

Montana Rides Again

A RAPID-FIRE ROMANCE BY EVAN EVANS

SYNOPSIS: The Montana Kid and Mateo Rubric have outwitted Sergeant Andres and obtained entrance to the fort of Duraya. They are about to blow open the governor's safe and recover the emeralds of Our Lady, stolen from the church by the governor when they are surprised. The governor makes sure the crown is safe, then questions Andres. He confesses he thought Montana and Rubric were the girl, Rosita, when they topped gently at his gate.

Chapter 21
ROSITA

"That girl," said the general, "is the daughter of Miguel Santos. She is Rosita Santos, eh? Is she behind this devilry? Has she been sent for?"

"She has been sent for," said Don Luis, nodding. "Unless she has run for her life, she should be here by this time."

"This sergeant," said the general, in a gentle voice, "at the risk of stifling himself managed at last to give the alarm. Otherwise, who knows what might have happened? For that reason, see that he's paid a hundred pesos. That's a reward for a hero."

"Also, he was the fool and traitor who let danger into the fort. Because of that, strip the coat from him, tie his hands to his back, and fog him out of the fort and through the town till you've seen the last of him."

A quick smile of appreciation greeted the depth and the wisdom of this judgment. And even Sergeant Andres only rolled up his eyes once to heaven. For he could not even conceive a beating that would not be healed and instantly forgotten for the sake of a hundred silver pesos. So he was swept out of the room.

The general then demanded that the scoundrels who had entered his rooms and locked the door behind them should be produced instantly. There was no one to produce! The whole of the two rooms had been searched, and nothing had been found. People had even looked out the windows...

"Did you think that they were birds, that you looked out the windows?" shouted the general, so loudly that his mustache was thrown into confusion by his cry.

"No, you fool! You rushed into the rooms in a crowd, and the two thieves slipped out from behind curtains and joined you in your search. They milled around with you, like two more head among some cattle. And then they sneaked away from the fort."

"They are in some inn now, drinking and laughing at the soldiers of Duraya. The garrison of the fort becomes a laughing-stock. The President will hear of this. All the army will begin to laugh at me-me-me!"

He raised his voice a bit for each of the last three words, until his shout was a hoarse scream. His officers gave back a little. He looked as though he might charge them with his fists at any moment, and he had been known to do such a thing before this.

And then he saw, between two soldiers at the door, the pretty face of Rosita, from the Inn of Miguel Santos. Some of his rage disappeared at once. He had her brought in. As he watched her walk forward, he began to forget about everything. Even the emeralds of Our Lady turned into bits of green glass, so far as he was concerned. However, he knew that a good way is to sound the loudest trumpet first.

"To draw soldiers from their duty, that is treason!" he thundered at her. "Do you know the punishment for treason?"

"To be stoog against a wall and shot down," said the girl. And she spoke with such a quiet, even voice that Ignacio Estrada was moved. "You have a story to tell," he said to her. "Every woman can at least tell lies. Come out with your pack of words."

"I know nothing except poor Sergeant Andres," she said. "Why do you call him 'poor' Sergeant Andres?"

"They were beating him with whips as I came in through the gate."

"He's your lover, eh?"

"To me he is nothing."

"But you come to tap at the postern when it's his turn to be on guard behind it?" shouted the general.

"I never have tapped at it. He told me how to knock if I wanted him. I never wanted him."

"What chance?" asked Rubric. "One chance brought us up to the governor's rooms. Another chance may get us out of the fort again. Hush! That—that is Rosita!"

There had been a slight lull in the rain again, and he heard the sweet voice of the girl, penetrating because of its high pitch. He worked quickly along the ledge until he was under the window of the bedroom again. He could look in over the sill, while Rubric was posted on the farther side, whispering: "Now that he's alone there with the girl—we could leap in and kill him, Montana. That would be worth more than slaughtering a dozen of the soldiers—"

"Hush!" commanded Montana. The girl had come into the bedroom and was looking quietly around her. Behind her moved the governor, his eyes glittering through the black shaginess of the hair that still pitched from his forehead. General Estrada was excited; but the girl had in her eyes that blank look which the Kid had seen in them once before, as though thought were mastering her senses.

She turned around and looked up at the general with those blank eyes which were seeing the future, perhaps.

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Rosita turns traitor, tomorrow.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—It is 4 o'clock of a droopy afternoon and a column that should have been finished hours ago is no further along than this. These intervals of mental string-lass flash out of nowhere with the numbing force of lightning. Zip—and there's a complete blank.

Yet somehow every columnist manages to limp in ahead of the deadline. But what is left of the day is a forlorn fragment. He is shipwrecked on a tatter of time. And there's the long night ahead to stare into space, wondering if the seizure is temporary or permanent.

The nightmare that clouds the horizon of every writer is that eternal horror: Am I written out? In the grip of such a dolor, he fastens his self-pity with the most pathetic of fancies. He will pack the portmanteau and away, leaving perhaps a wistful little note: "I can't go on!" But morning paints the inevitable rainbow. And he is likely tearing into his column and battering it out before noon. Somewhere there is an analogy between such individual despair and the mass of a blood troubled world. One morning we awaken and it is gone.

Writers and their art are reminding there are no literary salons anymore. The Richard Watson Gilders back-in-the-yard chalet was once a cozy refuge and still later the Oliver Herford Sunday afternoons exhaled a long remembered charm. Everybody who was anybody came early and staid late. It was where Cissie Loftis first regaled with her now famous impromptu mimeries. The still later Algonquin Round Table is no more. Meantime the salon in Louis Bromfield's room in that hotel. The glories of the sophisticates have been gathering there. But Bromfield is soon returning to France.

Not many writers stand at the head of the class in punctuation. I have a dash peek breaking out in a rash now and then that waters here, one there and two for Elster Susse. In reaching an impossible passage many of us are soled in such paucity by a story told about Es-

S'MATTER POP-

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Sour Reception!

REN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Few Questions

THE NEBBS—Good Advice

BRINGING UP FATHER

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS—THE PARTY NEXT DOOR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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GOES TO SLEEP, THANKFUL THAT THE NEIGHBORHOOD IS SO QUIET AND PEACEFUL

IS AROUSED BY SUDDEN BABBLE OF VOICES ON FRONT PORCH NEXT DOOR. REMEMBERS PERLEY'S ARE HAVING A PARTY

IT'S THE GRIMBLES, APOLOGIZING FOR HAVING TO LEAVE EARLY. GOODBYES ARE CALLED AND ALL IS QUIET AGAIN

RENEWED COMMOTION AS THE GRIMBLES RETURN BECAUSE THEY CAN'T GET THEIR CAR OUT UNLESS OTHER CARS ARE MOVED

AFTER MUCH STARTING OF ENGINES AND CALLING BACK AND FORTH, CARS ARE MOVED AND QUIET DESCENDS AGAIN

SNOOZES, BEING ROUSED ALMOST AT ONCE BY FINAL BREAKING UP OF PARTY, EVERYBODY SHOUTING GOOD-BYES TO EVERYBODY ELSE

SUDDEN SHRIEKS FROM EVERY ONE, ESPECIALLY FRED PERLEY, AS MILT GREGSBY STARTS BACKING HIS CAR INTO TREE

CARS BEGIN TO FADE INTO DISTANCE—ALL EXCEPT THE WIMPLES, MRS WIMPLE HAVING MISLAI D A GLOVE

WIMPLES LEAVE AT LAST. FRED PERLEY ON HIS PORCH EXCLAIMS THANK GOODNESS, THAT'S OVER, AND ALL IS QUIET AGAIN

War On Rats Opens.

PORTLAND, Feb. 16.—(AP)—The city dumping grounds, trenched and rock-marked like a miniature sector of a shell-blasted battleground will soon be the locale of a death-dealing gas attack. Hordes of rats which have built the trenches and scratched out the holes, will be the victims of the deadly gas.

By C. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By Edwin Atter

By Sol Hess

By George Mumford

Boy Scout Notes

ed and meeting adjourned.

Troop No. 16—By Irvin Doty. Troop No. 16 met at Howard school Monday evening, with nearly a hundred per cent attendance. Scoutmaster Harold L. Larsen discussed with the boys several important items including the Father and Son banquet to be held February 25; also the National Scout Jamboree in Washington, D. C., August 21-30. Opportunities which a Scout has who attends this Jamboree were mentioned.

Before adjourning Mr. Larsen presented to the Scouts calendars given by the Medford National Bank. These calendars are an issue in remembrance of the 25 years in which Scouting has existed. Colors were then retired and troop dismissed.

Troop No. 18, Eagle Point. Regular meeting held Thursday evening. The new Scoutmaster, D. W. Miller, was in charge. Most of the meeting was spent in discussing the reorganization of the troop as to its patrols, etc. Meeting adjourned at 8 p. m.

KINGSTON Jamaica, Feb. 16.—(AP)—A roving reception given the Duke and Duchess of Kent at the royal newly-weds arrived in Kingston today from Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

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