

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

ADAPTED FROM THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

By BEATRICE FABER

CHAPTER ONE

Riding full into the setting sun, Ramerrez the bandit sat jauntily in his saddle, while melody, pure as California's new gold, poured from his lips. The band behind him rode gaily too, joining in on the lusty chorus of the song.

He turned to his friend and aide, Mosquito, riding at his side. "Our trip was very successful so tonight we'll celebrate. I have presents for everyone."

Mosquito nodded, then said reminiscently. "You know, Mi Capitan, I am most sorry we leave that last town so queeck. The little girl Tonio—how she hate to see me go."

Ramerrez glanced at him sharply. "How many times I tell you that it isn't good for a bandit to fall in love? Sing to the girls a little, dance with them a little, give them a little kiss and then forget them."

He had learned his lesson from his Mexican father. Ah yes, the American mother who had given him hair as yellow and eyes as blue as her own had poisoned his father's soul all too well and in the end he had died of it. For in the way of women who defy their families and marry on the high crest of passion, she had left her husband and child and returned to her own people when the glamour had dimmed for her.

They rode into the camp now where the evening supper was being prepared by the women. Nina was waiting for Ramerrez under the trusting tree. Her long dark eyes glowed as she spoke to him caressingly. "I have miss you so much, Amado mio." Then, "What you bring me this time?"

Ramerrez laughed. Her coquetties were so transparent. "Here," he said, bringing forth a delicately wrought fleur-de-lys time-piece which he had taken from a nervous stage-coach passenger. "It's a watch from Switzerland."

Nina hugged him tightly. "How long you stay this time?"

He shrugged. Nina's adoration sometimes made him uneasy. It was too intense—too one-sided. He removed her arms gently and suddenly his startled eyes fell on a poster which some one in the camp had found and tacked to the tree. The printed words stated that there was a five thousand dollar reward for the capture of the bandit Ramerrez.

"You see, Nina, now I am worth five thousand dollars. If I work hard maybe someday I will be worth ten thousand."

"Si, if the Americans they do not catch you."

He looked off into the distance somberly. In these days of 1849 with gold running like a fever through men's veins, even \$5,000 was not too much to pay for a real, live bandit whose depredations took from the miners what they had won from the earth by labor and sweat. Once, this had been a quiet, pastoral land. Then the word "gold" had migrated across the country and there had come the greedy influx. Now, men were cutting down the trees to build houses—houses with four walls to shut out the fresh air, with roofs on them to shut out the stars.

"And this is what the world calls civilization," he thought sardonically. Then, as always, when melancholy overtook him he picked up his guitar and began to sing softly.

"Shadows—
On the Moon"

and immediately there came back to him the memory of that very little girl who had sung it with him in that long ago when they had met beside a caravan campfire one night. The next morning camp had broken and he had never seen her again. But he had never forgotten her, as she had stood beside the fire with the wind blowing through her golden hair . . .

On one of the mountain trails of Cloudy, a spot not far distant from the mountain camp, "that very little girl" of whom Ramerrez was thinking at this moment, was trotting happily along, thinking of the morrow. She'd be making her annual visit to Father Sienna in Monterey and singing for him at the church again.

He was a wonderful fan, the Padre, sympathetic and understanding. Never a word of reproach, because she ran the Polka saloon in Cloudy. Of course she hadn't started the place. Pop had. But because the boys had asked her to keep on with it after he died, she had kept it going, running it straight and clean.

She was nearing the place when suddenly two shots split the evening stillness. There was a quivering silence. Then Mary tightened her reins and spurred her horse down the trail. Those shots had come from the Polka.

Riding into the hitching yard an icy breath blew over her as she saw an inert object being carried out that had once been the miner, Higgins.

"Who done it?" she demanded. "I mean, who did it?" she corrected herself, remembering her mail-order grammar book. "Rance," came the answer. Whipping around, she flung open the door of the Polka. Groups of men dotted the room, some at the bar, some at the roulette wheel. At one table sat Sheriff Jack Rance, playing solitaire.

Mary bore down on him. "Listen here," she burst out, "you gun-totin' trigger-pulling Sheriff, what's the idea of comin' in here and killin' off my customers?"

Imperturbably he answered, "caught the low-down varmint cheating at cards. And when I called him, he tried to beat me to the draw."

"Oh." Her anger subsided a bit. "Well, I don't blame you none for callin' him. A cheat is sure outside of my corral. But," she added sternly, "you can't make a shootin' gallery out of my place. Next time, take care of your business outside."

Rance didn't answer but his look of adoration plunged deep into her eyes. Coloring a little she walked away. The trouble with Jack was, that he was so hard and ruthless. Even about her. She knew he meant to win her someday, somehow. Well, maybe one morning she'd wake up and find herself loving him too. But it hadn't happened yet.

She was standing at the bar when Rance suddenly called, "well good night and sauntered to the door. Mary looked around. Why was everyone grinning? Then she gasped. There in a far alcove of the room was a large,

ivory-white piano. Running to it, tears came to her eyes. It was just what she'd always wanted.

She turned to him and said softly, "Jack, you been doin' things like this ever since you came to Cloudy. Don't you ever get tired of hearin' me say thanks?"

He was looking past her abstractedly. "Girl," he said, "have you ever thought of bein' a great singer? Like Jenny Lind?" Then he gazed straight into her eyes. "You could be—if you married me. I'd take you East and back your game."

Her eyes evaded his. "Oh Jack," she said, striving for lightness, "you know you couldn't leave Cloudy any more than I could. You're aimin' for somethin' big out here and well—" she finished off lamely, "I couldn't leave the boys or the West, either."

He was silent then, "I guess you got me there girl. But some day you're goin' to change your mind about marryin' me." He looked at her sharply. "There isn't any one else, is there?"

"None."

"If there ever was, I don't think I'd like it."

Next morning, as the stage-coach bumped and swayed along the road,



Mary let her thoughts roam at will. Rance had spoken of backing her so that she could become famous like Jenny Lind. But that was just a dream. Anyhow, that wasn't what she wanted out of life. A shy thought crept up her cheeks in a pink tide of color. Someday maybe there'd be a man she could love. Not just someone to respect like Jack Rance. Her thought broke sharply as she heard the thud of horses' hooves and the driver frantically yelling "Whoa! Whoa! Hey folks, it's Ramerrez! A holdup!"

With a sharp breath of fear, Mary took her bags of gold and stuffed them

into the papoose basket that Wowkie, her Indian servant was carrying. Then horses thundered up and a deep, resonant voice directed everyone to step out.

Gripping her courage firmly, Mary dared to look at the bandits. Leading them was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, no doubt Ramerrez, his face covered by a bandanna. As the men passengers started to emerge, he made a mocking reprimand. "Senores. Tech, tech, you have forgot the manners. The ladies—she always come first."

Then, when Mary and Wowkie were standing beside the coach one of the bandits rapidly began to collect the

jewelry and money from everyone. Mary glanced frantically up the road. Where was the posse that Jack Rance had sent along to protect the coach? Suddenly she noticed one of the men taking down her travelling box. Running to him she tried to jerk it out of his hand. "You leave my baggage alone. This box is mine and neither you or anybody else is going to take it."

Ramerrez peered under the lid. What you got there? Gold?"

She throttled her tempestuous tongue. "Why no. Just my dresses. I'm going to Monterey."

"Ah, maybe you wear them in Monterey for your sweetheart, si?"

"I have no sweetheart, thank you."

He moved close to her at that and took her small, rounded chin between his fingers. Incredibly, Mary felt her pulse beat fast and a tingling thrill raced up her spine.

"Don't thank me," Ramerrez said, "because if I have something to say about it you got a sweet heart." Then he spoke to his man sternly. "Pedro, put eet back. How can lady go to Monterey without pretty dresses? But," he added casually, "take the lady's rings. They are very nice."

She had been about to thank him. Now she was ready to explode. Then, suddenly there was the sound of horses hooves again. The posses. There came a flashing inspiration. She'd show this insolent bully with the musical laugh that she could outwit him even if she was just a girl. Snatching off her rings she threw them to the ground in simulated petulance. Then, as she had expected, Pedro bent down. In response to her nudges, Wowkie planted

(Continued on Page 8)

WEEKLY BUSINESS REVIEW

BEVAN PIANO COMPANY IS KNOWN AS "A COMPLETE MUSICAL STORE"

Although most homes today can summon the best music of the world with the twist of a dial, nothing has been invented as a substitute for the pleasure which comes to an individual when he or she sits down to a piano or picks up a favorite instrument and plays it.

Music is not merely a thing to hear, but something to create and the child who has never learned to play an instrument has had a part of his or her education neglected. It is not merely a matter of personal satisfaction, either. The ability to play an instrument is often the key to a broader popularity.

The staff at Bevan Piano Co., 12 North Main Street, Wilkes-Barre, is qualified to advise parents in the selection of instruments for their children. Besides a line of Sohmer, Bogart and Kimball pianos and organs, this firm is agent for excellent instruments which are recognized by leading conductors and bandmasters for their tone and quality.

Bevan Piano Co. has a well-established reputation for the courtesy and consideration it gives to its customers and it is one of the oldest and most reputable musical firms in this section.

Behind The Scenes In Business World

A Summary Of Happenings In America's Industrial Circles

BUSINESS—What can be done to get business going again and the wheels of industry turning? That question is on many lips these days. Figures on private investment in securities reveal one sore spot that must be healed. Stocks and bonds are sold primarily to provide money for building new factories or enlarging existing factories thus providing work for many people. Last month only \$13,800,000 worth of new stocks and bonds were sold, lowest since November, 1935. In April, 1937, \$177,000,000 worth of new securities were issued. The way things are going now it is likely that less than \$400,000,000 will be invested in industry this year. Compare this with the \$2,835,400,000 investment figure of 1926, or the \$3,667,800,000 figure of 1929, or even the \$1,369,400,000 figure of 1937. In other words, the average adult put \$35 of his 1926 savings into new stocks and bonds, while this year the figure will be in the neighborhood of only \$5.

WASHINGTON—While the President cruised 1,000 miles off the Florida coast on the Navy ship Philadelphia, the U. S. Chamber of Commerce held its annual meeting in Washington last week and asked for a two or three-year "breathing spell." Senators and Congressmen, anxious to leave Washington before the hot weather, eyed with interest the primary elections in Alabama, South Dakota, Indiana, and Florida. In the latter state an important primary contest was held, and the New Deal candidate, Senator Claude Pepper, easily defeated his four democratic opponents. This vote of confidence in the administration and New Deal policies revived agitation for passage of a wages and hours bill at this session.

BOWL OF RICE—The biggest movement ever undertaken in the United States to aid suffering non-combatants of a war stricken country was launched last week by the United Council for Civilian Relief in China, headed by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. On June 17th, in hundreds of cities and towns, thousands of Americans will participate in a national Bowl of Rice Dinner and Ball, the proceeds from which will be used to send food and medical supplies to more than 30,000,000 Chinese civilian refugees.

HEADLINES—Sales of Union Bag & Paper Co. running ahead of last year . . . Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company turned out 273,000,000 square feet of glass in 1937 . . . American Safety Razor will place new Gem-Electric Shaver on market July 1 at \$15 retail . . .

Some companies are reporting greater earnings in the first quarter this year than same period last year, including—Columbia Broadcasting Company, Corn Products Refining Company, National Biscuit Company, Conde Nast Publications, Douglas Aircraft, National Cash Register, and Canada Dry . . . S. B. Robertson, president of The B. F. Goodrich Company, predicts three out of every four farm vehicles will be rubber equipped in 10 years . . . War Department approves sales of airplanes to Great Britain . . . Railroads prepare to ask for another 5 per cent boost in their rates for carrying freight . . . RFC prepares to lend money to utilities so that they can build new plants.

SPRING IS GOOD TIME TO CALL ON EXPERT UPHOLSTERING FIRM

About spring housecleaning time most housewives become acutely aware of worn furniture and dingy upholstery and begin to long for new pieces which will brighten their rooms and make their homes more attractive.

Many times, in the average family, such dreams disappear because of other demands upon the household purse. But there is one solution which wise women recognize. They have discovered that new furniture is not always needed when the services of A. C. Upholstering is available.

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