

Montana Rides Again

A RAPID-FIRE ROMANCE BY EVAN EVANS

SYNOPSIS: Mateo Rubriz and Brother Pascual rode north into the United States to get the Montana Kid's help in recovering the emerald crown of Our Lady, stolen by the governor from the church in Duraya. By tricking Montana into a fight that sets the friar free, they secure him from Ruth Levery, his bride-to-be. Now they have told him about the crown, and he invites on helping them, giving as his reason the daughter of an inn-keeper of Duraya.

Chapter 11

IN DURAYA

THE friar walked or ran most of the way south, and he seemed to spend more energy pulling the mule after him than in getting his own bulk over the ground. Only when the way was level and there was a chance for a lunge or a brisk trot would he step into the saddle and ride the mule through the dust which the horses raised.

"Why does he do it?" asked Montana. "Once a mule that was carrying him through the mountains slipped on a frozen rock and broke its leg," answered Rubriz. "Since then he takes pity on four-legged beasts. I had to stamp and rage to make him ride, on the way north with me. Even then he would not take a horse. A mule was too good for him, he said. You see, he is a child."

"A child that moves mountains, eh?" said Montana. "But why did he come north with you?" "He had heard the thousand stories about you, brother. He was hungry to see your face. That will make him a great man with the shepherds and the villagers."

"Ah! So that was the reason!" murmured Montana. "But though he smiled, the first doubt had entered his soul, coldly. He saw that he would have to be on his guard from now on."

As they came through the hills into view of Duraya, the sunset faded and died quickly. It made the white walls of the town bloom for a moment. It made the looping river run red. Then the soft twilight rose out of the valleys, overflowed the hills, invaded the sky, and brought down the stars.

They descended into the plain. "You tell me, Brother Pascual," said Montana. "Shall I pass as a true Mexican cowboy?" "Why not, dear friend?" asked the friar. "Your hair is black. And now that you have rubbed a little of that stain into your skin, you are as dark as most. For the blue eyes, those are found in Mexico often enough."

"Besides, the red mare is the sort of horse that a famous charro would ride. And you have a suit of yellow leather with silver spangles all over it. The good Mexican speech comes so easily off your tongue that even I, who know, at times, forget the truth about you."

"Tell me, also," said Montana, laughing, "if you think that you could ever really open your heart to a gringo."

After a long pause the friar said: "I can at least try, my friend. All men are the children of one God. So I can at least try!"

IN DURAYA they separated. The friar went to the church. But the bishop was not there. So he went to the bishop's palace and climbed the stairs which were open and unguarded day and night in order that the poorest of the poor might come to the Bishop Emiliano in the little, bare, upper room which was all that he reserved for himself out of the splendors he might have enjoyed.

That was why little Bishop Emiliano, kneeling in prayer with only two candles to light the wooden cross on the naked wall of his room, paid no heed when the friar entered and knelted in turn. The poor often did this.

The bishop was only vaguely aware that another presence was there, and it was some time before he looked over and found that Brother Pascual had returned to him. He started up at once and went to the kneeling giant.

"Give me your blessing," said the friar, earnestly, without rising. Even on his knees he was almost as tall as the bishop. "Give me a blessing of a special grace, for I have done a thing that will bring much evil on my country."

"What thing have you done?" asked the bishop. "I have helped bring into Mexico a terrible man," said the friar. "I

have brought El Keed all the way from the north to Duraya."

"Ah, my son," said the bishop, "why have you done this? That is a known man and a lawbreaker."

"He is a lawbreaker," said the friar, "and in fact he breaks the law so well that Rubriz would not try to steal away the emerald crown of Our Lady unless he had the help of the gringo."

"Are they not great enemies?" asked the bishop. "The story is that the gringo stole away the foster son of Rubriz."

"They are great enemies, but also they love one another," said the friar. "What sort of a man is El Keed?" asked the bishop.

"He is a man swift enough to catch a mountain goat and almost big enough to eat one."

"A great, sour brute?" "It would be better if he were a sour brute. No, he is a smiling danger. No man can help trusting him. The women look at him as though they were seeing their first man."

"But has he actually come to help Rubriz steal the emeralds?" "That is why he has come. Partly to steal the emeralds, but more to find trouble and adventure."

"Will he need a large reward, Pascual?" "The danger he finds will be his reward."

"You speak of a reckless fellow, but not of a bad man, I think," said the little bishop. "I speak of a fire," said Pascual. "Some men may be able to warm their hands at it, but others will soon be yelling inside the flames."

MATEO RUBRIZ, at this time, was sitting in the house of a friend at the edge of the town. It was a poor shack of 'dobe' with only one room. On a mattress in a corner lay three grimy children, sleeping in spite of the lamplight that shone in their faces.

The wife of the family was undressing behind a rag of an old red curtain. Her husband sat at the table with Rubriz. The peon kept smacking his thick lips over his pulque. He looked at his drink with astonished eyes, and with continued amazement stared at his guest. For here sat a fortune in the skin of a man.

But to Ofate, and to Ofate's family, the bandit appeared as a good angel. He could trust them absolutely. They would hardly allow him to spend enough money to buy the very food that he consumed. And they dreaded almost more than they desired the gold piece which he always left behind him when he disappeared.

It was in the house of Ofate, that Rubriz had wished to put El Keed, also, but Montana refused, point blank.

"You'll lie in a soft bed," said Rubriz, "and you'll sleep sound even after the Rurales are in the room!" "Well," Montana would answer, "I'd rather wake up and see Rurales than chickens on the rafters and pigs on the floor."

So now he was verging towards the most prosperous inn in the town, and the mare passed like a sheen of red silk through the lamplight that passed out a few steps from door and window.

She went daintily, sniffing at the myriad orders of man and cookery and dogs and pigs and chickens that crossed and recrossed in the air, besides that other scent which sometimes made her throw her head high as she perceived the acrid air from the mountain desert blown in from afar.

Her rider sat crosswise, with his left leg thrown over the high pomel of the saddle. He carried under his arm a guitar which he had picked up cheap in a musicshop. Now that it was tuned, he struck out a few soft chords and then let his voice start ringing in a very old Spanish song.

That song penetrated into the inn of Miguel Santos, where every chair around the little tables was filled and cigar butts lay about everywhere on the earthen floor, and the lamplight showed nothing very clearly except the faces of the dirty playing-cards and the lower twists and whorls of smoke.

Miguel Santos himself had stepped out from behind his little bar and had gone into the small back room where the more serious games of chance were in progress.

(Copyright, 1935, Harper & Brothers) Tomorrow, Montana meets Rosita.

CODDING SPEAKS ON SYNDICALISM AT KIWANIS MEET

Criminal syndicalism was the subject of George Coddling, district attorney, as main speaker at the regular luncheon of the Kiwanis club yesterday at Hotel Medford.

Organization of the communistic party in the United States and effects of communism in this community were brought out in an interesting way by the speaker, who illustrated his talk with communistic literature received by Jackson county officials during the trial of Kyle Pugh, recently convicted here for criminal syndicalism.

The literature, giving direct reference to communistic leaders, was quoted as strongly advising officials to release the defendants. The speaker referred to the I. W. W., which he said is now a part of a nationwide organization of similar bodies represented by well trained agents of communism in every part of the country.

Coddling said the recent "unemployed council" disrupted by state police during one of its sessions west of Bear creek bridge, had been ordered organized by communistic leaders. He said anti-religious and anti-patriotic papers are being broadcast over the country, and a movement is underway to undermine the youth of America.

Coddling urged that instead of being repealed or modified, the Oregon syndicalism law should be strengthened, and said that a bill to strengthen it is now under consideration in the legislature.

J. H. Fletcher of Jackson County Building and Loan association, reported on the work of the state legislature, followed by remarks from Judge Earl B. Day and Ralph Billings, who have attended the sessions. They spoke highly of Jackson county's representation.

Two new Kiwanians introduced at the meeting were R. W. Frame, district manager for General Petroleum, and J. W. Fowler, district representative of S and W Co. Guests at the meeting were David Rosenberg and H. W. Conger.

It was announced that the Kiwanis Ladies' party will be held next Monday at Hotel Medford at 6:30.

STEEL UNION HEAD CALLED DODDERING

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Feb. 5.—(UP)—More than 400 rank and file members of the Amalgamated Steel Union brought the growing discontent within that organization into the open at a mass meeting yesterday.

The group, under leadership of William Spragg of Duquesne, Pa., denounced leadership of Michael Tighe, 76 year old president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers. He was described as "doddering, inefficient and half asleep". Tighe himself had outlawed the meeting and threatened to expel from membership any who attended.

When it comes to radio, remember: "Fruiti's can do it." Phone 22

Eagle Point P-T. A. Founders Day Will Be Thursday Event

EAGLE POINT, Feb. 5.—(Sp.)—An interesting "founders' day" program and silver tea has been planned by the P-T. A. to be held in the high school Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock. All are asked to please note the change in time. Mrs. Millie Tingle, president, will preside and the meeting will be opened by the P-T. A. song, followed by "Auld Lang Syne" by the high school girls' sextet.

History of the local unit will be given by Mrs. Julia Davies, and the history of the national congress by the county president, Mrs. Bertha Young.

This will be followed by the candle lighting ceremony and silver tea. Mrs. Rita Myers will pour. Proceeds of this tea will be used to assist in the extension work of the P-T. A. congress.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IN WINTER THE RESIDENTS OF THE HILLY PART OF TOWN ARE CONTINUALLY FACING THE QUESTION WHETHER OR NOT TO PUT ON CHAINS, WHICH THEY ARE APT TO NEED BADLY GETTING DOWN THE HILL AND WON'T NEED AT ALL AS SOON AS THEY REACH THE MAIN HIGHWAY AT THE BOTTOM

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BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Charlesworth of 508 South Grape street are the parents of a baby girl, weighing 7 pounds, born Sunday at the Community hospital.

A continuous steel wire fence 19 miles long, five feet high and supported by 6,308 steel posts has been built in Southern California to protect fields against invasion of Russian thistle and tumbleweed.

Money received by Virginia tobacco growers for the portion of the 1934 crop sold prior to December 1 totaled \$18,000,000 in contrast to \$7,000,000 received at the same time in 1933.

SMATTER POP



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Looks Bad for McGuire!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Any More Victims?



THE NEBBS—Careful



BRINGING UP FATHER



PAINTERS, DEALERS ADVISED TO TIE IN WITH REPAIR PLAN

The Better Housing program of the federal housing administration is inducing property owners to spend millions of dollars for needed renovating of their homes. Floyd Irwin told about 35 master painters and paint dealers of this city and vicinity at a dinner meeting given by the National Lead company last night at the Hotel Medford. The chairman of the meeting was J. J. Wilson and the program was presented by Messrs. Irwin and Herman of the company, manufacturers of Dutch Boy paint products.

paint dealers of the country are to get their rightful share, they will have to follow proper advertising and selling methods. They will have to tell the property owners that paint is the greatest modernizer of all, as well as the soundest investment.

The program included a short talk by Mayor Geo. Porter, an illustrated talk on the Better Housing program, a talk, "He Who Laughs Last," newspaper and other advertising features to help painters and paint dealers get their share of returning prosperity. Several painting demonstrations were given by Mr. Herman to show painters the latest trend in interior and exterior painting.

Among the painter and dealer guests were many from this city, Grants Pass, Ashland, Gold Hill and Central Point.

Spain, France and Mexico will be invited to place exhibits in the Texas memorial museum to be built on the campus of the University of Texas.

A pepper pod grown in the garden of Mrs. R. D. Jordan at Woodlawn, Tenn., has the exact shape of a boot. Phone 342. Will haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service. Use Mail Tribune want ads.