

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, hates the Gregorys.
Bridget: Kathleen's companion.

Yesterday, the son of a miner breaks his leg, the daughter is sick. Kathleen goes after the Gregory doctor, whose services are free only for mine accidents.

Chapter 15 Pent Up Wrath

JOHNNY was a good sport, though a very white lipped sport. He wished they'd let him remain where he was, or take him home.

Tears smarting her eyes, she went into the Gregory store for "Golden oranges." They didn't stock them, nobody ever bought citrus fruit excepting lemons, in the winter. The MacDonald store had plenty. She had a basket filled with fruit, rode back to the mine with the doctor, picked up her car and drove back to the cot.

"These are for the little girl," she told the mother when she had brought her the solacing news of Johnny's luck. "She seemed to like fairy stories of—"

"Where did you get them?" demanded the woman.

"At—" Kathleen hesitated. "I know!" The apathetic figure straightened and hatred blazed from her eyes. "You've been fine, but get that fruit out of my house. I'll not poison a child of mine with MacDonald truck!"

Kathleen stood appalled. This mother would let her child do without what she needed, sooner than accept anything purchased from her enemy. She had forgotten she had said she would sooner sleep in the street than spend another night in a MacDonald hotel. Her hatred was a veneer; this woman's hatred had been ingrained through three generations.

"I'll drive into Carsted," she told the woman. "You'll accept fruit from there won't you? And I've other purchases I want to make."

"Would you—" the woman hesitated. "Would it be asking too much for you to take Grandma MacBride with you? She's never been to Carsted."

Kathleen set out for the nearest town with two guests. In the tonneau sat Grandmother MacBride, nearly smothered in blankets, her toothless mouth, wide with a happy smile. Beside her, bright, alert and talkative was Grandmother Barkus, the other old woman's crony.

Carsted reached, Kathleen spent half of her time shopping, the other half writing an air-mail letter to her father.

I demand you have every roof in Gregory repaired before snowfall.
I demand you release Doctor Cleveland from that antiseptic limitation. Give written permission for him to attend all Gregory people free of charge. He's more than willing.

This is enough for me. I'll tell you what else is needed in my next letter. The missive was hurled east by air.

Epidemic

IT WAS after dark when Kathleen returned to Neutrality. Depositing the old women at their respective cots, she stopped at the young MacBrides. Doctor Cleveland was there. He drew Kathleen outside.

"You seem capable of getting what you want," he began. "I wish you'd find a way to permit me to care for this child. She's going into pneumonia if she isn't taken out of that damp hole and given proper nursing."

"Bring her to my place," answered Kathleen promptly. "It's as big as a barn, but it is dry and we've plenty of fuel. I'll take care of her."
An anxious Bridget, who had seen Kathleen back the car out of the barn and drive off; who had since received word of her dashing around Neutrality down to the Golden Girl; then setting forth to Carsted; opened the front door to find her standing there, cheeks white, eyes black with determination.

Behind Kathleen stood a man, a child wrapped in blankets in his arms. Behind the man was a nurse. "I'll open the parlor," greeted Bridget with quick understanding. "A steady fire in the living room will keep it at the right temperature."

Laura MacBride was the first victim of the influenza epidemic which struck Neutrality; especially the Gregory side, only an isolated case or two reaching the MacDonalds.
Within four days the old Gregory house had been turned into a hospital, Bridget and Kathleen alternating shifts, each with a bacterial nurse.

By silent, mutual consent, a barrier of silence was thrown about the activities and not until the fourth day did Kit-Smyth learn what was taking place.

On the evening of that day he drove up to the Old Gregory house. Kathleen met him at the door. Worn with long nights of nursing and vicarious suffering for her patients, she was ready to release her pent up wrath against the Gregorys.

"You can't turn this house into a hospital," Kit-Smyth said. "Oh can't I?" retorted Kathleen. "That's precisely what I intend to do. Get those people out of there or I'll—"

"You'll what?" stared Kathleen. "I'm not moving people too ill to be moved, and what's more, when others need to come in they're coming, and not you, nor your whole damned county is going to stop me!"

"I know someone who can," yelled Kit-Smyth. "If you haven't cleared that house within twenty-four hours I'll call on the law."

"You call on the law and I'll call on the Gregorys," promised Kathleen. "I know they're a rotten lot. I've seen enough and heard enough since I've been here to gauge them pretty accurately. However, even a Gregory must have an ounce of humanity, somewhere. If they haven't, they have pride. Let them buck me and I'll write friends I have on the New York newspapers and they'll hound them with publicity until they wish they had given in. You start something and I leave for Carsted the moment I'm through with my shift. I'll call this Angus Gregory and tell him a few things."

"And I suppose you think the New York operator will fall over herself to give you the Gregorys non-lit number?" observed Kit-Smyth, sarcastically.

"Acting Like A Child"
"HAVE you ever tried to keep a non-listed number from a newspaperman?" retorted Kathleen. "I'll have it within half an hour after I call."

"I'll call first," threatened Kit-Smyth. "You do and you'll be the sorriest man on this continent. If I can't reach this Gregory personally, I know a New York publisher who can. And I don't think a boiled shirt front like Angus is going to like that, do you?"

"All right, all right," soothed Kit-Smyth. "Forget it. Forget the whole thing. Run your damned hospital, but I'm promising you this. You'll pay for every bit of damage done to that house."

"That's a bargain because there isn't going to be any damage. But just remember. Let one officer of the law step his foot on this place, or serve me with any papers and I'll make things so hot for the Gregorys they'll wish they'd never heard of me."

Kit-Smyth digested this in silence, then with a forced laugh he stretched out a conciliatory hand. "And you won't er—mention the tenancy?"

Kathleen gave a sudden happy laugh. "So that's it," she said. "No, as long as you play ball, I won't mention our tenancy to the Gregorys."

Kit-Smyth departed and on the MacDonald side of the house a window closed softly.

"I told you, lad, she'd be needing no help," said the house-keeper.

MacDonald frowned. "Queer. I could have sworn she was Kathleen Gregory." He laughed. "She certainly hasn't any more use for them than I have, has she?"

Kathleen made an urchin's face at the closed MacDonald window and managed back to the Gregory house in triumph.

"That will hold him," she told Bridget, who was just retiring.

"Oh, Cleo, there's a letter on the desk for you. I didn't want to waken you."

Kathleen opened the letter found an enclosure inside and opened that. She read the contents then to Bridget's astonishment threw herself on the bed and cried.

"Cleo, don't. I've never seen you cry. What is it dear, has someone hurt you?"

"Not me," the girl sobbed. "not exactly. They've been hurting other people. Oh I'm sick of being a Gregory."

Bridget opened the letter and read it. It was from Beatrice Gregory.

My dear Niece:
I told Angus he should have some responsible person accompanying you. You're acting like a child. The idea of your father with demands like that though he wasn't having trouble enough with the mine. He's gone to Canada for a rest before he left he said to tell you. I'll try to quote him, just as he spoke when he read your letter.

"Repeat those cots and let those damned MacDonalds think they've scored me into it. I won't put a penny in them if they all cave in."
And now my dear child, about the physician. After all we pay the regular wage scale. If the miners aren't thrifty enough to save their money, and have a rainy day fund for illness that is their fault.

Please let us hear no more about this. Your work is to obtain the right of-way.
Lovingly,
Beatrice Gregory
(Copyright, 1938, Jeanne Bowman)

Monday: A ride with Donald.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Digestion by Proxy
White ants, which really are not ants, but termites, possess a most curious digestive apparatus. Strange as it seems, inside their digestive tract live many tiny, uncelled animals which do the digesting for them.

To School by Air!
Going to school is fun for David and Sadie McGinley of Dumfriesshire, Scotland, for they ride each morning across the River Nith on this cable car. This improvised pulley system was erected to save the children a five-mile walk up the river, across a bridge and back along the other bank.

Snowshoe Shod Horses
Strange as it seems, pack horses in the High Sierras of California must wear snowshoes in the winter time to keep from sinking through the deep drifts that pile up along the roads.

Made of strong planking, the shoes are a foot or more across and are held to the horses' hoofs with metal straps and clamps. Shod in this manner, heavy draft horses are able to pull loads over snow-covered roads which otherwise would make such travel impossible.

Tomorrow: Something new about gnus.

6-MAN FOOTBALL TOURNEY PLANNED

GRANTS PASS, Nov. 9.—(AP)—Six-man football teams of Josephine, Jackson and Douglas counties will stage an invitational tournament here Thanksgiving eve. President Bill

Boocow of the 20-30 club announced today.

Rogue River, Glendale and Grants Pass have agreed to enter squads. Word is awaited from Jacksonville. It is planned to have two half-length games, with the winners to play a full-length "championship" game the same evening.

Receipts will go toward turling the local athletic field.

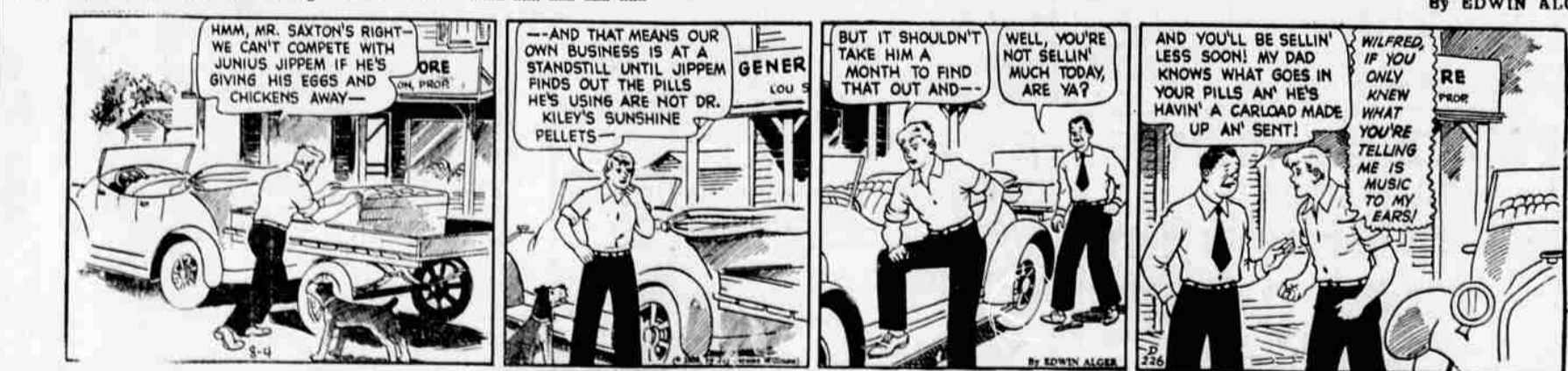
day with the withdrawal of pickets from the downtown Selling building. Gust Anderson, secretary of the Central Labor council, said the office structure was placed on the fair list after a settlement between the Building Service Employees' union and the management.

CONNEAUT, O. (U.P.)—A raccoon took advantage of "aquatic rights" by taking possession of a squirrel's nest, in an oak tree here and refusing to move out upon the squirrel's return.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Pirate History!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Sing On, Wilfred!"



THE NEBBS—The Plot Thickens



SHORT WAVE RADIO TO AID SNOW REMOVAL IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

YREKA, Nov. 9.—(Sp.)—Yreka will soon be able to boast another short-wave radio station. The state highway commission is installing a station at the home of Harry Nutting on French street, which will be used to facilitate snow removal work during the winter months.

Aerial poles for the new station have been erected and it is expected that the installation will be completed within the next few weeks. The station, which will be of 200-watt strength, will provide two-way communication with rotary snow plows and other type plows.

This is a unit of a system being installed in the northern part of the state to assist in keeping highways cleared of snow during the winter storms. Yreka will be the main station, with other stations being located at Mt. Shasta, Susanville, Alturas, Redding and Sacramento. Heavy snow removal equipment will carry mobile stations.

Schedules are being worked out with Oregon and Washington highway commissions so that storm conditions can be charted and prepared for. Mrs. Marguerite Nutting will be the operator at the Yreka station, which will be operated during the entire winter period.

HALIFAX, N. S. (U.P.)—A violin bearing the date 1872 is owned by Arthur Murphy, of Halifax. The instrument is believed to be one made by Nicolo Amati, famous violin maker, Italy, 17th century violin maker.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



8 MATTER POT

By O M PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESB

