

HALLO, STRANGER, HERE'S YOUR "RANGER"!

# The RANGER

2<sup>D</sup>

EVERY SATURDAY.



QUICK-ACTION  
ALL-THRILLS  
TALE OF THE  
WILD WEST.

# The OUTLAW KID!



## Cornered!

**D**OG-GONE 'em!" muttered the Rio Kid savagely. He raised himself in his stirrups, staring across the sunlit Texas prairie.

In the rich pasture on the bank of Cactus Creek, twenty long miles from the Bar-T ranch, three hundred cows fed, under the care of the new puncher in the Bar-T outfit.

Five bobbing Stetson hats appeared in view over the high grass. The Kid watched them grimly as they came.

On that lonely range, the Bar-T puncher was not expecting visitors, unless they came as enemies.

Standing in his stirrups, the Kid watched for a long minute. Five horsemen were coming on at a gallop, and the Kid figured that they aimed to ride between him and the stockman's hut, a mile away from the pasture where the herd fed.

"Dog-gone 'em!" repeated the Kid.

Five to one was long odds, even for the puncher who had once been the outlaw of the Rio Grande. The Kid reckoned that he wanted to hit cover, and that he wanted to hit it quick.

He shook out his reins and turned Side-Kicker towards the stockman's hut. A crack of the quirt and the grey mustang stretched to a gallop.

The Kid looked over his shoulder as he galloped. The bobbing Stetson hats were nearer, and the cracking of quirts came to his ears. Under the Stetsons he had a glimpse of stubby, hard-bitten faces. They were riding harder now, lashing the bronchos to furious speed, to ride him down before he could reach the shelter of the hut. Bang, roared a six-gun, but the bullet flew yards from the galloping Kid.

His jaw set hard.

A light touch of the spur and Side-Kicker leaped to lightning speed. There was no cayuse in Texas to which the grey

mustang could not show his heels. The Kid dashed up to the hut in a cloud of dust, the mustang in a lather of foam. Bang, roared a gun again from the prairie, and the lead spattered on the timber wall of the hut.

The Kid sprang from the saddle. There was a remuda in the corral, but the Kid did not turn Side-Kicker into the corral with the others. He led the grey mustang into the hut.

The pinewood door slammed, and the Kid jammed the bars into place. The shutter at the little unglazed window was already closed and barred. Inside, the stockman's hut was dusky, but gleams of sunlight came through many a chink in the timber walls.

Thud, thud, came galloping hoofs on

## The Bar-T. swop their double-crossing foreman, Black Alec, for a real white man who is only a Kid.

the prairie. With a clatter and a jingle of bridles and stirrups the horsemen crashed to a halt, and leaped from the saddle. There was a trampling of heavy cowmen's boots, and the butt of a quirt crashed on the barred door.

Behind the barred door stood the Kid, a six-gun in his hand, his eyes like cold steel. A hoarse voice shouted outside.

"Say, you there, Santa Fe Smith!"

"Sure!" answered the Kid.

"You dog-goned fire-bug, I guess you're cinched this time!" roared Red Rube. "We got you dead to rights now."

Crack, crack, crack!

Bullets spattered on the thick wood. One of them came through the door and dropped, spent, at the Kid's feet.

Crash!

A heavy log, swung in brawny hands, beat on the door. It creaked and groaned under the impact.

The Kid's eyes gleamed through a chink in the door; a chink that widened

as the wood split under the crash of the assault. The muzzle of his six-gun was thrust into the chink.

Bang!

A fearful yell answered the shot. The log crashed to the earth, as one of its bearers reeled and fell headlong.

There was a roar of rage from the bushwhackers, and a sound of running feet. Like prairie rabbits startled by a wolf, the gunmen hunted cover.

The Rio Kid's laugh rang out mockingly.

"Say, you ain't cinched me yet, you'uns! I'm sure waiting for you, but you don't seem in an all-fired hurry! Say, you dog-goned skunks, ain't you got sand enough to stand up to a gun!"

Spattering bullets answered the taunt.

From chink after chink the Kid's eyes gleamed, watching for a chance for a return shot. Once his gun roared, tearing a strip of skin from Red Rube's stubby cheek as the gunman dodged back into cover. Before the hut one of the bunch lay still beside the fallen log; four of them were pumping bullets at the timber walls.

Hotter and hotter grew the fire. The Kid shrugged his shoulders. The bushwhackers were wasting cartridges. If they figured that the shooting would "rattle" the puncher in the hut, they did not know the Rio Kid. But the Kid reckoned that the fusillade was aimed to cover some move on the part of the enemy, and he watched warily. The Kid's keen ears were not to be deceived, and fast and furious as was the fire, he knew that only three guns were talking. He figured that the fourth man was otherwise engaged; and he waited and watched.

From a chink at the back of the hut he watched a burly figure loom into view, almost staggering under a stack of brushwood.

The Kid's teeth shut hard.

He knew what that meant.

That stack of dry brush, placed to the wall and fired, would send the stockman's hut up in flames. While three of the bushwhackers blazed away to keep the Kid's attention, the other man had gathered brush; and a minute more would have seen the pile flaming under the timber wall.

Bang!

The Kid's six-gun streamed smoke and fire from the chink. The stack of brush toppled over, and in the midst of it sprawled the ruffian who carried it, screaming.

"I guess that guy's got his!" murmured the Kid.

The yelling of the fallen man died away. A shout of rage came from Red Rube and his companions, and bullets rained on the hut.

But the firing died at last.

The Kid waited.

Two of the enemy had gone down; but the other three had him cinched in the hut. The Kid figured that he was in a tight corner, if the bushwhackers played the game out. To step from the hut was to fall riddled with bullets. When darkness came to give him cover, the Kid figured that he would leave his fortress and put paid to the bunch. But it was

still high noon, and many a long hour to sundown. The Kid wondered whether the bunch would tire out before the long hot day was over. As if in answer to that question there came a beating of hoofs on the prairie—galloping hoofs receding in the distance.

The Kid's lip curled.

He did not figure that the enemy was gone. He reckoned that it was a trick to draw him out of cover. He waited.

The galloping died away in the distance. He watched from a chink, and saw three Stetson hats vanish beyond the wall of the corral.

But he did not unbar the door. The Kid was as wary as a prairie wolf. Red Rube and his bunch had ridden away; but the Kid reckoned that they had not gone far, and that they had crept back under the screen of the corral walls. He still waited.

Silence hung round the lonely hut on the Cactus Creek range. Suddenly through the silence came the jingle of bridle and stirrup. The Kid heard a rider dismount at the door. There was a crash of a quirt on the wood and a voice shouted.

"Say, open this door you, Santa Fe Smith!"

The Kid started, and his teeth came together with a click. It was the voice of Alex Black—Black Alec, foreman of the Bar-T ranch.

### Face to Face!

"BLACK ALEC!" breathed the Kid. It was the Bar-T foreman who stood outside the stockman's hut, crashing the butt of his quirt on the door.

The Kid's eyes glinted.

He knew that the Bar-T foreman had sent him to that lonely range to be shot up by the bushwhackers. Black Alec did not suspect that he knew, or that he even suspected. But the Kid knew.

And he knew what the game was now. The Bar-T foreman was there to open the way to the gunmen, crouching out of sight in the cover of the corral wall.

Crash came the quirt on the door again. The Bar-T foreman shouted impatiently.

"Say! You there, Santa Fe Smith?"

"I'm surely here, sir!" answered the Kid coolly.

"I guess there's been a rookus here! Here's a guy laid out, and another behind

the hut! You been waking up trouble here, Santa Fe?"

"You've said it!" answered the Kid.

"Wal, let me in, dog-gone you!"

"I guess them scallywags are still around, sir!" answered the Bar-T puncher.

"Aw! Forget it!" snapped Alex Black. "Was there more than these two that you've given their ticket for soup?"

"I guess there was three more to the bunch."

"Wal, they've hit the horizon, then," said the Bar-T foreman. "There ain't hide nor hair of them around. Say, you dog-goned coyote, you going to hide in that pesky hut all day, and leave the cows to look after themselves? That ain't the way you're going to earn your boss' pay, Santa Fe Smith."

The Kid's face crimsoned. But his voice was cool and drawing as he answered.

"You figure that they've sure lit out, Mister Black?"

"Sure!" snapped the foreman. "Open this door, durn you."

The Kid stepped to the door.

With his six-gun in his right hand he lifted down the bars with his left. Another crash from the foreman's quirt sent the door spinning open, and a flood of sunlight fell into the dusky interior of the hut.

The Rio Kid stepped back quickly. His eyes were grimly on the black-bearded figure in the doorway, and he kept back out of the line of fire from the open.

He was ready for gun-play if the Bar-T foreman started anything. He was ready for a sudden rush from the bushwhackers, and he figured that if he got them bunched in the doorway, with the light behind them, they would not live long enough to get to closer quarters.

But Black Alec did not touch a gun. He had not forgotten how sudden Santa Fe Smith was on the shoot.

He tramped into the hut.

His eyes, under his heavy black brows, glinted at the Kid. It was hard for him to disguise his enmity, though it was his game to deceive the puncher. The Kid watched him warily, with one eye on the door, ready for a rush. He had a six-gun in either hand now.

"Say, you can pack your guns, puncher!" growled the Bar-T foreman. "I'll say there ain't a guy anywhere around! You sure are rattled."

"Not a whole lot!" drawled the Kid.

"But I kinder figure that them three bulldozers ain't fur off, Mister Black."

"Aw, quit chewing the rag," said the Bar-T foreman. "Get out on the range. I guess now I seen there's trouble here, I'll send two men to join you when I hit the ranch agin."

"I kinder reckon they mightn't find me alive, sir, if I rode out on the range jest now," grinned the Kid. "I sorter figure that there's three dog-goned bulldozers jest waiting to make it last sickness for me as soon as I put my cabeza outer that door, Mister Black."

"I'm telling you—"

"Aw, can it!" broke in the Kid. "You dog-goned, double-crossing skunk, ain't I wise to it that you posted me on this range to be shot up? You all-fired greaser, I'm wise to your game."

The Bar-T foreman started violently. It had not even crossed his mind before that the puncher knew of his treachery.

For a second his hand slid towards the butt of a gun. But he withdrew it swiftly.

"Say, you're dreaming, you Santa Fe!" he said. "What you figure I'd want to get you shot up for, you dog-goned bonehead?"

"I reckon you don't want this infant in the outfit," said the Kid. "The boss made you sign me on because I topped your side-pardners robbing him on the trail. I guessed at the time you knowed something about that hold-up. And I've sure figured since that you know a whole lot about the cows that's rustled off the ranch and sold for beef at the railway camps along to Sharpville, you pesky cow-thief. You durned, double-crossing skunk, you're selling out your boss, in cahoots with the rustlers that's thinning his herds. And I guess you don't want a guy around that's wise to the kind of double-crossing polecat you are, Mister Black!"

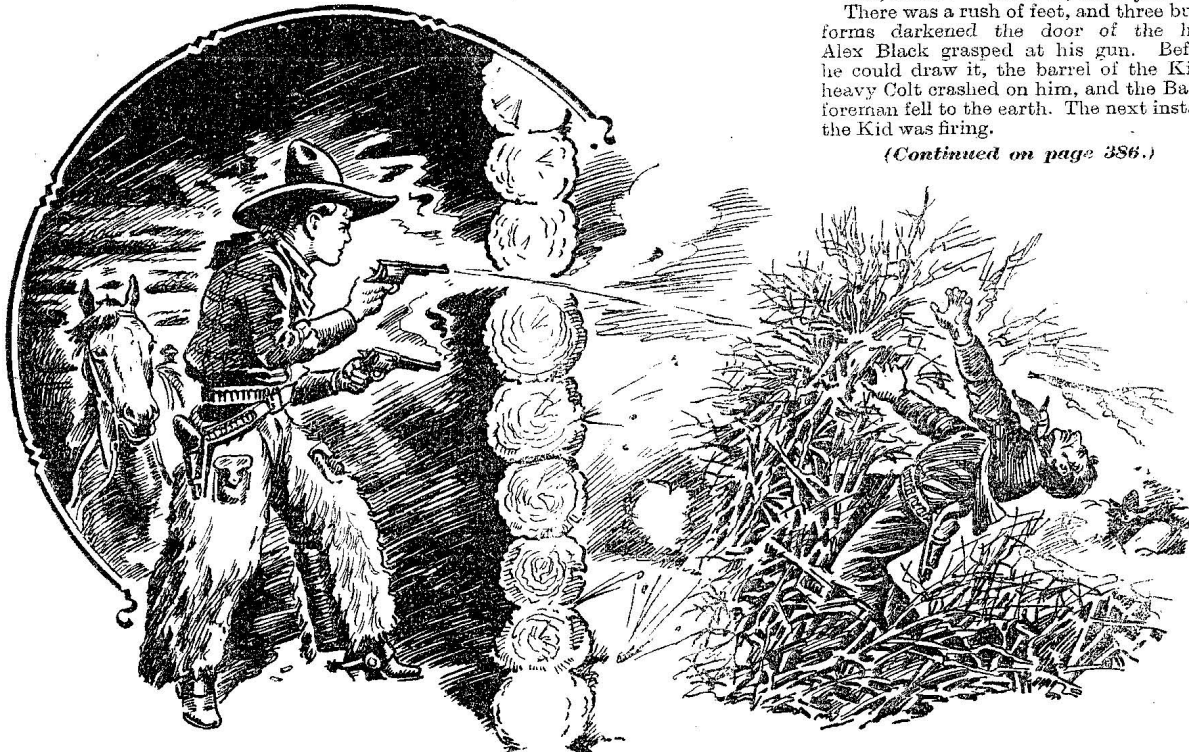
The Bar-T foreman panted.

"You was sure sry in wiping out the Mexican rustlers that came over the Rio Grande," snapped the Kid. "But I'm wise to it that you're in cahoots with the rustlers on this side, Mister Black! You're a dirty cow-thief, selling out the boss that gives you your beans; and if you don't like that, you dog-goned skunk, you're packing a gun, and you're free to pull it."

"By the great horned toad!" panted Alex Black. "You sure know a whole lot that you'll never spill at the Bar-T." He raised his voice to a furious yell. "You, Rube! Wade in, durn you!"

There was a rush of feet, and three burly forras darkened the door of the hut. Alex Black grasped at his gun. Before he could draw it, the barrel of the Kid's heavy Colt crashed on him, and the Bar-T foreman fell to the earth. The next instant the Kid was firing.

(Continued on page 386.)



Desperately the Rio Kid shot through the chinks in the log walls as the rustlers piled the bundles of dried brushwood against the door.

## THE OUTLAW KID!

(Continued from page 367.)

### The Kid Wins Out!

**B**ANG, bang, bang! roared the Rio Kid's six-guns, streaming hot lead at the burly figures cramming in at the doorway.

Red Rube and his men came with a rush, shooting as they came.

But they came from the blazing sunlight of the prairie to the dusk in the interior of the hut, and the Rio Kid had them where he wanted them.

Right and left reeled two of the bushwhackers, yelling. Red Rube plunged forward into the hut, falling on his face.

The din of the shooting died away. Smoke and the smell of gunpowder reeked in the hut.

The Kid holstered one of his guns and dashed blood from his cheek with the back of his hand. He stepped towards the doorway.

Red Rube groaned and stirred. The Kid stooped and jerked away his weapons.

"I guess you ain't buzzards' meat yet, feller," he said. "You'll sure live to stretch a rope."

He glanced at the two bushwhackers who had fallen outside the doorway. Neither of them stirred.

Quietly the Kid bound up his shattered shoulder. The Kid could be merciful, indeed tender, to an enemy, when the guns had ceased to talk. Then for some minutes he stood looking out over the sunlit range, over the lumbering herd that fed by the shining creek.

He turned back into the hut. Black Alex had now regained his senses.

"I guess we're hitting the Bar-T, pronto," said the Kid. "I'll sure tote you guys to your cayuses, and we'll hit the trail for the ranch. You got to answer up to the boss, Mister Black." He smiled grimly. "You've been selling out the boss for years on end, you skunk, and lying to him like a Digger Injun. I guess you'll have to lie pesky hard to crawl out of this."

The Bar-T foreman looked at him with glinting eyes under his black brows.

"Give me a horse and let me ride!" he muttered. "You dog-goned galoot, I guess you're wise to it that there's a heap of papers in my office at the ranch that will put a cinch on me, once the boss goes through them. You durned well know that I've been selling Bar-T beef to the railroad camps ever since the railroad came along to Sharpville. You got me cinched, durn you—give me a horse and let me ride."

"I reckon that's for the boss to say!" answered the Kid curtly. "It's Judge Pindex's say-so, Mister Black. If he lets you ride, you can sure ride all you want and I won't stop you. I reckon the outfit will want to string you up when they savvy the kind of all-fired cow-thief you are; but the boss ain't the man to stand for that. We're hitting the trail for the ranch."

The Kid stepped from the hut and led the Bar-T foreman to his horse. Black Alec made no resistance. His black-bearded face was haggard. As he sat in the saddle, the Kid bound him there with a riata. He had to lift Red Rube to his saddle, and a riata secured the bushwhacker on his broncho.

The Kid mounted Side-Kicker, and taking the reins of the two horses he rode away for the Bar-T ranch.

### The New Foreman.

**G**INGER, the horse-wrangler, gave a yell.

He stared across the gate at the riders coming up the trail to the ranch. Then he jumped on the gate and stood there, staring, to get a better view.

"Carry me home to die!" gasped Ginger.

He leaped down from the gate and rushed across to the bunkhouse, yelling.

"Say, you guys! Say, you want to know! I'll tell a man! Here comes

Santa Fe Smith back from the Cactus Creek range, and he's got Alex Black roped up on a bronc, and that dog-goned rustler Red Rube along with him. Say, you want to know!"

There was a rush of Bar-T punchers from the bunkhouse. It was sunset, and many riders were in from the ranges. Ginger's excited yell brought every man in the bunkhouse swarming out.

The bunch of punchers stared in blank amazement. To see Santa Fe Smith riding Alex Black a prisoner to the ranch was amazing. The Bar-T outfit did not begin to understand.

"I guess that guy Santa Fe Smith is asking to be fired!" ejaculated Texas. "Say, I guess he must have gone plumb loco."

Yuma Bill ran along to the gate and threw it open. The Rio Kid rode through, leading his two prisoners.

The Kid grinned a little, as he saw the astonishment in the faces of the Bar-T outfit. He guessed it was some surprise to the outfit to see their foreman led back to the ranch a prisoner, bound to his horse.

Judge Pindex came out on the veranda of the ranch-house, drawn by the roar of excited voices. The boss of the Bar-T rubbed his eyes at the unexpected sight that met them. The next moment he was striding on the scene, with a frowning brow. The punchers made way for their boss as he strode up.

"Say, what's this circus!" hooted the rancher. "What you doing with my foreman roped up like a horse-thief, you Santa Fe?"

The Kid lifted his Stetson to the rancher.

"I guess he's roped up because he's a cow-thief, boss," he answered, "and I've sure toled him home for you."

"You dog-goned young bonehead! You want to allow that my foreman is a cow-thief!" yelled Judge Pindex.

The Kid grinned.

"He sure is, boss, and in cahoots with Red Rube's bunch, and I guess if I hadn't been mighty spry with my guns, they'd have rubbed me out on the Cactus Creek range."

"Carry me home to die!" gasped the rancher.

There was a buzz of astonishment from the punchers. Every man on the ranch was gathering on the spot now. Baldy the cook had come out of the chuck-house; even the Mexican chore-man had his head out of a window of the ranch.

Red Rube glared defiance at the crowd. He knew what was coming to him; the sheriff had wanted him for ten years for rustling cows and hold-ups on the trails. Black Alec sat his pinto with his black-bearded chin sunk on his breast. It was hard to recognise the bullying foreman of the Bar-T now. After long years of domineering and double-dealing, ruin had fallen on him, and he had crumpled under the blow.

Silence followed the Rio Kid's words for some moments. The rancher broke it at last.

"What you got to say, Alex Black? You've been my foreman, and I've trusted you! I guess I want proof before I believe you been double-crossing your boss! What you got to say?"

Black Alec did not speak. It was useless to deny when he knew that the ruffian at his side was ready to betray him, and the proofs of his guilt only needed looking for in his office on the ranch. The rancher waited for his reply, but it did not come.

Judge Pindex's face hardened.

"You Santa Fe, you put me wise," he snapped. "What's happened on the Cactus Creek range?"

The Kid told him briefly.

There was a surge forward of the punchers with grim faces. Texas ran for a lasso and came back swinging it in his hand. Hands were raised to drag Black Alec from his horse.

"I guess we want a rope and a branch!" exclaimed Ginger. "You durned scallywag, bossing the bunch and in cahoots with rustlers all the time! Lynch him!"

The Rio Kid pushed his mustang forward.

"Hold in your hosses, fellers," he drawled.

"Dog-gone you, Santa Fe, you quit chewing the rag," roared Ginger. "I'll say we're going to string up that pesky scallywag."

"I sure ain't no objection to stringing up a cow-thief," said the Kid cheerily. "But it's the boss' say-so! I guess if the boss says string him up, you can string him up all you want."

"Lynch him!"

Judge Pindex broke in. His eyes fixed for a moment on the Bar-T foreman's pallid face with a look that brought a flush into the colourless cheeks. Then he glanced round at the punchers.

"Forget it!" he said tersely. "There ain't going to be lynching on this ranch! That fire-bug Red Rube is going to the sheriff, who's wanted him long enough! Alex Black can ride!"

"Say, boss—" urged Texas.

"Aw, can it!" said the rancher. "Cast him loose, you Santa Fe, and let him ride. And if he don't ride hell-for-leather, I guess you uns'll fan him with lead and give him a start."

Black looks were cast at the Bar-T foreman as the Kid cut him loose. But the boss' word was law on the Bar-T, and the hands that had been raised to grasp the traitor foreman dropped again. With his eyes burning Alex Black grasped his reins. He cast a bitter glance round at the circle of grim faces—faces of the men who, a few hours ago, had jumped to his orders, but who would have strung him up on the nearest branch now had not their boss stood between.

"Dog-gone you!" said Black Alec between his teeth. "Dog-gone the whole pesky bunch of you!" His savage gaze circled the crowd, and then fixed on the Rio Kid. His eyes blazed with hate. "You, Santa Fe, you ain't seen the last of me. I'll get you yet—"

"Not in your lifetime, old-timer," said the Kid. "Say, I guess you want to ride for your health, Mister Black."

The Bar-T foreman swung round his pinto. One last look he gave at the Rio Kid, and then he rode. Guns were in the hands of the punchers now, and they barked behind the horseman, bullets "fanning" him on his way. With the lead screaming round him as he rode, Black Alec spurred his horse fiercely, and vanished in a cloud of dust across the prairie. The high grass, red in the sunset, swallowed him from sight at last.

"I guess we've lost our foreman!" said Ginger.

"And I'll say that I've found a new one," said Judge Pindex, "and I guess his name is Santa Fe Smith!"

The Rio Kid jumped.

"Aw, boss! What you giving me?" he exclaimed.

"I guess I'm giving you a foreman's job on this ranch," answered Judge Pindex, "and you ain't saying no, feller."

There was a shout from the Bar-T outfit. The Rio Kid looked round at them. Texas waved his hat, Ginger banged his Colt in the air.

"Fellers," said the Kid, and there was a tremble in his voice. "Fellers, the boss says I'm to be foreman of this ranch, and if the bunch wants me, I guess it's a cinch! I'll sure be proud to be foreman of this bunch, and I'll say it's the best bunch I've ever struck in Texas, 'cept the old crowd at the Double-Bar where I was raised. But I'll say there's better men here—and Ginger's one, and Texas is another—"

"Aw, can it!" grinned the horse-wrangler.

"Quit chewing the rag," said Texas. "You're our foreman—and the best man in the bunch, and I'm telling the world."

And a waving of Stetsons and a roar of six-guns greeted the appointment of the new foreman of the Bar-T ranch.

(Deadly perils overtake the Rio Kid next week. You'll be thrilled with every line of this great story!)

# The CHIEF RANGER CHATS!

Your Editor's mighty keen to get to know all his new pals. Drop him a line to "The Chief Ranger," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.



## ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW!

How-do, everybody? Chief Ranger calling! What do you think of this week's issue? Great, isn't it? But wait until you get next week's number—it's greater still! I've got a real peach of a series of

### THE FROZEN NORTH,

written by a master of his job, who knows the Yukon and the mixed peoples of that vast tract of country. The central figure in this novel series is

### LITTLE CROW, THE CREE,

a mahogany-coloured Redskin youth with a stout heart and away with him that fascinates all with whom he comes in contact. You can picture him crooning to his huskies as he mushes his way across the frozen northlands, heading straight bang into adventure! Little Crow is a Red man, but he's white beneath the surface. Once you've made his acquaintance, you'll be mighty impatient to meet him again. That's a straight tip from yours truly. And, talking of tips, let me rub in that the only way to make absolutely certain of getting your RANGER—of meeting Little Crow, the Cree, is to

### ORDER YOUR COPY IN ADVANCE!

You're enjoying this copy of The RANGER no end. Now just think how you'd feel if you had missed getting a copy. 'Nuff said!

*The Chief Ranger*

### LIZZIE VERSUS LIZZIE.

When Lizzie the tortoise and Lizzie the motor-car met the other day there was a fine—and funny—to-do. Lizzie the tortoise has passed her 200th birthday, and so isn't as nippy on her feet as she used to be. All she asks is to be well-fed and allowed to bask, without hindrance, in the public thoroughfares of Mombasa, where she is rightly regarded as something quite unique and to be petted and respected by all and sundry.

Well, roaming down the main street of Mombasa on a recent sunny morning, looking for a spot of shade where she might enjoy forty winks, she spotted a car—the other Lizzie—drawn up by the kerbside outside an hotel.

The owner of the car was then inside the hotel trying to sell his Lizzie. He hooked a possible purchaser and brought him outside to witness what the car could do. He stowed the P.P. away as passenger and took the wheel, pressed the self-starter, honk-honked a couple of times—and then grumbled in his beard. The jolly old car wouldn't budge!

The back wheels were going around nicely, but something was holding the car stationary. Investigation revealed

Lizzie the tortoise, still sound asleep, where she had crept for shade under the car, carrying on her shell the full weight of the Lizzie that couldn't budge!

### CHASING FLIES FOR A LIVING.

"Whop that fly!" is a slogan with money behind it in the film-making studios of California just now. Those concerned in the making of pictures there declare that all the flies in the world have left their native heaths and gone there to live—and ruin pictures in the making.

They flutter about and buzz like young steam-engines, and the microphone records their maddening music as part of the "talkie" picture. Worse still, the little beasts have a habit of coming suddenly to a rest on the tense features of the actors and actresses. And you can't stop to scratch whilst you are being "shot" in the very fore-front of an important and expensive picture!

One of the most famous of film-making directors, Melville Brown, says that these pestiferous buzzers are responsible for so many re-takes of movie pictures that the cost to the industry is about £2,000 a day! And now the chiefs are going to put up with it no longer. They are employing

specially agile men as fly-chasers, at excellent pay—fellows who will surmount all obstacles to chase a fly to its lair and give it the knock-out!

### 1st STOP—23rd FLOOR!

Whoosh! goes the lift, and your breath vanishes for a bit whilst your heart and lungs seem to be roaming about just anywhere. It's an exciting life, living at the top of the New York News Building, for unless you want to wear your feet down to wafers by walking up and down the hundreds of stairs you have to travel! at the rate of 700 feet per minute—by lift.

In that cloud-piercing building in America, there are sixteen lifts continually rushing up to the thirty-sixth floor—the top—and down again. Some of the lifts are reserved for passengers in a real hurry, and these go non-stop to the twenty-third floor.

Fancy forgetting the number of your flat or room in that monstrous pile and having to roam all over its thirty-six floors looking for where you live!

### THE HUMAN TUCKSHOP.

"Look pleasant, please!" is no longer part of the patter of the latest-style photographer. They don't care a button what your face looks like or how your arms and legs are sticking out. All they are concerned with is taking snaps of your interior! They are specialists in the portrayal of the human tuckshop—the place where your dinner goes.

Got a tummy-ache? Then come right in, sir! Let the surgeon push a nice-looking tube into your mouth—it won't hurt a bit. That's right, sir. Now swallow—splendid!

At the end of that tube is a camera so tiny that it goes down with no more trouble than an acid-drop accidentally swallowed. Two electric wires are concealed in that flexible tube, one working the shutter of the tiny camera in your interior, the other operating a flashlight alongside.

If the surgeon wants to make a real picture-gallery of things down there, he takes a full set of sixteen pictures. Then he relieves you of your burden, and when the snaps have been enlarged he can examine at leisure the why and wherefore of the tummy-ache that drove you to him!

### ON CAPTAIN KIDD'S TRAIL.

All the world has heard of Captain Kidd, king of pirates, and of Sir Malcolm Campbell, the man who lives to pull the nose of Father Time by persistently breaking speed records. Now Campbell is after another record—a clean-up of £10,000,000 lying around somewhere in Cocos Island, where old Captain Kidd had his private bank!

As soon as he sees that there are no more speed records in urgent need of breaking, Sir Malcolm wants to turn his back on motor-cars for a bit and hunt for the pirate king's buried treasure. He has already been to Cocos Island once, in 1925, and what he and his party saw so whetted Campbell's appetite that he now wants more.

If he discovers that pirate hoard he will have broken another record. Cocos Island isn't a picnic spot. It's all jungle and rock and stinging insects and very little water and 115 degrees in the shade and one or two other things that make the ordinary fellow glad to stop at home and just read about it!

Write for complete list

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