

# Montana Rides Again

A RAPID-FIRE ROMANCE BY EVAN EVANS

SYNOPSIS: The Montana Kid and his girl, who have been separated by the loss of the Montana Kid's horse, are reunited in the town of Duraya, where the Montana Kid is a member of the Duraya club. The Montana Kid and his girl are reunited in the town of Duraya, where the Montana Kid is a member of the Duraya club.

## CAREFUL PLAN

"WE NEED," said Montana, "a man to hold our horses in the night place. Pascual will do it for us. We also need 'soup.' Have some izumite boiled down during the day to get it, Mateo. Get the tuse and the rest well need to blow a safe, and some yellow soap to run a noid."

"What safe?" asked the bandit. "Up in the tower is the room of the governor, with his office in front of it. And in a corner of the room there is an old safe, but a strong one."

"Are the emeralds in that safe?" asked Rubriz.

"How can I tell? But if they're not in that safe, where would they be, friend?"

"Very well. That is one thing learned. What else?"

"Here is a plan of the inside of the fort. Every room and every gal-

"He is not a fool. He's only a man in love."

"Hal, brother! And you know the girl a little better than he knows her?"

"Five hundred dollars worth better. That's all."

"It's a good bit of difference."

"He's told her that if she ever comes to that postern and raps on it in a certain rhythm, he'll be out instantly, and have her in his arms. If he should put his hands on Mateo Rubriz, instead, that would be only his hard luck, I'd say!"

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Down among the willows the light thickened earlier and there was a tone of green added to the gloom. Here, as the day ended with its sudden fires in the sky, Rubriz and Montana met the big friar.

Brother Pascual was gravely and deeply excited. He led his own mule, the great black stallion of Rubriz, and that red-silk beauty, the mare of the Kid. As the darkness seemed to lift in a wave that closed at last over the walls of Fort Duraya, the friar said: "If I could go with you, friends, it seems to me that I should be happier than any other man in the world."

"Three men can be seen where two might slip by," answered Montana. "And knowing that you're out here, waiting, will make us that much stronger if we ever get inside the fort."

"Wait for us till the morning," said Rubriz. "Then wait again tomorrow evening. If we have not come by that midnight, go your way and forget us. Give my stallion to the bishop, if he's brave enough to ride the black horse."



They paused, out of a common impulse.

ery is marked down. And all the courts. And the sentry posts are marked in red, you see?"

"I see," said Rubriz, poring over the plan. "All that we need, now, is a pair of wings to fly over the walls, unless the sentries are ready to shoot us out of the air."

"Come to meet me, tonight, just after dark, at this same place. Or wait here the rest of the day with me," said Montana. "Pascual can get the horses, in the meantime. He can keep them down in the willows by the bank of the river. You know where the willows are thickest, down here, Pascual?"

"I know," agreed the friar.

"Ay, but how to get into the fort?" demanded Rubriz.

"That will be managed. I know a certain way to tap on a certain postern down at the bottom of the wall above the river. And my tap will bring out a certain sergeant with a smile on his face and his hands empty. If he leaves the door open behind him, can we trust ourselves to get inside, friend?"

RUBRIZ began to sweat. His face shone almost as brightly as his eyes.

"What lies inside the door?" he asked.

"A guardroom with two private soldiers inside."

"And these two?"

"There are only two of them, Mateo."

"Ay, but two can alarm ten thousand."

"There was never any good plan without a little risk in it," answered El Keed, shrugging his shoulders.

"Look! muttered Rubriz to Pascual. 'He is a devil, eh?'"

"He does a work in the name of a kind God," said the friar devoutly.

"And how do you know that the fool of a sergeant will open the door when you tap?"

"And take the red mare," said Montana, "a good two days' march into the mountains. When you come to grass and water, and no man's house in sight, turn her loose without a strap on her back."

"I shall do it," said the friar. "I swear under the eye of Heaven. Brothers, give me your hands."

They were given to him, and he exclaimed in his great deep voice: "We three are bound together. The warmth of our blood cummings and the breath of one spirit moves in us. There is more than the strength of earth in us. Bishop Emiliano prays for you tonight. Be strong. Be patient. And I shall wait here and pray in my turn. If only I could fill my hands in this work, instead of filling my throat with words!"

When the honest friar had finished speaking, the quick dark of the night already had closed over the town, and Montana and Rubriz went up the slope towards the fort through the first blackness.

They were close to the black and rigid heights of the fort wall when they paused, out of a common impulse, and looked behind them. All the stars were shining except towards the east and south, where thick clouds had unfurled close to the horizon. Perhaps a storm was moving up from that direction.

But all was placid and the night was so windless near by that they could see the thin faces of the stars in the shallows of the river loop near the willows where the good brother Pascual was waiting for them.

"Now, I tell you this," said Rubriz, softening his mighty voice to secrecy. "It is better to have the naked prayers of a fellow like that Pascual than a hundred strong men at your back."

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Tomorrow, Mateo and Montana tap on the postern gate.

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These sessions are largely self-supporting, the board authorized by \$7,500 for necessary expenses. Post sessions, which will be conducted in Eugene and possibly on other campuses, are entirely self-supporting, and no appropriation will be needed for them, it was stated.

**GOLD RA' DREDGE TO TRY GOLD HILL AREA**

TOLO, Feb. 11.—(Sp.)—Messrs. Robinson and Divins, who have been operating a dredge below Gold Hill dam are reported planning to move near Gold Hill. They have worked out the gold at their present location.

**Rate Equality Asked**

PORTLAND, Feb. 11.—(Sp.)—Demands were made upon two railroads here by Portland interests today that the same rate reduction for the inter-ior as another railroad has announced for Seattle and Tacoma.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## FRED COLVIG TIES JOURNALISM DEAN IN EVENTS EXAM

### UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, EUGENE.—(Special).—

After all—teacher doesn't know everything—even if he happens to be the dean of one of the leading schools of journalism in the country! There were some "oh's and ah's" heard in the University of Oregon school of journalism this week when it was discovered that several of the students in Dean Eric W. Allen's editing class beat the dean by a wide margin of points in a current event test.

Tied with Dean Allen for 93 points was Fred Colvig of Medford, Ruth McClain of Hood River, finished the test with a score of 100, or a possible 105 points. Frances Hardy of Ashland placed second with a score of 97.

The test was given through the co-operation of the American Council of Education, and covered eight fields: national, foreign, transport, business finance, music, art, books, and beliefs. Some of the questions asked were: "Do you know who is manager of the Manhattan Metropolitan Opera company, who has had a volume of poetry published most recently, what is the most glaring violation of the NRA code, in what field and to whom was the 1934 Nobel prize awarded?"

A similar examination was taken by seniors last term. Scores in relation to those of four other universi-

## TALENT C-C SPONSORS BIG ENTERTAINMENT

### TALENT, Feb. 11.—(Sp.)—

Monday night the chamber of commerce will sponsor a program given by nearly all organizations of Talent. An evening of fun and entertainment is promised. A lunch will be served and a social hour enjoyed after the program. There will be a small admission charge.

When it comes to radio, remember "Fruitt's can do it." Phone 32.

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## THE GRANGE

sans Valley Grange.

Grange met February 2 and for the first time since her election to the station of lecturer, Mrs. Walter Grant was able to attend, having been ill from an attack of pneumonia early in January, from which she has now fully recovered. Song practice filled the program hour. An interesting patriotic program is planned for next meeting.

During the good of the order the dance committee advised there would be no more dances since the recent disturbance caused from outsiders. The committee asked that all responsibility for the dances rest on the committee alone, since the grange had never voted to sponsor dances. The committee also wishes it to be known that none of the parties causing the disturbance were members of the grange and were residents of Trail, Shady Cove and Appleton.

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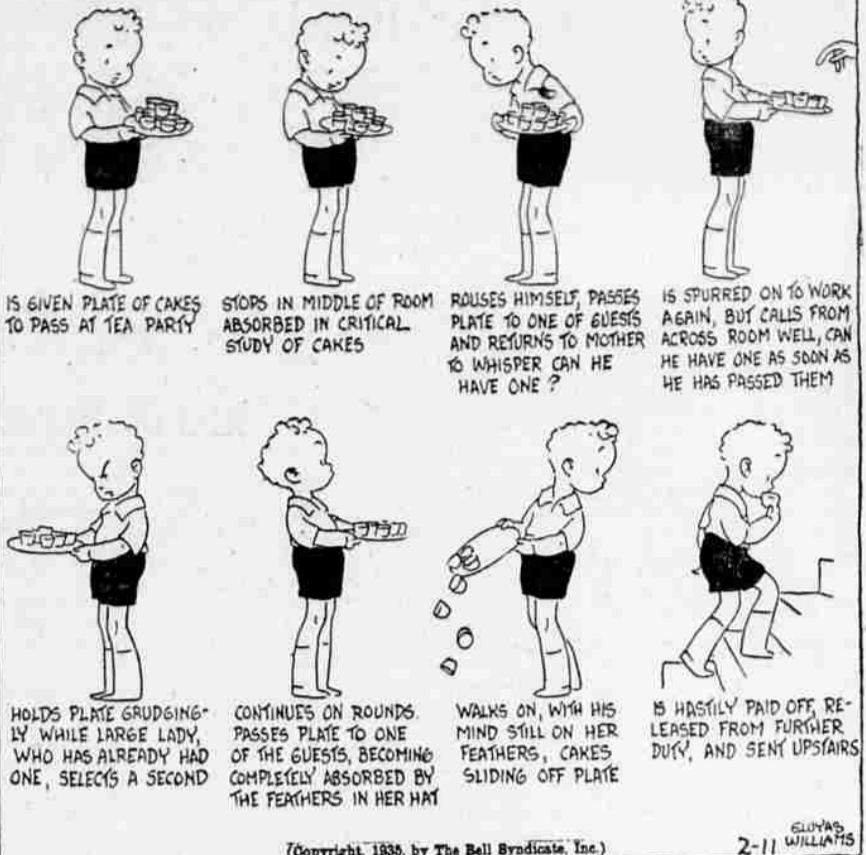
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## THE COOKIE PASSER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IS GIVEN PLATE OF CAKES TO PASS AT TEA PARTY

STOPS IN MIDDLE OF ROOM ABSORBED IN CRITICAL STUDY OF CAKES

ROUSES HIMSELF, PASSES PLATE TO ONE OF GUESTS AND RETURNS TO MOTHER TO WHISPER CAN HE HAVE ONE?

IS SPURRED ON TO WORK AGAIN, BUT CALLS FROM ACROSS ROOM WELL, CAN HE HAVE ONE AS SOON AS HE HAS PASSED THEM?

HOLDS PLATE GRUDGINGLY WHILE LARGE LADY, WHO HAS ALREADY HAD ONE, SELECTS A SECOND

CONTINUES ON ROUNDS PASSES PLATE TO ONE OF THE GUESTS, BECOMING COMPLETELY ABSORBED BY THE FEATHERS IN HER HAIR

WALKS ON, WITH HIS MIND STILL ON HER FEATHERS, CAKES SLIDING OFF PLATE

IS HASTILY PAID OFF, RELEASED FROM FURTHER DUTY, AND SENT UPSTAIRS

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## SMATTER POP



WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF I SHOULD LOSE YOU IN A BIG CROWD?

I'D GO TO A COP!

THEN WHAT?

I'D ASK DID YA SEE A MAN WITHOUT A LITTLE FELLAH?

AND THEN?

THEN I'D SAY, I'M THE FELLAH!

THEN HE'D KNOW ME!

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## TAILSFIN TOMMY—Tommy Gives Some Advice



OH, TOMMY, SKETEES, THIS IS CAPTAIN FERNANDEZ!

GRACIAS DIOS, YOU HAVE ARRIVED WE WERE MUCH CONCERNED, SENORS.

TOMMY AND SKETEER HAVE LARGED AT ALL STRONGS AFTER HAVING ESCAPED FROM THE REBEL STRONGHOLD AT SANTOS CAUVE. THEY ARE NOW BEING RECEIVED BY FRIENDS AND GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS!

I WOULDN'T START OFF TOO HASTY, CAPTAIN! THIS EL LIBERATOR HAS QUITE A LARGE ARMY—AND SOMETHING MORE DEADLY THAN AN ARMY!

YOU SAY YOU WERE DETAINED BY THAT SCOUNDREL OF A REBEL, GARADA, WHO CALLS HIMSELF EL LIBERATOR?—WE SHALL DEAL WITH HIM AT ONCE!

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By Hal Forrest

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's Pledge



SONNY, WERE YOU SERIOUS WHEN YOU SAID YOU THOUGHT YOU MIGHT GET MY OLD CIRCUS BACK FOR ME?

I HOPE TO TELL YOU, ARCHIE.

AH, BEN, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WOULD MEAN TO ME—I LOVE THE OLD SHOW—I LOVE EVERYTHING ABOUT IT—FROM THE ELEPHANTS DOWN, SONNY!