

Montana Rides Again

A RAPID-FIRE ROMANCE BY EVAN EVANS

SYNOPSIS: Brother Pascual arrives at the camp of the bandit Mateo Rubris just as that worthy, who only steals from the rich, divides the plunder from his latest escapade. Pascual forces two of Mateo's followers to abandon a duel to the death, and then tells Mateo that he has not made his long, dusty journey for pleasure. Mateo drives out his band, and prepares to listen to Pascual.

Chapter Three STOLEN CROWN

THEY faced one another across the long table.
"Tell me about your tumble, frat," suggested Rubris. "Well, even the mountain sheep break their necks now and again. If something hit you near the eye, thank your God that you are not blinded."
"The gun butt hit the bone over my eye; that was all," said the friar.
"Gun butt?" said Rubris, suddenly scowling. Then he pointed. "Gun butt, eh? And what hit the other side of your face?"
"The point of a knife," answered Brother Pascual. "But it was nothing."
The bandit began to steal around the table as though he hoped to surprise news in the very mind of his big friend.

"And your head? The bandage, there?" he demanded.
"That is not very bad, either. The bullet glanced; I have a hard skull."
"The butt of a gun—a knife—a bullet. Splendor of God! what fools have forgotten that you are the friend of Mateo Rubris?"
"The governor of Duraya and his soldiers."
"General Ignacio Estrada? Where did he dare to beat you?"
"In the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe."
"The governor—beats you—in the church? Am I going mad? What were you doing?"
"Fighting a little, Mateo, to keep the governor and the rest of the masked men from stealing the emerald crown of Our Lady."
"How was he known, if his face was masked?"
"The holy bishop recognized the voice of the principal robber."
"Bishop Emiliano?"
"Yes."



"Look at me, Pascual, and tell me I am right!"
"That would leave the emerald crown still safely inside the fort, Mateo."
"Hah! That is true! But, Pascual, the bishop doesn't think that I carry like a bird or dig like a mole to get into the fort and then stand invisible inside it till I've found the emeralds and taken them? Does he think that?"
The friar sighed. He looked down at his own great hands and was silent.
"But that is what he wishes!" muttered Rubris. He turned pale. "No single man in this world could do the thing!" he cried. "Look at me, Pascual, and tell me that I am right!"
"You have many men," said Brother Pascual, softly, as though he wished that his words might become part of the other man's thought.
"I have men? But for such work numbers are a loss, not an advantage. Oh, Pascual, two men together may outface the devil; but one man alone—in the fort of Duraya—"
"Is there no other man?" asked the friar.
"There is one other, but he could not come."
"Could money buy him?"
"He is rich."
"For the sake of Our Lady?"
"He is a gringo dog," cried Rubris, pacing the floor. "and Our Lady means nothing to him. Besides, if he were to try to ride south into Mexico, a whipper of his coming would yell out under his feet. 'El Keeed!' That is how he is hated and wanted by the Rurales, by the soldiers!"
Mateo tells Pascual, tomorrow, more about 'El Keeed.'

"How was he known, if his face was masked?"
"The holy bishop recognized the voice of the principal robber."
"Bishop Emiliano?"
"Yes."

"A h!" cried Rubris, "that little man may be as thin as a knife, but he can cut as deep. He knows me, does he not?"
"The friar smiled a little."
"But this Estrada—what do you tell me about him? No good man ever wore the name of general—except Bonita Juarez—except Bonita Juarez—God rest his soul!"
"God rest his soul!" echoed the friar, devoutly. "But General Estrada came into the church. The poor monks ran away. The holy bishop recognized the voice of the general and called out his name; and Estrada desired to leave no witness behind him. He struck Bishop Emiliano to the floor."
"That poor bad head! Did it crack like an egg shell?" asked Rubris.
"But Our Lady had softened the blow or made it glance. The bishop lives, and the governor sits in his fort with the crown of Our Lady and the ten emeralds in it."
"But you were there yourself?"

Second Inspection By Mexican Customs

(Continued from Page Seven)
after March. The 534 miles of road north of the mountains is now open to all comers.
Meantime, if all of Old Mexico has the charm, the courtesy and the inexpensiveness of the 130 miles I have experienced, it is impossible to go too strong in recommending it to the folk north of the border as a delightful place to spend a motor vacation. It is sunshiny and warm—shirt sleeves in the daytime and a light top coat at night.
Pulling away from the Mexican customs office at Nuevo Laredo, I sent a telegram to Monterey. The charge was half a peso, that is, four cents. An equivalent message an equivalent distance in the United States would have been about forty cents—more one for the telegraph than of Mexico.
Once out of town I found the road to be asphalt paving and plenty wide enough for three cars side by side. The road is very fine—42 miles, but I do not know of any straight road straight paving in the world. Thirty

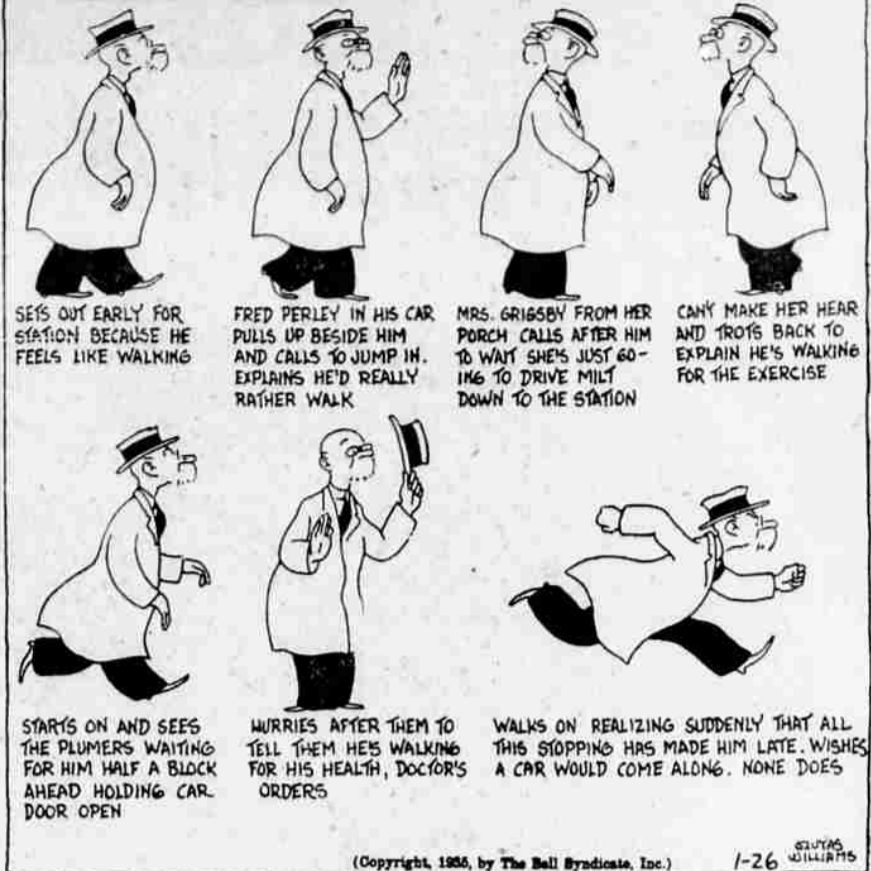
How much? Half a peso—fourteen cents—an order. The same meal above the border would have cost fifty cents or more—score another for Mexican living costs. Cigarettes twenty centavos a package. A centavo is the one hundredth part of a peso. That makes the package of twenty good mild cigarettes come to about five and one-half cents American.
The road is not very well sign-posted and is numbered at all as are American highways. At intervals of a good many miles there are signposts giving the distances to towns, at more frequent intervals posts giving the number of kilometers to Mexico City. A kilometer is five-eighths of a mile. From the safety standpoint the road is marked in Mexican with signs of slow, keep to the right in the mountain sections, and giving the speed limits. The full limit is eighty kilometers or fifty miles per hour. They say it's enforced. However, I held the car at fifty-five miles an hour most of the 150 miles to Monterey and was not disturbed. Speed on some curves is thirty miles an hour and some as low as twenty.
All measurements are in the metric system—gasoline and oil are sold by the litre, elevations are measured in meters and distances in kilometers. Very nearly accurately, three and three-quarters litres of gasoline make 30.0, so if you want the equivalent of ten gallons of gasoline you order thirty-seven litres. The charge is twenty centavos a litre. It is just about twenty cents a gallon for the ordinary gas. I have not yet encountered high test gas in Mexico. The ordinary gas was selling at 18 cents a gallon in Laredo the day I left. Gas and oil are the only items I have found in Mexico that are more costly than in the United States, and they are only slightly more so. Gasoline stations are not nearly so thick as they are in the United States. If

Better drinking at a bar than in the home.
All kill themselves long before "the appointed time."
WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.
Use Mail Tribune want ads

REPORT ON ACTIVITIES OF WELFARE EXCHANGE GIVEN CHEST LEADERS

Miss Helen Carlton of the welfare exchange turned in a detailed report Friday to the Community Chest of the work of the extension from September 1 to January 15. The interesting figures give some realization of the work accomplished through this relief agency.
From September to January 125 full size comforters and 15 baby comforters were made. From the funds received from the Community Chest 820 yards of material were purchased and 125 bundles of cotton and wool batting.
During December, 116 women were given work in the shop and in two weeks in January 47 were given work in the two months of December and January, 985 garments were brought in for exchange and 1081 were given out.
Miss Carlton, in making her report, told many incidents surrounding the requests for clothing. She stated that the welfare exchange was wholly dependent on the Community Chest for the continuation of its activities, since the number of garments, comforters, etc. given out exceeds the amount of material and clothing brought in. Materials must be purchased for the lining of quilts and many of the garments. These things are given to families in exchange for sewing done in the work rooms of the welfare exchange.
Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS



SEES OUT EARLY FOR STATION BECAUSE HE FEELS LIKE WALKING
FRED PERLEY IN HIS CAR PULLS UP BESIDE HIM AND CALLS TO JUMP IN. EXPLAINS HE'D REALLY RATHER WALK
MRS. GRIGSBY FROM HER PORCH CALLS AFTER HIM TO WAIT SHE'S JUST GOING TO DRIVE MILT DOWN TO THE STATION
CANY MAKE HER HEAR AND TROT'S BACK TO EXPLAIN HE'S WALKING FOR THE EXERCISE
STARTS ON AND SEES THE PLUMBERS WAITING FOR HIM HALF A BLOCK AHEAD HOLDING CAR DOOR OPEN
WURRIES AFTER THEM TO TELL THEM HE'S WALKING FOR HIS HEALTH, DOCTOR'S ORDERS
WALKS ON REALIZING SUDDENLY THAT ALL THIS STOPPING HAS MADE HIM LATE. WISHES A CAR WOULD COME ALONG. NONE DOES

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S'MATTER POP—



WHO ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?
THAT BOY FROM NEXT DOOR!
HIS MAW TOLD ME TO FIND HIM AN' TELL HIM TO STOP!
STOP WHAT?
ANYTHING HE'S DOIN'!
MMP!

TAILFEIN TOMMY



WHILE VIRTUALLY PRISONERS IN SANTA CALENTE, REBEL STRONGHOLD OF EL LIBERATOR, WHO HAS STARTED A REVOLUTION AGAINST PRESIDENTE SONZALDES, TOMMY AND SKEETER ARE PERMITTED TO ROAM ABOUT THE TOWN AT LIBERTY. TODAY WE FIND THEM IN A SMALL RESTAURANT NEAR THE WATER FRONT.
I THINK I'LL CHANGE MY ORDER FROM HAM AN' EGGS TO CHICKEN AN' RAISIN PIE!
WE AIN'T GOT EGGS FOR TH' SAME REASON WE AIN'T GOT NO CHICKEN—YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE ENCHILADAS AN' CALL IT CHICKEN!
SAY—YOU'RE NOT A NATIVE OF THIS COUNTRY—
BROOKLYN, N.Y. BUDDY! I COME DOWN HERE TWO YEARS AGO TO GET AWAY FROM A DEPRESSION BUT DERNED IF IT DON'T LOOK LIKE I JUMPED FROM TH' FRYIN' PAN INTO TH' FIRE!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS EL LIBERATOR? IS HE ON THE LEVEL?
HUH! THAT GUY?—WHY I FED 'IM ON TICK FOR THREE MONTHS BEFORE HE STARTED THIS CRAZY REVOLUTION—HE OWES ME \$32.46 AMERICAN MONEY—
FUNNY HE CAN'T PAY YOU WHAT HE OWES YOU—WHEN HE JUST TOLD ME THAT HE CONTROLLED ALL THE MONEY IN NAZIL!
WHY—!! DERNED CHISELER!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Transformation



WAIT, AND I'LL TRY TO GET MOST OF YOUR WHISKERS, TOO—HOLD YOUR HEAD BACK—
I CAN'T HEAR 'EM NO MORE, BEN—DYOU SUSPOSE THEY'S GONE?
WE CAN'T TAKE TIME TO FIND OUT, WILLIE—THERE NOW, STAND UP AND LET ME LOOK AT YOU—
GOSH! YOU GURE DO LOOK DIFFERENT, WILLIE!
I'M TAME NOW HUNH?

THE NEBBS—It's All Your Fault



IM SO FED UP ON THIS LIFE AROUND HERE I FEEL I NEED A CHANGE. I'VE BEEN LOOKING THIS WEST INDIES CRUISE OVER AND IT'S NOT SO EXPENSIVE
THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS THAT YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING TO DO, BUT FIGURE WHAT YOU'D LIKE TO DO
DID YOU EVER LOOK AROUND YOU AND SEE WHAT OTHER WOMEN ARE DOING—THEY DAY IS SO FULL OF DUTY THEY HAVEN'T TIME TO THINK OF CRUISES!
WHO BROUGHT ME TO THIS HOTEL? DID I ASK FOR THIS LIFE? IF I'M IN A RUT—IT'S YOUR FAULT
IF I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY FOR MAKING THINGS EASY FOR YOU, YOU'VE GOT IT!

BRINGING UP FATHER



MOTHER, HAVE YOU TOLD YOUR SISTER TO BE MORE DISCREET ABOUT CHOOSING HER FRIENDS?
I DID AND SHE BEING LIKE ME THAT IS EVER TRYING TO PLYING TO CONSENTED TO DO AS I ASKED.
WHEN I TOLD HER I DIDN'T WANT HER TO GO OUT AND MEET THAT HORRID LARRY M' HAGGERTY, SHE PROMISED ME SHE WOULDN'T GO OUT.
YOU SEEM TO BE HAPPY.
WELL, YOU SEE—MY SISTER ISN'T STUBBORN LIKE YOU YOU'LL NOTICE SHE IS NOT GOING OUT TO MEET THAT LARRY M' HAGGERTY.
I KNOW IT. SHE PHONED HIM TO COME HERE—HE'S IN THE KITCHEN NOW EATIN' CHICKEN AN' THROWN THE BONES OUT THE WINDOW—GO LOOK AT THE SIDEWALK.

By C. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By EDWIN ALGER

By Sol Hess

By George McManus