

RED CROSS SHOWS GROWING DEMAND ON RELIEF FUNDS

George T. Frey, chairman of the local chapter of Red Cross, of which Miss Lillian Roberts is in charge, announced the relief report for the month of December, 1934, as totaling \$531.81. This amount was spent for clothing, food, merchandise, lodging and merchandise on a total of 285 cases.

Mr. Frey compared the December report with the report for November, 1934, when a total of \$433.99 was spent for relief on 245 cases. This is an increase of \$97.82 over the preceding month, and an increase of 17 cases.

The report for December follows:

Office interviews	310
Telephone inquiries	380
Cases:	
Ex-service	23
Family relief	176
Transients	3
County cases	20
Investigation	23
Co-operation with other agencies	8
Men alone	12
Total	265

Home visits to the following communities: Phoenix, Talent, Trail, Gold Hill, Ashland, Eagle Point, Foothills, Central Point.

Relief as follows:

Transportation	\$ 21.75
Rent	43.00
Groceries	13.50
Drugs	9.34

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Wood 5.75
Glasses (2 pair) 7.00
Telephone (relief) 7.00
Lights (relief) 2.16
Merchandise (shoes, etc.) 62.81

Total \$199.81
34 blankets and quilts \$ 44.50
29 sweaters 14.50
588 yards material (print, flannel, shirtin'g) 58.80
588 garments (hose, pajamas, union suits, overalls, shirts, dresses, layettes, etc.) 248.00

Total relief for Dec. 1934 \$531.81

Chapter Four "EL KEED"

"Ay, Mateo, is this 'El Keed' the only man?" This gringo you hate?"

"Ay, this man I hate is the only one. But I also love him, and he loves me, Hat, Pascual! Think that I had him under the muzzle of my gun. That his life was like this, in my hand to crush. And there lay Tonio, the traitor—Pascual, keep me from speaking about it."

"But I let them both go free because Tonio loves me, even while he is wearing another name and speaking another speech. And Montana I saw was the second man in the world. Rubriz, then El Keed. There is no third."

"I could not kill him. I left the house. I took his hand. We spoke quietly. We were friends. For a little while, as I went away, my heart was so full with my friend that I could forget how I had lost Tonio through him."

"But he is a gringo—and ah, the pity of it! But only his skin is American and his heart is pure Mexican!"

"Ay," groaned Rubriz, "the pity of it! But only his skin is American and his heart is pure Mexican!"

"But he is a gringo—and ah, the pity of it! But only his skin is American and his heart is pure Mexican!"

In the corral the blood-bay mare was being drawn to the snubbing-post. And that great rider of outlaw horses, Tombstone Joe, was pulling the ropes. The cowpunchers sat like crows on the fence posts, eight feet from the ground.

The Montana Kid was among the crows. From the veranda of the ranch house, he looked like any of the others except that his shoulders were a little wider and the big double cord of back muscle could be distinguished even at that distance, and through the shirt.

Ruth Lavery stood by one of the porch pillars.

"We ought to go down," she said.

"There's no use having too much audience," said Richard Lavery.

"That would make Montana want to ride the mare himself."

"He's promised not to," answered the girl. But fear changed the blue of her eyes as she spoke.

"Promises—well, promises are



The blood-bay mare was being drawn to the post.

Brother Pascual knew very well that famous tale of how the Montana Kid, by means of a tattooed birthmark, had insinuated himself into the Lavery household in the place of the son whom Rubriz, to repay the whip-stroke, had stolen twenty years before; but then some stroke of conscience had driven the kid south into Mexico to find the real heir, whom he had seen there in his wanderings.

He knew how Montana had fought to take young "Tonio" away, and how Rubriz, who had raised the boy to love him and hate the "gringos," had realized desperately and then pursued the pair north towards the Rio Grande. Now Tonio was restored to his blood and his family; he had been sent off to Europe to put some distance between him and his terrible foster father, Rubriz; and the Montana Kid—El Keed in Mexico—remained on the Lavery ranch about to marry the daughter of the family.

RUBRIZ blew his nose with a great snoring sound.

"Now I am better," he said.

"This Montana who stole Tonio—" began the friar.

"Be silent!" shouted Rubriz, with the face of a madman.

"If he were with you, might you not steal back the emeralds, even from Fort Duraya and General Estrada? And if you went to El Keed, might he not remember how you once spared him? Might he not ride with you in spite of the danger?"

"He is to marry the sister of Tonio. How can I make him leave her?"

"Mateo, it is not for us to doubt. Let us go north towards the land of the gringos. Let us cross the river. When we have come to the place, God will surely show us the proper way. He will bring even Montana into our hands."

Rubriz, at this, had stopped his pacing. His heart began to lift higher and higher.

"Pascual," he said, "who can tell?

still only words, to Montana," said her father.

"Don't say that," she protested.

"Well, I won't say it, then," answered tall Richard Lavery. But he kept his thought in the grim lines of his face.

"You've never loved him!" said the girl, nervously.

"Honor and respect him I can," said Lavery, curtly. "He's more man than anyone I know."

At this she sighed, quickly, as one in whom a great emotion is constantly pent. And she broke out, suddenly, "You think he's only a tramp."

"I don't think he's only a tramp," said Richard Lavery.

He looked down at a black band around the arm of his coat. His wife had died two months before.

"You think he's a tramp—and something more," said the girl, speaking quietly, mostly to herself.

"You sent Dick away to Europe—to get him away from Montana—to get him away from temptation. You've never trusted Montana."

"Now that your mother is gone," said Lavery, very gently, "do you think that he'll be with us long?"

She lifted her head a little. She scanned, as if to find the answer there, the long lines of the valley, and the high plateaus, and the green pasture lands for miles and miles which all belonged to the Lavery estate.

"We'll be married Sunday," she said, briefly.

"He's put it off before," said the rancher, and there was no merriment in his hard voice. "He'll put it off again."

"He won't! This is the last time! He knows it." Then she added, in a half-weary, half-sad outburst, "Doesn't he care about me?"

"Ay, he cares about you. And he cares about other things, too. Horses and guns—and his freedom."

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RESCUE EFFORTS AMUSE WOODMAN

PENDLETON, Ore., Jan. 28.—(AP)—Admiration for the resourcefulness and backwoods lore of Oswald Hunt, 74-year-old woodcutter, today replaced fears which had been held for his safety when a protracted snow storm raged about his mountain cabin 45 miles from here.

Saturday night a state policeman and a government trapper musing toward Hunt's cabin with emergency rations found him on home-made skis making a trek toward civilization to replenish his larder.

Laughing with great gusto, he assured the two he was in good health, took the supplies and started back toward his lonely mountain cabin.

OREGON BUILDING SURVEY ORDERED

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 28.—(AP)—A general call for a listing of proposed permanent building and developmental relief programs was issued today by C. C. Hockley, public works administration engineer for Oregon.

This week he will send out forms for listing of needed and useful projects.

The forms, just received from PWA Administrator Harold L. Ickes, will be sent to every public body, including mayors, county commissioners, federal departments, school districts, librarians and others.

A. A. WEAR BETTER CLOTHES Suits and O'casts to measure \$21.50 up Klein the Tailor Upstairs

When it comes to radium, remember "FRUIT'S RAD" 45, Phone 22.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Yourbridge Cabinet Works

Fern Valley

FERN VALLEY, Jan. 28.—(Sp.)—Mr. and Mrs. Sam Welborn have moved from their ranch to Talent.

Dorothea Anne Kantor has returned to school after more than a week's absence due to tonsillitis.

Mrs. Axel Benson slipped Saturday evening and fell, spraining her back painfully.

Margaret Davis was pleasantly surprised Tuesday evening by several friends and relatives when they came to spend the evening, as that day was her birthday.

Miss Frances Benson spent the latter part of the week with her parents, as there was a vacation between semesters at Medford high school.

Archie Ferns has purchased a new hunting hound with which he hopes to rid the valley of its coyotes.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Hedridge visited Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Hughes Tuesday.

Mr. Neely of Talent has purchased Mr. Welborn's place.

Mrs. Ray Ward attended the installation of officers of the Neighbors of Woodcraft Thursday at Phoenix.

The Kanto family and a number of friends enjoyed Sunday on Coleman creek skiing.

E. P. Hughes of Medford was a business caller here Wednesday.

D. W. Doud was in Medford Tuesday to purchase lumber to build chicken houses.

Mrs. A. B. Ferns, who has been ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. Q. Stewart at Grants Pass, is feeling much better now.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

YEAR AFTER YEAR QUALITY

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

1935 1934 '33 '32 '31

DIFFICULT DECISIONS

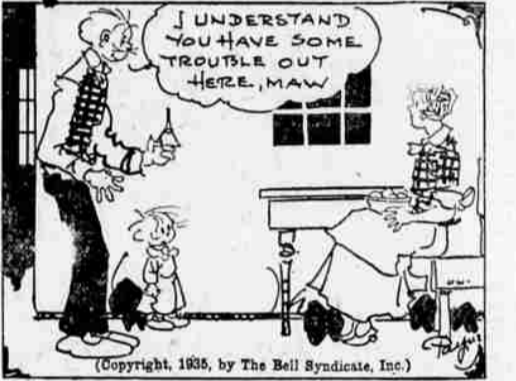
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WONDERING WHETHER TO TAKE MORE CHANCE OF YOUR GETTING ANOTHER SHODZE IF YOU ADMIT YOU'RE AWAKE AND LET JUNIOR GET IN BED WITH YOU, OR IF YOU GO ON PLAYING POSSUM IN THE HOPE THAT HE WILL GET TIRED OF WAITING FOR YOU TO WAKE UP AND WILL GET INTO MOTHER'S BED INSTEAD

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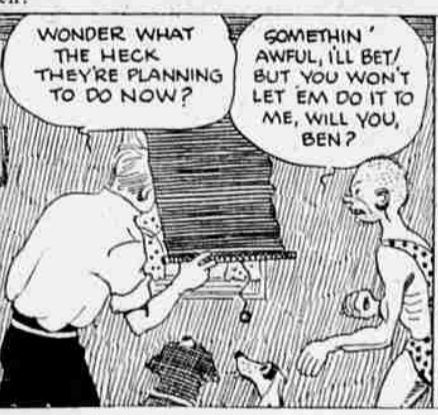
S'MATTER POP—



TAILOR TOMMY—McGuire Is Too Enthusiastic



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—No Deserving Gwen!



THE NEBBS—Longing



BRINGING UP FATHER



1-28

1-25