

Montana Rides Again

A RAPID-FIRE ROMANCE BY EVAN EVANS

SYNOPSIS: The Montana Kid and Mito Rube have recovered the emerald crown of Our Lady from the governor of Durango, who had stolen it from the church. But the beautiful Roxie has betrayed them. Montana has returned his half of the crown to the bishop, but Mito has been captured, tortured, and now is being taken to the horrible Valley of the Dead. Montana and Brother Pascual are following, with small hope of being able to help Mito.

Chapter 31 HORROR TALE

EACH morning Pascual had a set speech in which he pointed out to Montana that they were not bent on a mission whose success could be hoped for. For himself there was duty and an oath to lead him. What was there for Montana?

"There is a friend waiting," said Montana, finally.

And after the morning in which he made that answer, Brother Pascual gave up the daily entreaty. They kept doggedly to the trail. It would have been possible to go down towards the coast and find better roads, but along those roads might be traveling men who had seen the published notice of a ten-thousand-peso reward for a tall man with black hair and blue eyes. So they had to keep to the terrible back country.

For Pascual there was a short-legged mule—because only short legs, he used to say, could possibly

prisoners do, was a little bit for every man. Yes, and even a little for the women.

"True!" muttered the Kid. "There are women in the valley. I'd forgotten that. So the government began to ship down the criminals—the murderers, and that sort of thing, eh?"

"At first, yes. But after a while there were not enough murderers. Then the men in the valley—and particularly Señor Juan-Silva—began to offer more money a head. They would send for a whole jail full of prisoners.

"Some were vagrants. Some were petty thieves. Some had disturbed the peace. One had been drunk. One was accused of being a revolutionist. And all of them were sent to die together in the Valley of the Dead. That is why the tobacco grows there so beautifully and Señor Juan-Silva grows richer each year. It is he who owns the entire valley, now."

"THIS Juan-Silva," said the Kid. "What sort of a man is he?"

"They tell me that he is not a man."

"A devil, then?"

"If it were not for him, then the valley would be closed. Who but Juan-Silva would want to live there while the hundreds and the thousands die around him?"

"What does he use for guard?" asked Montana.

MEDFORD FIREMEN OF EARLY DAYS TO BANQUET MAR. 11

Members of the Medford volunteer fire department of 25 and 30 years ago will assemble once again for a big get-together and hot turkey dinner with trimmings at the Medford fire-hall Monday, March 11, according to P. C. Bigham, one of the old time fire eaters, who has been named head cook for the affair.

About 25 or 26 are expected, some being from as far away as Eureka, California, and Burns, Oregon. There were over 45 in the original company, but some have passed away, and others have not been located. They will begin to gather here on Sunday, March 10, with the big dinner scheduled for 6 o'clock the next day. Eugene Amen, fire-chief of the old department, will be present, it was learned.

In reminiscing today, Bigham stated that even though handicapped by the fact that they had to lug all their equipment around by hand (horse drawn equipment not having been introduced here until about 1910 or 11) the old fire ladders were very proficient in teaching flames how to behave themselves.

He recalled in particular one fire that destroyed the large livery barn that stood where the Pierce-Allen Motor company now holds forth. The barn was full of freshly-cut hay, and was of wood, as were the buildings adjoining on both sides.

THREE BUSIEST MEN IN WORLD NOMINATED BY PORTRAIT ARTIST

NEW YORK, Feb. 28—(AP)—Frank O. Salisbury, British portrait artist who has painted them all, nominated today as the three busiest men in the world: President Roosevelt, Premier Mussolini, King George V.

Sitting in his skyscraper studio on the 41st floor of the Waldorf-Astoria hotel, Salisbury hesitated to decide who was the "busiest of the busy," but suggested the title lay between Mr. Roosevelt and Il Duce, chiefly because of their heavy responsibilities.

Three presidents—Roosevelt, Hoover and Coolidge—have posed for him. Salisbury spent a week painting Mr. Roosevelt while visitors came and went. The president struggled dutifully to remain motionless while dictating to a stenographer.

BEAGLE PUPPET SHOW SLATED FRIDAY NIGHT

BEAGLE, Feb. 28—Teachers and children are getting ready for the puppet show "Tom Sawyer" and the pie social Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Everyone is invited to attend. The ladies are asked to bring pies and they will be auctioned off to the highest bidder.

General Petroleum Manager Here Back From Portland Meet

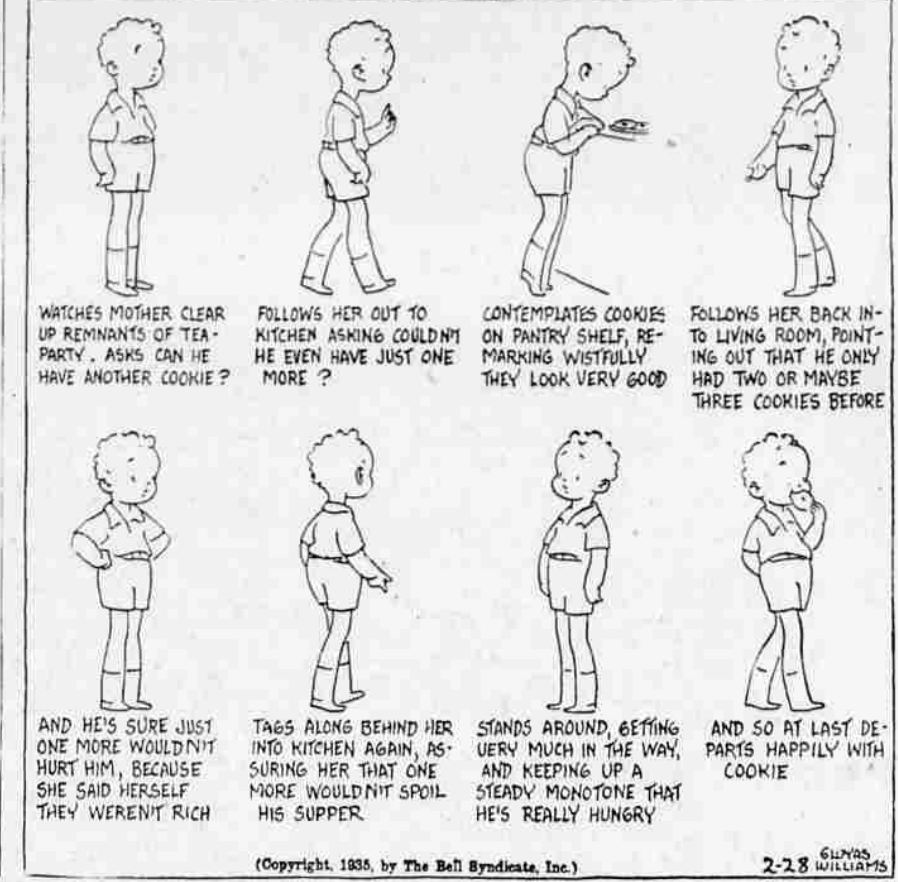
T. M. Higgins, Medford district manager for the General Petroleum corporation, returned today from a two day planning conference held at Portland and attended by all district managers of the company, marketers of Mobilgas and Mobiloil. H. W. Brown of Eugene, represented the Willamette valley district. The meeting was called by Albert E. Horn, Jr., Oregon general manager.

"The petroleum industry," Higgins said, "looks forward to a mighty busy year and this is especially true of General Petroleum which did not let down in its merchandising activities during the depression."

Indicative of General's aggressive attitude is the construction, now under way, of four new \$3,000 combination trucks which will go into service throughout the state within the next month. Most of the \$12,000 is being spent in Oregon," Higgins said. The tanks for each truck—a 900 gallon, two compartment tank and a 300 gallon single compartment tank—were built in Portland by the King Brothers Boiler works and the body work is being done by a Portland firm, Wentworth & Irwin. The truck bodies will be streamlined and finished in green lacquer, Higgins said.

SNAPSHOTS OF A BOY ASKING FOR A COOKIE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



They kept doggedly to the trail.

endure the strain of his weight. For the Kid there was the red mare, Sally. And they led with them the towering black stallion. Neither of them ever mounted the big horse, but each felt that it would be a sacrilege to ride the horse of a man who might be dead—who was surely in agony.

One night, when they were far south, Montana asked a few direct questions.

"Pascual," he said, "tell me in brief—not about the ghostly part of it or the legend—but what is the fact about the Valley of the Dead?"

"The friar pointed to the land. 'It is a bad place,' he said. 'But when water comes on the sand, anything will grow. Well, there is one valley where water flows and that valley was bought by two men—bought for nothing. They took laborers to the place. They planted tobacco. Never was such tobacco seen. It grew as weeds grow. It grew up out of the sand by magic. But some of the men who tended it grew ill. Others ran away. The sun added the brain. It was so strong, and all about them was the ugly desert.'

HERE the friar paused and stood up and surveyed the flat horizon. He sat down again and went on: "What was to be done? Tobacco meant money. Beautiful tobacco would grow in that valley, but there were no men to cultivate it. As fast as the labor was brought in the men would run away again. The desert was a terrible thing to cross. But anything was better than the valley. So the men who owned the valley thought of a plan. They went to the government. They said: 'Why do you spend much money on your prisons? Give us the evil-doers. We will take such care of them that they will never be seen again. And instead of charging money for keeping them, as your

"Only Indians. They are willing to work there, happily, because they love to see the Mexicans die. They are well paid. They are the hunting dogs—they are the pack which Juan-Silva loves to keep around him—these men, and a few others who are outcasts who cannot be taken back into their old places among men. They are the links between the inside of the valley and the outside—scoundrels who can afford to see their fellows dying around them!"

"Hail!" said the Kid. "This Juan-Silva, as you call him—this center of the entire system—his sort of a fellow that I'd like to see."

"Yes," said the friar, "he is a man to see—and to forget. He is a man beyond prayers. I should say, my brother."

Then they came upon sight of the valley. They had toiled all the day up a gradual slope and they came before evening to the edge of the highest plateau. Before them they saw the landscape descending step beyond step into a dimness of sand dust and sun mist, and beyond the dimness the landscape rose again, in step beyond step.

After a time, by a change of the wind or of the light—or perhaps their eyes were a little more accustomed to peering into the strange mist—it seemed that the bottom of the view cleared out, as sediment clears out of water.

And now they could make out, distinctly, a faint sheen of dull, purplish, daisy green in the bottom valley of all. It was not like a valley. It was like a great trench which had been hollowed out and out and out until no breath of wind could ever stir in it, and only the focussed and refocused and accumulated sun was hoarded there in masses of infinite heat.

(Copyright, 1935, Harper & Brothers. Tomorrow Montana captures the last person on earth he expected to see.)

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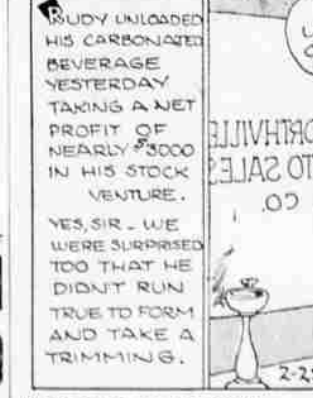
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Startling News!



BEN WEBSTER'S CARRIER—Standing His Ground



THE NEBBS—Oh, Happy Day



EXCELLENCY, THIS PERSON SAYS HE IS A DESERTER FROM THE REBEL ARMY OF THAT LIBERATOR, EL LIBERATOR, I WISH TO MAKE THE SPEECH—I HAVE IMPORT NEWS I CRAVE THOSE IMMUNITY FOR THESE INFORMATION—



MR. CHEETS, I HAPPEN TO KNOW HOW YOU GOT THIS CIRCUS AWAY FROM ARCHIBALD CHIRP—



THE NEBBS—Oh, Happy Day



I SPEAK THE TRUTH, --- EXCELLENCY, EL LIBERATOR HAS ASSEMBLED MANY AEROPLANES—MUCHOS TANKS, MUCHA AMUNITION AT SANTOS CALIENTE—I DESERTED MERELY BECAUSE I MIGHT 'AVE BEEN SHOT FOR PERMITTING TWO AVIATORS TO ESCAPE



MR. CHEETS, I HAPPEN TO KNOW HOW YOU GOT THIS CIRCUS AWAY FROM ARCHIBALD CHIRP—



THE NEBBS—Oh, Happy Day



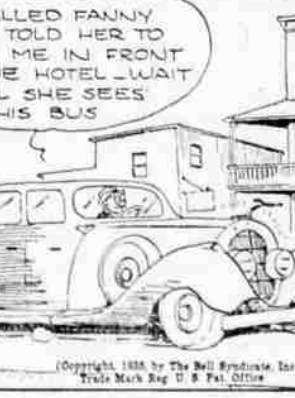
DON'T TAKE TOO MUCH CREDIT—IT WASN'T YOU THAT HELPED US TO ESCAPE



MR. CHEETS, I HAPPEN TO KNOW HOW YOU GOT THIS CIRCUS AWAY FROM ARCHIBALD CHIRP—



THE NEBBS—Oh, Happy Day



OF COURSE, SENOR, EET WAS SENOR MCGUIRE, THAT EES WHY I DESERT—BUT THEY ARE GOIN' SHOOT SENOR MCGUIRE AT DAWN—



MR. CHEETS, I HAPPEN TO KNOW HOW YOU GOT THIS CIRCUS AWAY FROM ARCHIBALD CHIRP—



THE NEBBS—Oh, Happy Day



WHAT'S THAT? DID YOU SAY EL LIBERATOR IS GOING TO EXECUTE BILL MCGUIRE?



MR. CHEETS, I HAPPEN TO KNOW HOW YOU GOT THIS CIRCUS AWAY FROM ARCHIBALD CHIRP—



THE NEBBS—Oh, Happy Day



CHAMBER INVITES AERIAL VISITORS

Chamber of Commerce officials announced today that the San Francisco bay, air-drome at Alameda, Calif., plans to conduct some interesting tours out of the bay region during the coming summer. It is expected that seven to ten planes with fifteen to twenty people will take week-end trips to the various scenic resorts in the Shasta Cascade Wonderland.

U. S. RECLAMATION POLICY DEPLORED

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28—(AP)—In an attack on what he called an "inane reclamation policy as practiced in these United States," Representative Charles H. W. Y. of the house today Dr. Elwood Mead, federal reclamation commissioner, had "partially wrecked Australia, partially wrecked California and now is engaged in an attempt to wreck all American agriculture."

BRINGING UP FATHER

