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: *owner of the rival Stubborn Boy mine, hates the Gregorys.*

Bridget: *Kathleen's companion.*

Yesterday: *Donald tells Kathleen that until he saw her washing windows he thought she was the spoiled Golden Girl.*

Chapter 12

'Can This Be Love?'

"YOU'LL admit the MacDonalds have done a better job than the Gregorys when you see our holdings," said Donald. "You've had a chance to look over the Gregory shacks—"

"I thought them most picturesque," interposed Kathleen, innocently.

"*Picturesque!*" exploded MacDonald. "They're plenty picturesque in a rain storm with miners' wives using every kettle they possess under the leaks; or in a snow storm when the roof caves in on some poor devil down with pneumonia from living in a damp house. Those places haven't been repaired since they were built, sixty years ago."

Kathleen had one dimple other men had found ravishing. It was very much in evidence as she smiled up at MacDonald. "I noticed how *new* your cottages looked," she murmured sweetly.

"You mean—" For a moment it looked as though the man who had so recently replaced cots like those of the Gregorys, with modern structures, would burst. Then he laughed.

"Will you tell me *why* you pull something like that just as I begin to like you?"

Kathleen's brows were brown scimitars of ennui as she answered. "It's just possible that I don't give a continental darn whether you do, or don't, like me."

And then she gasped. MacDonald's arms had shot out to grip her shoulders. Furiously she fought until the turban slid down over one eye.

"Get this," he stormed and shook her in rhythm to his words. "You're going to like me before you leave here. You're going to like me and like liking me! Understand?"

Released, Kathleen grabbed for the turban with one hand, the other swinging in an arc that ended flat against MacDonald's face.

"Like this!" she exclaimed.

"Can this be love?" caroled Bridget from the doorway.

MacDonald, hand to his cheek, turned, then hurried to help Bridget with the tray she carried. "Miss Donahue," he begged, "have you ever known anyone as consistently cussed as this friend of yours?"

Bridget giggled. "No, but I'm getting acquainted with him, rapidly," she confessed.

Kathleen remained silent. She feared if she opened her lips for more than the rim of the coffee cup, she would say what she thought, and that would be fatal to her plan of vengeance.

All consideration for the clan had left her. The only reason she would bargain for right-of-way was to bring this man to time. This desire burned so deeply it warmed her cheeks, her lips and eyes and eventually melted the wrath which had congealed her power of speech.

Bridget, watching her, was amazed. Never had Kathleen been as delightful, scintillating, gay and altogether adorable. She felt a little sorry for MacDonald who accepted this play of charm as the triumph due him. This handsome, fine young Scot was riding for a fall.

A Letter

"I'LL have to hand you the laurels," she told Kathleen when Young Donald had left. "But I didn't enjoy it. It was like watching an innocent lamb led to the slaughter."

Kathleen started pounding on the huge oak table. "Some day," she fumed, "I'm going to pound on him just like this."

It took the girls the entire week to settle. Kit-Smyth sent Joey up every day and under the Ute boy's carefully enunciated directions and the surprising strength in his slender arms, the big house took on a semblance of comfort.

The living room which contrarily opened onto the cabin kitchen because, explained Joey, "Old Angus desire to perceive with the ear what goes on in the MacDonald house," was made the focal point.

But it was to their respective bedrooms the girls gravitated for actual living.

Bridget indulged in a bolt of scarlet cheesecloth and a few yards of scarlet oilcloth. Out of this she evolved drapes, mantel and stand covers, and spread; added cushions of blue and yellow and green; stacked books in gay bindings, then called Kathleen in to view the result.

"It's a happy looking room," exclaimed the Gregory girl. "Even the typewriter, pulled up before the window there, looks ready for action."

Bridget smiled. "I've talked about writing so much, I'm going to have to carry on the pretense. Expect to find me at the table before the window every morning, tapping the keys."

Kathleen departed immediately for the Gregory general store, intending to buy drapes, cushions and other accessories, suitable for a Gregory boudoir. The limited stock defeated her and she returned staggering under bundles filled with materials she would never have deigned to notice a month ago.

Nor would she let Bridget do more than advise, and help her solve the deep mystery of the ancient sewing machine.

Hour after hour she labored, converting the figured yellow calico into casement curtains; the kapok into cushions covered with slips of rust, green and dusky rose.

Saturday morning she called Bridget in to view the result.

"There," she pointed to the heavy library table which had been carried before the windows with their astonishing view of painted cliffs, "you may expect to find me sitting every morning, twiddling my thumbs. I can't even write letters. My only talent is temper."

She did write one letter that day. It was to her father in answer to one relayed through Bridget's uncle, and it was brief.

Yes, we are settled. Yes, I have met MacDonald. Yes, he is insufferable. Yes, I am making some headway.

No, I am not proud of our holdings. I am glad no one knows I am a Gregory.

Yes, I am feeling fine.

And Dad, when you see Aunt Bee will you tell her that Rome wasn't built in a week and the Caesar family didn't have any damned MacDonalds to contend with.

Kathleen.

They attended the Gregory church the following morning. Old Balmy sat several rows ahead of the girls, the sun, filtering rays through the high narrow windows, rested upon his white hair.

'Tell Me'

SHE was unaware of the sun resting on her hair also. Forewarned that the mine women didn't wear hats to church, she had gone as one of them and did not notice their admiring glances.

Accustomed to deference, she saw nothing unusual in the attitude of the congregation as the members gathered around her at the conclusion of the service. She only knew she felt a spontaneous liking for the people: somber people with a hint of sadness behind their quiet eyes.

They walked homeward with Old Balmy, nodding to MacDonald who was walking home with his housekeeper, a portly woman.

Kathleen conceded to Bridget that he did look nice in tailored blues. She attributed her feeling of intense excitement at the sight of him to a desire to quarrel.

"I'm sorry you won't have tea with us," he told them as they reached home, each traversing their respective sides of the road. "However, I'd forego the pleasure just to have you spend the time with Balmy. I couldn't prescribe anything better for your disposition, Miss Riley."

"Terribly unfortunate he's a Gregory so you can't leaven your own disposition, Mr. MacDonald," she retorted.

At five minutes of four the two girls walked up the path to Balmy's cot, the old shepherd dog ambling beside them.

Balmy led them through to a stone terrace at the rear. Protected from the north and east by the walls of the cottage, and shaded by a gnarled old apple tree, now a cloud of russet leaves, it provided a cozy retreat.

Here a rustic table had been spread with a white cloth and set for three. Tiny blue-banded crocks filled with butter and wild blackberry jam, flanked the thick yellow cups and saucers.

The talk was general until Kathleen asked impulsively, "Who is the lovely lady in the large photograph at the Gregory house? His wife? Tell us about her."

"Tell you . . . you mean you don't—" Balmy seemed startled out of his usual poise. "Of course," he murmured, "I forget I am an old man and few here knew her. She was the second Mrs. MacGregor—"

"MacGregor!" echoed Kathleen and Bridget in unison.

Balmy smiled. "Aye, until Angus would have none of the MacDonalds, even a name that began as theirs, the Gregorys were MacGregors."

"But I thought the two men lived alone at the time of the feud," offered Bridget.

"Aye, they did. And Angus had changed his name before he married, but it's always MacGregor to me."

Kathleen had been leaning forward, brown eyes round with wonder. "Do you know how the feud started?" she asked.

"Aye," he responded briefly.

"Tell me, please," she begged.

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Tomorrow: Kathleen visits the MacDonald mine.

HORSES CARRY BRAIN DISEASE FATAL TO MAN

SAN FRANCISCO—(UP)—Scientific proof that the fatal horse encephalitis, or sleeping sickness, can be and is transmitted to human beings with the same fatal results as in animals, has been established by the Hooper Foundation of Medical Research of the University of California.

Furthermore, an official announcement said, the disease is now endemic in a large number of places throughout the United States, and with the discovery that it is communicable to human beings, it becomes an increasing menace to public health.

The discovery of the active agent of the equine sleeping sickness in the brain of a human being was made by Miss Beatrice Howitt, research associate for the foundation.

"During the summer and autumn of 1937," said Dr. Karl F. Meyer, director of the foundation, "many people in the central and nothern California valley regions became ill with an acute encephalitis or brain disease resembling sleeping sickness.

"Many died within a few days after the first appearance of the symptoms. However, no etiological agent at the time was recovered from any of them.

"But two months ago, a child died at the Fresno County hospital with acute encephalitic symptoms and from the brain of this victim, Miss Beatrice Howitt succeeded in recovering the active agent."

Experiments with this agent, Dr. Meyer said, have demonstrated that it gives a similar type of brain disease to mice, rats, guinea pigs, rabbits and monkeys. It also proved to be identical in characteristics with the sleeping sickness virus previously discovered in 1930 at the University of California which is the cause of the disease in horses.

"The disease has become endemic in this region during the past five years," Dr. Meyer said, "and now we are at last sure that it can be transmitted to human beings.

"While this is the first occurrence of the recovery of this western type of equine encephalitis virus from a human brain, yet within the past month the eastern equine form has been found capable of infecting children in Massachusetts.

"The two discoveries corroborate each other in establishing the menace of this infection to human beings. It has also been established that this infection is now on the increase throughout the country.

"The next step of science, of course, will be to find the means to combat it."

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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Unknown Czar

Strange as it seems, 50,000,000 Russians for 11 months (1605-06) were ruled by a czar of mystery—a man whose identity will probably never be known.

Lzhedimitri they called him—the "False Dimitri," as he gained the Russian throne by pretending to be Dimitri, dead son of Ivan the Terrible and brother of Feodor, who ruled after Ivan's death.

Lzhedimitri first made his appearance in Poland where he sought Sigismund, the Polish king. The mysterious imposter claimed that, as the baby Dimitri, a physician had been sent to poison him at Uglitch, but in reality had spared his life. Now he was claiming the throne which, he said, rightfully belonged to him, the last of the line of Rurika.

Sigismund raised an army to place Lzhedimitri on the throne of Russia and ostensibly, to further his dream of spreading Catholicism through that country. Russian peasants, tired of Boris, brother-in-law of Feodor who had ruled for seven years, went to Lzhedimitri's aid.

Twice in 1604 the imposter invaded Russia and was defeated by General Basmanov. Four months later, however, he returned to Russia to find that Boris had died—some say murdered. Easily Lzhedimitri ascended the Russian throne in 1605 and for 11 months ruled as Czar over 50,000,000 people.

In 1606, however, he was assassinated by a conspiracy headed by Prince Vasili Shuiski, who then succeeded him.

Monday: Jingo Kogo—Japan's fighting empress.

Jack's Beanstalk Again

NORTH KINGSVILLE, O.—(UP)—A giant beanstalk here grew to the top of a 30-foot barn and then almost 12 feet on the barn's roof. One of the beans on the vine measured four feet in length and five inches in diameter at the bottom.

TORONTO, Ont.—(UP)—Automobile thieves are reaping a rich harvest here. They have stolen 1230 cars, valued at approximately $750,000, so far this year, an increase of 30 over last year. All except 33 of the cars have been recovered.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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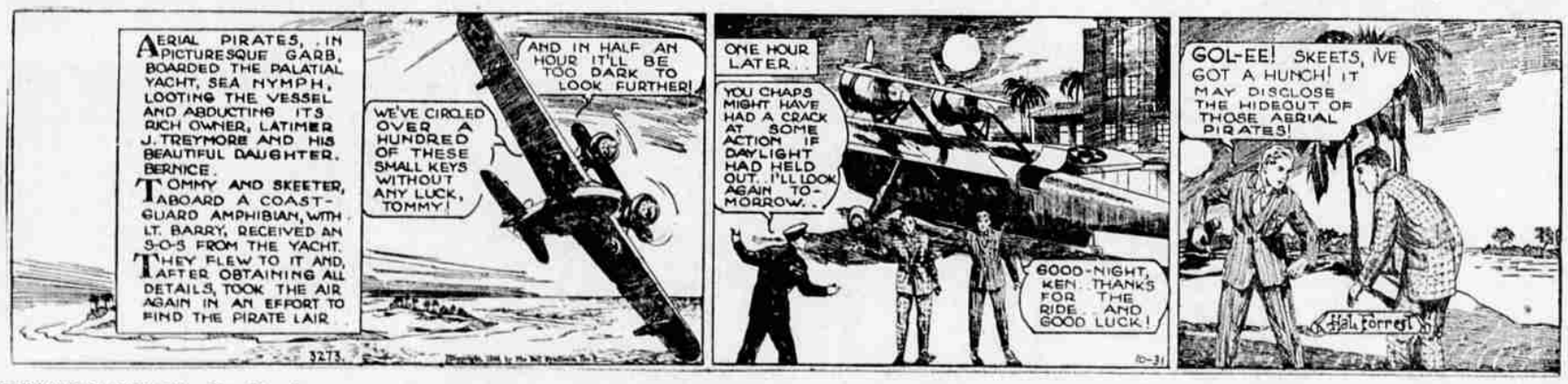
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Has a "Hot Hunch"! By HAL FORREST



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