

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

The Characters
 Kathleen Gregory, red-haired daughter of Angus Gregory, who owns The Golden Girl mine.
 Bridget, Gregory's secretary.

Yesterday: After reading a stinging letter from young Donald MacDonald, owner of The Stubbhorn Mine, Kathleen agrees to go West and get the right-of-way for the Gregory mine.

Chapter Three Gold Incarnated

HAVING exhausted his patience and the battery on the bell connecting his desk with that of his secretary, Angus Gregory strode into the room.

"Miss Riley . . . Miss Bridget Riley, do you realize that I have been ringing you steadily for the last five minutes? For the final and the last time, are you my private secretary or are you not?"

Bridget snapped a rubber band on the last sheet of papers. "I have not been your private secretary for two hours and twenty minutes. You allowed me three hours to pack up and get out. I'm cutting the time to two hours and a half!"

Swiftly she went to the closet to get her hat and coat.

Kathleen watched her father. Behind perfectly tailored coattails, his hands were clasped in the Gregory pose of intense feeling. They gripped each other for control. The war between diplomacy and stubbornness was visible in the agitated working of his heavy brows.

"I'll hold up your check," he threatened.

Bridget fitted a mitre hat over her braids and smiled at the mirror. "I thought of that," she retorted. "I had the office boy cash it immediately upon your sending it to me."

"But Miss Riley, Bridget, damn it all, girl, you can't leave me. Why I don't know how I'll . . . well you can stay until you break someone in, can't you?"

"Dad, why didn't you think of that when you ordered her out?" Angus cast a despairing glance at his daughter. "My dear child, I could not allow anyone to speak to a Gregory as Bridget Riley spoke to your Aunt Beatrice. I know Bee is exasperating but she is a Gregory."

what would you as a man, think of me? Please tell me, I need your help."

Dan sighed deeply. "Sure you can get this car back through traffic if it's the truth I'm to be telling you, one of the other of us will walk."

"Is it that bad?"

Dan groaned and for the first time a car he was driving rubbed fenders with a pebehan. "Faith, Miss Gregory, it's like the sun you are, fair blinding a man with your beauty. That is 'til he caught a whiff of your temper."

"And then?" asked Kathleen, eagerly.



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Mudlay

"A GREGORY!" Bridget had wheeled from the mirror. "You think your clan is the sun about which everyone else has to revolve or fall into space. You Gregorys haven't vision enough to look beyond your own orbit. You don't know there's anyone else in the heavens or on the earth. You think you and your gold are the heavens and earth. You think that you are the gold incarnated. Well you're not. You're nothing but a big, gilt painted balloon and some day somebody is going to stick a pin in you."

She smiled at him then, and her voice lowered to a demure tone, concluded, "It's been so nice, knowing you."

She was gone. Kathleen looked at the door through which she seemed to have evaporated, then she looked at her father.

"Dad," she warned, "remember the Gregory blood pressure." She darted in pursuit.

An express elevator had rushed Bridget to the street and when Kathleen reached there, she was departing in a cab. A low swung golden-red car slid to the curb in its wake. Kathleen jumped to the running board.

"Dan," she pleaded, "can you catch that cab?"

"If you'll write to me mither and tell her I died in service," he sighed.

The cab had been swallowed by the traffic. "I didn't know you ever had a mother," murmured Kathleen.

Dan swung the hood of the car around, mumbling.

"What did you say?" Kathleen demanded.

"I said," blurted the chauffeur, belligerently, "and how in the devil did you expect me to be here. All right, I'm fired."

The hurrying throng paused as Kathleen's laugh rang out. "No such luck Danny. Get in, I'm riding with you."

"You can't do that—"

"Oh, can't I," countered Kathleen and swung into the landau front seat. "Now take me to a telephone and en route, explain this mutiny. What's the matter with the Gregorys, don't they treat you right, pay you well?"

Dan, intent upon putting the golden car through the massed traffic, shrugged in resignation. "You're asking for it," he forewarned. "You pay us right, but there's never a thought you give to us as humans."

Like The Sun

"SERIOUSLY Dan, what do you think of me?" Kathleen asked abruptly.

"I don't. I work for you."

"Suppose you met me at a dance and didn't know I was a Gregory; that I was just some new girl,

"Then he'd feel the red blood of him burnin' to tame you. His fingers would twitch with wantin' to get hold of you and shake the sense into you. You'd be a challenge to a man, Miss Gregory. I know, I met one like you."

Kathleen chuckled. "Have you tamed her?"

"To be married we are, my first vacation."

They stopped at a hotel and Kathleen telephoned her mother's secretary. "Break my engagements for this evening and begin to think up a cruise that will last a couple of months. I'll explain when I come in."

From her father's office she obtained Bridget's home address and back in the car sat silent. She must have her plans perfected when she caught up with Miss Riley, and when she again met her father the entire campaign must be ready for his consideration.

This was much more exciting than planning a benefit; directing amateur theatricals; or trying to curb an executive tongue at a board meeting where fussy old women talked endlessly, then left the actual work to a lone paid secretary. This was the adventure with a purpose and inspired by a motive.

"A 'old flapper' was she?"

Russel gloves strained at the seams as her hands clenched. The man was an impossible boor with a rotten temper. He was probably throwing up a defense mechanism to protect his ego from the knowledge that all girls disliked him on sight.

It was going to be a lark to bring him to his knees. She'd never yet met a man she couldn't win if she wanted to. Conquests were a matter of proximity. She'd take care of the proximity.

But she would need Bridget. No one else could possibly take her place. Once she had given her word, Bridget could be trusted implicitly.

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Monday: Bridget consents.

Teacher Succumbs Conducting Class

MERCED, Calif., Oct. 26.—(AP)—Loren F. Reynolds, 45, Livingston school teacher, died suddenly today while conducting a class. Coroner W. E. Lilley ordered an autopsy.

Reynolds is survived by his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Reynolds, also a school teacher, and two sons, Loren and Donald Livingston of Corvallis, Ore.

Douglas Budget Up

ROSEBURG, Ore., Oct. 26.—(AP)—The Douglas county budget for 1939 will be increased approximately \$25,000, raising the levy about one mill, it recommendations of the budget committee are approved, County Board Agge reported today.

The principal increase proposed is in the relief department, which is placed more than \$9,000 higher than last year.

Class. Ads. 1:30 p. m.

Doctors Against All Regimentation

PORTLAND, Oct. 26.—(AP)—It is "thumbs down" by the medical profession on any program of socialized medicine "that will mean regimentation of the profession," Dr. Charles E. Sears, president of the State Medical society told a county group.

Five City Wage Hike

PORTLAND, Oct. 26.—(AP)—The city council considered a program today to boost the wages of city laborers from \$4.75 to \$5 a day. The change would affect workers in the lower brackets employed on a day basis.

Sisal Demos Banner

SALEM, Oct. 26.—(AP)—Democratic campaign headquarters here reported to the police today that a Democratic banner stretched across the street at Thirteenth and Center, one of the approaches to the city from the east, was stolen during the night.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Butte Hill, Mont. --
 WORLD'S LARGEST COPPER DEPOSIT, WAS BOUGHT FROM THE U.S. GOVERNMENT FOR ONLY \$3000 -- THEN PRODUCED \$900,000,000 IN COPPER IN 20 YEARS!

Telescope Monument
 Strange as it seems, although built to commemorate the disastrous Great Fire of London in 1666, the famous London Monument actually was designed as a telescope tube by Sir Christopher Wren, noted architect.

Christian Huygens, the famous Dutch scientist, had presented the English Royal Academy, of which Wren was president, with a large object glass for astronomical use. Wren then conceived of the idea of building a great hollow tube to be used with the glass as a telescope.

The London Monument was the result, but its height was insufficient and its top swayed in the wind so as to render it impracticable. Wren then built a staircase inside and made of it a showplace where visitors could view the new London rising from the ashes of the Great Fire.

Built between the years 1671 and 1678, the shaft is 202 feet high and is reputed to stand exactly 202 feet eastward from the house where the Great Fire broke out.

Anaconda Copper
 Largest copper mining, smelting refining, and fabricating organization in the world is the Anaconda Copper Mining company in Montana.

Principal holdings of Anaconda are at Butte where, strange as it seems, its original owners, the brothers Michael and Edward Hickey and Charles Larabee, had purchased from the U. S. government 800 acres of land for \$5.00 an acre—only \$3,000 for a field that in 20 years produced \$900,000,000 worth of copper.

Tomorrow: The religion of beauty.

DEADLINE NEAR ON FARM LOAN FILING

Jackson county tenant farmers expecting to file applications for farm purchase loans under the Bankhead-Jones tenant act, have only four days left, reports Eugene Hampton county supervisor. Farm Security Administration, 211 Fluhrer building, Medford.

With the deadline set for Monday, October 31, applications have been filed with the county supervisor, who serves as secretary of the county tenant committee. When applications are closed, they will be turned over to the county tenant committee composed of T. S. Wiley, Otto Bohmert and Earl Ulrich, all of Jackson county.

The committee will examine all applications, appraise farms applicants propose to purchase and recommend applicants who have the character, ability, and experience deemed necessary for successful farm ownership.

Loans will be limited and the allotment of \$92,915 for Jackson and Lane counties is expected to provide for from six to eight tenants in Jackson county to become farm owners during the fiscal year ending July 1, 1939.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Courageous Repartee!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Do Your Stuff!"



THE NEBBS—The Wise Old Owl



SUBURBAN HEIGHTS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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