

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

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

Yesterday: Because of the feud between the families Neutrality is divided in two sections. Kathleen goes to the modern MacDonald hotel because Gregory accommodations are hopeless.

Chapter Seven

Donald MacDonald

"YOU ain't a movie star incogniton are you?" the waitress asked Kathleen, as she brought the tray to Kathleen's room.

Bridget rescued the tray. "She isn't."

"Gee, who done your hair? It's like raw gold."

Kathleen, having recovered from the incognition, smiled at the maid. Admiration in any form was safe to her wounded vanity.

"I grew this," she told the girl. "The freckles are homemade, too."

The maid laughed joyously and started removing hot plates. "I made your order ham," she told them. "The beef was as tough as Old Angus himself."

Kathleen, who had swallowed the reference to the toughness of her grandfather, with an effort, accepted the chair the waitress held for her.

"My name is Mayme with a y," she went on conversationally. "What's yours?"

Bridget officiated and Mayme, after another rapt glance at Kathleen, departed for more butter and cream, returning to take volubly of the town, the hotel and Donald MacDonald.

"Sure you don't know him?" she pressed. "Then how did you happen to come here?"

"I'm here to gather material for a book. Miss Riley is going to assist me," explained Bridget.

Mayme shook her head in wonder. "Well you're the first class we've had here that ain't been after Young Donald. You ought to see the dizzy ones who've come up from L.A. and Santa Barbara trying to rope him in. He's smart though. He doesn't go for women. I'll bet he goes for you, though, Miss Riley."

Kathleen sputtered through the tea. "I'm not interested in men," she managed.

"You will be when you meet him. Gee, he's swell. I'll see you get introduced. Well, I got to get going. I'm on in the dining room in the morning. My tables are on the window side. Sure hope you sit there, good night."

The door closed on Mayme and the two girls leaned back to recover their breath.

"So the only women who come to Neutrality are after Donald MacDonald," teased Bridget.

Kathleen's eyes were bright with speculation. "And I've scored the first hit. I'm one of his 'damned Gregorvys' and I'm on his property. That wait."

They were in their beds when Bridget murmured sleepily. "If Young Donald is shy of women because he fears they are on the make, you couldn't have made a better beginning."

Kathleen's reply was a sniff of disdain. At that precise moment she had been having the Gregory side of the Neutrality street repaved and properly lighted. Her pride in the Gregory holdings had suffered a severe shock.

Golden Hills

AWAKE at dawn, she hurried to the windows for her first view of the new country. Warm robes clutched about her, she parted the window curtains and stood entranced.

The land fell away from the rear of the hotel in a gradual slope, then broke off abruptly into a deep canyon. On the far side it arose in serrated cliffs and beyond these were other cliffs, broken portions left isolated in grotesque silhouette.

"Bridget," she called. "Your artist didn't lie. Here are the golden hills outside our window."

Bridget hurried sleepily-eyed to stand for a few moments, awed.

"This settles it. Get into your clothes. I want to look for a house. I intend to put my roots down this very day."

"A house," exclaimed Kathleen.

Bridget elucidated as they dressed. "Writers who haven't arrived, and other working gals, such as we're supposed to be, don't live in MacDonald Hotels for any length of time. Nor would we have the privacy here that we need, nor the means of entertaining."

Kathleen, busily knotting a golden brown tie, looked beyond her reflection to the mirrored Bridget. "A house? Entertaining? Are you by any chance intimating I should continue my culinary education?"

"Why not?" queried Bridget. "I came out to catch a man."

"More men are caught by a skillet than a perfume bottle." Kathleen laughed at her reflection. This was one of her good days, she thought. Rested and intrigued, the fading bruise about her eye hidden by liquid powder, she looked more like a Gregory. The corduroy walking suit she wore was the exact shade of her hair, the tie, belt and boots the brown of her eyes. Only the cream silk of her blouse relieved the duotone.

Mayme stood rapt with wonder when she first saw her, then sprang into action. "Over here, I saved you a table," she proclaimed, leading the way through the big room. "Don't sit there, Miss Cleo, sit on this side so the sun'll shine on your hair."

"Where can we find a cottage to rent?" asked Bridget.

"You can't, pronounced Mayme, flatly. "Young Donald tore down all his old places and only rebuilt as folks would need them. The Gregorvys have got a lot of old dumps but you couldn't live a winter in them. It's bad enough trying to live in the ones the miners is housed in."

"But if we were to pay for repairs on one of the Gregory dumps," Kathleen nearly choked on the words, "don't you think we could rent it?"

"Repairs, say listen, you'd have to start in at the foundations and build up. Them Gregorvys don't care about anything but the ore they get out of the mine. They let everything else go hang. They're so stinky they won't even let the miners use the lumber from the old cots for firewood and it ain't good for nothing else."

"Who is he?"

MAYME retreated to the kitchen for hot coffee and Kathleen retreated into silence. After a lifetime of Gregory adulation, it wasn't easy to accept blanket insults graciously. But had she been able to admit her identity and retaliate, what could she offer in defense?

There was a stir at the door: voices. Kathleen looked up. A young man had entered; a particularly arresting looking young man. He was tall, he had dark hair, a heavily tanned face and small black moustache. Perhaps it was this that made his smile so dazzling.

About him was an air of alertness. There was such ease in his carriage, the quick trim step of leather boots, the trim squarely carried shoulders under the leather coat, the narrow waist, all contributed to the effect of smooth energy.

"Is he good looking," murmured Kathleen. "Wonder who he is?"

Bridget looked at the man, then at Kathleen, bewilderment in her eyes. "You must have been angry," she commented. "Now what is Mayme up to?"

"She seems to be serving the man to us along with the coffee," answered Kathleen, as the two approached.

Mayme's cheeks were pink, her blue eyes bright. "See? What did I tell you?" she began. "This is Mister MacDonald, Mister MacDonald, meet Miss Riley, first name's Cleo, ain't she got the swellest hair?"

Dark blue eyes, narrowed in laughter, met Kathleen's. Kathleen's eyes narrowed, but not in laughter, at least not for a moment, then she succumbed. "How do you do, Mr. MacDonald?"

"Meet Miss Donahue," continued Mayme. "she's the book writer. I been telling Young Donald about you-all wanting a house. He says... oh, darn, she broke off as a man hailed her from a nearby table. "I got to get this three-minute egg."

"May!" Donald MacDonald drew out a chair at Bridget's quick assent.

"Mayme's a great girl," he assured them. "What did you do to win her over, Miss Riley? This is the first time I've ever heard her voice approval of a feminine stranger in Neutrality."

"It's my hair that attracts her," Kathleen confessed, wondering how this charming man could be one and the same with the man she had met on the road.

"You hair?" Kathleen glanced up to where the warm rays of the sun were turning the curls to copper, amber and gold. "That reminds me that I owe you an apology for last night. I'm sorry I was so rude but you see," she smiled, and Kathleen thought his smile the most fascinating she had ever seen. "I have a complex against red hair," he concluded.

"Kathleen straightened. Men had called her hair sunset gold, harvest moon copper, all of the poetic names fancy could conjure, but none had ever dared refer to it as red.

"I could dye it," she managed, leily.

"But you couldn't dye the disposition that goes with it," retorted MacDonald and turned his shoulder to her, as he started conversation with Bridget.

"From what I've seen of certain people with black hair, a bleach for their dispositions is indicated."

And Kathleen was up and away before either could protest.

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Tomorrow: One insult after another.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



DANIEL BOONE—
Spruce Pine, N. C.,
BLACKSMITH,
IS THE 6TH DIRECT
DESCENDANT OF DANIEL BOONE,
WILDERNESS SCOUT,
ALL OF WHOM WERE BLACKSMITHS!
HIS 2 BROTHERS ARE BLACKSMITHS...

WOLFHOULDES WERE OWNED ONLY BY CHIEFTANS AND MEN OF HIGH RANK IN ANCIENT IRELAND

LEO GILMARTIN, Passaic, N. J., LOST HIS FALSE TEETH WHILE FIGHTING-- THEN FOUND THEM IN THE STOMACH OF A TUNA HE CAUGHT THE SAME DAY! -AUG., 1938-



Blacksmith Family
Although he spent the greater part of his life as a hunter, trapper, and Indian fighter in Kentucky, Daniel Boone, wilderness scout (1734-1820), was born a Pennsylvanian and spent his youth in North Carolina. There, strange as it seems, this colorful figure earned a reputation as a good smithy rather than as a hunter or trail blazer. He is said on authority to have forged the first iron in the region of the Yadkin river. While he carved a new country from the wilderness, Daniel Boone also wrought a career at the forge for generations of his sons and grandsons to follow. Today, in his modest shop, Daniel Boone, sixth descendant of the pioneer, is forging simple and beautiful wrought iron hinges, latches, andirons, and lights to outfit the rebuilt Colonial homes of the Williamsburg restoration project. The order, Daniel estimates, will take the Boone boys 25 years to fill. "The Boones have always been smiths," says Kelsie Boone, father of Daniel and Daniel's two brothers, Marion and Lawrence, who are blacksmiths too. "My daddy, Kelsie Boone, was a good one. His daddy, Jim, shot horses and made iron you will still find in houses around here. "Jim's daddy, Squire Boone, was a blacksmith, too. He was born in Kentucky but moved to this country. Squire's daddy was Daniel, and he was a blacksmith, though most folks don't think of that. But Daniel was known in his day as a good blacksmith."

Mooney, convicted in 1917 of participating in the 1916 San Francisco Preparedness day parade bombing that killed 20 persons, has contended he was convicted on perjured testimony engineered by persons who hated him for his labor-leading activities.

Lake Creek
LAKE CREEK, Oct. 31.—(Sp.)—Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Barber and son of Tillamook are guests of Mrs. Clara Whitte. Mrs. Barber was formerly Miss Elsie Whitte. Mrs. Frank Farlow returned home

Broom Sales Drop
WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—(AP)—Here's one for housewives to explain: The census bureau said today that the demand for brooms declined 14 per cent between 1935 to 1937.

Week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Grisby were Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Bishop and sons of Ashland. Donald Grisby came home Thursday from Ashland to spend the rest of the week. E. R. Jones, who has been working in California returned home the first of the week. The Misses Lucille and Dorothy Vreux and Edith Heffert were overnight guests of Miss Joan Holmes of Eagle Point, Wednesday.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Flying Into Danger... Unarmed!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Some Crow!



THE NEBBS—The Meeting



FOOTBALL FAN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S MATTER POP
By O M PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL KRESB



RECORDS DENIED TO WPA GRAFTERS

SANTA FE, N. M., Oct. 31.—(AP)—Federal Judge Colin Neblett today denied access to grand jury records by 32 of the 73 defendants indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of fraud and political conspiracy in the New Mexico WPA.

MOONEY KEEPS UP FREEDOM BATTLE

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 31.—(AP)—Thomas J. Mooney changed his mind and asked his lawyers Saturday to continue their fight before the United States supreme court to win for him freedom from San Quentin prison.

Judge Neblett's ruling drew no comment from attorneys, who still have until November 5 to attack validity and sufficiency of the indictments. Final pleading was delayed until that date by Judge Neblett.