

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

The Characters
 Kathleen Gregory: red-haired member of the Gregory clan, goes West incognito to get right-of-way from MacDonald for The Golden Girl mine.
 Donald MacDonald: young owner of the rival mine, The Stubborn Boy, instantly quarrels with Kathleen.
 Bridget: Kathleen's companion.
 Yesterday: Kathleen learns that Old Baimy, a Gregory shift boss, is the only one in Neutrality who disregards the feud between the Gregorys and the MacDonalds.

Chapter Nine Into The Mine

BRIDGET was standing before The Gregory House, talking to a large, sandy-haired man whom Kathleen disliked instantly. "Mr. Kit-Smyth, superintendent of the Gregory mine," Bridget said in presenting him. "I've been talking to him about renting the old Gregory place. It seems that's the only house available, furnished or unfurnished."

"I believe I'll be able to intercede with the owners," explained Kit-Smyth, smiling at Kathleen. "They've allowed me to rent it, before."

Kathleen controlled her eyebrows which sought to shoot up in surprise at a Gregory renting any personal possession, regardless of how little they cared for it.

"Of course we couldn't pay the seventy-five a month, previously paid," Bridget continued. "However, Mr. Kit-Smyth said the owners would consider less."

"Could we move in immediately?" Kathleen hastened to ask. Kit-Smyth patted his upper lip with thumb and forefinger, then reached for his watch. "Hm, eleven o'clock here, one o'clock in New York. If I wire immediately I should have the answer back by late afternoon. Yes, I believe you can. I'll send my houseboy up to help you air out and fire up. In the meantime, why don't you young ladies lunch with me? And I'll take you down in the mine, would you enjoy that?"

Kathleen and Bridget gave eager assent, then hurried to the hotel. "It's too late," Bridget protested as they reached their room. "It doesn't seem right that things should work into our hands like this."

"Pat!" blurted Kathleen. "Donald is his name and he certainly isn't working into my fire up. He's another row with him. He's impossible. Let's talk about Kit-Smyth, what did you think of him?"

"Mind if I reserve judgment?" asked Bridget. "I don't like to depend upon first impressions."

"Well I do," snapped Kathleen. "I've noticed that," laughed Bridget, getting into a warm blue knit dress which turned her eyes to twin bits of mountain sky.

Kathleen, turning to Bridget Bony, ex-sartary, and Angus Gregory, President of The Golden Girl, incorporated, in her place, checked herself. Bridget had grown beautiful. It was as though some dormant radiance had been awakened, intensifying each charming feature. No wonder Donald MacDonald had been fascinated.

"You've had a second impression of MacDonald, how did you like him?" she questioned, abruptly.

Bridget's eyes twinkled. "Having lived with you for a few weeks, I understand him perfectly. You two are very much alike you know."

"Alike?" exploded Kathleen. "Yes, both autocrats, charming to your friends and dependents, but if you'll pardon the phrase, hell on your enemies."

Terrifying Speed
BRIDGET DONAHUE RILEY, no one has ever dared talk to me the way you do. I don't know how or why I take it."

"I do," Bridget swung a cape over her shoulders. "It's because you're inherently honest. Down under all that quartz there's a ledge of pure gold in you. I've been talking to Kit-Smyth, I'm all a quiver with mineology."

"Come on, darling, I doubt if the Crown Prince of The Golden Girl is accustomed to being kept waiting."

"Crown Prince," chuckled Kathleen. "and you said you didn't judge by first impressions."

The road to The Golden Girl forked off the highway below Neutrality, then wound down on the other side until it came out at a point nearly below the cliff which held the house. It had come to call The House of Hate.

Kathleen's first view of the mine brought with it renewed faith in the Gregorys. The great gray sheds, the towering derricks, the railroad siding with its train of ore cars, all bespoke care, upkeep and bustling activity.

"The ore," Kit-Smyth told them, "is going down to the smelter. We do only the mining here."

The superintendent was proud

of his domain. Each building glistened with fresh paint. The laboratory was, he said, one of the best in the business, the emergency hospital one of the most efficient and most seldom used.

"We might as well go down now," he ventured.

From a wardrobe room he brought forth yellow slickers and yellow hats resembling so westerns, and when the girls had donned these, led them to the collar of the mine, a great ear hole which seemed filled with a rushing, roaring noise.

"The skip," he explained. "Elevators to you. They are evidently passing in the shaft."

As he spoke, one shot up towards them at such a speed that Kathleen stepped back.

It looked like a mammoth express elevator to Kathleen and seemed to stop on two levels. The lower opened onto a chute on the opposite side. Ore cars were rolled out to release their burden to the waiting freight car below.

The upper cage opened towards them and two men in leather coats and miners' caps stepped out. "Muckers, probably going to the commissary," Kit-Smyth explained, and ushered the girls into the compartment.

"Better take my arm on this first trip," he suggested.

Bridget complied, but Kathleen set her heels sturdily. This was her mine. She'd let no cage destroy her morale.

And then the earth gave way and with it daylight. Down they shot at a terrifying speed. Black walls gave way to splashes of light at regular intervals.

"Stations," elucidated Kit-Smyth. "Every hundred feet. Pump stations. You know we must keep pumping constantly to keep the drifts from flooding."

"Angus!"
 KATHLEEN might have counted twenty-five stations had she been concerned with anything other than keeping her breath in its accustomed place. She knew she was suffocating. She wanted, terribly, to reach out for the assurance of Kit-Smyth's arm, something more human than the iron bar she clutched.

She had one moment of paralyzing fear as she visualized the walls of the shaft caving in, imprisoning them, cutting off the sky and the sunlight... but principally the air... for all time.

"Air..." she ventured. "How does one..."

"Pumps again," answered the superintendent. "I'll show you the way when we go top-side again. The Air must be forced through at a terrific pressure to break the damp air; the foul air. It's poisonous."

Kathleen offered a prayer that nothing would happen to the pumps until she reached the surface again.

"Relax," ordered Kit-Smyth. Kathleen promptly stiffened and knew that her heels had come up through her ankles. She found the cage had stopped with devastating abruptness.

For a moment she waited, looking ahead. Surely this was something Milton had dreamed about when he wrote "Paradise Lost." This queer low dark tunnel with its dots of yellow light, gleaming fantastically along the floor. The dots she learned were electric lights; the gleam, the cracks along which ran the ore grades.

Again she refused Kit-Smyth's arm and stumbled along in his wake. The men were lurching in the tunnel just off the "stope."

Kathleen noticed now that the walls and ceiling were heavily timbered. This gave her some assurance of safety until she realized how deep in the earth they were and how many tons of rock lay above them.

And then they came into what Kit-Smyth called a "kidney" and she felt previous. The ceiling was opening, the floor piled with muck. At the tunnel end the muckers sat hunched over tin buckets, one a little apart from the rest of the shift.

Kit-Smyth had said they were working this spot and Kathleen forgot everything else. Scarcely aware of the silent audience she moved close to a wall and scanned it closely. Without a light playing on it, it looked like nothing at all. So this was a gold mine! The Golden Girl, the mine whose name had been bestowed upon her.

Where was the gold?
 Hands clasped behind her back, heels planted sturdily, she stood thinking of what Bridget had said. Wanting to laugh at the visions she had previous, she was a great glowing cave and miners chipping the gold off the walls in rocks.

And then she stiffened in alarm. "Angus!" The man who had sat apart was on his feet; was coming towards her, ripping off his cap with one hand, the other outstretched. "Oh, Angus, I knew you'd come. I've been praying—"

With one swift motion Kathleen ripped off the rubber hat and her curls caught the gleam of a lamp, revealed the femininity of her face. "Baimy!" Kit-Smyth's voice rang out in warning.

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Monday: Setting up housekeeping.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

BALLOT
 ROBERT BURNS
 JOE E. BROWN
 PATRICK HENRY
 JOE MILLER
 MAE WEST
 OLIVER CROMWELL
 SAM HOUSTON
 DANIEL BOONE
 HUEY LONG
 WILL ROGERS
 BRIGHAM YOUNG
 BEN ARNOLD
 WILBUR WRIGHT--
 RAN FOR OFFICE IN THE OKLAHOMA PRIMARIES, July 12, 1938...



A SCRAP OF PAPER -- LYING ON THE FLOOR, ELECTED A PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES! BEARING THE NAME OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, IT INFLUENCED THE DECIDING VOTE OF STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, WHO HAD PRAYED FOR DIVINE GUIDANCE! -1825-

Paper Scrap Election
 An answer to a congressman's prayer was John Quincy Adams, candidate for presidency of the United States in 1825.

Strange as it seems, on a crumpled and trodden scrap of paper lying on the floor of the nation when the presidential election had resolved itself to the vote of one man—Congressman Stephen VanRensselaer of New York.

Reset by conflicting emotions and ideals, VanRensselaer was sorely pressed to decide whether to vote for Adams or Andrew Jackson, his opponent. Previously he had favored Jackson, but friends advised him that his extensive wealth would fare better under Adams.

VanRensselaer took his seat in the house of representatives on the fatal day, Feb. 9, 1825, his mind still not made up. With finally he bowed his head in prayer and sought divine guidance to help him in his momentous decision.

When he opened his eyes he saw on the floor at his feet a trampled ballot—with Adams' name upon it! This he took as an answer to his prayer and immediately voted for Adams, giving him a total of 13 states to Jackson's seven and W. H. Crawford's four.

What's the Name?
 Although his last name contains but four letters, Hans Ohrt, ex-national amateur cycling champion, says that no stranger has yet been able to spell his name correctly.

Various called O'Hart, Aught, Orth, Ott, etc., Ohrt has a standing offer of \$100 for any clerk in a strange store who gets his name right.

Tomorrow Here's Island!

24-hour service, and is on the Seattle-Oakland, Calif., circuit of telephony weather reporting system.

French Ministers Swap Portfolios
 PARIS, Nov. 2.—(AP)—Announcement of the resignation of Paul Marchandeu as minister of finance came tonight after a cabinet meeting devoted largely to measures to cope with France's economic troubles.

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British Ship Bombed
 BARCELONA, Nov. 2.—(AP)—The 2,546-ton British freighter Gothic was struck by a bomb today in an insurgent air raid on Barcelona. The ship, hit several times previously in insurgent raids, was reported considerably damaged.

The Aft Tanker
 LOS ANGELES, Nov. 2.—(AP)—A sal-

member of the cabinet, becoming minister of justice. Thus he exchanged posts with Paul Reynaud, who took over the finance portfolio.

Says Jews Had Luck
 GREDING, Germany, Nov. 1.—(AP)—Julius Streicher, governor of Franconia and strongly anti-Semitic publisher, declared today misfortune would attend Germany as long as a single Jew remains in the country.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Worse and Worse!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Just Mebbe!

THE NEBBS—His Only Love

TAPS SOUNDED FOR GENERAL SIMONDS

EUGENE HAS NEW WEATHER BUREAU

San Francisco, Nov. 2.—(AP)— Maj. Gen. George S. Simonds, 64, retired American army officer, died today at Letterman hospital after an illness of several months.

General Simonds was retired only last March after 43 years service, during which he was decorated by three foreign governments. At the time of his retirement he was in command of the ninth corps area.

General Simonds saw service in the Philippines, China, Alaska and France where he was a member of the general staff during the World War and chief of staff of the second army corps on the British front.

Eugene, Nov. 2.—(AP)— Eugene is on the world's weather map. It was revealed today, when a U. S. weather bureau office was opened at the Municipal airport. It is equipped to rank among all first-class stations in the United States.

M. J. Ploer is in charge of the bureau, and announced that a new \$70,000 radio transmission department will be completed within the next month. This department will broadcast weather information and is expected to be used in contact aircraft. It will be under the direction of the civil aeronautics authority.

The new bureau will give Eugene

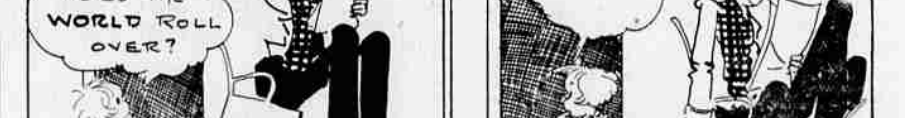
SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IT WASN'T UNTIL FRED PERLEY, AT HOME WITH A COLD, HAD FLOWN INTO HIS THIRD TANTRUM ON BEING REPEATEDLY CALLED TO THE DOOR BY STRANGERS WHO ASKED TO SEE THE HOUSE, THAT HE DISCOVERED THAT HALLOWEEN PRANKSTERS HAD PUT AN "OPEN FOR INSPECTION" SIGN ON HIS PORCH THE NIGHT BEFORE

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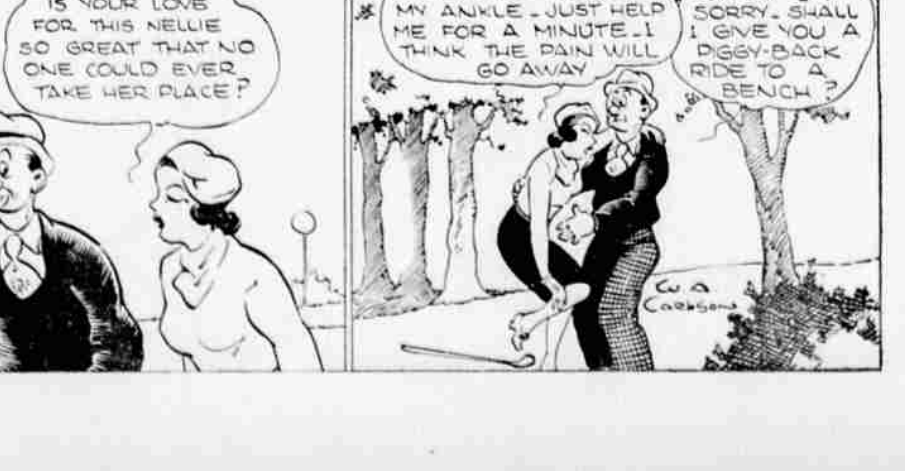
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By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS

