

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

The Characters
Kathleen Gregory: peppery red-haired member of the Gregory clan, goes West incognito to secure a right-of-way for The Golden Girl mine.
Donald MacDonald: young owner of The Stubborn Boy mine, has refused the right-of-way, hates the Gregorys.
Bridget: Kathleen's companion.
Yesterday: Kit-Smyth, superintendent, takes Kathleen into the Gregory mine where she meets Old Balm.

Chapter 10 Old Balm

Kit-Smyth's hand was on Balm's arm. Other muckers had rushed to the old man's side, but only Kathleen smiled. In the yellow circle of light she could see the man's face, his expression of patient hope, the glow of joy gradually fading, a look of bewilderment taking its place.

"Queer," he muttered. "I could swear it was Old Angus standing there. It's the way he always stood, the stubborn man, heels flat to the ground so no one could move him."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you," Kathleen told him. Suddenly the face was illumined. "Disappoint," he echoed. "Ah, no! It seems dreams come true in their own fashion."

Kit-Smyth, who had listened impatiently, took Kathleen's arm. "Now I'll show you—"

"But I'd rather stay here and talk to this gentleman," she objected.

"My dear young lady," began the superintendent—then whimsically, "oh, very well. Miss Riley, this is Balm, shift boss, and Miss Donahue. These young ladies are from Chicago. They're stopping here awhile. I judge they'll be your neighbors. I've wired Mr. Gregory for permission to rent the Gregory house."

"Aye," murmured the old man, but he shook his head as though to clear his ears of Kit-Smyth's voice.

"Go on with your lunch," Kathleen insisted, perched on a timber beside him.

"I've reached the pound cake. Will you join me?" Kathleen didn't know which surprised her the most, herself in this undignified position, lunching with a mucker, or the cake.

"I made it," Balm told her. "Perhaps you would have tea with me some Sunday? This Sunday? I'll have some more. I've no wife to make it for me. These twenty years," he added.

Kathleen accepted for herself and for Bridget. They talked of other things, his garden, the dog, the mine, then when the others repeated he took Kathleen's hand again.

"I don't talk overmuch, lass," he said, softly, and returning to the cake, Kathleen wondered what he meant.

Kit-Smyth discussed Balm, all the way to his quarters, an imposing bungalow on a low hill beyond the mine.

"I wish I could get rid of that man," he fumed. "He gets worse every day. Take the way he acted towards you, Miss Riley—"

"He acted the part of a gentleman," snapped Kathleen. "As for his calling me, whatever it was, I once dashed through a store and kissed a strange woman thinking she was my mother."

"Oh, I know, but... well, it's his religion, that he preaches it, but he insists upon living it. If anybody hands him a dirty deal, he blesses them. Now what can you do with a man like that? You can't keep on fighting him."

Bridget's laugh thrilled out. "He has you there," she admitted. "Is that why you don't fire him?"

Moving In
 "NO, AND he's getting too old to work. Old Angus brought him over from Scotland and when the boss died we found his will had taken care of Balm from that time on. He could work as long as he wanted to. He could own his own property and if he wanted more he could have it. And when he wanted to, mind you, wanted to stop work, we were to keep on paying him full salary and pay for any hospital or doctor's care he'd need."

Kathleen's eyes were wide with hope. Balm had not only been her grandfather's miner, he'd been his friend. Now she could learn all she wanted to learn.

"Funny his taking you for Old Angus," mused Kit-Smyth as they drove up before his bungalow. Both girls admired Kit-Smyth's home. It was roomy, a bit overfurnished, but comfortable in a mannish way.

The Scotch woman who presided over the domicile was dour and disapproving at his entertaining young ladies, until Kathleen removed her hat, then she beamed.

"You'll have plenty of attention from the Gregorys," Kit-Smyth

told Kathleen, as the woman retired from the room. "They have a softness for red-haired people. Old Angus had hair like a carrot top when he was young."

"A carrot top," came icily from Kathleen. "Is green. But I'm glad someone likes it. I met that MacDonald person and he positively insulted me because of my hair."

The girls thought Kit-Smyth laughed unnecessarily loud and long. "The MacDonalds can't take it. They can do what they want to do up their town but they haven't a mine like ours and that's what counts in the long run."

According to Kit-Smyth, answering a call from The Golden Girl, the Gregorys had consented to renting their house.

"You can move in, immediately," he assured them. He sent for a house-boy, a young Ute Indian and this "Joey-wide-eyes" looked at Kathleen and swore silent allegiance to her.

Joey-wide-eyes, whose name was promptly abbreviated to Joey by the girls, took them first to the hotel to pick up their car and baggage while he drove on to open the house.

Approaching her grandfather's home, Kathleen felt a strange interest. When there had been a discussion of family background, it had always, heretofore, revolved around her mother's family. Without analyzing the clan's motive, she had accepted a heritage of knights and ladies, baronial castles and estates. From what she had heard, Old Angus Gregory was far from genteel. She felt sudden kinship. There were times when she longed to be definitely barbarous.

Spartan Simplicity
 THE front door of heavy oak swung open and the girls stepped immediately into the living room.

Kathleen looked around, then looked at Bridget. "This," remarked her friend, "is what is known as Spartan simplicity."

"I like it," declared Kathleen. "Um," agreed Bridget. "Personally, I could do with some cushions."

They followed Joey to the second floor where three bedrooms boasted of furniture as Gargantuan in size as they were unyielding in surface.

Bridget chose the smallest of the three because the north windows gave view to a cone-shaped peak, and because "the fireplace is within heating distance of the bed."

Kathleen hurried to the master room. It was a south and west with a view that would be awe-inspiring once the windows were cleared of their layers of dirt.

"I'll take this," she stated. "No, Miss," protested Joey. "Old Angus depart from this bed. His woman depart from here, too."

"I still like it," she said. "But Miss Cleo," wailed Joey, "some time spirit he come back to place from where depart, and who know, maybe spirit of Old Angus and Old Angus' woman don't like you."

A little child began cursing up and down Kathleen's spine. She looked at the wide bed. Her grandparents had died on that. She'd never encountered death in any form. The thought of it gave her a most unpleasant sensation.

Then her heels got. "I'll be blessed if I'm going to let the ghosts of anyone's ancestors run me out of a room I've chosen."

Joey departed for town with a list Bridget had made out for him. She had surveyed the kitchen, which was the half-cabin of the feud, opened a few doors and closed them quickly.

"And a cat, Joey, shop for a cat with a dozen kittens. There are mice in here as big as donkeys."

"Pack rats," Joey had informed her. Kathleen wandered about the house on an inspection tour. She found framed lithographs of The Golden Girl in all its stages of development. There were two gaudily painted photographic enlargements in convex frames. One was her grandfather, no one but Old Angus could have grown a beard like that. She expected to hear a voice boom through at any moment.

She studied the second with swift interest. Was this young woman her grandmother? But she was beautiful—with the rich, languid beauty of the Latin race. And she reminded her of someone, especially the eyes with their passionate defiance.

Just as the living room had shown The Golden Girl in its various stages of development, the pictures in the master bedroom revealed photographs of her father, and of herself, from babyhood to the day of the old man's death.

Kathleen removed these immediately. Suddenly she realized that this house was hers; her very own. The mine might be shared by other members of the clan, but this property belonged to the immediate descendants of the Angus Gregorys and she was the last of the line.

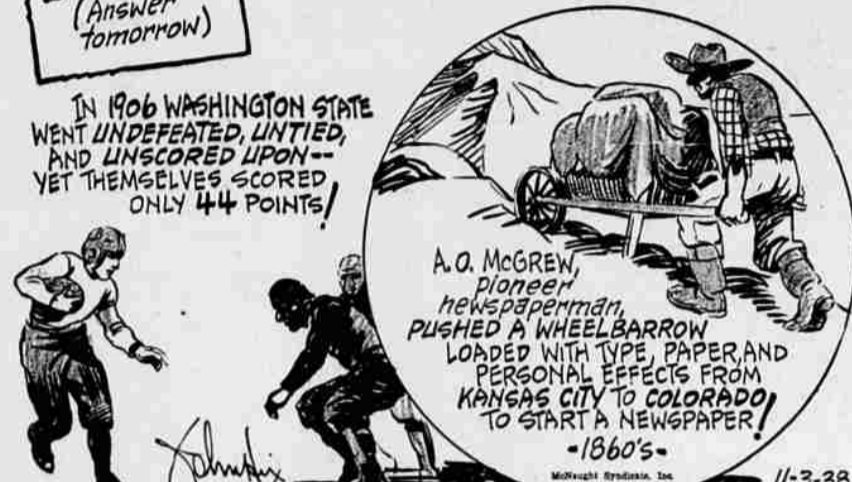
(Copyright, 1938, Jeanne Bowman)
 Tomorrow: MacDonald visits.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



HERO'S ISLAND
 CONGRESSIONAL MEDALS FOR HEROISM ARE COMMONPLACE ON HATTERAS ISLAND, N. C., WHERE LIFE SAVING IS THE ONLY PROFESSION! COAST GUARDSMEN AND LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS THERE HOLD MORE MEDALS THAN ANY OTHER COMMUNITY IN THE U.S.



Can you arrange 9 matches to form 3 squares and 2 triangles? (Answer tomorrow)

In 1906 Washington State went undefeated, untied, and unscored upon—yet themselves scored only 44 points!

A.O. McGREW, pioneer newspaperman, pushed a wheelbarrow loaded with type, paper and personal effects from Kansas City to Colorado to start a newspaper—1860's

Hero's Island Easternmost point of the United States from Delaware south is Cape Hatteras, a sandy insular spit separated from the mainland of North Carolina by broad Pamlico Sound. Natural hazards combine along the narrow outer banks to make this island one of great danger to shipping there fight a constant battle against the Gulf Stream often approaches within 20 miles of the cape, crowding shoreward southbound coasting vessels.

Differences of temperature between the hot air of the Gulf and the shore breezes also cause frequent atmospheric commotions, and at no other point on the Atlantic coast are found such sudden and dangerous storms.

For generations, coast guarding and lighthouse tending have been the only means of livelihood on Hatteras Island and the men living there fight a constant battle against the Gulf Stream often approaches within 20 miles of the cape, crowding shoreward southbound coasting vessels.

Strange as it seems, McGrew pushed the wheelbarrow all the way to Cherry Creek, Colo., where he founded the Cherry Creek Pioneer.

Newspaper in a barrow A. O. McGrew, western correspondent for a Pittsburgh newspaper, one day found himself in Kansas City, bitten by "gold fever" after hearing tales of rich deposits in Colorado. He quit his job, and with what little money he had bought a supply of paper, type, food, and a wheelbarrow. He made a deal with friends to bring along a press later, and started out on foot for Colorado.

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Will Open Bids On Highway Projects
 SALEM, Nov. 3.—(AP)—Bids on 10 road jobs, including the \$120,000 Klamath Falls railroad undercrossing project, will be opened in Portland November 17 and 18 by the state highway commission.

Projects include:
 Klamath county—Main street undercrossing in Klamath Falls.
 Jackson county—Grading 2.29 miles of north unit of Bear canyon-state line section of Pacific highway.
 Klamath county—Surfacing and oiling 23 miles of Odell lake-Walker mountain section of Willamette highway.

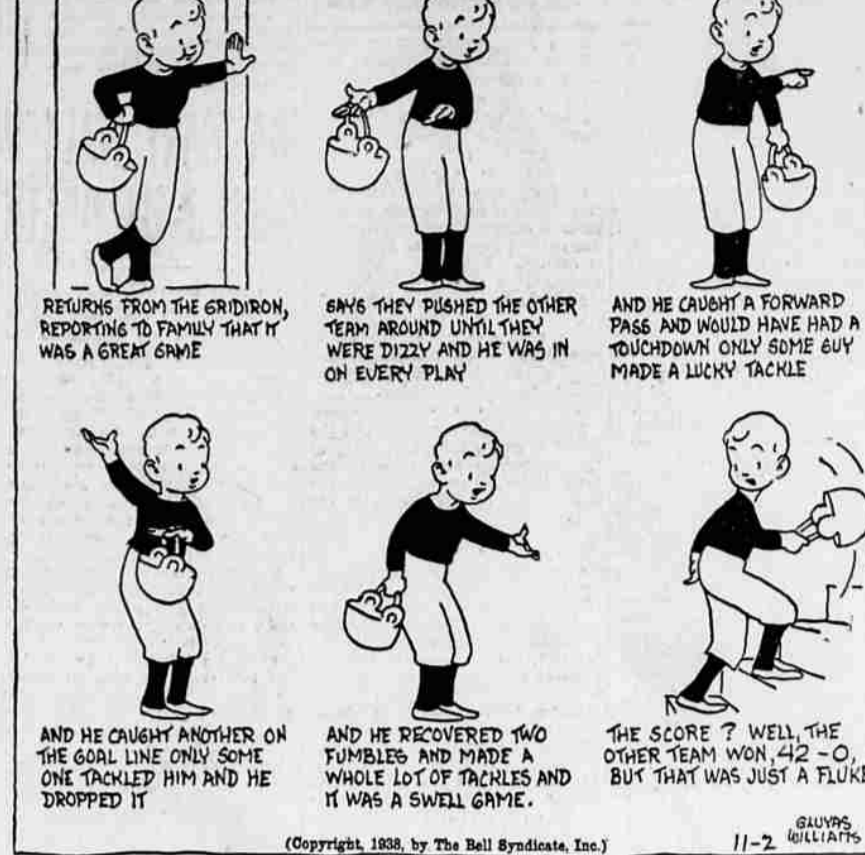
SCION OF DEMOCRATS WINS G.O.P. CONTEST
 WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—(AP)—John Janson, 16, of Phoenix, Ariz., pocketed \$1,000 today for winning a national oratorical contest for young Republicans, but he may have to do some explaining when he gets home. Both his parents are registered Democrats.

A \$500 second prize went to Donald H. Sharp, 20, of Manhattan, Kans. Third place and \$250 went to Dale M. Nordquist, 24, of Grand Forks, N. D.

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FOOTBALL REPORTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



RETURNS FROM THE GRIDIRON, REPORTING TO FAMILY THAT IT WAS A GREAT GAME

SAYS THEY PUSHED THE OTHER TEAM AROUND UNTIL THEY WERE DIZZY AND HE WAS IN ON EVERY PLAY

AND HE CAUGHT A FORWARD PASS AND WOULD HAVE HAD A TOUCHDOWN ONLY SOME GUY MADE A LUCKY TACKLE

AND HE CAUGHT ANOTHER ON THE GOAL LINE ONLY SOME ONE TACKLED HIM AND HE DROPPED IT

AND HE RECOVERED TWO FUMBLES AND MADE A WHOLE LOT OF TACKLES AND IT WAS A SWEET GAME.

THE SCORE? WELL, THE OTHER TEAM WON, 42-0, BUT THAT WAS JUST A FLUKE

(Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 11-2 GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S MATTER POT

By G. M. PAYNOR



GUESS WHO?

AH-AH-AH-UM- YOU!

HEH-HEH! THAT'S RIGHT!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Ransom Note!

By HAL FORRE



THE NOTE READS: "WE DEMAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THE RETURN OF TROYMOORE AND HIS DAUGHTER. THE MONEY MUST BE PUT ABOARD A LIFE-BOAT."

THIS BOAT MUST BE CAST ADRIFF FIVE MILES SOUTH-EAST OF BLANCKO KEY AND THE RANSOMERS MUST THEN IMMEDIATELY PUT BACK TO MIAMI.

"ANY ATTEMPT TO IGNORE OR BREACH THE TERMS OF THIS RANSOM AGREEMENT SHALL RESULT IN DEATH TO THE CAPTIVES SIGNED CAPTAIN BARRACUDA B.A.D. BUCCANEERS!"

JUDGING FROM THE SIGNATURE AND FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION OF THIS SELF-STYLED PIRATE CHIEF, I STRONGLY SUSPECT WE ARE TO DEAL WITH A LUNATIC, AS WELL AS A CRIMINAL!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Wilfred's Sure!

By EDWIN ALGER



WILFRED, ARE YOU SURE THAT OUR BIRD? HOW MANY WERE YOU TESTING THE PILLS ON?

TWENTY OR TWENTY-ONE, POP—I FORGET JUST WHICH—

...NINETEEN, TWENTY, TWENTY-ONE—YEP, I'M SURE—IT WAS TWENTY-ONE, POP—HE MUSTA GOT MORE OF THE PILLS THAN THE OTHERS—

THAT SETTLES IT, MY BOY!

WHERE YOU GOIN'?

I'M GOING TO TELL THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY TO MAKE UP A CARLOAD OF THE SUNSHINE PELLETS FOR ME!

THE NEBBS—The Plot Thickens

By SOL HESB



EXCUSE ME, PLEASE—COULD I COME IN AND STRAIGHTEN THE ROOM? IT'S LATE AND I'D LIKE TO GET THROUGH

SURE, COME IN—IT'S PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT

QUITE FORTUNATE SHE LET THE DASS KEY ON THE TABLE—I'LL JUST MAKE A PUTTY IMPRESSION OF IT

YES, AS I WAS SAYING THINGS AINT SO GOOD—TIPS ARE DIVIDING AWAY TO NOTHING—I USED TO GET AS HIGH AS FIVE DOLLARS—NOW THEY THINK A DOLLAR IS AN INHERITANCE

WELL, WHAT'S GOING ON NOW?

YOU'RE GATING UPON A GENTLEMAN MAKING A DUPLICATE TO THE PASS KEY—IT MAY COME IN HANDY—YOU NEVER CAN TELL!

RECORD FALL DROUGHT HAVING SEVERE EFFECT ON MIDWESTERN WHEAT

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—(AP)—The weather bureau said today "one of the most severe and widespread fall droughts of record" has developed in a wide midwestern area, extending from the Appalachian to the Rocky mountains.

The bureau's weekly bulletin said drought conditions were having a severe effect on the winter wheat crop. Except in eastern Nebraska and in the Texas Panhandle, early seeded wheat was said to be at a standstill, while late planted grain was reported to be deteriorating.

There is a general need of rain which has become urgent in many places, it added. The bulletin said that in the midwestern area as a whole, October was one of the driest, if not the driest month recorded.

The only midwestern sections not affected were eastern Nebraska, southern Minnesota, northern Iowa, much of Wisconsin, eastern New Mexico and the Texas Panhandle.

In Kansas, the nation's major wheat producing state, the grain crop was said to be in fair condition.

Candidate Quits
 GRANTS PASS, Nov. 3.—(AP)—Dr. E. Brooks of Cave Junction, stormy petrel of the Josephine county campaign, today announced that he is withdrawing as a candidate for short term commissioner. He declared that three candidates from the Illinois valley, southwestern Josephine county, are "too many" to insure election of a valley man.

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