

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

The Characters
 Kathleen Gregory: young, red-haired member of the Gregory clan which owns The Golden Girl mine, traveling west incognito.
 Bridget Riley: her companion.
 Donald MacDonald: owner of The Stubbard Boy mine, hates the Gregorays, Kathleen especially.

Yesterday: Outside the town of Neutrality Kathleen meets MacDonald for the first time and immediately quarrels with him.

Chapter Six

Neutrality

"SO YOU can't take it," observed Bridget, then she started to laugh.

"I don't know what you're laughing at," spat Kathleen.

"Just remembering a remark of yours. All you'd need would be propinquity. If you two had been any nearer there'd been a combustion they'd have heard in Spain."

Kathleen relaxed and laughed with her. "I might as well give up," she said ruefully. "I haven't a chance now."

"Hmm," mused Bridget. "Vapid flapper. Well, maybe you're right. However it would be too bad, you've made such an excellent beginning."

"Excellent," echoed Kathleen.

"Umhuh. If MacDonald ever has a suspicion that you came out to vamp a right-of-way from him, he'll smother it. He'll know you would never have started with a verbal club."

Kathleen made no comment. They had topped a sharp rise and Neutrality lay below. Neutrality consisted of a single street, straight at one end, at the other curving into the distance.

The straight end was evidently the business thoroughfare, one side at least. The left side was brightly lighted. Colored signs whirled before plate glass windows. A queue of people waited before the entrance of a motion picture theater.

The lights on the right side were few and far between. The shops looked drowsy, ill kept. Even the pavement was full of holes.

Bridget, who had been reading signs, burst out with a sudden, "Cleo, do you realize everything on the left side is MacDonald and on the right, Gregory? Look at the signs."

Kathleen groaned. She had been looking at signs; hotel signs, yellow lights and the windows of the grill room were steamy with the promise of warm food.

The Gregory boasted only a blue globe above the entrance, a dim lobby beyond. A lunch counter with high stools opened onto it.

Resolutely, Kathleen pulled up before the curb. Bridget followed her into the lobby, across a linoleum covered floor, where a shirt-sleeved proprietor leaned across the desk, resignation in his eyes.

"Two rooms with a connecting bath," ordered Kathleen.

"Sorry ma'am, but there ain't but one tub in the house and I don't know as you could get to it, tonight."

"Does the MacDonald have more than one tub?" she demanded.

"Well, if you want to be known as one of them stiffnecks, it ain't to business of mine. Folks who come to Neutrality have to be one or the other. Can't straddle fences in these parts."

He closed the register and sat back, mouth pleated into lines of displeasure.

"You mean a person has to be a MacDonald or Gregory? What do the commercial men do?"

"They stay on the side of the street they're sellin'. No Gregory would buy from a firm sellin' the MacDonalds."

"Would you mind telling me why they call this Neutrality?" begged Kathleen.

"Achingly Tired"

"WELL, ma'am, it was this way. MacDonald and Old Angus Gregory lived in a cabin up the hill. When they had their fight neither would give up to the other, so they divided that cabin in two and run their road down the hill, side of each other. Then when the miners started comin' in, they took to buildin' along side of the road they was representin'. Then come the women folks. They didn't have many bonnets in those days and they got so all-fired tired of havin' holes shot in 'em, while the MacDonald and Gregory miners were arguin' that they marked off a portion where they could shop in peace and quiet. They called it the neutral zone and that's how the town got its name."

Kathleen's eyes had been growing larger and brighter as the man talked. Why hadn't her people told her fascinating tales like these? "What started the feud?" she asked, eagerly.

"Well now ma'am, don't know as I could say. Don't think I ever heard tell. It's fair to say 'twas

some dastardly deed of a MacDonald."

Kathleen sighed wearily. Romance had died and she was cold and hungry and wanted a bath. Never in all her years had she felt as grimy, as achingly tired.

"To be loyal, or to be clean, that is the question."

"Looks like you could do with a bath," confessed the proprietor as though ashamed of being a traitor.

Kathleen, at first indignant, laughed suddenly. "Then we'd better try the other hotel, and please explain to the Gregorays we'll patronize their hostelry when they indulge in some plumbing."

"I won't do a mite of good," sighed the man. "Not that they aren't the finest people in the world; my father worked for them before me, but they... well things didn't look so bad when Old Angus was livin' and before young Donald took charge and started buildin' a new MacDonald side."

Back at the wheel of the car, Kathleen looked at Bridget. "And to think I'm part owner of that wreck," she said in disgust.

The MacDonald was clean, it was bright, it was warm, and it was modern. A uniformed bellboy was at the curb by the time they had stopped. Before they could ask, he had assured them a garage man would call for their car immediately, as the storm would strike any moment.

The clerk was young and affable. The suites were all occupied. "Would a room with twin beds suffice?"

"With an adjoining bath, a haymow would suffice," Kathleen informed him fervently.

The room did not resemble a haymow. After the sketchy tourists cabins they had found along the way, it seemed luxurious. Forgetting her role, Kathleen tipped the bellhop as though he were responsible for its comfort, then, laying her purse on a dresser, uttered a shrill laugh. Like the horn of the MacDonald car, the laugh grew in intensity until it verged on hysteria.

Catamount In Person
 ALARMED, Bridget whirled Kathleen away from the mirror. "What are you laughing at?"

"I... I just learned what a catamount looked like," confessed Kathleen, and as Bridget hurried away to draw the hot tub she hoped would quell hysterics, Kathleen did not add, "So much for my dreams of blinding him with my beauty at first sight!"

Half an hour later, enveloped in a camel-hair robe, the shade of her hair; that hair curled in tiny ringlets by the steam, her cheeks pink, she curled up on the bed to relax in sensuous pleasure.

The storm had struck. She had spent a few moments at the window, watching the hysterical display of weird blue lights which revealed mountains to warring above them, and now was conscious of rain flaying the windows and of the radiator purring a soothing refrain.

She smiled a little at her observance of such trivial things. Never had she been as keenly aware of physical well being. Chilled and bone weary, the room and the bed warmed and cradled her. Dinner had been ordered served in the room, and she was hungry, she had never been hungry before.

And she had become vitally interested in the town of Neutrality. Her grandfather had become something more than a beard and a bellowing voice. She'd seen him only once, his last visit East when she was seven. He had lived at the mine and marveled at his son's preference of the East. He had even regretted sending young Angus East to school for he had never returned save for one visit.

She must learn more about the early days, about the finding of the gold... about the feud...

She thought then of Donald MacDonald. Did one inherit hatreds? She had hated the man before she knew his identity and he certainly bore no love for her. He had been charming to Bridget.

Kathleen's eyes were narrowed. Here was a challenge. A man who not only ignored, but openly insulted her must be reduced to his proper place. And it was this Donald MacDonald who had built this hotel was it? Well, she'd build one herself, the street that would make this one look like a hovel.

When Bridget came in from her bath, Kathleen was at the desk. "Writing for a rescue crew?" she asked lightly.

"No," murmured Kathleen. "I'm drawing plans for a new Gregory House. It's going to be a honey."

A look of pride and tenderness came into the eyes of the Irish girl, but there was only rippyness in her voice. "Two baths to every room?"

"And a free-for-all shower in the foyer," supplemented Kathleen. "Do I hear the rattle of dishes?"

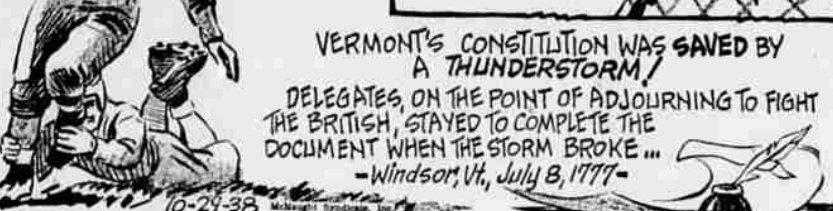
There was a busby at the door, a waitress behind him. Kathleen looked up to find pale blue eyes focused on her in wide admiration; the tray in the uplifted hand slanting at a perilous angle.

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Tomorrow: Sparks fly again.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Dogtown
 A great lover of animals was the young conqueror, Alexander the Great. Strange as it seems, so saddened was he on the death of a favorite dog that he built a city in its honor.

Over the grave of Pertias, the dog, grew the city of Pertias, once an important trade center in Persia. Itself named after the animal, which died in the year 333 B. C. while its master was on his Persian campaign. Similarly was born the city of Buaphala, on the River Hydaspes in India. This settlement was built over the grave of Buaphala's favorite horse of Alexander the Great, which died in 326 B. C. Alexander had bought the horse for 13 talents—\$5,000—and he alone was able to ride it.

Thunderstorm Constitution
 In the summer of 1777, a group of Vermont patriots met at Windsor to adopt a constitution for the new state, but was interrupted by a messenger from Colonel Seth Warner.

Marrying Heiress Would Drop One
 CHICAGO, Oct. 29.—(UP)—Merry Fahney, by court ruling wife of both an Italian baron and a Russian count, moved today to relieve this marital embarrassment through another court action.

Plan Turkey Pool
 ROSEBURG, Ore., Oct. 29.—(P)—The first turkey pool of the season to be formed by the Oregon turkey growers was announced today for Nov. 1 to 14, inclusive. Growers are notified in the announcement sent out from the local office, of the opening of semi-sealed and pre-cooling systems at the Eugene and Canby receiving stations.

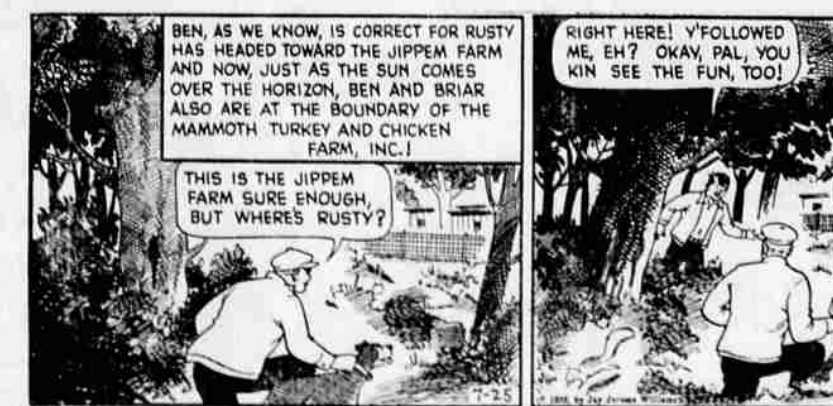
Aimee to Settle For Two Thousand
 LOS ANGELES, Oct. 29.—(AP)—Evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson's libel suit against Look Magazine will be settled for \$2,000, a representative of the magazine said today.

Rev. Giles Knight, the evangelist's business manager, in announcing settlement of the \$1,500,000 action, said Aimee had been promised a check for a "considerable amount."

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Ominous Silence



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The "Plot" Thickens



THE NEBBES—Meet My Brother

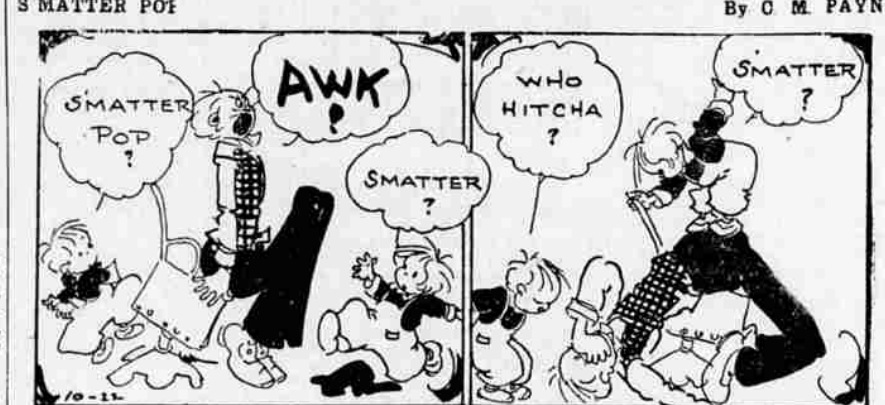


THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S MATTER POT By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST

RECREATION INSTITUTE BY EXTENSION SERVICE SCHEDULED THIS WEEK

The annual recreation institute, held by the home economics extension service of Jackson county for recreation leaders, is scheduled for this week.

Miss Inola Jensen, extension specialist in community social organization, will be instructor for the training school, which has been arranged by Mrs. Hazel C. Mack, home demonstration agent.

Any organization, interested in using group singing games and other forms of recreation in their community are urged to appoint leaders to attend the school. Leaders have enrolled from the Jackson county Granges, home extension units, parent-teacher associations, 4-H clubs, community clubs and churches.

Schedule for the three district schools is as follows:

Medford district—October 31 and November 2, 8 p. m., court house auditorium.

Upper Rogue district—November 1 and 3, 8 p. m., Upper Rogue Grange hall.

Gold Hill district—November 4 and 5, 8 p. m., Gold Hill Grange hall.

Sea Storm Warnings

ASTORIA, Oct. 29.—(UP)—With storm warning continuing to fly, the Coast Fishermen's union ordered 150 tuna trollies to remain in port.

Free lecture on Christian Science in Variety theatre, East Main street, Ashland, Oregon, on Tuesday evening, November 1st, at 8:00 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend.