

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 Stubbhorn Boy mine, hates the Gregorys.
 Bridget: Kathleen's companion.

Yesterday Kathleen asks Old Balmly how the feud between the Gregorys and MacDonalds started.

Chapter 13 The Stubbhorn Boy

OLD BALMY did not speak immediately. He stood up and began to clear away the tea things. He carried the white cloth to a barren spot beyond the terrace and before the crumbs reached the ground, there was the mad chatter of birds.

When he turned back to his guests he was smiling. "It is comforting to know the wild birds recognize their friends without proof," he said.

Long, black lashes veiled Bridget's quick look of astonished understanding. She cast a sidelong glance at Kathleen, but impatiently now, Kathleen was urging the old man to relate the story of the feud.

"I'm sorry, Miss Riley, only a MacGregor has the right to hear that. Wouldn't you like to see my garden?"

Kathleen now understood how Old Balmly must feel toward Bridget; baffled, unable to press a charge against him because of the honest simplicity of the man.

Sunset was gilding the indescribable view from the terrace when they returned. For a little while they sat absorbing the peace of that hour, watching the play of light on the painted cliffs, while Old Balmly explained the natural chemistry which produced the jade green, the pearl white, copper and crimson.

"I'll want all of that for my book," Bridget cried enthusiastically.

And Kathleen told laughingly of her barren desk.

"Ah, lass, but you've ploughed the ground and planted the seed of desire. Soon you'll see your work growing before you."

"I don't know what it will be," mourned Kathleen. "I never before realized how useless I was."

Balmly stuffed tobacco into an old pipe, lighted it and puffed dreamily. "I envy you," he said musingly. "Now if I had the time and the talent, I'd build a New Gregory on paper. I'd design cots that would give the miners' wives comfort and pride; I'd build—on paper, of course—a community hall where the young fellows could go of an evening for pool and cards. There'd be a gymnasium, an auditorium, a nursery and a dance floor. But then," he broke off whimsically, "what I would do and what you would do would be different, eh?"

Kathleen decided they must leave immediately. Since and the forty-miners hadn't been fed. When she thanked Old Balmly for the delightful hour, her eyes were bright with appreciation and the moment the girls were out of hearing she gripped Bridget's arm.

"Darling, look, the twiddle has gone out of my thumbs. From now on I work. That Balmly old honey told me exactly what to do. Wouldn't he be amazed?"

Bridget looked at her and shook her head. Verily the Gregorys were obtuse when it came to discerning anything beyond their immediate vision.

Morning found Kathleen at the doors of the university, general store and the moment the girls were unlocked she was purchasing blocks of drawing paper, rulers, pens, pencils and colored inks.

Immediately after the delayed breakfast she retreated to her room to build the first of the new Gregory cots; a house three times the size of the MacDonald's.

'Our Tartan'
 BRIDGET, called in to commend. She had been tempted to ask what a miner's wife would want with a drawing room, and to assure Kathleen that one modern bath would be miracle enough for a family.

"You have something there," she admitted. "Remember the miners' children marry young and the old folks won't want too large a house to keep up. Why don't you talk to a few of them and find out what they would like to have."

"I'll do that tomorrow," Kathleen agreed.

But on the morrow, Donald MacDonald appeared with an invitation to visit his mine and to dine with him in the evening.

cried. "The plaid of your mackinaw," he exclaimed.

Kathleen thrust her hands deep into her pockets to keep from ripping the offending garment from her shoulders and throwing it at the man.

It was the last personal remark she heard from him that day. He became, she thought sardonically, "the promising young business man."

The MacDonald's Stubbhorn Boy was not as impressive as the Gregory's Golden Girl, she was pleased to note. The buildings seemed sturdy enough and there was the same subdued activity on the surface, but there was a lack of shining fresh paint, and pristine neatness in the offices. These she noted were filled with Scots, young and old.

"It is a MacDonald policy to give the local MacDonald boys the opportunity of filling these favored posts," Young MacDonald explained. "When one shows an inclination for business, we send him off to school. The Gregorys," he added, "hire strangers and bring them in from the outside. They believe in keeping miners below the surface."

Kathleen closed her lips firmly. There was little difference that she could see in the mine proper True The Stubbhorn Boy's shaft went straight down, it seemed, rather than at the slanting angle of the Golden Girl. And the drifts went off to the left instead of to the right.

"Peculiar thing," MacDonald observed, "but we're working on nearly the same level as the Gregorys here. Their ledge is just beyond this, however, they'll never mine that portion."

"How could they be working this same part of the earth as you and the same?" questioned Bridget. "I'll show you when we're above again."

Priority of Claim
 WHEN they reached the surface, he took them to the engineers' office and pointed to a map which hung on the wall. The colors, running parallel to each other, reminded Kathleen of a many-hued hatband, only this band seemed to have been cut in two, then overlapped at an angle.

"I'll try to explain this in a layman's language," MacDonald told the girls. "Pretend this country was once a huge layer cake, the ledges of ore, the filling. Perhaps the cake was jarred during the process of baking, and one side fell. The baker, disgusted, cut off that section and laid it alongside the other. They then were two separate sections of filling, and each section of cake was at a different level. The MacDonalds are the lower section. This enables us to shoot our shaft down at only a slight angle. The Gregorys are the top section and the thin edge of their cake overlaps ours in such a way that they cannot continue digging out the filling without first gaining right-of-way around our shaft. According to law, we are entitled to two hundred and fifty feet on all sides. Farther than that we can base our refusal to the right-of-way on the grounds that it would weaken our structure."

"Then the law does grant right-of-ways," interposed Bridget.

"Only when the contestant can prove priority of claim. If he can prove he established his claim before the other fellow, the law gives him the right to all lodes discovered on his line, ledge or vein."

Bridget nodded wisely and asked the question Kathleen longed to ask.

"Then your claim was established first?"

MacDonald's laugh was short. "There is nothing to prove which was established first. It would be a matter of moments. My grandfather and your grandfather were the same day. The clerk did not foresee the need of establishing the hour."

Kathleen was running her finger along the thin veins. "Isn't this your vein down here? Doesn't it run into the Gregory property?"

"It won't for a long time and when it does," promised MacDonald grimly, "we'll take care of that. Shall we go now? Mrs. Arthur has offered us tea. I'd like you to see one of my model cots."

Riding back to Neutrality, Kathleen found herself in the home of Bridget comfortably seated next to MacDonald who was discussing mining with her as though she were the only one present with enough intelligence to understand him.

Kathleen sat and hated the back of his head. She wished his ears would stick out so she could hate it the more. He was detestable. And she wasn't going to like Mrs. Arthur whoever she was. She would show off her house like a woman putting her pet through its tricks.

She did nothing of the kind. A tall, dark-browed woman with the quiet dignity of the Scottish people, she met the girls as social equals and Young MacDonald as a son who called too seldom.

Kathleen was forced to admit the house was comfortable, even tastefully furnished.

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Tomorrow: A miner's family.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

ELECTOR JOHN GEORGE II OF SAXONY KILLED 43,644 RED DEER IN HIS LIFETIME!

DANISH EGGS ARE DATED BEFORE THEY CAN BE SOLD!

JAPAN IS A COUNTRY WHICH PROHIBITS WOMEN FROM ASCENDING THE THRONE, UNDER A WOMAN-- THE EMPRESS JINGO KOGO! (Early 3rd century)

CAN YOU ARRANGE THE DIGITS, 1 THROUGH 9, TO EQUAL 100 IN 7 DIFFERENT WAYS? Example: 91 + 5742 = 100 (Answer tomorrow)

Japan's Woman Conqueror
 A "Jingo" colloquially, is a person favoring an aggressive military policy. Its origin as a political term is rooted in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78.

Centuries earlier, a Japanese empress of the same name—Jingo, or Jingo Kogo—by the same aggressive tactics conquered Korea.

In her lengthy history Japan has been ruled by six empresses, yet, strange as it seems, with promulgation of the government on the death of her husband, reigning then until 270.

Chual Tenno died while on an expedition to suppress an insurrection in Kiushiu, and his wife, concealing the fact that the emperor had died, proceeded with a great force to conquer Korea.

After her victorious return, her son, Ojien Tenno, 18th Mikado, was born and Jingo Kogo continued to reign as regent.

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By terms of this document, only male descendants in the male line are eligible to succession to the throne of Japan, and a woman may never again assume the exalted station.

Dated Eggs
 Strange as it seems, every egg sold in Denmark, or exported from that country is stamped with the date it was laid, the number of the farmer selling it, and the number of the co-operative society to which the farmer belongs.

Tomorrow: A tale of two cities.

the Eagle Point cheese factory, which so generously donated all cheese used for our dinner.

Josephine Lady Runs
 ORANTS PASS, Nov. 7.—(AP)—The first woman candidate in the Josephine county race was announced today. She is Abbie Tolin of Selma, who is backed by a woman's group for write-in as short-term commissioner. Six names will appear on the ballot for the position.

Jail Preference Granted
 CHESTER, Pa.—(UP)—Arthur L. Pease, 55, told relief officials he would rather go to jail than continue living in a mission. He went to jail—for kicking out glass panels in the Public Assistance department office doors after being refused relief.

Moscow Planetarium Popular
 MOSCOW.—(UP)—In nine years the Moscow Planetarium has been inspected by 6,500,000 visitors, officials announce.

Bee Sting Kills Boy
 POTTSVILLE, Pa.—(UP)—Warren Zimmerman, 14, died of blood poisoning as the result of a bee sting. Physicians said that the boy probably had taken the juice from a sassafras plant and injected the poison into the boy's body.

Blames Women for Fires
 BATON ROUGE, La.—(AP)—City Fire Chief Robert A. Hogan says fires have increased 60 per cent since women started smoking.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Makes a Decision!

HOW COME YOU GOT A HUNCH WHERE THEIR AERIAL PIRATES MAY BE HIDIN' WHEN TH' LOCAL COAST GUARD AIR FORCE DON'T KNOW?

ZEKE IS MORE INFORMED ON THE HISTORY AND LORE OF THE FLORIDA KEYS THAN EVEN THE COAST GUARD!

JUMPIN' JEEPERS! YOU'RE RIGHT, TOM! I REMEMBER THAT YARN HE TOLD ME ABOUT LAFFITE TH' FAMOUS PIRATE...

AN ABOUT THIS HERE LA FITTE HAVIN' A HIDEOUT IN TH' EVERGLADES, SAY! MEBBE THESE AIR PIRATES HANGOUT IS IN TH' GLADES, TOO.

NOT A CHANCE, SKEETS! TOO DANGEROUS TO RISK LANDIN' A BIG PLANE THERE, AND THESE MODERN PIRATES HAVE A JUPITER AMPHIB!

COME ON, PALL! WE'RE GOIN' TO ZEKE'S HOME, RIGHT NOW!

FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY! SEND LARGE, SELF-ADDRESSED, RECENT STAMPED ENVELOPE TO HAL FORREST, IN THIS PAPER, FOR MODEL PLAN OF THE VOUGHT-SEU-1 NAVY FIGHTER.

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Rusty Has a Good Memory!

IT'S WORKIN', BEN! IT'S WORKIN'!

JIPPEM'S GOTTA SOUND TRUCK OUT IN TOWN, PLAYIN' MUSIC AN' SECH AN' EXHIBITIN' THE BIG ROOSTER!

HE'S PROMISIN' A FULL LINE O' GIANT CHICKENS AN' JUMBO EGGS IN ONE MONTH!

OH, GOSH, RUSTY! MAYBE WE'RE CARRYING THIS TOO FAR—

TOO FAR?! SAY, DIDN'T THAT GUY TRY TO PUT US OUT O' BUSINESS AN' WHEN HE TRIED TO KILL OLD BRIAR, DIDN'T YOU SAY IT WAS WAR?

YOU'RE RIGHT, RUSTY! I'D FORGOTTEN THAT! OKAY! IT'S WAR!

THE NEBBS—It's Just Nellie Now

OH, MR. NEBB! I WAS UNWRAPPING A PAIR OF SHOES I HAD WRAPPED IN A NEWSPAPER AND THE FIRST THING THAT HIT MY EYES WAS THIS ARTICLE ABOUT YOU!

YES, I HAVE MY THANKS FOR THAT STORY

AND TO THINK I SHOULD GET TO KNOW YOU THE OWNER OF THE BLUE BRO DIAMOND.

I WISH SOMEBODY ELSE OWNED IT—I HAVE VERY LITTLE INTEREST IN ANYTHING SINCE I MET NELLIE

AREN'T YOU AFRAID TO CARRY IT AROUND WITH YOU? ONE WOULD THINK YOUR LIFE WOULD BE IN DANGER

I'M NOT AFRAID, SUPPOSE I DO GET KILLED, I'M NOT HAPPY ANYWAY—I'D GIVE THE DIAMOND TO SOME POOR FAMILY AND GO BACK IN THE MINES WITH A PICK AND SHOVEL IF I ONLY HAD NELLIE!

ESCAPE By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

SEES GARRULOUS FRIEND OF WIFE COMING UP THE WALK

HAS NO DESIRE TO LISTEN TO AFTERNOON OF CHATTER AND, AS DOORBELL RINGS, ESCAPES OUT OF LIVING ROOM

PASSES THROUGH DINING ROOM INTO KITCHEN, PERCHES ON TABLE, WISHING HE HAD BROUGHT SOMETHING TO READ

GETS VERY MUCH BORED, HASN'T EVEN ANYTHING TO SMOKE

DECIDES TO TRY TO SNEAK UPSTAIRS AND CAUTIOUSLY OPENS HALL DOOR

IMMEDIATELY HAS TO SNEEZE. SHUTS DOOR HASTILY AND MUFFLES SNEEZE AS BEST HE CAN

WAITS A WHILE AND THEN TRIES IT AGAIN, TIPPING DOWN THE HALL

FINDS CALLER WAS JUST RETURNING A SAUCER, AND DIDN'T EVEN COME IN, AND RETURNS, SULKY, TO HIS PAPER

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S MATTER POT By O. M. PAYNE

WHAT DO YA MEAN, YA INVENTED SUMTHIN'!

YA WELL, KNOW THAT BUTTERED BREAD ALWAYS FALLS BUTTERED SIDE DOWN!

WELL, I SIMPLY BUTTER THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BREAD!

NOW, LOOKIT!

BUT THE BUTTERED SIDE WENT DOWN!

10-31 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

By HAL FORREST

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By EDWIN ALGER

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The Grange

Talent Grange
 Talent Grange met in regular session November 3 with Master W. W. Hobson in the chair. Six candidates were given 3rd and 4th degree. Election of officers followed with the following results: Master, E. S. Hubbard; secretary, Tom Bell; lecturer, Nancy Firestone; assistant steward, Edward Botwick; steward, Jim Nollers; gatekeeper, Frank Reed; L. A. S. Doty; Widmer, chaplain, Nora Nollers; secretary, Mae Miller; treasurer, Nettie Borg; Ceres, Marion Borg; Pomona, Phye Miller; Flora, Lois Firestone; executive committeeman, W. W. Hobson.

Delicious refreshments were served by the H. E. C., followed by dancing.

Birthdays for the preceding three months will be observed at the next meeting. The turkey dinner and dance was well attended and Florance Hartley, chairman, wishes to thank all who helped make it a success. Also our thanks is extended

Lake Creek Grange
 Election of officers will be chief matter of interest at next meeting of Lake Creek Grange, November 11. A large attendance is expected.

The last meeting was an enjoyable affair with interesting teams in the recent attendance contest serving a fine meal for the winners. The Halloween spirit was carried out in the program with games and stunts adding to the entertainment. The program included numbers by Mabel Brown, Myrtle Charley, Betty Bradshaw, Gordon Stanley, Owen Stanley and Janet Stanley, Dorothy Stanley, Katharine Welch.

A delicious cake baked by Helen Bidley was sold to Janet Charley and contributed to the rolling dollar fund contributed to the rolling dollar fund.