

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

The Characters
 Kathleen Gregory: beautiful, d-haired daughter of Angus Gregory who owns The Golden Mine.
 Bridget Riley: Gregory's secretary.

Yesterday Kathleen decides Bridget is necessary to her plans.

Chapter Four
Outline Of A Campaign
 HE foyer of the apartment housing Miss Riley was not impressive, but Kathleen exclaimed with pleasure when she stood on a threshold of Bridget's suite. "Like it?" Bridget, an exotic figure in scarlet lounging pajamas, opened the door.

"It's like you," Kathleen answered. "Those cloudy blue walls give an illusion of space; that white furniture is so smartly simple; and the touches of gay color are like your humor."

Bridget laughed. "Then I'm simple and give an illusion of space, come in."

Kathleen glanced in to where a table, for two, was spread before a wide window. "You're expecting someone," she demurred.

"Expecting you," Bridget told her. "I know the Gregorys."

"Then you will listen to my plans?"

can do if it's necessary. If it is necessary I'll scrub floors; I'll do anything to make that damned MacDonald eat dirt!"

Bridget studied her a few moments and her eyes were a little plying, warmed with tenderness. "I'll go," she decided. "It will be an interesting experiment in human behavior. Perhaps I'm wondering if your gold is real; wondering if you'll still be The Golden Girl when you've passed through a real world."

"Haven't I been living in a real world?" inquired Kathleen indignantly.

"I'll ask you to answer that yourself later. It's going to be amusing to watch a feminine Mouton after her man. Now come, we've work to do. First on the list of musts is obtaining power of attorney, from your father. This is imperative if you have to force the right-of-way under fire. Next your name and background. My family lives in Chicago; we're legion. They'll adopt you as one of them and we can use their address as a medium of correspondence exchange with your father."

"Then let me take the name of Riley," suggested Kathleen, "and for a first name... Cleopatra, Cleo Riley?"

Bridget laughingly agreed. "I'll drop the Riley and be myself, Bridget Donahue."

At three o'clock the next morning, Dan drove Cleo Riley, nee



Kathleen went to a mirror. This was the face that "smirked" at MacDonald.

"Curiosity has overcome discretion," admitted the young woman. During dinner Kathleen outlined her campaign.

"From what Dad said, I understand both mines center around the town of Neutrality on the southern Colorado-Utah line. I want to go into that town as just another girl. I don't want to be associated with the Gregorys in any way. I want a reason for staying there for some time and I want a companion. I thought we might pose as artists."

"Do you paint?" inquired Bridget.

Kathleen laughed. "I've never worked on anything but my own skin. Aunt Beatrice says a futuristic sunset would look modest by comparison."

"Small towns are curious," warned Bridget. "To pose as painters we'd have to splash color on canvas with some suggestion of motif. Personally, I couldn't paint the broad side of a barn."

Kathleen sat a few moments in deep study. "I know an author. He does queer things and goes queer places."

"It wouldn't be logical for two authors to be working on the same story at the same time and I want Bridget. Of course it would give us the right to track the man to his lair, and the right to actually live in Neutrality for any length of time."

"Then we'll be one author," decided Kathleen. "You can handle a typewriter and I can't, so you're elected. I'll be a friend or cousin or companion."

Bridget nodded. "That might work."

"Then you will go with me?"

"A Real World"

Kathleen Gregory, to her home. In her bedroom Kathleen dozed.

Breaking The Shell
 THE walls were murals of pale gold, russet and green, against a dull white background. The bed was fit for a princess of childhood; fairy tales, ruffled canopy, ruffled flounce, and myriads of ruffled pillows. She slipped under the golden puff of eiderdown.

"I feel like a chicken in a golden egg," thought Kathleen.

For a moment she forgot Donald MacDonald. She was about to break through her shell. For the first time in her life she was shedding the Gregory insulation.

"Every time I pick up a magazine I see her smirking at me," Kathleen slid out of bed and went to a mirror. She touched a switch and white lights blazed down on her, blazed out on her.

The red-gold hair swung just above her shoulders in a curling roll. Its color was repeated in the braided belt about the ivory satin gown, and in the square neck.

Brown eyes were shaded by lashes of brown with copper tips, and arched by brows so strongly marked that they set the character of the whole face. This then was the face that "smirked" at MacDonald.

Back she went to her bed to sit huddled in a lay pillow, and to plan her wardrobe. Bridget said she would have to "stress down." But color was the all-important principle and that could be purchased from a bargain basement as easily as from a salon.

There, in the heart of her golden shell, she dreamed of her conquest, visualized herself meeting and conquering this Donald MacDonald. The man was a hazy figure, unimportant except as an audience. He stood at attention as she saw herself meeting him under various circumstances, all romantic.

While Kathleen dreamed, Bridget sat before her desk working out the practical side of their adventure—a long sheet filled with notes and figures. And when these were completed she went to the window and watched the dawn appear behind tall buildings and offered a small, incoherent prayer.

"She's had everything from toys to the hearts of men handed her on a golden platter. Let her fight for this—"

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Tomorrow: Meeting with Donald MacDonald.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

GREAT SALT LAKE, Utah, 80 MILES LONG AND 32 MILES WIDE, WAS DISCOVERED ON A BET!
JIM BRIDGER, a Trapper FOLLOWED THE BEAR RIVER TO THE LAKE TO SETTLE A CAMP WAGER!!! (Winter 1824-25)

DOG MONEY-- GREYHOUNDS WERE ACCEPTABLE AS PAYMENT OF TAXES IN ANCIENT EGYPT

MOSE SALHINGER, Chicago newsboy, SOLD PAPERS ON THE SAME CORNER FOR 58 YEARS! (Clark and Madison streets, Chicago, 1879-1937)

RELIGION OF BEAUTY! CHRISTIANITY WAS ADOPTED BY ALL OF RUSSIA BECAUSE THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH OF ST. SOPHIA, Constantinople, WAS SO BEAUTIFUL! -10th century-

Religion of Beauty
 In an effort to unite Russia under one common religion, Prince Vladimir, 10th-century ruler, undertook a thorough study of the Mohammedan, Hebrew, Roman, and Greek forms of worship.

Vladimir sent emissaries to neighboring countries to study and report on what they found. Those sent to Constantinople attended the rites of the Greek church in St. Sophia, a remarkable structure built by Justinian, later destroyed and rebuilt.

So carried away were they by the beauty and magnificence of the church and the Christian rites that they reported to Vladimir: "We did not know whether we were on Earth or in Heaven."

Impressed, Vladimir immediately declared that the religion of the Greek Orthodox Church should be adopted officially throughout all Russia. It remained the Russian religion until all churches were destroyed after the Revolution.

St. Sophia, the church that caused this momentous change, was the work of more than 10,000 workmen who were employed seven years in erecting it. The building formed a square

REPUBLICAN ORATORY WINNER IS ANNOUNCED
 SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 27.—(AP)—John Janson, 18-year-old Phoenix, Ariz., high school student, has been named winner in the regional oratorical finals held by the Young Republican National Federation.

Debating on the subject, "Obedience of the Constitution is Essential to Individual Liberties," Janson won over Willard Huyck, 21, University of Southern California student, awarded second, and Miss Helen Clark, 17, Everett, Wash.

Janson won a cash prize and expenses for a trip to Washington, D. C., to a national contest.

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Rusty's Request

BERNICE! I MUST INSIST THAT YOU RETIRE TO YOUR CABIN!

IS THIS ERR, FANCY GET-UP, A MASQUERADE PARTY IDEA, OR ARE YOU FORESTY A REAL PIRATE?

SHADES OF MY BURGUNDIAN ANCESTORS! DOB'T THOU DOUBT MY PIRATERING POW'ERS, MY PRETTY?

I AM AFRAID THAT I, ERR, HAVE NOT MET YOU FORMALLY. I AM CAPTAIN BARACUDA!

AND I, SIR, AM LATIMER J. TREYMORE, OWNER OF THIS YACHT! IF YOU AND YOUR CRAZY HENCHMEN DO NOT LEAVE THIS BOAT AT ONCE, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE!

WE SHALL LEAVE, MY DEAR TREYMORE, WHEN WE HAVE LOOTED THE SHIP AND OBTAINED THE PRIVATE PAPERS IN YOUR SAFE!

THE NEBBS—Enter the Conversers

THINGS SEEM TO BE PICKING UP A BIT. I WONDER IF THE PUBLICITY ABOUT THE BLUE BIRD DIAMOND DID THIS?

MR. CONVERSER—AND DO YOU WANT NO MORTGAGE LATER, THE UNDER TAKER'S ENEMY, DELIVERED TO YOUR ROOM EVERY MORNING?

YES, WE'LL TAKE THE WATER AND I'D LIKE TO GET ADJOINING ROOMS FOR MY SISTER AND MYSELF

WHAT A PLACE THIS IS—I'LL BET IF A PERSON IS OUT AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK HE GETS A BAD NAME!

BUT THESE ARE CONTENTED PEOPLE... THEY DON'T HAVE TO HAVE A RING SIDE SEAT AT SOME CABARET EVERY NIGHT—THEY BELIEVE THAT NIGHT-TIME IS A TIME FOR SLEEP—YOU AIN'T SEEN A SUNRISE SINCE YOU LEFT SCHOOL!

OFFICIAL VOTING STRENGTH LISTED
 SALEM, Oct. 27.—(AP)—Official registration figures for Oregon showed a total of 357,871 persons eligible to vote in the November general election.

The total included 281,133 Republicans, 367,946 Democrats, 102 Progressives, 344 Prohibitionists, 909 Socialists, and 7,435 in other parties, including independents.

The total, which is a new record, was 251 more than the total reported Tuesday, the secretary of state's office having found an error in one county's report. The Republican and Democratic totals reported Tuesday are unchanged.

SAVINGS AND LOAN RECEIPTS GOING UP
 WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—(AP)—The federal home loan bank board reported today savings in the 22 federal savings and loan associations in Oregon had risen from \$4,018,830 to \$5,567,550 during the past twelve months.

In the same period—September 30, 1937, to October 1, 1938—loans made by the 22 insured associations for construction, purchase and reconstruction or refinancing of Oregon homes rose from \$8,424,430 to \$10,221,700. The board said 137 loans were made in September.

Phone 342 We'll haul away your refuse, City Sanitary Service.

RAKING LEAVES By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

GOES OUT ON LAWN FOR HALF-HOUR'S CHORE OF RAKING LEAVES. VERY TEDIOUS

SPENDS SEVERAL MINUTES TRYING TO SPEAR SCRAP OF PAPER ON TINE OF RAKE

RAKES A FEW MORE LEAVES AND THEN PRACTICES BALANCING RAKE ON FINGER

TRIES SCUFFING LEAVES INTO A PILE WITH HIS FEET, WHICH IS MORE FUN THAN USING RAKE

EVEN SCUFFING GETS MONOTONOUS. PRACTICES VAULTING OVER RAKE

AMUSES HIMSELF STANDING ON TINES, CAUSING RAKE TO FLY UP AGAINST HIS BACK, UNTIL THE HALF HOUR IS UP

MATTER OF

MEOW!

CRASH!

HERE, SIR!

NEVER MIND, POP! I SLAPPED MYSELF A COUPLE OF TIMES ALREADY!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Rusty's Request

ON ACCOUNT O' ME WANTIN' TO RISE EXTRA SPECIAL EARLY, I THINK I COULD DO WITH SOME SHUT-EYE RIGHT NOW—

Y'SEE, I'D LIKE TO DROP IN AN' SEE WILFRED JIPPEM ABOUT DAWN—PROVIDIN' YOU DON'T MIND, OF COURSE—

WHY, ER, NO—GO AHEAD, RUSTY—

THE NEBBS—Enter the Conversers

WHAT A PLACE THIS IS—I'LL BET IF A PERSON IS OUT AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK HE GETS A BAD NAME!

BUT THESE ARE CONTENTED PEOPLE... THEY DON'T HAVE TO HAVE A RING SIDE SEAT AT SOME CABARET EVERY NIGHT—THEY BELIEVE THAT NIGHT-TIME IS A TIME FOR SLEEP—YOU AIN'T SEEN A SUNRISE SINCE YOU LEFT SCHOOL!