

### Montana Wins Again

A RAPID-FIRE ROMANCE BY EVAN EVANS

**SYNOPSIS:** Montana has been found to be a man in Mexico by the Mexican Robin Hood, Mateo Ruiz, and Brother Permetti, the friar. They want him to help steal the emerald crown of Our Lady which the governor of the province has himself stolen from the church in Durango. Montana has agreed to help. He has gone to a friendly house on the edge of town, and Montana has gone to the best inn, where Rostia, beautiful daughter of the landlord, has shown him a room. The scared and battered landlord has come to talk with Montana.

Chapter 13  
**THE KEY**  
"If we are to talk, sit down," said Miguel.  
"I never sit down till I'm welcome," said Montana. "I give you my first name and then my errand. My name is José; my errand is to steal from the governor the emerald crown of Our Lady which he took from the church. I have promised Bishop Emiliano to put the crown back in his hands."

These words brought a gasp from the girl; she retreated a little so that she could get a fuller view of the face of the speaker, but the proprietor of the inn was totally unmoved.

He finally said: "Well, then sit down."

Montana bowed a little to Miguel, a little more to the girl, and took a chair at the round table in the corner of the room. Miguel sat opposite him, his wooden leg squeaking on the floor.

The girl leaned her elbows on the back of a chair and kept turning her head from one speaker to the other.

"If the governor learns about you, he burns you alive; if the Rurales learn about you, they would have old scores against you, José?" asked Miguel.

"I never saw one of the Rurales that I would like to sit face to face with," answered Montana, smiling. He watched the eyes of the other and almost was sure that he saw a slight glitter of answering light in response to this confession.

"Why do you come to me except to get help?" asked Miguel.

"Every man who hates the governor is sure to wish to help me."

"Who tells you that I hate the governor?"

"Every man who loves the bishop hates the governor."

"I've never whispered in my sleep or spoken aloud that I hate the governor," declared Miguel, in his usual rasping voice.

"What a man has lost on earth he is apt to hope for in heaven," suggested Montana. He saw the blow tell, but only in the slightest lifting of the brows of his companion.

"Besides," went on Montana, "your inn is just at the door of his fort. How many times has he sat his horse outside your place and called for drinks for himself and his men?"

The mouth of Miguel twisted aside.

"And how many times has he paid for them?" demanded Montana. "Besides, after what has happened to you, you cannot love any of the people of authority."

"What has happened to me?" asked Miguel.

"You have been in the Valley of the Dead. You have been one of the dead in the Valley."

Miguel said nothing. He only shifted his glance sharply towards the girl.

"Even if everything you say should be true—and I admit nothing," said Miguel, "how could a one-legged worm like me help you to break open the fort of Duraya?"

"Yes, tell us that!" breathed the girl.

"You are the key to the fortress," said Montana, turning suddenly to Rostia.

"It?" she cried.

"How many of the jolly officers, how many of the corporals and the sergeants, would give their souls for a smile from you, Rostia?" asked Montana.

She shrugged her shoulders. "But a girl like you," went on Montana, "will put a smile in every man's glass and let him go away with that alone. You save yourself for one of the brave and the great. A man with a carriage and six horses, gold on his uniform, and a sword at his side, and a sword where Rostia can be a lady?"

She turned her back on him and walked to the window, and stood with her face close to the black shimmering of the glass, though she could hardly be able to see much except her own thoughts by this light. Miguel, as he looked after her, almost smiled.

"YOU are the key to the castle and the fort, Rostia," said Montana. "Tell me how you will use the key. It is no army that wants to get in. Only two men. Only myself and my friend. Tell me what to do, and you will be paid."

He took out a money-belt and poured gold pieces out of it. "This is gringo money," he said.

And he stacked little bright, five-dollar gold pieces on the table—ten stacks of ten pieces—five hundred dollars. It was not a great sum for the north of the Rio Grande. But it was almost a fortune in this part of the world.

"Do you see, Rostia?" asked Miguel.

She came slowly, sullenly back from the window. She looked at the money; she looked at Montana. Then, with a quick movement she cutted half of the gold from the table and knocked it, clinking and spinning, across the room.

For a moment more she considered Montana with such bright malice that it seemed as though she would rush at him. Instead, she whirled around and fled from the room. The door slammed behind her. Her heels clacked rapidly on the stairway.

"You have your answer," said Miguel.

"No," said Montana. "She did not run back into the inn. She ran out into the open night."

He went to the door, opened it, and then returned to his chair. "Will you sit here and wait with me till she comes back, or shall I wait alone?" asked Montana.

"Tell me how you got so much gringo gold?"

### GARBO STEPS OUT LEAVING FILMLAND VERY INQUISITIVE

By Robbin Coons.  
HOLLYWOOD—(AP)—That temptress in a cocktail-shaker—Garbo's "first public appearance" at a night spot—has Hollywood divided into various "schools" of thought in its less-flurried and excited aftermath.

The many who do care what Garbo does and how she does it noted with only casual interest that the Swedish touch-me-not had broken a role of long standing and descended with a party on one of the gayer dine-and-dance resorts of Filmland.

All the excitement and publicity seem to have put an abrupt end to the little dinners in public restaurants. At least, no scouts have reported seeing them together lately.

But why did Garbo venture into a night club where she was certain to be seen and create a sensation? The votes are in, compiled informally in one gathering and another, and here are the results:

1. It wasn't so unusual at all. Garbo likes parties, and can be as gay as the next one in the parties she does attend. Or as moody as the next one, too, admittedly.

2. She is getting ready to tell Hollywood goodbye, and she decided to see how the other 99 stars lived before she packed her trunks.

3. She simply wearied of her role as Hollywood's champion recluse.

4. It was a business move. Her two latest films are not the box-office sensations they might be. Some new interest had to be stirred up and it was up to Garbo.

5. She has decided to be herself, that's all. In the days before the Garbo legend of mystery grew, she made all the public appearances the studio required, posed with visiting firemen and for other publicity stunts, and went places.

6. And what of it?

### TOWNSEND CLUB TO MEET ARMORY

Regular meeting of the Townsend club of Medford will be held Friday at the armory instead of the county court house, as has been erroneously announced.

Dr. Frank Dyer, executive director at national headquarters and who spoke to coast listeners on Monday night from KNX, will be present and all skeptics in Medford and vicinity are invited to be present.

"This is the biggest thing before the American people today, and Dr. Dyer speaks with authority on the subject," says L. B. Shurtliff, local Townsend club president.

### 100-GALLON STILL IN RESIDENCE AT TIGARD

HILLSBORO, Ore., Feb. 6.—(P)—Chris A. Chulufas, 52, of Portland, was arrested last night after Sheriff J. W. Connel and state police had raided his home and Tigard and found, they said, a 100-gallon still, 500 gallons of mash and 15 gallons of liquor.

### BEER DROUGHT LOOMS FOR VANCOUVERITES

VANCOUVER, Wash., Feb. 6.—(P)—A beer "drought" threatened this city today.

Union labor factions, fighting among themselves, had effectively blocked delivery of local beer to retailers, and movement of outside beer into retail channels.

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### SNOWSTORM VICTIMS BODY IS RECOVERED

OREGON CITY, Ore., Feb. 7.—(AP)—The melting of the six-foot covering of snow which had blanketed the higher altitudes in the Molalla country yesterday revealed the body of Stanley French, 18, of Oregon City, who with a companion became lost in a snowstorm on December 28.

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### S MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Del Segundo—At Last!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAPTIVE



THE NEBBS—Oh, That's Different



BRINGING UP FATHER

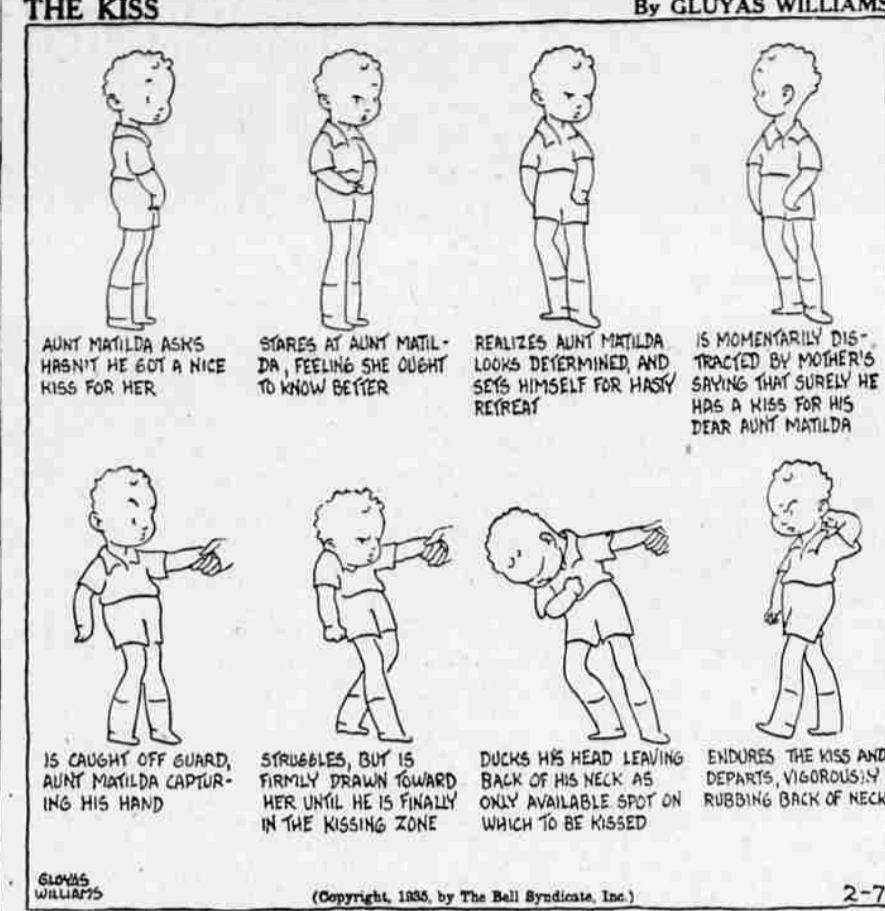


### THE KISS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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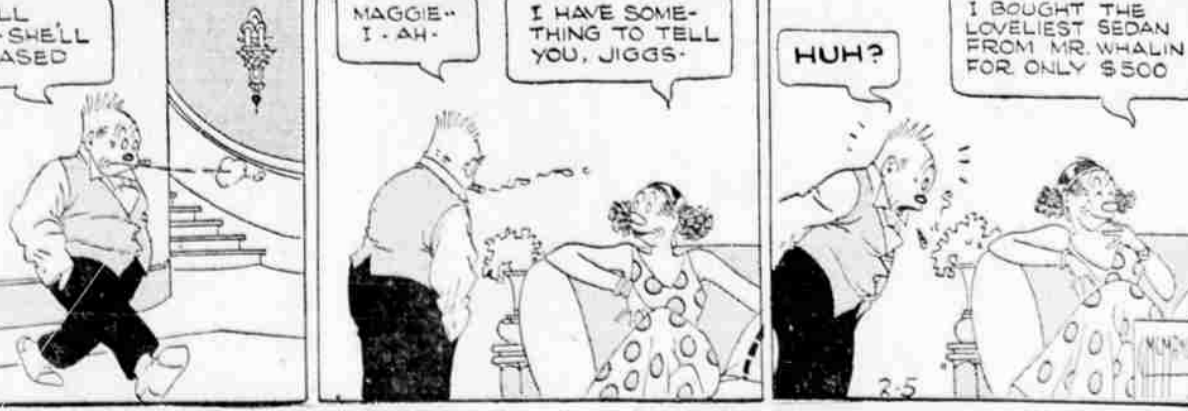
### EAGLE POINT UNIT TO PRESENT PLAY

EAGLE POINT, Feb. 7.—(Sp.)—Ladies of the extension unit will present the play, "The Care of the Adolescent Young," at the Grange hall, February 8, at 8 o'clock. The small admission fee will be used in sending delegates to the Home Interest conference at Corvallis, February 11. The cast is as follows: Mrs. Johnstone, Mrs. Rita Myers; Mrs. Edna Farrow; Mrs. Frances Myers; Mrs. Millie Thigbent; Mrs. Pearl Henderson; Mrs. Eleanor Throckmorton; Mrs. Sanford; Mrs. Ruby Wilson; Mrs. Blanchard; Mrs. J. E. Quastner; Mrs. Hamilton; Mrs. Irma Seaman; Mrs. Caw; Mrs. Lucille Hunt; Mrs. Smith; Mrs. Bertha Young; Tom Smith; Edwin Henry.

### STATE TELEPHONE SAVING PLANNED

SALEM, Feb. 7.—(AP)—As the result of a survey proposed by Governor Charles H. Martin and State Treasurer Rufus C. Holman, the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company has evolved a plan whereby the state would save approximately \$200,000 a year in telephone expenses. Holman announced today. The plan would centralize state offices in Portland and Salem, setting up branch offices at the Oregon building in Portland and the state office building in Salem, and set up two private lines between the two offices. Holman stated that under this plan the state would have control over all long distance calls, when at the present time there is none.

### BRINGING UP FATHER



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