

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

The Characters
 Kathleen Gregory: taking the name of Cleo Riley, goes West to get a right-of-way from MacDonald for the Gregory Golden Girl mine.
 Donald MacDonald: young owner of The Stubborn Boy mine, hates the Gregory clan.
 Bridget: Kathleen's companion.

Yesterday: Kathleen flares up when Donald tells her he can't stand red hair and the disposition that goes with it.

Chapter Eight

Hate At First Sight

BLINDLY Kathleen hurried from the hotel and blindly crossed the street. She would stifle if she drew another cubic inch of MacDonald air.

The insolence of the man! He was spoiled. . . Probably by the women Mayme had mentioned. But what made him think he could talk to her in that fashion?

She walked on. The pavement on the Gregory side of Neutrality stopped at the end of the business section. The MacDonald pavement continued on.

Kathleen took the dirt trail which ran parallel with the road. She rounded a curve and found her side edged by cottages which huddled together as though to hide their tattered shame from the neat stone bungalows on the opposite side.

Kathleen's hands clasped tightly behind her. The Gregorys shamed by the MacDonalds, she thought. With militant step she strode on, unaware of quickening eyes behind the windows of the Gregory "cots."

She had noticed the windows. They were incongruous, gaudy panes of shining glass edged by frilled white curtains and brave potted plants.

The MacDonald homes were modern. Kathleen could sense vacuum cleaners and electrically equipped kitchens, furnaces and tiled bathrooms.

"But our cots are more picturesque," she defended stoutly. They were. The roofs jutted out at all angles. Pocket handkerchief flower gardens blazed with late fall flowers.

"No artist would choose a MacDonald house," she continued, looking at the wide yards, flower borders surrounding the bucolic heads of cabbage and kale; shrubs only half-concealing the chicken runs in the rear.

The road wound on up the hill and now the Gregory cots became abandoned hulks. Roofs were caved in. Stone chimneys sprawled from base to roadside; windows stared on the ruins with vacant, paneless eyes.

Only one of these had been rehabilitated. Kathleen stopped before it. She was confident no one was at home. An old black and white shepherd dog ambled out to sniff at her, wag approved and returned to stretch in the sun.

Tiptoeing around to the rear she found a tiny vegetable plot and a miniature chicken house for a few miniature chickens. Still tiptoeing, Kathleen approached the cottage. There were no curtains at the windows but the shades had been painted a soft blue green. One gave view of the interior, and revealed a tiny place. There was a cot with a patchwork quilt, an old rocker pulled before an iron stove and nearby, a table with a shaded kerosene lamp, a Bible and a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles.

"I wonder who lives here," she murmured.

She had reached the trail again before she realized she was still on tiptoe.

House Divided
 ANOTHER turn in the road and she stood still. There was a grotesque building ahead on the highest ledge of the hillside. It straddled the termination of the dirt and mud-and road. In the middle it was low and built of logs. To the left the logs gave way to stone foundations with horizontal clapboard walls. To the right the logs continued, but here was a log cabin of today; a lodge, the windows gay with Indian serapes.

"The House of Hate," she said with sudden understanding. There was the log cabin which had housed her grandfather and the grandfather of MacDonald before their feud had started. And because neither would give in to the other they had built their homes beyond the divided halves of that cabin.

"The stubborn old rascals," she chuckled, and made her way to the wide Gregory veranda, to curl up in the sun and sit dreaming of those other days.

The view was magnificent. Kathleen felt she had been lifted to another realm. Neutrality was visible below and seemingly as peaceful as its name. Beyond were the colored cliffs and beyond these mountains, their sides dark with fir and capped with snow.

And then into the quiet moment intruded the sound of an approaching motor. Watching the road, she saw a car appear. It sped rapidly then swerved into the driveway of the other house. A moment later Donald MacDonald hailed her from the street below.

"Why can't you come up here?" she countered evenly, as he suggested her joining him.

"Forbidden territory," he replied. "If a Gregory saw me crossing the line, he'd shoot before he saw the whites of my eyes."

"How childish," she pronounced. "What would happen if a Gregory man crossed to your side?"

"Only one man has ever tried it. But then Old Balmy knows no barriers."

Interested, Kathleen descended slowly. "And who is Old Balmy?"

"A Gregory shift boss. He lives down the line, first house from here."

Kathleen nodded. "I noticed it. Is his name Balmey?"

"No, it's Campbell. Balmey's a nickname. He's queer; religious."

Kathleen smiled. "So Neutrality doesn't go in for religion, either?"

MacDonald returned her smile and again she wondered at its quality. "Oh, yes, there are Presbyterian churches here. Balmey goes to each on alternate Sundays. But let's forget the old fellow. You have me apologizing again. I'm really sorry I offended you. I don't understand why I've been so rude every time we meet."

Kathleen studied him a moment. She could like him if he were not a MacDonald. It was the MacDonald disposition, of course, which spoiled him. However he was generous in his apology.

"I haven't been exactly courteous to you," she conceded.

"Then we can be friends? Declare an armistice? Shake on it?"

"What's Wrong?"

ACROSS the barrier their hands met. Kathleen's clasp was firm and in her eyes was laughter. Less than twenty-four hours after she'd met him, Donald MacDonald was shaking hands with a "damned Gregory."

"Won't you come up to my veranda? I've a grand view from there and my housekeeper will whisk up some coffee to take the place of that you left in the grill."

"Thank you, another time. Bridget and I must find living quarters. Your hotel is lovely but if she is going to write she needs quiet and we both want something less expensive. Mayme wasn't very hopeful, she said we hadn't a chance of finding anything to rent. What do you think?"

MacDonald shook his head. "There isn't a house in Neutrality unless you could rent the Gregory half of it."

"You mean this one here?" asked Kathleen in surprise. "Isn't this where the owner lives?"

"Hardly. He hasn't been here since his father died. Only stayed an hour in it. He's not man enough to rough it."

Kathleen's throat worked convulsively as she swallowed her retort. Her father, who disappeared regularly into the wilds of Canada to set a pace for his guides, condemned it in this fashion?

"But would you call living here roughing it?" she managed.

"There's no steam heat, no electricity, nothing but the old house built fifty years ago without a modern improvement added."

"Bridget and I could manage," Kathleen went on confidently. "Now if we just can find the parties who have the renting of it, or would you handle it for us?"

"Me!" exploded MacDonald. "I wouldn't even call on Miss Donahue in that house!"

Kathleen wheeled. This was more than she could take. "With an incentive like that I know we're going to rent it," she flashed over her shoulder.

Two steps away she was arrested by a roar of laughter. Indignant, she swung round. MacDonald was shouting his amusement. Head thrown back, white teeth gleaming, he was laughing at her.

"We're at it again," he explained. "Why can't we talk together for five minutes without quarreling? What's wrong with us?"

Every inch aimed at the Gregorys, from Mayme's to MacDonald's, arose in Kathleen's memory. Hands clasped tightly behind her, cheeks white, brown eyes flecked with amber, she confronted young Donald.

"What is wrong with us?" she repeated. "Do you believe in hate at first sight?"

MacDonald sobered instantly. The blue of his eyes turned to black. "Why yes," he returned evenly. "I believe I do." He wheeled and disappeared.

Kathleen went swiftly down the dirt trail towards Neutrality. So this was the man upon whom she was to have an ameliorating effect: the one, Mayme had said would go for her.

"He did," she breathed, "and how!"

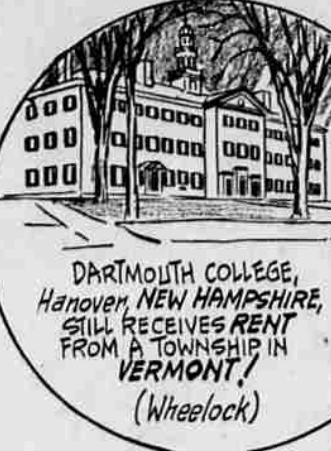
One thing she knew: they were going to move out of that MacDonald hotel, instantly, even though they had to camp in the street; the Gregory side of the street.

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Tomorrow: Old Balmy.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Lily Pattern
 On November 30, 1936, a 25-acre structure of iron and glass was destroyed by the greatest conflagration London has seen in many a year.

The building was the great Crystal Palace, erected originally to house the Great Exhibition of 1851. This original structure had been exactly 1831 feet long, to commemorate that date. Later moved from Hyde Park to Sydenham, where it burned, its length was increased to 2756 feet.

The Crystal Palace was designed by Sir Joseph Paxton, gardener to the Duke of Devonshire, and for years was London's chief place of resort. Many visiting royalties were entertained there, including Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie, the Tsar of Russia, and the Sultan of Turkey.

Sir Joseph got his inspiration for the unique design of the palace from the odd, six-foot broad leaves of the Victoria regia lily of South America. The back of the leaf is made up of a network of ribs, making it unusually strong for its thickness.

Strange as it seems, these lily pads are able to support a 200-pound man

on the water. The plant's flower, more than a foot across, blooms only for two days, then is closed forever and withdrawn beneath the water.

In 1785 the Vermont legislature gave the town of Wheelock, Vt., to Dartmouth College and Moor's Charity School at Hanover, N. H., and named the town after the president of the former institution. Dartmouth still receives a small fund from the township.

Tomorrow: the scrap of paper that started a president.

Zellerbach Gains Refinancing Loan
 SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 1.—(AP)—Crown Zellerbach Corporation announced a \$10,000,000 refinancing deal today. The firm took a bank loan of that amount to finance retirement of the outstanding \$9,926,500 Crown Willamette Paper Co. first mortgage 6 per cent bonds.

The bonds were assumed by Crown Zellerbach when Crown Willamette was merged into the Zellerbach firm

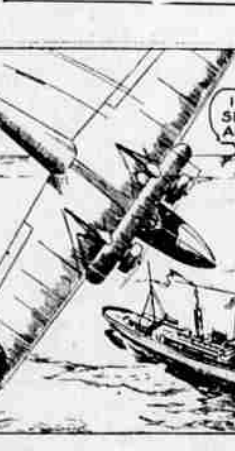
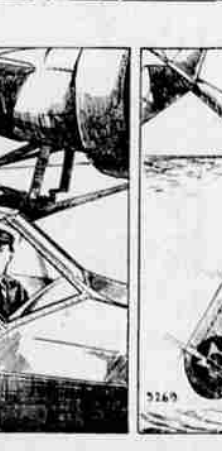
WPA Road Funds For Douglas Co.
 WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—(AP)—The WPA allotted \$101,265 today to improve Douglas county roads not included in the federal system.

A La Grande street improvement project received \$14,869.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Flouweridge Cabinet Works.

In Knife Fight
 ALTURA, Calif., Nov. 1.—(AP)—Ted Smith, foreman of the P. S. Dorris ranch, and Dennis Sharp, ranch worker, were in a serious condition today with stab wounds received in a street fight Saturday with three men whom officers said Smith had discharged.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS

OREGON'S EXHIBIT NEAR COMPLETION

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 1.—(UP)—Keith Southard, director of state participation, announced today Oregon and Washington state exhibits for the 1939 San Francisco fair on Treasure Island were nearing completion.

Southard said the exhibits from the northwest states would be shipped within a few weeks for placement in the hall of western states at the fair site.

Oregon has arranged a newly patented animated panorama showing some of its most famous views and sights and also is sending a colony of beavers, some elk and other game

MEDFORD PEARS GO ABROAD THIS WEEK

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 1.—(AP)—Hood River, Yakima and Medford apples and pears will go aboard several ships this week in what promises to be another big fresh-fruit export week on the Columbia river.

The freighters Canoes and Cordillera are scheduled to arrive here to lift fruit as well as two fully refrigerated craft, American Reeler and Egyptian Reeler.

The "wildcat" Tangerine, Sofie Bakke, Benjamin Franklin and the freighter, Pacific Grove, are others scheduled to stow fresh fruit.