

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

The Characters
Kathleen Gregory: beautiful and peppery redhead.
Angus Gregory: her father, owner of The Golden Girl mine.
Bridget: Gregory's secretary.

Yesterday: Because of a feud between the two families, MacDonald, owner of The Stubbhorn Boy, has refused the Gregorys right-of-way around his shaft.

Chapter Two Marry The Man?

THERE wasn't much Kathleen wouldn't do for this beloved uncle; anything to show the others she preferred his gentle kindness to the domineering members who despised him.

She accepted the letter and started to read, and as she read her shoulders lifted, her chin arched and her brows became angry arcs.

The letterhead told her the missive came from the office of The Stubbhorn Boy. The signature told her it was written by the last of the MacDonalds, one Donald MacDonald.

But it was the content which sent her temper flaming until her

to the admonitions, warnings and advice of the clan. Her brown eyes were dark with thought. The nucleus of a plan was forming in her mind; a very pleasing plan encompassing conditions of which she had dreamed for the last four years.

Silence restored she turned to her father. "When do I start?" she asked.

"Immediately," answered Gregory. "That is, as soon as I can arrange to have our car coupled on a westbound. You'll go as far as Salt Lake City, then the car will be transferred to a short line. At Green River I'll arrange for a work train on the mine spur to take over."

"You do this and I don't go," Kathleen interrupted. "I'm the one who has to face the music and I'm not going down there with a forty piece band playing the theme of The Golden Girl. This head of red hair is going to be handicapped enough. If I go in as Kathleen Gregory, I'm defeated before I start."

"She's right," affirmed Beatrice. "Now this is the way I'll manage it. Kathleen and I will drive down from Salt Lake City, as tourists. 'Oh no we won't!' checked Kathleen. 'This is my expedition and I'm choosing the personnel. There won't be any Gregorys included. If you trust me enough to ask me to do this favor for the clan, then you're going to have to trust

me enough to let me handle it my way, no questions asked."

"I told you how she'd act," cried Beatrice with an air of washing her hands of the whole affair.

"You have a plan, daughter?" queried Angus.

Kathleen nodded. "The beginning of one. This I know: Donald MacDonald is just as much prejudiced against the Gregorys as we are against him. I want a chance to meet him and have him know me as an individual before he associates me with his enemies. I don't want to divulge my plan to anyone save Uncle Douglas. If you'll feel better about things I'll take him with me to some nearby point—"

"Take Care Of Yourself!"

"DOUGLAS," spat Beatrice, "he hasn't a brain in his head."

"His brains are in his heart," Kathleen snapped back. "And his tongue isn't hinged in the middle and wagging at both ends. How about it, Dad?"

Angus paused a moment. "Kathleen," he murmured, "I think you're smarter than the lot of us put together. All I ask is that you take care of yourself."

"See you at home," Kathleen cried in triumph, stooped to kiss her mother, patted her Uncle Douglas and whirled out of the room.

"Bridget!" She caught the surprised secretary in her arms. "Hurry out of here. I want to talk business to you where no one can hear us. Honey, you and I are going out to that spot you are looking for. And believe me, we're going to find gold in 'them thar hills.'"

Bridget backed away, amazed.

"Does it occur to you that I don't want to go anywhere with a Gregory?"

"Ah," jeered Kathleen, "something more we have in common. Suppose I'm no longer a Gregory?"

"But I won't be a party to this plan. I'm surprised that you, with your spirit, could so demean—"

"Demean, my eye," interposed Kathleen blithely. "Come on, don't the bonnet Dan's bringing my car around in five minutes. And I'll bet The Golden Girl against your picture of golden hills, that once I've talked to you, you'll be rarin' to go."

"That," stated Bridget, ruefully, "is exactly what I fear, therefore the answer is no, in advance."

(Copyright, 1938, Jeanne Bowman)

Tomorrow: Making plans.



"Hurry, Bridget. I want to talk to you where no one can hear us."

cheeks rivaled the color of her hair. Angriily she read:

I wouldn't allow the shaft of The Golden Girl to contaminate my property. I wouldn't allow a damned Gregory on my land to discuss the matter. I wouldn't allow a hypocritical, effete, deteriorating offspring of a conniving, double-crossing Gregory within speaking distance.

Why don't you come out and see what your control is doing to this country? Why don't you take some interest in your miners as men? Why don't you give them a few extra pennies for decent shelter instead of spending every cent you can squeeze out of your mine on that vapid, silly flapper of yours?

I got so sick of seeing her smirking from the rotogravures of magazines that I've quit taking them. So far I haven't strained my eyes with a good look, but some day when I'm ready to go off the deep end over the way the Gregory side is handled, I'll pin one of her dental displays on the wall and... oh, what's the use.

My answer is no to every favor you've asked, and that is final.

Kathleen was tapping her slipper toe on the polished floor. As the tapping increased in fervor and tempo, the clan relaxed. When the heel came down with a stomp they smiled. They even laughed, but softly, when she strode back across the room and started pounding on her father's desk.

"I'm going out there and make that black-browed son of a MacDonald eat out of my hand. I'm going to make him eat every word in this letter. I'm going to cram it down his throat until he chokes on it. Silly, vapid flapper, am I? Won't strain his eyes? Well here's where he starts chumming with an oculist. When I get through with that Donald MacDonald he'll be so blind he'll sign away his right-of-way and his freedom with the same stroke of the pen."

"Kathleen," cried Mrs. Gregory in alarm, "don't marry the man!"

Kathleen looked up and her eyes seemed flecked with the red flame of her hair. "Marry the man?" she repeated. "That's an idea."

No Forty Piece Band

ANGUS GREGORY brought order into his office by sending all but the immediate family on their way.

Kathleen had listened, unmoved,

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



A BED QUILT— IS THE ONLY AUTHENTIC WORLD WAR RECORD OF YANCEY COUNTY, North Carolina!
MRS. W. B. ROBERTSON, Burnsville, N.C., SPENT 4 YEARS COLLECTING DATA AND SEWING THE QUILT...

NATURE'S WARNING! AN HOURGLASS— THE SYMBOL OF DEATH— IS MARKED ON THE BLACK WIDOW SPIDER, MOST DEADLY SPECIES IN THE U.S.

THE INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE CONTAINS OVER 85,000 DISTINCT GESTURES

THE LOGAN STONE -- A 65-TON ROCK near St. Levan, England, IS SO DELICATELY BALANCED IT CAN BE ROCKED BY HAND!

Quilt War Record
The only World War record of Yancey County, North Carolina, strange as it seems, is that stitched into a bed quilt by Mrs. W. B. Robertson of Burnsville.

For four years Mrs. Robertson made frequent excursions into the hills of Yancey County, compiling a complete list of World War veterans who served their country two decades ago. These names she stitched into her odd quilt of a beautiful geometric pattern, and today her handiwork stands as the only complete and authentic record of its kind.

Sign Language
Strange as it seems, although there were 59 different language families among the Indians of the United States, and hundreds of different dialects, all the Indians of North America were able to converse with each other by means of a common gesture speech, or sign language.

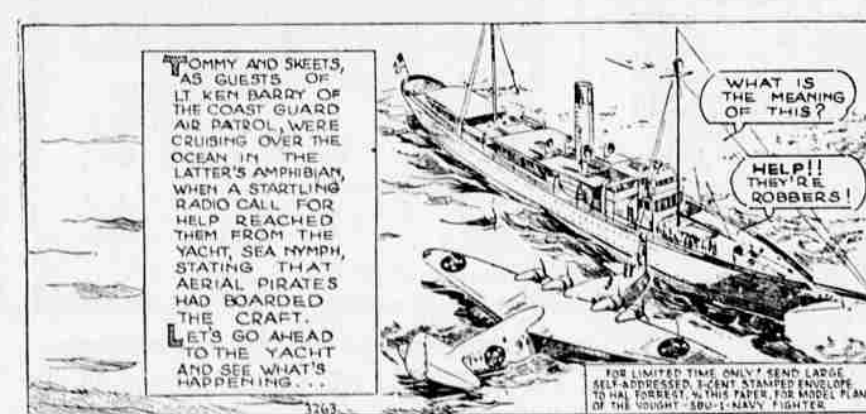
Signs were made with one or both hands; ideas were conveyed with rapid gestures which often implied

RAE GIVEN LEAVE FOR EDITORIAL ASSN. POST
EUGENE, Oct. 24.—(AP)—Arne G. Rae, field secretary for the Oregon Newspaper Publishers' association and assistant professor of journalism at the University of Oregon, received a year's leave today to become executive secretary of the national editorial association.

Rae connected with the Oregon publishers' group since 1929, will depart about January 1. He was formerly co-publisher of the Tillamook Herald and advertising manager for the Oregon City Enterprise. He is also president of the Newspaper Association managers, a national organization.

Dean Eric W. Allen of the school of journalism said Rae's position would be open here should he desire to return.

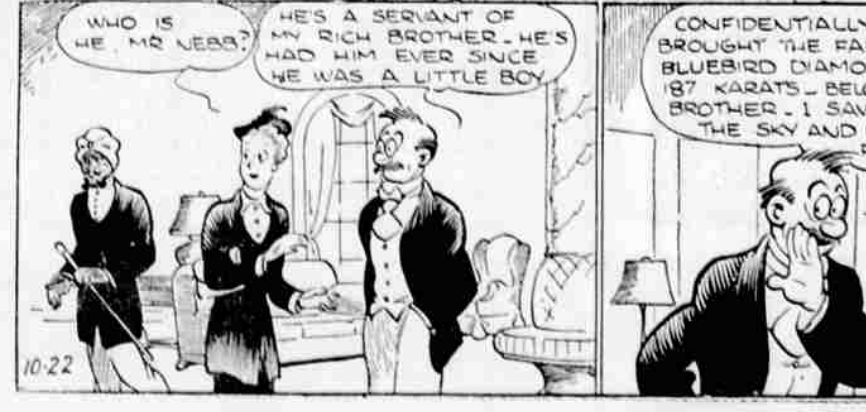
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Modern Pirates—in Ancient Garb!



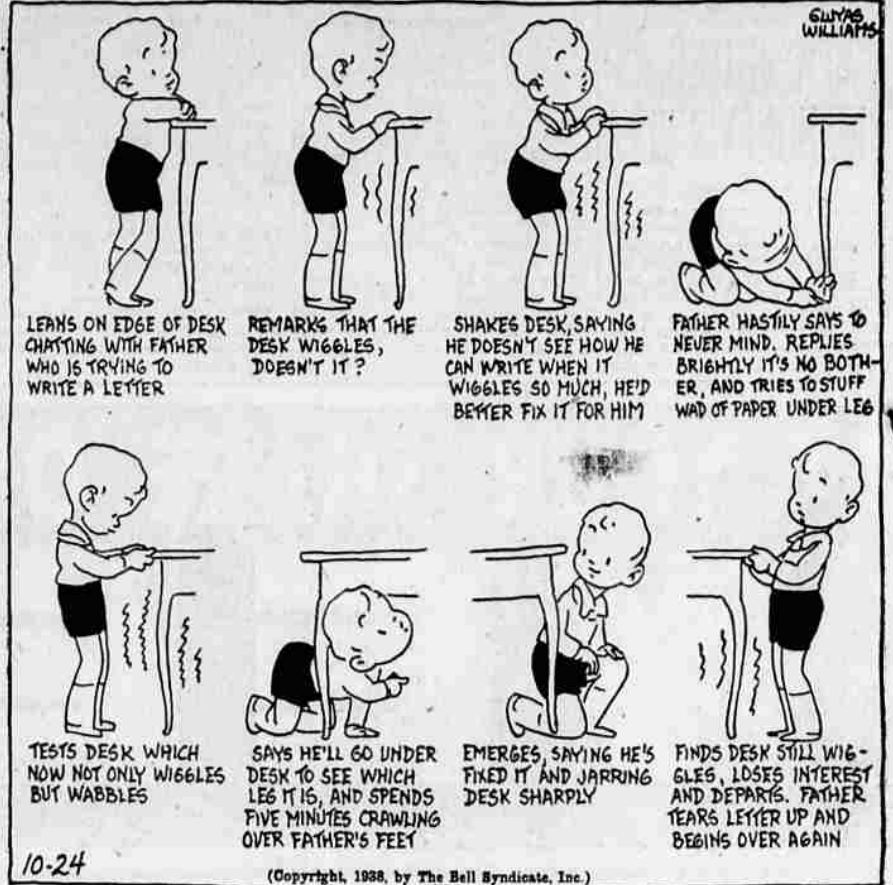
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Going Visiting



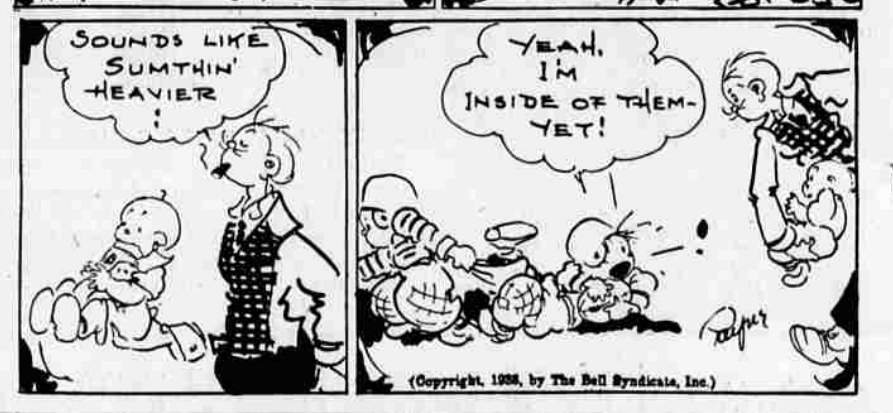
THE NEBBS—The Scoop



HELPFUL By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S MATTER POI By O M PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



HAPPY DAYS ARE NEAR NEW HIGHWAY STRETCH DECLARES HENRY FORD OPENED NEAR EUGENE

DETROIT, Oct. 24.—(AP)—Henry Ford said this afternoon "distinctly better times are on the way."

He made the statement on the occasion of a preview of the Ford Motor company's new models.

"We plan to step up production of 1939 models well beyond the aggregate of 1938," he said, "because we know sales generally are going to be much greater."

He did not put his prediction into numbers, but the Ford company thus far in 1938 has produced approximately 462,000 units.

A new all-time high record for gross receipts of the Honolululi post office was established last year at \$26,822,227.

EUGENE, Oct. 25.—(AP)—A new stretch of the Pacific highway, six and one-half miles long, was opened by the state highway department between Eugene and Junction City Monday.

The new section, part of the Pacific highway improvement program, will materially shorten the driving time between Eugene and Portland, it is claimed. Construction records were broken during the pouring of the concrete for the highway during August, when contractors laid as much as 2,070 feet of highway in one eight-hour shift.

Columbia university received a total of over \$400,000 in gifts during the past year.