

READ "HELL'S ANGELS"—GREAT FILM STORY—INSIDE!

# The RANGER

No. 13.—Week Ending  
May 9th, 1931.  
EVERY SATURDAY.

2<sup>d</sup>





# The OUTLAW KID!



FULL-OF-PEP COMPLETE  
WESTERN THRILLER.

## Pecos in a Paddy!

**S**MOKE was rising from the tin chimney of the lonely stockman's hut at Cactus Creek. It was the blur of grey smoke against a blue sky that first located the hut to the Rio Kid's eyes as he came trotting up the bank of the creek. It was a welcome sight to the Kid. He had ridden twenty miles that morning, from the Bar-T ranch to that out-lying range at the foot of the Mesquite sierra, and he figured that he was ready for his beans.

Two men of the Bar-T outfit, Yuma Bill and Pecos, were in charge of the Cactus Creek range, with three hundred cows to look after. The Kid was on his way to relieve them. This was his first duty since he had joined the Bar-T outfit; and he knew that it was because Alex Black, the foreman, had a grouch against him that he was sent on that solitary duty alone. All the outfit knew that two men were wanted on that range, and two men had always been posted there. The Kid was ordered to ride that range on his lonesome; but he was not grouching. Lonely trails were not new to the boy outlaw of the Rio Grande. And he figured that he could handle a herd of three hundred cows.

Side-Kicker, after twenty miles of rugged prairie, was as fresh as paint. The Kid rode up the bank of the creek at a trot, his eyes sweeping the range he was to ride for the next week. The creek flowed down from an opening in the sierra, and there was rich green pasture on either side of it. Plenty of feed, and good watering for the herd, the Kid reckoned; it was a good range, so far as that went. But they had told him in the Bar-T bunkhouse that there were rustlers in the Mesquite hills, and the Kid reckoned that a rustler who knew his business would find it as easy as pie to drive stray cows off that range into the hills, with only one man in charge. A galoot had to shut his eyes sometimes! That was a rather troublesome thought to the Kid. The boss of the Bar-T had made the foreman sign him on in the bunch, and the

Kid did not want to begin by losing cows for his boss. He wondered rather grimly whether Alex Black wanted him to lose cows as an excuse for firing him.

He rode up to the hut with a clatter of hoofs. A puncher appeared in the doorway, with a can of beans in his hand. He stared at the Kid.

The Kid jumped off Side-Kicker, and turned the grey mustang into the corral adjoining the hut. The puncher watched him inquiringly. The Kid walked up to the doorway with jingling spurs.

"Say, feller, what you happen to want?" drawled the man in the doorway. "I guess I've come to take over the range," explained the Kid. "I'm a new guy in the bunch; you can call me Santa Fe Smith. You Pecos or Yuma?"

"Yuma Bill," answered the puncher. "Pecos is on the range. Wade in and feed. I guess Pecos'll be along."

"I'm sure ready for feed," said the Kid cheerfully, and he entered the hut.

## Rustlers change their minds about the Bar-T cows when the Outlaw Kid is sent to guard them.

There was a cheery smell of cooking. There were beans and bacon and flap-jacks on the rusty iron stove.

"Say, Mister Black ain't sent one man, and him a kid, to take over this range?" asked Yuma Bill as the Kid sat down on a pinewood bench to feed.

"He sure has!" answered the Kid. "I guess Mister Black thinks such a heap of me that he figures that I can do two men's work. I sure take that very kind of Mister Black."

Yuma grinned. "You'll want to watch out," he said. "Alex Black will raise Cain, if you lose cows, and I guess there's cow-thieves in the hills. We done lost six cows last week."

The Kid nodded. If two men on the range had lost half a dozen cows, the Kid figured that more ought to be lost with only one man riding range. He guessed that Alex Black was wise to that, too. It looked to the Kid as if Mister Black was willing to lose cows for his

boss, in order to get back on the new puncher that he disliked in the outfit. The Kid was going to have a hard row to hoe on the Cactus Creek range.

There was a clatter of hoofs outside, a jingle of spurs, and the other ranger-riders tramped in. He stared at the Kid.

"That's Pecos," said Yuma Bill. "Say, Pecos, Alex Black has sent this guy to take over the range on his lonesome."

Pecos grunted.

"I guess Alex Black is loco," he said. "They'll have half the herd before the week's out, turned into beef to sell at the railroad camps along to Sharpville."

"I guess they'll hear my guns talking, feller, afore they get half the herd off this range," said the Kid. "I reckon, if they cinch stray cows, it will be Mister Black's fault, and not mine; but they won't get half the herd, nor yet a quarter. And if I get a bead on any of them durned rustlers, they'll be powerful sorry for horning in on this range."

"You sure got a big voice for a little man!" said Pecos with a snort, eyeing the Kid. "How long is it since you said good-bye to your schoolmarm?"

The Kid grinned.

The cowman had come in, in a bad temper; that was clear. The Kid figured that he had had trouble on the range. But the Kid was not going to quarrel with a Bar-T man if he could help it.

"Say, what's biting you, Pecos?" asked Yuma Bill.

Another snort from Pecos. "There's more cows gone!" he snapped. "I jest been picking up the trail of a small bunch, leading up into the hills. I'll say it's time the marshal of Red Dog got a holt on them rustlers."

"Ain't you followed up the trail?" asked the Kid.

Pecos gave him a glare.

"Did Alex Black send you up here to teach me to punch cows?" he demanded belligerently.

"Sure not!" said the Kid pacifically. "And I ain't honing to teach you nothing, feller. I guess I got plenty to learn myself."

Which was not quite correct, for the Kid knew as much about cows as any man in Texas could have told him.

"I'll say you have," said Pecos. "And I'll say that you better learn not to shoot off your mouth permiscus! I guess Alex Black must be plumb loco

to send you up hyer. Jest plumb loco! You'll lose the whole herd for the boss; and I guess, if a rustler shows up, you'll bolt the door and hide your cubeza under the blankets in your bunk."

"Say, you sure are spilling a whole jugful, feller," drawled the Kid. "You want to use that big mouth of yours for packing away beans!"

Yuma Bill grinned. Pecos made a step towards the Kid, taking a grip on the quirt he had brought into the shack with him.

"You asking for this hyer quirt?" he snapped. "I guess you won't have to ask more'n once."

"Aw, can it," said the Kid. "I ain't come up hyer to hunt trouble; and Mister Black's orders is for you two guys to ride back to the ranch and leave me to it. Put your quirt away, feller, and sit down to your fodder."

"Say, was Alex Black full of tanglefoot

when he sent you up hyer?" demanded Pecos. "I guess he must have been. I'll say you'd be too plumb scared to stick here on your lonesome."

"I ain't easy scared," smiled the Kid. "I ain't a whole lot scared of an ornery cowman blowing off his mouth permiscus, and cavorting around with a quirt in his paw. Not a whole lot."

"I sure said you wouldn't have to ask more'n once!" roared the angry cowman, and he made a stride at the Kid, with the quirt in the air.

Bang!

The Kid's hand went to a gun more swiftly than the eye could follow. There was a puff of smoke from his hip and Pecos started back with a yell. He stared blankly at the handle of the whip that was grasped in his hand. The rest of the quirt lay on the earthen floor. The Kid's bullet had cut it in two.

"Carry me home to die!" gasped the Bar-T puncher. He stared at the quirt like a man in a dream.

"Say, that guy can use a gun!" exclaimed Yuma Bill. "Say, Pecos, you don't want to get to gun-play with that little cuss, you surely do not."

Pecos dropped the quirt, and his hand strayed to a gun. The Kid smiled at him over a lifted Colt.

"Don't!" he said softly.

And Pecos did not! He stared at the Kid hard, withdrew his hand from his holster, and sat on a bench at the table. The Kid holstered his gun and smiled amiably.

A grin dawned slowly on the rugged face of the Bar-T puncher.

"You can sure handle a gun," he said. "I pass it up to you! I guess I take back what I said about you being scared. You sure are a little man!"

And the three punchers ate together. Before the meal ended, the Kid was on as friendly terms with the two rangers as with the rest of the bunch at the Bar-T.

### Running Down the Rustler!

THE Rio Kid stood in the doorway of the shack, and looked out over the sunny prairie. The creek winding down from the hills, gleamed and shone in the sunlight; the high grass waved and glistened. Southward, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the sea of rolling grass; northward, the Mesquite sierra barred the

horizon. It was towards the sierra that the Kid's glance turned. If there was one thing that got the Kid's goat more than another, it was cow-stealing. All over Texas, even in places where he had never been seen, the boy outlaw of the Rio Grande had a wild reputation. There were plenty of guys who would not have put it past the Rio Kid to drive cows. But they did not know the Kid. Outlaw he had been made, by no fault of his own; but he was still at heart, what he had always been—a cowpuncher with all a cowman's principles and prejudices. Cow-stealing got the Kid's goat, and got it bad.

Now he had quitted the outlaw trail, and hoped that he had quit for keeps. It was sheer joy to the Kid to be riding with a ranch outfit again; and the Bar-T was as good a bunch as he ever wanted to ride with. The boss was a good boss, and it made the Kid sore to think of thieving rustlers running off Bar-T cows. He was thinking as he stood looking out over the sunlit prairie. Pecos and Yuma Bill were packing their traps, to hit the trail for the ranch. They figured that Alex Black was a mosshead to put one man in charge of the range; but orders were orders. The Kid, after communing with himself for some time, turned back into the shack.

"Say, you'uns," he said, "you in a hurry to hit the Bar-T?"

"Not any," answered Yuma Bill. "I guess our time ain't up here yet, only if Alex Black says hit the trail, it's us for the trail, I guess."

"Sure," assented the Kid. "But I've been thinking about them cows. Pecos allows he picked up the trail into the hills. I'm sure honing to go gunning after that bunch of cows, only the range can't be left. You'uns stop along the range another day, and I'll sure get after them cows."

"Forget it," said Pecos. "I allow you can handle a gun, Santa Fe! But you'll sure get shot up if you trail them rustlers into the hills."

"I guess I'll take a chance of that," said the Kid quietly. "The boss is a good boss to me, and I want to save him his cows."

Pecos gave a grunt.

"You won't pick up nary a trail, after you get into the hills," he said. "I done lost that trail and I guess you won't read sign where I don't read none."

"I was sure reckoned to be a good

man at reading sign, once," said the Kid with a faint smile. "I've sure got a hunch I might trail home them cows. You mosey along, and point out where they was lost. Alex Black sure won't care a continental red cent whether you hit the ranch to-night or to-morrow!"

"That's a cinch," agreed Yuma Bill.

Pecos grunted again, but he nodded.

"I'll mosey along, if Yuma will look after the herd," he said. "I guess you won't follow that trail no farther than I did. But if you can pick up sign, I'll be powerful glad to follow them cows, and get to shooting with the scallywags what lifted them."

"It's a cinch," said the Kid cheerily.

He called the grey mustang from the corral and mounted. Pecos mounted his pinto, and they rode away from the stockman's hut together. They splashed through the creek, and the horses stretched at a gallop across the plain. It was three miles from the stockman's hut that Pecos pulled in his pinto, at the edge of rocky, stony soil.

"I guess I rode as far as this afore I came in to feed," he said. "This is where I was let out, Santa Fe."

"Mebbe I'll be let out, too," said the Kid. "But I kinder guess I'll take a look-see."

He dismounted from the grey mustang, and searched for sign. Pecos sat his horse, watching him with a sarcastic grin. The Bar-T puncher figured that this kid cowman had nothing to teach him about picking up sign. He grinned as the Kid moved, half-stooping, searching the ground, keen as a hawk, patient as an Apache.

At last he straightened up and waved his hand to Pecos.

"What you got?" shouted the puncher. The Kid was a hundred yards from the spot where he waited.

"I guess I got sign!" yelled back the Kid.

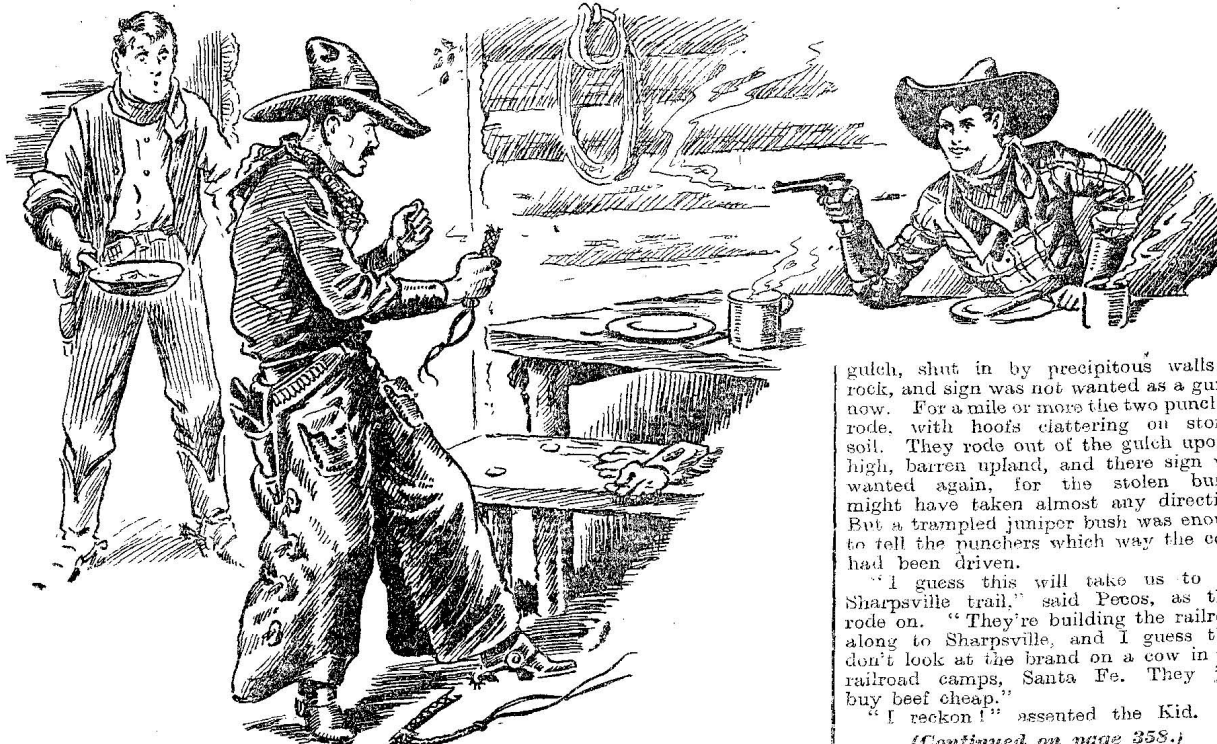
"Aw, can it!"

But the Bar-T puncher rode on to join the Kid, Side-Kicker trotting off of his own accord. In a hollow of the rocks was a patch of alkali dust, and in the dust was the print of a single hoof. It was a single track of a single animal; but it was enough to show that the cows had passed that way.

"Say, I guess you've said it, Santa Fe!" admitted Pecos.

"Sure!" assented the Kid.

He remounted Side-Kicker, and they rode on. The way ran by a narrow, rocky



The Kid's gun crashed out, and the bullying puncher jumped back with a yell as his stock-whip was shot clean in two!

gulch, shut in by precipitous walls of rock, and sign was not wanted as a guide, now. For a mile or more the two punchers rode, with hoots clattering on stoney soil. They rode out of the gulch upon a high, barren upland, and there sign was wanted again, for the stolen bunch might have taken almost any direction. But a trampled juniper bush was enough to tell the punchers which way the cows had been driven.

"I guess this will take us to the Sharpville trail," said Pecos, as they rode on. "They're building the railroad along to Sharpville, and I guess they don't look at the brand on a cow in the railroad camps, Santa Fe. They jest buy beef cheap."

"I reckon!" assented the Kid. He

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## THE OUTLAW KID!

(Continued from page 339.)

had had experience before of what happened when a railroad was driven into cow country. Every construction camp was a centre of cow-stealing. Plenty of contractors looked only at the price of a steer, not at the brand on its hide.

The Kid glanced up at the sky. The sun was sloping down in the west, but there were hours left of daylight.

"I guess," said the Kid, "that we're going to cinch that cow-thief, Pecos. He's heading them cows for the Sharpville trail; but he won't drive them on the open trail before dark. I guess he will keep in the hills till the sun goes, hombre."

"You said it," agreed Pecos. "I guess there's plenty cowmen ride that trail, and if a guy saw a bunch of cows with the Bar-T brand heading away from the ranch, he would want to know. That cow-thief will sure keep doggo till dark."

"And I guess we'll sure be at his heels before sundown," said the Kid.

Pecos nodded, and they rode on.

There was little doubt that the rustler was hitting for the Sharpville trail, but he might have struck it at any point, and sign was wanted all the way to hit that point. How the Kid picked up the sign, Pecos, experienced plainsman as he was, did not know. But "Santa Fe Smith" never failed, and slowly but surely they rode on their way, while the sun sank lower towards the mountains of New Mexico. The Kid at last drew in his mustang, and pointed with his quirt towards a belt of tall chaparral that bordered the Sharpville trail.

"I guess we ain't much farther to look for that bunch," he remarked. "They're sure hidden in that chaparral, waiting for dark. I'll tell a man!"

"You said it!" agreed Pecos.

The Kid's keen eyes watched the dusky chaparral. Pecos jingled his spurs impatiently.

"Get on!" he snapped.

"Go slow, old-timer," said the Kid. "I guess that rustler ain't got his eyes shut! I allow there's somthin' movin' in them pecans—"

"Jest a cow, I reckon—aw, what you at?" roared the cowman, as the Kid suddenly grasped him by the neck-scarf, and dragged him from the saddle, falling to the earth with him.

As they crashed on the hard soil, a puff of smoke floated from the dusk of the chaparral, followed by a whip-like crack. The next instant the whizzing lead whined over the punchers, as they sprawled.

### Gun Talk!

"COVER!" hissed the Kid. He rolled behind a rock. Pecos, dizzy from the sudden fall, was slower. A second bullet from the chaparral splattered on the stones within a foot of him, splashing him with chips of rock. Then the cowman hunted cover quick enough.

"Aw! Carry me home to die!" gasped Pecos.

"I guess that guy was watching us, a few!" grinned the Kid. He called softly to Side-Kicker, and the grey mustang dropped by his side. The Kid snatched his rifle from the leather scabbard buckled to his saddle. He lay with the rifle extended before him, watching the distant bush, his eyes gleaming over the barrel.

From the dusk of the thick scrubs, white smoke streamed out as another shot came from the unseen marksman. The crack of the rifle was followed by the crash of a bullet on the rock behind which the Rio Kid lay. Chips flew in the air, and Pecos cursed as one of them struck him in the neck.

Crack!

The Kid fired instantly. That jet of white smoke from the chaparral was enough for the Kid.

A loud yell rang from the distance. From the tangled thickets, a figure in Stetson and chaps staggered out, drunkenly, trailing a rifle. For a second it stood, swaying, and then crashed to the earth.

"I guess that guy has got his!" said the Rio Kid. He leaped to his feet, and in a flash was in the saddle and galloping on. Pecos leaped on his pinto, and followed.

The rustler did not stir as they passed him. He lay where he had fallen, his rifle by his side. The Kid gave him a glance, and rode on into the chaparral. In the thickets was the trampled trail of the stolen bunch, and a few minutes later the punchers came on them—ten cows with the Bar-T brand on their hides, hidden in the scrubs.

"I'll tell a man!" exclaimed Pecos, in great glee. "We done got them cows, Santa Fe!"

"Sure!" said the Kid.

Cracking quirts roused out the cows from the scrub, and under the falling shadows, the two punchers drove them back, by the long and weary way they had come.

By rugged, rocky canyon and arroyo, the punchers drove on the bunch. The stars of midnight were gleaming down on the waters of the creek when they got out of the hills, at last.

The cows were driven back to the herd, on the pasture by the shallow waters of the creek. Yuma Bill, a shadowy figure on his broncho, came riding up, cracking his quirt. He ran his eye over the lumbering cows in the bright starlight.

"By the great horned toad!" he ejaculated. "You done run down that rustler and got them cows back, Pecos."

"Forget it!" answered Pecos, with a chuckle. "I pass it up to this kid, Santa Fe. I'll tell all Texas he can sure follow the blindest trail a rustler ever left, and I guess them cows would have been railroad beef to-morrow, if he hadn't humped in on this range. Yessir! I'll say Mister Black knew what he was about when he sent that kid puncher to this range."

The Kid smiled.

"Say, you'uns, I guess you can leave the herd to me, now, if you want," he said. "Mister Black's orders was that you was to hit the ranch pronto!"

"You've said it!" agreed Yuma.

The two cowmen rode away to the stockman's hut to change horses in the corral for their ride to the ranch. They waved their Stetsons to the Kid as they went, and he waved back cheerily.

The Kid rode on slowly round the slumbering herd. Huge, dim forms loomed in the grass; heavy breathing came through the silence. The Rio Kid had been in the saddle all day, but he did not seem fatigued. Not while darkness lasted did the Kid intend to close his eyes on that lonely and far-flung range.

It was not till the stars were paling, and there was a fresh breath of dawn on the prairie, that the Kid turned his mustang at last towards the stockman's hut. He figured that he would get a couple of hours in his blankets, and then hot flapjacks and coffee would set him up for another day in the saddle. That range surely, was not a one-man job; but the Kid had taken it on, and he was going to do his darndest. It was a matter of pride with the Kid that not a single cow should be lost from the herd that was under his care.

He was thirty yards from the stockman's hut, when a red flash gleamed in the darkness, followed by another and another.

At the first flash, the Kid was down in the grass, Side-Kicker sprawling by his side.

The Kid's teeth came together hard. It was from the doorway of the stockman's hut that the three bullets had whizzed.

For a long minute, he lay in the thick grass, watching and listening. He honed for his enemies to make a rush; the walnut-butted guns were ready. But they made no move.

He whispered a word to the grey mus-

tang, and Side-Kicker remained motionless. On his hands and knees, the Kid crawled away through the high grass.

### Double-crossed!

CRACK! Crack!  
Two more shots rang from the dark doorway of the stockman's hut. The bullets tore through the high grass. A muttering of husky voices came on the wind.

The whizzing lead went nowhere near the Kid, who was a score of yards from the spot where he had fallen with his horse. Crawling unseen in the high grass, he had reached the timber wall of the corral, which cast the blackest of black shadows.

In the shadow of the wall, unseen, the Kid rose to his feet, a six-gun in either hand. Standing with his back to the corral, hidden in blackness, he stared towards the doorway of the hut, not ten yards away. Three dim faces peered out of the hut, watching the starlit grass. But the savage eyes under stubby brows, were not looking towards the Kid under the corral wall. They were looking away towards the spot where he had fallen with his horse. The husky muttering came to his ears.

"I guess he's got his, Rube! He went down like a sack of alfalfa, and his cayuse after him!"

"You've said it, Hank!" muttered another voice. "But we got to be plumb careful with that guy, like Alex Black allowed."

"Aw! I guess he's got Black Alec scared! I'll tell a man, he's plugged for keeps, this time."

The speaker stepped out of the hut, a burly figure in the dimness, and the other two bush-whackers, reassured, followed him.

The Kid smiled grimly.

He swung the walnut-butted guns to a level, and stepped from the shadow of the corral wall.

"Put 'em up!"

His voice rang suddenly, sharply.

There was a startled yell from the three, and they spun round towards the Rio Kid in amazement and alarm. The puncher whom they had believed to be lying riddled with lead in the grass, thirty yards away, was standing within six or seven feet of them, his guns covering them, his eyes gleaming over the levelled guns. They glared at him, their jaws dropping as they glared.

"Dog-gone you!" roared Hank, and his six-gun swung up, his finger on the trigger.

Bang!

The Kid's gun roared on the instant. Smoke and fire streamed in the dimness, and the bushwhacker pitched over, headlong into the grass. A fearful yell awoke the echoes of the prairie, and died away into silence.

In the same instant, there was a rush of running feet, as the fallen man's companions tore away into the high grass.

Bang, bang!

The Rio Kid fired after them as they ran, grinning as he pulled trigger. Wild yells from the fleeing bushwhackers answered the ringing shots. The yelling and the wild trampling of feet died away in the distance.

The Rio Kid laughed. But there was a grim ring to his laugh. Well he knew that the cards were stacked against him, and that while he rode the Cactus Creek range, he would ride with his life in his hand. But the Bar-T foreman had not got away with it yet, and the Rio Kid was a bad man to crowd.

He whistled to Side-Kicker, and the grey mustang came trotting up to the hut.

"Old hoss," said the Kid, "I guess you and me are sure scheduled for a plumb hot time on this hyer range. But I figure that we're pulling through."

(Surrounded by rustlers on the lonely range! What chance has the Rio Kid of fighting through? See next week's gripping tale of this amazing Boy Outlaw! It's Great!)



# RANGER DAN'S BULL'S-EYES!

Millionaire: "I started in life without a pair of boots to my feet, and now I've millions."

Boy: "Love a duck, guv'nor, who cleans them all?"

(A Grand Book has been awarded to A. Hendry, 29, New Street, Thornaby-on-Tees, Yorks.)

Urchin (after watching golfers vainly looking for lost ball): "S'cuse me, sir, but would it spoil your game if I told you where the ball is?"

(A Train Set has been awarded to C. Baylis, 42, Lick Hill Road, Sturport, Worcs.)

Farmer (to Tommy): "Hi! What are you doing in my pond?"

Tommy: "I've been playing cricket with your bull, and he won the toss and put me in first."

(A Pair of Skates have been awarded to E. Walker, 30, Keston Road, Tottenham, N. 17.)

Club Bore (relating one of his experiences abroad): "Out there, of course, every man carries a shooter. I was out one night and came face to face with a tiger. Up came my shooter—and what do you think?"

Listener (wearily): "I know, you'd forgotten your peas!"

(A Combination Knife has been awarded to L. E. Osborne, 20, Canning Road, High Park, Southport.)

Mistress (to page boy): "James, you've broken as much china this month as your wages amount to. Now, how can we prevent this occurring again?"

Page Boy: "I don't know, unless you raise me wages."

(A Wallet has been awarded to F. Levell, 6, Granville Road, Felixstowe, Suffolk.)

Cabin Boy: "Is a thing lost when you know where it is?"

Skipper: "No, you chump!"

Cabin Boy: "Well, your..."



silver tea-pot is at the bottom of the sea!"

(A Warneford Tractor Plane has been awarded to E. Snook, 64, Gladstone Street, Swindon, Wilts.)

Two steeplejacks were having an argument as to who had climbed the highest.

Mr. Tall: "I've been so high that I had to bend down to let the moon pass over me."

Mr. Taller: "Did you see the man in the moon?"

"Of course I did!"

"Well, that was me!"

(A Tool Chest has been awarded to A. Stewart, 6, Thornbury Street, Millfield, Sunderland.)

The sailor was proudly showing the old lady over the Navy's latest destroyer.

"Yes, this ship makes over thirty knots an hour," he boasted.

"Good gracious," gasped the old lady. "And who's job is it to untie them all?"

(A Grand Book has been awarded to E. Helay, 2, Gap, Ivinghoe, Leighton Buzzard.)

Great Buzzard.

Farm Hand: "Crighton's cow has broken into our yard again. What shall I do?"

Sandy: "Well, don't stand there doing nothing. Milk her and put her out!"

(A Table Tennis Set has been awarded to A. Jordan, Chartridge Lodge Cottage, Chesham, Bucks.)

Teacher: "What effect has winter on trade?"

Willie: "Please, sir, the ice-cream man sells roast chestnuts!"

(A Giant Torch has been awarded to F. Fisher, 13, Hood Street, Wallasey, Cheshire.)

"I've a brother in Australia who is a good player," said a golfer as he lifted a large chunk of turf.

"Well, dig away," said his partner in disgust, "and you will soon be beside him."

(A Wallet has been awarded to J. Williams, 34, Yore Hill, Ely, Cambs.)

## PRIZES FOR JOKES.

Ranger Dan's asking for rip-snorting, rib-bursting jokes. He's simply pining for 'em. So if you have got a good one up your sleeve, send it along to him, together with the coupon below filled in. Post your efforts to "Ranger Dan's Bull's-eyes," No. 13, The RANGER, 5, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

For jokes published in his corner, Ranger Dan—whose decision must be accepted as final—will present wonderful gifts which include cameras, tool-chests, train sets, books, etc. Attaboy!

----- "Ranger Dan's Bull's-eyes." -----

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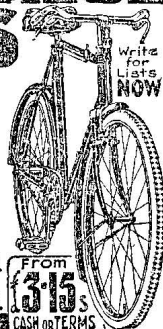
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