is in the hands of the police. Whom will you hide yourself? You will be taken before another sun sets, unless you quit and run! You have a few hours to save yourself."

"Garamba!" muttered the gangster. Bennett approached closer to him. In his fierce agitation, he had forgotten his fear of the gangster. He laid his hand on Spanish John's arm, hoodlum of the revolver.

"Pack that gun!" he snarled. "I tell you Carfax is back at the location, and tomorrow we ride in the big scene, planned by that mad fool Funk, to break both our necks. Had you kept him safe, if let me out—now he will keep his word, and I must keep mine! Do you think I fear your gun, when to-morrow I must ride down a path that no man could ride and live? Or else"—he gnashed his teeth with rage—"or else I must back down—let all the Organes Company know that I am afraid to keep my word—let all Hollywood know! Better death than that—and it is death to ride Pedro's Ride."

"My grandfather, Pedro Valdes the bandit, rode it, with the Vigilantes on his trail," said Spanish John.

"And they dare to ride it after him? One man has ridden it and lived—no living man could ride it again, unless it is that accused Texas panther. He has come back to attempt it, and I must attempt it, too, or else—or else—"

He clenched his hands. "If I had refused at the start! But I never dreamed that Funk could find a man to ride it; and when he found that panther, I relied upon you—and now—"

His grasp closed like a vice on the gangster's arm. "I cannot back out now! If that Texas panther lives, I am a doomed man. When I was a prisoner in your hands, you asked a ransom of fifty thousand dollars! Ask twice as much, if that panther does not live to ride the arroyo."

The gangster's black eyes glowered.

"Now you see talking, sinner!" he said. "Make your words good, and he is a dead man."

"No kidnapping this time!" muttered Bennett. "You cannot hold him. It is his life or mine! If he lives, I must face death, or disgrace worse than death! There is ample cover in this valley—cover where a man can wait and watch. You can have a horse, or a car, parked near at hand—"

"Leave that to me, sinner!" said Spanish John coolly. "If I have to quit, I will not quit and leave him living! Leave that to me."

Brian Bennett nodded. For the next quarter of an hour they talked in low tones. Then Spanish John disappeared, and the film star straddled back to the location. His mind was firmly made up now—the die was cast. Trapped by his own beautiful words, he had left himself no way out—but one! The Rio Kid, who had ridden out of Texas to leave danger behind him, was in deadlier peril than he had ever been on the banks of the Rio Grande.

Shot for Shot!

BRIGHT morning shone down on Backing House. It was going to be a busy day on the location. Cyrus' fat face was beaming with satisfaction. He greeted the Rio Kid with a smile, forgetful of that scene in the office when the Kid had twirled him round and sat him down.

Cyrus could forgive that, or anything else, now that he was going to get his "big punch." Still more amiably did he beam on Brian Bennett.

Chick Chew eyed Bennett anxiously. He had no doubt that Carfax had it right, and that Bennett had planned desperate measures to get out of that mad ride. Now that those measures had failed, he was wondering whether the film star would come out into the open, and refuse the ride. But Bennett seemed cool and self-possessed, and it puzzled the assistant director a whole lot. Bennett, to all appearance, was as ready for the ride as the Texas panther.

Few, looking up at Pedro's Ride, would have blamed any man for refusing point-blank to face up to it. Two hundred feet, from the top of the soaring cliff to the bottom, the narrow, ragged ravine split the cliff, with a torrent hursting down over ledges and shelves of wet rock. A sure-footed horse, a rider with a nerve of iron, could make the grade, taking his life in his hands. If Brian had the nerve, he had more sand than Chick had ever given him credit for. Cyrus, in his passion for realistic scenes on the pictures, was going too far—much too far, in the opinion of the whole company.

Had Brian refused, when it was put up to him, no man in the company would have thought the worse of him. But his vainglorious words had been his undoing. The scene required two riders—and Bennett had never dreamed that another man could be found to share such a peril. To refuse now was impossible for the film star.

The danger was more than any reasonable guy could be expected to face, for the sake of a "punch" in a picture. It was the limit even for Cyrus! But Bennett had now his own wants to make good. While Carfax had been missing—safe, as he believed, in the gangster's hide-out—he had openly accused the panther of shooting the white feather and backing out—displaying readiness, and even honesty, to get up the side, if Carfax returned—sure that he would not return! To eat his own words, after that, was impossible.

But the film star looked that morning as if he was facing it no calmly and quietly as the Rio Kid. He exercised his handsome pinto in the valley, and Chick Chew, watching him, was puzzled. He did not know on what the Horsehome Bomb was relying to see him through. While he was riding the pinto in the brilliant morning sunshine, and Cyrus was making his arrangements for the "shot" at the foot of Pedro's Ride, Bennett was listening for quite a different kind of shot—the shot that would spell death to the panther from Texas.

If there was remorse in the film star's heart, it was crushed down by the knowledge of what he had to face if Spanish John failed. Every moment during that morning Bennett's ears were on the strain for the sound of a shot. His eyes glowered after the Rio Kid when he saw him mounted on the black-maned grey steaming, entering in the valley.

But the Kid did not even look at the film star. His face was grave and serious. In a few hours he was going to take his life in his hands—riding with death at his elbow. The Kid's courage was boundless, and his nerve was of iron, but he knew that he was going to be a lucky horse if he made the grade.

He rode across to look at the spot where, in a few hours, he was to come down the headneck rocks on his Mustang—and he gave Cyrus Peck a rather grim look in response to his beaming smile.

Cyrus was busy with the cameramen, arranging and rearranging—scanning the ravine from every angle of view, and then once more arranging and rearranging. That shot, when it was taken, had to be a success; for even Cyrus did not dream of asking the riders to ride it twice.

"Say, you feeling fine, panther?" grinned Cyrus. He was feeling fine himself—just about to score a big punch that would knock all the other producers in Hollywood.

"Oh, fine as the wheat!" said the Kid sarcastically. "This is going to be some ride, I'll tell a man!"

"I'll tell the world!" agreed Mr. Peck; and turned to rear at the cameramen.

Sitting in the middle, the Kid looked up at the wall of rock—steep almost as the wall of a skyscraper.

Two hundred feet over his head was the high edge of the upland. Only in one place was that solid wall of rock broken, where the rift split it—the narrow, tortuous arroyo where

the torrent came tumbling down. On either side of the ravine at the top were great bluffs against the blue sky. On one of those high bluffs a spot of black moved, and the Kid's keen eyes fixed on it curiously.

That spot of black showed from a ragged bush, growing in some cleft of the rock. It was a small object to spot at two hundred feet, but few things escaped the Kid's keen eyes, and as he saw that it was a derby hat, a gleam shot into his eyes.

There was a man up there watching the film crowd below—and very, very near the dangerous verge. Whether Cyrus had as yet sent any of his men up, the Kid did not know—but he reckoned it would not be a gorgeous guy venturing so near the perilous edge of a high bluff.

"Say, Mr. Peck!" He called to the director.

Cyrus looked round.

"Any of your guys up there, Mr. Peck?" called the Kid.

"None!"

The Kid, sitting the saddle, his stetos tilted back, watched—with growing suspicion. Some guy was peered up there in the patch of bush at top of the bluff, watching. For what, and for whom?

From that high point overlooking the whole valley a rifleman could have picked off any man up to a thousand yards. And from the bush the Kid caught a glimmer in the brilliant sunshine, and knew that it was the barrel of a rifle that glimmered, having seen the same sight often before.

His hand dropped to a walnut ball in his gambut. There was a man with a rifle hidden in that bush, watching—waiting—not for any of the film crowd, for they had been on the scene for some hours. For the Kid, who had only just arrived on the spot? The Kid's face set grimly.

The derby hat lifted. Under it showed a swarthy face, barred by a black moustache. Then the Kid knew.

He backed Side-Kicker with a sudden grip on the reins. And even as he did so, there came the roar of the rifle and a bullet crashed on the rocky soil where the horse had been standing. Less watchful and wary, the Rio Kid would have received that bullet. The aim was good, and only the sudden backing of his horse had saved him.

The roar of the rifle was yet ringing across the valley, when the Kid whipped out a six-gun and fired back.

He fired before the rifle could ring a second time. A second's delay, and the rifle would have riddled him—but the Kid's shot was swift and sure.

"Say, what the thunder—" gasped Cyrus Peck.

Director and cameramen stared up blankly. From the bush on the edge of the bluff a figure staggered. A rifle came clattering down, smashing on the rocks. All eyes fixed on the gangster—Spanish John, staggering on the very edge of the bluff—every breath was drawn sharp!

It was only for an instant that the gangster stood there, awaying, but it seemed an age to the horror-stricken

crowd below. Then he lurched and fell!

There was a rush through the air—a crash at the foot of the cliff. The Kid, with a sober face, jammed his gun back into the holster. The film crowd stood petrified.

"Spanish John!" breathed Cyrus.

Brian Bennett came up at a gallop on his pinto. The string—long listened for—had reached his ears and drawn him to the spot. He checked his pinto as he saw the Kid sitting Side-Kicker, stared wildly round, and his eyes rested on the huddled figure at the foot of the cliff—all that was left of Spanish John.

The Kid gave his blanched face one glance—and knew! But he said no word. The Handsome Hombre had failed again—and failed for the last time!

One Man Rides!

GOLDEN noon—and a stream of clear sunshine pouring down on the high bluffs, and on the valley below. All was ready now. On the high upland a crowd rode towards the head of the torrent. Among them was the Rio Kid, on the black-maned steed, and Brian Bennett, on his handsome pinto.

It had all been mapped out and rehearsed—all but the ride down the rift. "Boy Carfax," is the character of the Rio Kid escaping pursuit, had to ride down, hell-for-leather, as the hands Pedro had ridden long years ago. After him came a rancher—Brian Bennett—and a crowd of pursuers—film pursuers, dressed for the part. At the top of the torrent all were to draw rein, save one—the Handsome Hombre, riding neck-or-nothing in pursuit of the escaping outlaw!

That was Cyrus' big punch—the biggest punch ever—if it came off. The Kid, at least, was ready to do his part. When Chick Chew gave the signal, he was going to ride down Pedro's Ride, for life or death. And that Brian, who was booked to ride after him, would balk had not even occurred to Cyrus. But it occurred to Chick, and to others, as they saw his strained face.

When Spanish John fell, under the Kid's fire, and crashed down the cliff, Brian had told himself that there was no help for it now, and that he had to bite on the bullet. His best resource had failed him, and he had to make good his word, or back out, his reputation as a daring and fearless rider gone for ever. He could not face that—death seemed better than that. He had ridden out to the upland with the Kid and the film bunch, his face white, but his mind resolved.

But now as he set his pinto at the summit, and looked down the break-neck ravine that he was to ride, his heart faltered.

He knew that he could never ride it, knew that his nerve would crack, that he would hurtle down headlong to crashing death on the rocks.

He looked at the Kid. The Texas puncher was quiet and calm. Never had the star hated him so much as

at that moment. He hoped the puncher would crash, yet he had a feeling that the Kid would make good.

Chick was exchanging signals with Cyrus below. The cameras, both above and below, were in position, ready to grind. The ride down the torrent would not take more than seconds—two hundred feet of wild plunging and leaping—and the instant the riders started, the cameras had to record. Brian Bennett pushed his pinto nearer the Kid. In sheer desperation he muttered to him:

"Twenty thousand dollars to ride away and throw it down—"

He did not finish. The Kid's glance of icy scorn cut him short. He clenched his hand on his quirt, and the Kid rode away from him.

Bunched at a distance from the ravine, the horsemen awaited the signal from Chick. He exchanged a last sign with Cyrus below, looked round, then signalled.

There was a wild clatter of hoofs on the rocks. The Rio Kid rode with steady hand on the rein, and the grey mustang dashed towards the ravine.

Behind him, with clattering hoofs and a banging of blank cartridges, galloped the film cowpuncher. Over the edge of the ravine went the Kid, riding down! Once started on that desperate ride, there was no stopping. Below, the cameras were grinding, filming the Kid as he came. Cyrus Peck stood behind the cameras, his head thrown back, his fat face eager, his eyes shining. Down that desperate ride came the Texas puncher, plunging from rock to rock amid falling water. But where was the Handsome Hombre who should have followed?

The Handsome Hombre was not following.

Right to the edge of the ravine Brian Bennett rode, his mind made up to face death rather than disgrace. But at the edge, he drew rein with the rest of the film crowd.

He could not face it! The mere sight of the Rio Kid's steed vanishing below turned him giddy. He dragged the pinto back on to its launchers.

"Get to it! Get to it, Bennett!" Chick Chew roared through his megaphone. "Ride, you leered gawk, ride! Thunder! Ride, man, ride!"

Bennett gave his a look of hate, whirled his horse, and rode away from the danger he dared not face. He disappeared in the distance at a gallop.

The Rio Kid did not even know whether he was following or not, and did not care a hotted bean. He had no thought to waste on the Handsome Hombre, or on anybody, or anything but making the grade.

Many a wild ride had the Rio Kid made. He had ridden the rocks of the Mal Pais, with the Texas Ranger's bullets flying round his ears; ridden the Rio Pecos in flood, with driftwood and dead cattle whirling on the yellow waters round him; ridden the swamps of the Prio, where a single false step meant death to horse and rider in the sucking quicksands; but never had he ridden a ride

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like this! He was riding the maddest side of his life, for nothing but a punch in a picture—and to keep the word he had given.

Down the perilous slope, amid tumbling, spraying water, leaping from rock to rock, from ledge to ledge, went the Mustang, the Kid leaning back, or he would have gone over his horse's ears. The torrent splashed from the mustang's hoofs. On the wet rocks, these hoofs, sure as they were, slipped—and the Kid would not have given a cented bean for his life or his cayuse's. But a jut of rock saved them, and the mustang was on again—leaping like a goat from rock to rock.

Below, the cameras were grinding, Cyrus Peck watching with bulging eyes. Perhaps, as he saw the puncher's deadly peril, Cyrus realized that he had asked too much! If so, it was too late now! With bulging eyes, he watched, while the cameras ground.

Down with the torrent, leaping, plunging, clattering, came horse and rider—riding with death.

But they came alone—there was no

Handsome Hombre behind, for the cameras to take in. Cyrus was con- sidered, so far as the Kid was con- cerned, but the film fans, when that picture was shown, would look in vain for the Handsome Hombre! And Cyrus, as he realized it, glanced, and mingled a stream of curse-words with the grinding of the cameras. The star had failed him—the picture after all would be incomplete; where the Texas puncher was riding, the darling of the film fans dared not follow.

With a crash of hoofs, the mustang leaped from the last rock, and the Rio Kid, astonished to find himself still alive, rode down the stream.

The cameras ceased to grind. Cyrus made wild gesticulations at the Kid as he rode up.

"Where's Bennett?" he roared.

The Kid, breathless, reined in his panting mustang. He glanced up the ravine—it was vacant, but for the falling water. He had made the grade, but he knew now that Brian Bennett had not started. He shrugged his shoulders.

"You can search me, Mr. Peck!"

He answered.

Cyrus waved fat fists in his rage.

"Has that guy gone loco, or what? By the great barned lord, I'll sure talk to that guy a few! This here scene will have to be played over again, with Bennett in it!"

The Kid laughed.

"I guess, Mr. Peck, that I've made the grade," he said, "and I guess I was a loachard to do it! But I'll tell all California, I ain't riding it again—a guy don't get such luck twice! But it don't cut no ice, Mr. Peck. You sure wouldn't get your pretty star down that ravine, unless you stood behind him and pushed! Forget it!"

"I'm telling you——" roared Cyrus.

But the Kid did not stay to listen. He rode back to Bucking Bronco, leaving the Gorgeous director gesticulating and spluttering.

The Rio Kid says good-bye to nothing in real Peck's story. **HOPEFUL SHOW-DOWN!** The fact that he's an outlaw on real life as well as on the screen is discovered, and there's nothing for it but to ride for his life—but he dares to smile a dare first!

Pace that Kills

(Continued from page 8)

himself and Solly from an appalling crash by a sensational piece of fine driving.

But even Ted Franz himself couldn't equal the delicious joy on the face of the fat little Greek, who was trying to pull Bert Worrell from his seat. The Greek gave another shove at the mechanic, and this time Bert took the bottle from his lips and did coast.

"Hi! 'up it!" he repeated.

But not a thousand Bert Worrells could have kept Guiseppe from the Merita just then. He ducked under Bert's arm into the cockpit of the car, his fat fingers diving into the pocket in the upholstery.

"Ere!" howled Bert.

"Hi!" added Ted.

Their hands closed simultaneously on the Greek's bulging trouser-pocket. Together they lifted—swung—and let go.

There was a bump as the Greek landed in the dust; but he bounded to his feet again like a rubber ball.

And still that beam of delicious joy shone on his face.

"My tick!" he babbled. "My tick! that I peed in so car!"

Ted looked at him. Bert glared at him. The Greek beamed back.

"My tick!" he repeated. "My awestake tick! that I peed in so car for luck! I drew the Merita! And set win! I am roach! I am——"

"Daddy!" Bert groaned.

But to Ted there had come sudden enlightenment. His jaw dropped; then suddenly he wheeled, and bent into the Merita's cockpit, fumbling under the dashboard.

There was oil all over his hands when he straightened up and turned round again. Oil—and a little pellet of oil-soaked paper that he smoothed out gingerly.

"My tick!" shrieked the Greek, at sight of it. Tears of sheer joy were rolling down his fat cheeks as he took

the paper from Ted's hand. And then he reached out again.

Ted couldn't step him in time. Two sweat-damp hands clutched at the sides of Ted's head; two lips snarled jointly on Ted's dusty and oil-grimed cheeks before the Merita driver could break free from the embrace.

Slowly Ted drew the back of his hand across his mouth. But he couldn't help grinning as he looked at the Greek.

"Wat's the matter with 'is, Ted?" chucked the astounded Bert.

"Nothing—except that he's just checked for about a million francs that we got a fat share from!" chucked the winner of the Moroccan Grand Prix.

THE END.

Next week, a specially written mystery story by George E. Buchanan, entitled "PHANTOMS OF THE AIR!"

KOLYNOS PICTURE PUZZLE COMPETITION RESULT

Owing to the success of this Competition the prize money was increased from £11 to nearly £30 and the following awards made:—

CORRECT ENTRIES: 14 Prizes at 5s. each.—H. Nabony, Rochon, Redgrave; K. A. Turner, Montagu Bay, Jamaica; G. Turner, Wokingham; A. Hood, Arnhem; M. D. Welling, Chairman Governor, S.W.A.; B. Woodcut, Maidenhead; W. G. Galt, East Dulwich, S.E.11; E. West, Redbridge; K. Friedman, Haverhill; S. Haykin, Harlow; A. Baynton, Huddersfield; E. Reed, Brantford; S. Makpan, Southwick; D. C. Ferguson, Watford; J. Madkin, Leigh-on-Sea; F. Palmer, South Vancouver, B.C.

ONE SPECIAL PRIZE: 1 Prize at 7s. 6d.—K. Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

NEAREST ENTRIES, ONE MISTAKE: 17 Prizes at 7s. 6d. each.—G. E. Pickett, Southampton; E. G. Tuckley, St. Peter's, Germany; J. Pugh, Plymouth; K. Rothwell, Walsden; L. Barden,

Hillingham; S. Miller, Johannesburg; E. I. Parry, Colchester; G. Allen, Colington; E. Cox, Fulham, S.W.6; A. H. Harrington, Colchester; K. E. Salk, Birmingham; S. Papworth, Don; J. Perry, Glasgow; A. Smith, Exeter; E. Smith, Australia; S. Glyn Trevon, Woking; G. Amy, Salisbury.

HIGHLY COMMENDED: 2 Prizes at 5s. each.—R. Allen, Corby; H. Kitchin, Montreal West, Canada.

COMMENDED: 4 Prizes at 5s. 6d. each.—J. E. Dyer, Colchester; R.C.I.; F. Kiddle, Livingston; H. Stowell, Devonport; N. Smith, Ormskirk.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) CLEAN; (2) FRESH; (3) FIRM; (4) SURE; (5) GOOD; (6) DAY.