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The PILOT 2^D

THE GREAT NEW STORY PAPER for READERS OF ALL AGES

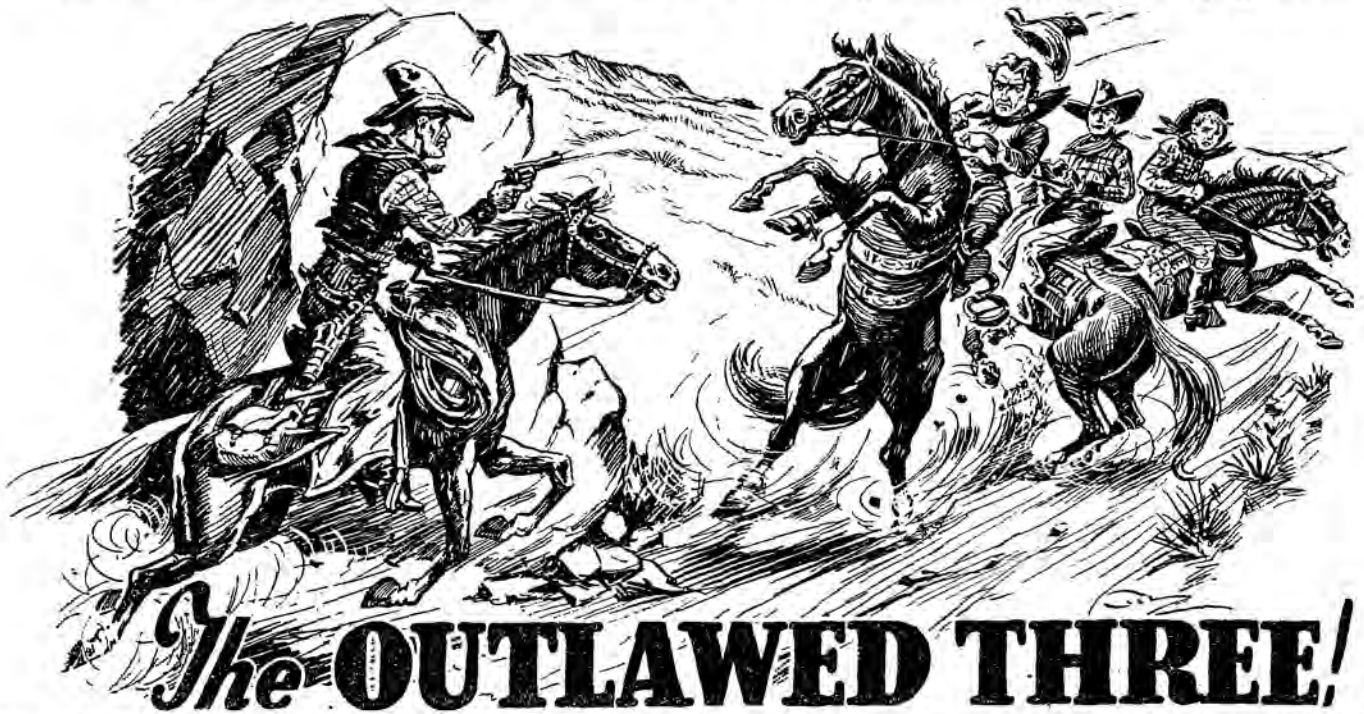


"NOW BEAT IT!"

The Cop who was a Wrong 'Un

and 6 OTHER STUNNING STORIES

THEY'D FOUND A GOLD-MINE—And they defended it against roaring guns and flying lead!



The OUTLAWED THREE!

HARDFIST HALL, marshal of Bullwhacker, rode down the bank of the Rio Rojo at a clattering gallop. He swung his horse in at the open gateway of the Rojo Ranch and pulled up the sweating bronco in front of the veranda.

Old Sam Oak, the ranch-owner, sat up in his rocker and stared at him. He could see that Bill Hall had ridden hard. His horse was lathered with foam. His hard, black-bearded face was red and clotted with perspiration under his stetson hat. Old Sam noted, too, that the pistol-holder at the marshal's belt was empty. Bill Hall always packed a gun, but he had no gun now. The rancher's tanned face wrinkled in a grin. It looked to him as if the bully of Bullwhacker had been hitting trouble.

Bill Hall did not, for the moment, pay attention to the old rancher. As he pulled in the black bronco his keen eyes swept back the way he had come—over the barren, sun-baked plain, dotted with sage brush, towards the slopes of the Mesa Mountains. Far away, on the rocky hillside, he picked out three moving specks. His eyes gleamed as he fixed on them. But the three pursuers on foot were too far off to trouble him; on his bronco he had beaten them easily to the ranch.

He slipped from the saddle, threw his reins over a post, and strode up to the ranch. The crazy old wooden veranda creaked under his heavy boots as he strode on it. Old Sam did not rise from his rocker, but he gave the marshal of Bullwhacker a nod.

"I guess you been burning the wind, marshal!" said the old rancher, with a grin. "Where'd you lose your gun? Been biting off more trouble than you could chew?"

Bill Hall stood looking down at him with knitted brows. Old Sam did not know that it was with Dan, Kid, and Red, the rancher's three nephews, that the marshal had found trouble up in the Mesa. And Hardfist did not intend him to know.

"I guess I ran into the Jadson gang in the hills," he answered. "I sure had to light out, as there was the whole bunch of them."

He dropped into a rocker, facing the old rancher.

"All alone?" he asked casually.

"Yep. Dan and Kid and Red are up in the Mesa."

"Prospecting again?" asked the marshal, with a curt laugh. "You still figuring that you'll find gold on your land up in the Mesa, Sam?"

Old Sam did not answer. His fixed belief that there was gold on his ranch was a stand-

ing joke in Tontine County, Arizona. His three nephews had been hunting for it almost ever since they could walk. Every day that they could be spared from work on the ranch they went up in the Mesa, and every time they went old Sam hoped to hear on their return that they had struck pay-dirt. But they had never yet brought him that news, and he little knew that they were now on their way to tell him they had at last found the mine.

"I guess," said Hall, "that old Abe Oak, your father, was dreaming when he figured that he picked nuggets out of the head-waters of the Rojo forty years ago."

"Mebbe!" grunted Sam, shrugging his shoulders. "And mebbe that's why you're so set on buying my land, marshal!"

"Your land runs with mine for miles along the Rojo," said Hall. "I guess I want to round off my ranch, old-timer. I'm getting more cows, and I want more room. It's poor feed here, but there's plenty of water, and that's what I want. I've offered you a thousand dollars—"

"Keep it!" broke in old Sam.

"I want that land," continued Bill Hall, unheeding the interruption. "I've a big herd coming down from Tombstone way, and this ain't the old days, when a rancher had the run of the open country for his herds. I got to have the Rojo land, and if you'll name a reasonable figure, I'll go up to it."

Old Sam shook his head.

"Doggone you, you obstinate old longhorn!" burst out the marshal of Bullwhacker. "You're getting plumb old, Sam Oak, and you got nothing to leave the boys, except a barren ranch, a bunch of brones, and a tale of a gold-mine that's been lost for forty years. I guess they'd do better with a few thousand dollars each when the time comes."

Old Sam sat up.

"A few thousand—each?" he repeated. "How'd that come out of the thousand you been offering me?"

"Waal, since you wouldn't take my offer, I guess I'll go up to your figure, if you make it reasonable!" rapped the marshal. "I'm getting on to big business in beef and I've got to have the room for my herds. I'll put up six thousand dollars for the Rojo!"

The old rancher gave a whistle of surprise. Six thousand dollars was a large sum—two or three times as much as the Rojo ranch was worth, considered as ranch-land. Certainly there was the chance of discovering a gold-mine—but it seemed a very slim chance.

"Think of the boys!" urged Hall. "How long they been rooting up in the canyons and

arroyos in the Mesa after that gold-mine of yours? Have they ever struck an ounce of the yellow yet?"

"Nope!" said old Sam. "But the gold's there, marshal! I'll tell a man! My pop took gold out of the Rojo up in the Mesa when I was a kid, an' it's still there!"

"Aw, can it!" said Bill Hall. "You're keeping your nephews wasting their lives on this patch of desert, jest because of that dream of yours about striking gold in the Mesa. They'd do better getting a job riding with a ranch outfit at Bullwhacker, or working in the stamp-mills over at Mule-Pack. I tell you, Sam Oak, they're sticking it jest to humour you, and you're wasting their time, when they ought to be starting in life."

Old Sam winced.

"Six thousand dollars would give them a start," said the marshal. "I guess you ain't going to live for ever, Sam Oak, and you got to think of them."

The old rancher sat silent, thinking. It was evident that Bill Hall's new offer had moved him. He did not need the marshal to tell him to think of his nephews—all his thoughts were for them.

Hall watched him impatiently. He, too, was thinking of Sam's nephews—those three specks on the hillside, coming nearer. This was his last chance—if he did not get the Rojo ranch before Dan, Kid, and Red brought in the news of their strike in the Mesa, his game was up. Minutes were precious now, but he didn't want to make the old rancher suspicious by a show of eagerness.

Old Sam spoke at last.

"I guess you ain't fooling me any, Bill Hall," he said slowly. "Mebbe you want the land for your cows, like you say, but I guess you're banking on hitting pay-dirt in the Mesa. You been after my land for years, and that was the reason. But I'm sure getting old, and the boys ain't had no luck—and—" He paused. It was a wrench to him. But he went on again evenly. "I guess they would figure that I was plumb loco to refuse six thousand dollars for the ranch. I got to think of them!"

"It's a trade?" breathed the marshal.

"It's a trade!" said Sam Oak.

Bill Hall's eyes glittered. He rose from his chair.

"Saddle up and beat it to Bullwhacker with me," he said briskly. "I guess we'll put it through right now. I've got the greenbacks in my office at Bullwhacker, Sam, and you can sign the papers there, with Lawyer Hook to see that it's a square deal."

"You said it!" said old Sam. He suppressed a sigh and stood up. He was parting with his life's dream, but it was for the sake of his nephews, who had stood by him through thick and thin, through hard work and hard times.

Slowly he followed the marshal down from the veranda and went to the corral for his horse. Hardfist's eyes turned to the distant hills and the three specks showing clear in the sunlight. They were nearer now. Toy-like in the distance, he could see that they were running. He breathed hard. Did they suspect that he had beaten them to the ranch to make a last effort to wring the land from old Sam, before they could make known their discovery? It looked like it by the way they ran and scrambled down the rough hillside in the broiling Arizona sun.

To the marshal's intense relief old Sam did not even glance towards the Mesa. He did not expect the boys back till sundown, some hours distant yet. And the old rancher was deep in painful thought. He was going to part at last, but it was a bitter wrench to him.

Hall watched him, hardly able to control his impatience, as Sam saddled and bridled a grey bronco. But without a glance towards the Mesa the old rancher mounted and rode out of the gateway with the marshal of Bullwhacker. It would not have mattered then; he would not have seen Dan, Kid, and Red—they were down on the plain, and were hidden by the sage-brush. Bill Hall knew that they were running for the ranch, and he dreaded every moment to hear shouting voices ringing over the plain.

If they got in with the news that they had struck a rich gold-mine, Sam would not sign. But only Hall knew of that discovered mine, and he was certainly not going to speak. Once old Sam had signed the papers at Bullwhacker they could tell him as soon as they liked that gold had been struck in the Mesa! But if Sam got the news before the papers were signed—

"Hump it, old-timer!" muttered the marshal.

He spurred the black bronco. Old Sam gave his grey a touch of the quirt and rode after him. With a clatter of hoofs they rode down the sun-baked trail to the cow town.

WELL ahead of the others, Dan Oak panted up to the rancho. Big, rugged Dan was hard as hickory, but that race down from the Mesa had told on him. Streaming with perspiration and panting for breath, he almost reeled across the yard.

"Sam, old-timer!" panted Dan. His voice came in a harsh croak, as he staggered up the steps of the old wooden veranda.

But Sam Oak was not there.

Dan leaned on the corral bar, panting for breath, waiting for his comrades to reach him. He had feared it, and now he knew it. From the high slopes of the Mesa he had seen Bill Hall riding at top speed for the ranch, and he knew what the marshal's game was. He did not need telling that!

Had the marshal succeeded at long last in putting it across Sam, and getting hold of the Rojo? Had the secret mine been discovered, only for the benefit of the hard-fisted marshal of Bullwhacker? Dan ground his teeth at the thought.

Kid and Red came panting up.

"Sam here?" panted Kid.

"Gone!" muttered Dan.

Tom Redway pushed back his stetson and wiped his steaming brow. His face was crimson with exertion and heat.

"Sam wouldn't sell!" he panted. "Dan, old boss, Sam's refused to sell every time that doggoned marshal has put it up to him—"

Kid cut him short.

"I guess Hardfist knowed we'd hit the ranch as fast as we could, and he sure got Sam away pronto. They ain't near Bullwhacker yet, and we're sure rounding them up, if hoss-flesh can do it."

"You said it!" breathed Dan.

There were half a dozen broncos in the corral, and they were all good beasts. They picked out the best three from the bunch, saddled and bridled them in double quick time, and rode out down the stony trail to Bullwhacker at a wild gallop.

The trail, wild and rugged, wound along the base of the hills. Ten miles away lay the cow town of Bullwhacker, out of sight across

the plain. Hardfist Hall and old Sam had a start—how long a start the riders did not know. But they knew that Hardfist would push on as fast as he could get old Sam to ride. The miles flew under the thudding hoofs.

Half-way to the cow town the trail turned from the hills and ran through rolling prairie, dotted with herds of cattle. Bullwhacker was in sight in the far distance now, its corrugated iron roofs glimmering in the blazing sun. Dan, rising in his stirrups, pointed with his quirt.

Far ahead, moving dots on the plain, were two horsemen, riding for the cow town. One rode a black, the other a grey bronco.

"We'll get 'em!" breathed Dan. "They'll beat us to Bullwhacker, but we'll sure horn in before they can put the deal through. Ride, fellers!"

They were riding on Bill Hall's land now. From the Rojo ranch to the cow town the marshal's land stretched mile on mile. The Hall outfit was the roughest and toughest in Arizona, and, backed by that outfit, Hardfist had most of Tontine County in the hollow of his hand. Old Sam's nephews gave no thought to the range-riders in the distance, as they spurred fiercely on the trail, but it would have helped them if they had.

They were still two or three miles out of the town when a horseman pushed out of a clump of timber, and halted in the trail ahead of them. It was Mustang Dave, right-hand man of the marshal of Bullwhacker. The sun glinted on the levelled barrel of a six-gun in his hand.

"Hold your hosses!" he bawled.

Dan and Kid and Red glared at him without pulling rein. They were not taking orders from one of Hall's men at a time like this.

Crack! The roughneck's six-gun roared as they dashed on, and the bullet jerked the stetson on Dan's head.

"Hold on, there!" roared the marshal's man. "By the great horned toad, you get yours if you don't pull in."

The boys dragged on their reins. They packed no guns, and Mustang had them covered with the smoking Colt, and he would shoot to kill next time. Dan, as he pulled in with his reins bunched in his left hand, slid his right towards the coiled lasso that hung at his saddle-horn. But he did not touch it. Mustang's hawk-like face was grim over the smoking revolver, and he meant all that he said.

"You pizen polecat!" Dan choked with rage. "What you stopping us on the trail for? Is this a hold-up?"

"Hold-up nothing!" snapped Mustang. "Git off'n them cayuses, and git off quick, or you'll hear this gun talk!"

With gritted teeth the three boys dismounted. Mustang watched them like a cat.

"The marshal's fixed this up!" breathed Dan. "He met up with you on the trail, and left you to watch for us. Look here, Mustang,

we got to hit Bullwhacker! My Uncle, Sam Oak—"

"Quit chewing the rag!" drawled Mustang. "I guess there's a suspicion that all the critters in old Sam Oak's corral don't belong to the Rojo ranch. I guess I got to give them cayuses the once-over, and I'm sure taking them, and you, to the Hall ranch. Walk them hosses along in front of me, and don't forget that I'm keeping a finger on the trigger."

"You pesky piccan!" roared Kid. "What are you trying to do—make out that we're hoss thieves?"

"If them hosses don't belong to the Hall outfit, I guess you can ride away on 'em as soon as you want—after the outfit's given them the once-over!" answered Mustang insolently.

"Look here—"

"Aw, pack it up, Red!" said Dan wearily. "Ain't you wise to it that Bill Hall's fixed this up to keep us back while he gets through with old Sam at Bullwhacker?"

Kid and Red glared at him. If they walked the horses to the Hall ranch, miles across the prairie, there was no hope of reaching Bullwhacker before sundown afterwards.

"Look here, Dan—"

Red and Kid yelled together. "Pack it up, I'm telling you, and hoof it!" snapped Dan, and he set the example, leading his horse away from the trail.

Red and Kid breathed fury. But they were used to following Dan's lead, and they followed him, leading their horses. Mustang Dave, grinning, set his bronco in motion, and rode at a walking pace after them. The gun was still in his hand, but it rested now on his saddle-bow. He had the three where he wanted them. That six-gun was ready to lift if they made an attempt to mount or to scatter.

Dan's horse suddenly stumbled, its foot in a gopher-hole. He dragged at the reins and lashed furiously with the quirt.

"Aw, come up, you critter!" he yelled.

Red and Kid stared at him in blank amazement. Dan was the last fellow in the wide world to ill-use a horse, but it seemed as if his temper had broken out of all control. He dragged and lashed; the horse squealed and reared, striving to break loose.

"Dan, you gone loco?" shouted Red angrily. "Let up on the critter! I'm telling you, let up!"

The almost frantic horse reared and plunged at the end of the dragging reins. Prancing wildly, it bumped into Mustang Dave's bronco, and the gunman, with an oath, pulled his mount aside. As he did so the quirt in Dan's hand lashed savagely—not at his horse, but at the roughneck! It smashed across his tough face, and Mustang reeled from the saddle to crash to the earth.

Kid gave a yell of glee.

He was on Mustang Dave with the spring of a panther before the gunman had fairly hit the earth. The revolver was kicked from the roughneck's grip, and Kid's knee dropped



"Sign, you obstinate old fool!" gritted the marshal. Under the threat of that levelled gun, the old ranch-owner had no choice but to obey!

into his ribs, crushing him to the earth and driving the wind out of him.

Mustang panted and struggled under Kid's gripping knee. Dan reached him, the quirt reversed in his hand. His eyes gleamed like cold steel as he brought down the heavy metal butt on Mustang's head. Crash it came, and crash again, and Mustang Dave, with a groan, sank, stunned and senseless, in the grass.

Dan panted. "I guess that bulldozer won't stop us none!" he snapped. He picked up Dave's fallen six-gun and shoved it into his hip pocket. "Mount, you guys, and ride!"

And, leaving the roughneck senseless in the grass, the three punchers remounted their broncos and rode madly for Bullwhacker.

HARDFIST HALL dipped the pen in the ink and handed it to old Sam. There was a smile on his hard face and a glimmer of deep satisfaction in his eyes. They were seated in the marshal's office on Main Street, Bullwhacker, and through the open doorway came the red glare of sunset and the sounds of the cow town. Every now and then a shadow darkened the doorway as some puncher rode by up Main Street.

"Sign, old-timer!" said Hall genially. He could feel genial now. The Rojo riders were too late now—Mustang Dave would see to that. Old Sam had suspected nothing when the marshal stopped on the trail across the ranchland to speak a few words to his man there.

A little man, in a rusty black coat and derby hat, sat in the office—a man with thin, foxy features and cunning, deep-set eyes. Lawyer Hook was the only man in Bullwhacker who wore store clothes and a derby hat. He was watching old Sam's wrinkled, troubled face under the brim of the tattered stetson as Hall handed the old rancher the pen. Slowly Sam took the pen in his horny hand.

But he hesitated. "Come, Mr. Oak," said Lawyer Hook, "I've read the papers to you—they are drawn up fair and square and regular! You've only to sign, and receive 6,000 dollars from the marshal."

Something in the tone of the lawyer's voice struck a warning note in old Sam. He hesitated with the pen in his fist.

"There's something mighty queer about all this," he said. "For two pins I wouldn't—" He broke off with a gasp. Hall, thinking that the ranch was slipping out of his grasp, resorted to stern measures. His gun flashed from its holster and was viciously jabbed into the old man's ribs.

"Sign, you obstinate old fool!" he grated. "Sign, or I'll fill you full of lead!"

Old Sam was helpless. There was nothing that he could do under the threat of that gun except sign. Slowly he lowered the pen to the paper. To lose his ranch this way galled the old man, but better that than lose his life.

The pen touched paper—but that long pause had dried the ink, and the pen scratched without leaving a mark!

Hardfist uttered an impatient oath, grabbed the pen from the old man's hand, and dipped it in the ink again. He handed it back to Sam Oak.

"Put it through!" he grunted, and again the gun prodded into the old man's ribs.

Sam put pen to paper again. As he did so there was a crash of hoofs, a clatter of bridles and stirrups outside. Shadows blotted the bright sunshine at the open doorway.

Old Sam jerked back the pen, staring round in amazement. Hardfist Hall looked up, with a yell of rage, while Lawyer Hook, squealing with terror, backed into the farther corner of the room. Right in at the doorway, trampling on the pine planks of the floor, rode a horseman—Dan Oak from the Rojo Ranch! Dan dragged in the sweating brone just short of the

marshal's desk, foam from the dilated nostrils spattering over the papers old Sam had been about to sign. The timber building rattled and shook to the clattering hoofs.

Behind Dan, outside the doorway, Kid and Red reined in.

Dan took in the whole scene at a glance. "You've not signed! Uncle, tell me you've not signed!" he roared.

"Nope! I'm jest signing—" "You doggoned young roughneck!" roared Hardfist, mad with rage. "Beat it out of my office! You figure you can ride a brone into a town marshal's office like you was a puncher shooting up the Yellow Dog Saloon!"

"You pizen thief!" roared Dan. "I'll say we're on time to put paid to you! Sam, we've struck it! That pizen lobo-wolf knowed—he sure saw the nugget in Kid's hand up in the Mesa—"

Sam Oak sprang to his feet. "You've struck gold in the Mesa?" he yelled. "And then some!" shouted Kid. "Look! Give that the once-over, old Sam! Ain't that a sight for sore eyes?"

Kid dragged the nugget from his pocket. It gleamed and glistened in the sun as he waved it in the doorway.

Old Sam's eyes almost started from his tanned face. "Gold!" he stuttered. "Gold! And you knew about it, Hall!"

Hardfist Hall pulled himself together. His rage was so intense that he trembled from head to foot. Mustang had failed to stop them—they were there on time—how he did not know; but he wasn't giving up yet.

Again the gun was prodded viciously into the old man's ribs. Hall's hate-filled eyes swept the others.

"An' you keep off!" he warned the others. "At the first move from any of you, he gets it!" Another jab with the gun. "Sign, darn you, sign!"

His glare swung to the old man, and in that fraction of time Dan acted.

His hand slid into his hip-pocket, where he had packed Mustang's gun. His eyes blazed as he whipped it out. Before the marshal knew what was coming, before he even knew that the boy was armed, the revolver roared, and the marshal's gun, shot from his hand, clattered on the floor.

OLD Sam Oak stood staring dazedly. Hardfist Hall staggered back with a scream of rage and pain, clasping his numbed right hand with his left. A stream of blood ran through his fingers—a strip of skin had gone with the gun that had been shot from his grip. Dan, still sitting the panting horse, covered the enraged marshal with the smoking revolver.

"Stick 'em up, Bill Hall!" he grated. "You doggoned coyote, stick 'em up before I let daylight through you."

FRIDAY IS "The PILOT" DAY— THE DAY OF THE WEEK!

The marshal of Bullwhacker gave Dan one look, a look of concentrated hate and rage, then his hands went up over his stetson.

"By hokey!" The marshal's voice came harsh and hoarse, broken with fury. "You figure you'll get by with this—holding up a town marshal in his own office! I'm telling you, my meen will string you up on the first cottonwood—"

"Your deputies ain't here, marshal, and I guess you ain't getting word to them," said Dan coolly. "Keep your hands up, or you get yours, sudden! Red, lock that door!"

"Doggone you!" breathed the marshal. "You got the drop now, but I guess you won't get far when you step out of this office!"

"You pizen skunk!" said old Sam. "What right you got to stop them, or me, either?"

Hardfist gave a scoffing laugh. "I've sure offered you a square deal, and the offer's still open," he said. "Six thousand dollars for the Rojo ranch. Sign, you old fool, sign! And tell that bonehead to pack his gun, or you won't ride out of Bullwhacker alive!"

"You ain't got word to your bulldozers yet, Bill Hall!" said Dan. "And if you sing out it will sure be the last yelp you'll ever make! Keep your paws up, you piccat, and pack up your bully-beef trap!"

"I guess—" "Pack it up, I'm telling you!" rapped Dan. "Now, you lawyer-wolf, you tear up them papers into little pieces—pronto!"

"I—I protest!" gasped Lawyer Hook. "Give him a wallop, Kid, and set him going!"

"It's O.K. with me!" grinned Kid. With a swing of his sinewy arm, he jerked the Bullwhacker lawyer to the marshal's desk.

Crack! Lawyer Hook's head struck the desk, in Kid's hefty grip, and his yell rang through the marshal's office. Heedless of his employer's rage, he grabbed up the legal papers and tore them into strips. The marshal breathed fury as the deed of conveyance was scattered in small pieces on his office floor.

Dan smiled grimly. "You're sure a good little man, Lawyer Hook, and know how to do as you're told!" he said. "Say, boys, I guess we'll be quitting. You ready to ride, old Sam?"

Old Sam Oak gave him a troubled look. The marshal of Bullwhacker was helpless at the moment, but the instant the six-gun no longer threatened him he would fulfill the threats he had made.

"Boys," said old Sam, "I guess I'd rather sign away the ranch and the gold-mine, too, than see you shot up on the street of Bullwhacker! I guess—"

"Guess again, old-timer!" grinned Dan. "Kid, stick that lawyer-wolf with his back to the marshal's. Red, hook that lariat off my saddle and hog-tie them rubes back to back."

"You said it!" chuckled Red. He uncoiled the lasso. Lawyer Hook swung unresisting in Kid's grasp, but the marshal, mad with rage, seemed about to take the risk of the levelled gun. He knew now that he was not to have a chance of calling on his gunmen before the Rojo punchers rode out of Bullwhacker. He made a movement, and Dan's eyes glittered over the gun.

"Better not!" he said quietly. And the marshal realised that he had better not. Shaking with rage, he stood back to back with the lawyer, while Red uncoiled the lasso and proceeded to bind them, coiling the rope round and round them, and knotting it hard and fast. In a couple of minutes neither of them could stir a limb. Old Sam grinned on at the scene. He burst into a chuckle as Red jerked off the marshal's neck scarf, and bound it tightly round the two heads, covering the mouths and securely gagging them. Dan nodded with a grin.

"I guess that puts paid to you, Bill Hall!" he remarked. "We'll be far enough out of Bullwhacker by the time you get word to your gang. Beat it, boys!"

Red unlocked the door. Old Sam, grinning, waved farewell to the speechless, enraged marshal, and went out to his bronco. Dan, Kid, and Red followed him. Red slipped the key into the outside of the door, turned it, and then threw it across the street. Then they rode out of the cow town, out on the prairie, at a gallop, heading for the Rojo ranch.

How long the marshal of Bullwhacker and his lawyer remained tied up in the office, struggling with ropes and gags, before they were found and released, the Rojo riders did not know—and did not care! It was long enough to give them plenty of time to ride clear, and under the last glimmer of the sunset they galloped up to the old rancho in a joyous bunch.

The Rojo outfit have the whip-hand over Hardfist Hall—but the rascally marshal is not yet giving up his fight for old Sam's gold mine. In next week's story, he makes his last, desperate master-stroke—and it succeeds! Ruthlessly, relentlessly, Hal has planned his vengeance; the vengeance that is to make Kid, Red, and Dan notorious as "The OUTLAWED THREE!"

Topping free gifts, just the sort of things you like best, are being given in exchange for coupons from Rountree's Cocoa. These are some of the marvellous gifts you can choose from: a Bagatelle Board, a Football Table-tennis Set, a Watch, a big Box of Paints, and there are lots more besides. Ask mother to get you Rountree's Cocoa—it's good for you and tastes fine. Tell her it costs only 51¢ a 2-lb. tin, and every tin contains 3 Free Gift Coupons. Send a postcard to Dept. MC.3, Rountree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for the special list of boys' and girls' gifts and a Free Voucher value 3 Coupons.