

# DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

## The Characters

Kathleen Gregory goes West incognito to stamp a right-of-way from MacDonald for the Gregory mine. She is shocked by the living conditions of the miners.

Donald MacDonald: young owner of the rival mine, hates the Gregorys, has improved the lot of his miners.

Bridget: Kathleen's companion.

Yesterday: Kathleen asks her family to repair cottages, give medical aid, but gets a blank refusal. She turns her house into a hospital for the victims.

## Chapter 16

### Magic in The Valley

KATHLEEN was aroused by a quiet chuckle from Bridget. "You know," she said, "your Aunt Bee would have had those roofs covered by now. She's a most charitable woman. Only she would have done it her way, regardless of what the miners' wives wanted. I think, dear, that this letter was inspired by pity at your refusal to bring her along."

Next morning, assured the patients were asleep and the nurse on guard, Kathleen ended her night shift by watching the sunrise.

From the veranda, where she had sat that first day in Neutrality, she waited for the first tip of gold to appear above the mountain peak. There was something cleansing and refreshing in the sight. It seemed to wash away the problems of yesterday and give hope of a better today.

There was the sound of tires moving on gravel. She went to the western edge of the veranda and looked down. Donald MacDonald was rolling his car down the driveway. She watched him puzzled, until he saw her and motioned.

"I didn't want to risk waking your patients," he explained in a stage whisper.

Kathleen was touched by his consideration. Slowly she went down to stand beside him until he adjusted the brakes.

"There," he brushed his hands together, then turned to her. Frowning he studied her. "Time you had a break," he observed. "Run back and get into your bib and tucker. You're driving to Carsted with me. We'll be back by ten o'clock, you can sleep the rest of the day."

Obediently Kathleen went to the house, laughed a little at the wan reflection, and reported to Bridget she was off on a lark.

"It will do you good," Bridget assured her. "And while you're away, forget everything."

This was more than Kathleen could do. She drove down to Neutrality, envious that the Gregory miners, conscious to their work on the day shift were watching her probably condemning her for being in a car with Young MacDonald. She was aware of glances which wanted to be hostile and didn't quite achieve it, when they stopped before the MacDonalds for the breakfast she hadn't had. She waved to the men on the Gregory side and they doffed their hats.

Mayne served them and beamed on them like a white-aproned cupid. "What did I tell you?" she questioned and Kathleen couldn't resist without revealing to the man across from her that Mayne had prophesied he would "go" for her.

And then they were on the lower highway, the astonishing world of green and orange cliffs, scarlet boulders and natural monuments of pearly white about them.

"Why is it the MacDonald miners manage so much better than the Gregorys?" she queried. "I mean aside from their homes. There isn't such a tremendous difference in their wages, is there?"

"There's not enough difference in the wages to account for the difference in their lives," he conceded. "However, you slipped up when you said 'aside from their homes.' It's the homes that make the major part of the difference. I know. The MacDonald miners were very little better off when I first took charge here. The board of directors thought I was a 'crackpot' when I told them of the changes I wanted to make. They didn't see it, wouldn't see it, so I started with my own money. I spent every cent my father left me on the homes and the hotel; the stores and the theater. The town is paying me back for the homes. And the people are paying me a little at a time. I wanted them to have the feeling of individual ownership."

"Goodness, no." "You'd become saturated with

hopelessness and helplessness; especially when you realized that generations before you had existed in this way without change and generations after you would doubtless continue the same way. As Old Balmly would say, 'your spirit would don its grave clothes and wait for death.' But given hope and the promise of a different future, you'd find your spirit in sun suits, making the most of every day and the most of every opportunity. And there's where the difference in dollars and cents comes in. I doubt if you've ever had to buy food for a large family on a small salary, a large portion of which has to go for illness brought on by poor housing. If you had you'd appreciate the 'jar' closest Mrs. Arthur showed you. Everything in that, excepting the fruit which I had brought in in carload lots and sold at cost, was grown on her own land. You might say that was poor business on my part, but it was the only way I could get more money to spend on other things."

"Too bad the Gregorys don't follow suit," said Kathleen with a yawn that wouldn't be stifled.

"I don't blame them," now, MacDonald defended. "They'll have to close down next spring; why waste all of that money on a ghost town?"

Kathleen tried to control her start. She'd never before thought of the closing of the Neutrality standpoint from the miners' side.

"What will happen to the families?" she asked.

"I don't know; poor devils. The younger men will probably find work in other mines after a time, but it's going to be tough on the old ones. This is their home. However, they may be better off in the long run. If you stay through the winter you'll understand. Well, such is life!"

The car shot ahead with a burst of speed and Kathleen sat hunched in her seat, her hands clenched in her pockets. She had to do something, but what? What more could she do than obtain the right-of-way that would keep the mine open? And with the mine open could she force her claim to see the needs of the miners as she saw them? How much money did she have in her own right? How far would it go towards rebuilding Gregory? Not far she feared.

**Interesting Companion**

SHE must think of something. Another time, she was so desperately tired.

"I'll get that right-of-way if I have to marry him to do it," she decided, and closed her eyes.

When she opened them she found the car was not moving, that she was lying on the back seat, a blanket tucked around her, a folded coat under her head. Had she crawled over the front seat in her sleep?

"I thought you were going to sleep all day," said Donald, appearing around the car. "Have a nice nap? How's the appetite?"

Kathleen saw by shadows that the sun was mid-heaven. "A fine nap and I'm starved, but have you a little Ala-Baba in your pocket?"

"No, in the kitchen of the MacDonald. I had a lunch put up while we were having breakfast. Now trot down to that stream and wash your face and I'll find a picnic spot."

Refreshed by the ice cold water, her hair brought to a semblance of order by a wet comb; her lips freshly rubbed and a powder puff rubbed across a nose fast freckling without Toilettie's care, Kathleen joined MacDonald.

Young Donald, appraising her, laughed suddenly. "I'm sorry I was just thinking of the way you looked that night on the road."

Kathleen laughed with him, confessed to her near hysteria when she saw herself in the hotel mirror and admitted she had vowed undying hatred when he'd found the bolts she'd been unable to find.

"Then you admit there is an improvement?" she asked.

"If you were a blonde or brunette, I'd call for a chaperone," he assured her.

"Kathleen stiffened, then relaxed. "I asked for that. Did you mention food?"

Seated on a boulder in the shade of a cottonwood tree, a stream rushing over colored rocks at one side, the road and high cliffs on the other, Kathleen thought of all of the wonderful places she had dined on two continents and wondered why this seemed more wonderful than any of them.

MacDonald made an interesting companion. She liked to look at him; liked the quick smile, the flash of white teeth under the small black moustache, the way his hair grew back on a tanned forehead, the heavy dark brows which didn't shade the compelling glance of his Scotch blue eyes.

There was magic in this painted valley. Perhaps it was the passionate hurry of the stream; the hot brush of the autumn sun on her cheek when she ventured from the shade, or the clear, exhilarating air. She couldn't name it, only feel it and thrill to it.

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Tomorrow: Another letter from home.

# REPUBLICANS TO HAVE COMPLETE REIGN OVER STATE CONTROL BOARD

SALEM, Nov. 10.—(AP)—The Republican sweep of the senatorial and gubernatorial races in Tuesday's election probably will give the Republicans all the places on the three-member state board of control, which oversees all state institutions.

Secretary of State Earl Smeal will name a member because of his overwhelming victory yesterday.

Charles A. Sprague, as governor, will be another Republican member, succeeding Gov. Charles H. Martin, Democrat, who retires from political life in January.

State Treasurer Rufus C. Holman, the third member, will resign when he becomes senator. If he resigns before taking his senatorial path January 1, Governor Martin will name his successor. If he quits after Sprague becomes governor on January 9, Sprague will name the new treasurer.

Because of Martin's close friendship with Sprague, it was considered likely that he would appoint whomever Sprague wanted.

Many state employees breathed more easily today, feeling that their jobs were safe because of Sprague's campaign promise that he would retain efficient state employees rather than dismiss the statehouses of Democrats.

Striped Pigskin in Use NOWATA, ORE.—(UP)—Grid fans are seeing something new in football here this fall. It's a striped pigskin. Authorities say that the stripes make the ball more readily visible under floodlights.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

**FOOTBALL DEADLOCK --**  
IN THE 1881 PRINCETON-YALE CLASSIC, PRINCETON HELD THE BALL ALL BUT 4 1/2 MINUTES OF THE FIRST HALF AND YALE HELD THE BALL THE ENTIRE SECOND HALF. NEITHER TEAM SCORED A POINT!

**ALLEN KNIGHT ADELE KNIGHT APLS KNIGHT ALENE KNIGHT ALLEN AND ALLEN KNIGHT--**  
A Carmel, Calif., FAMILY, ALL HAVE THE SAME INITIALS

**ALTHOUGH BLIND SINCE THE AGE OF 7, JAMES WILSON, Belfast, Ireland, EARNED A LIVING GUIDING STRANGERS THROUGH THE STREETS! --18th century--**

**THE GNU**  
South African animal, HAS THE BODY AND LEGS OF AN ANTELOPE; THE HEAD OF AN OX; THE TAIL OF A HORSE; LOOKS LIKE A BUFFALO; IS OFTEN CALLED THE WILDEBEEST-- BUT ACTUALLY IS AN ANTELOPE!

**The Gnu**  
This may be new to you, or maybe you know it: The strange South African gnu first cousin to the hartebeest and often called the wildebeest, is actually an antelope. With curved horns, its head resembles that of an ox; its body and legs are those of an antelope; its tail is that of a horse; at a distance it resembles a buffalo.

In the old days there were plenty of gnus in South Africa, but today the true or white-tailed gnu is almost extinct.

**Princeton-Yale Game**  
Strange as it seems, in the 1881 Princeton-Yale football game, the former team held the ball for all but 4 1/2 minutes of the first half, and the latter retained possession through the entire second period.

Such an occurrence could not happen today, but under the 1881 rules the ball was held by the team in possession until lost by a fumble. If the score ended a tie, two extra periods of 15 minutes each were played.

Thus, Princeton and Yale battled on an extra half-hour, and by nightfall neither team had scored a point.

**Blind Street Guide**  
At the age of seven years, James Wilson, born in Richmond, Va., 1779, and early removed to Ireland, was gored by a cow and blinded for life. James soon learned to memorize the city of Belfast by touch and sound and earned a living as a street guide and by delivering important letters.

Tomorrow: Was the "Lost Battalion" really lost?

**Canada Is Elected In Douglas Deluge**  
ROSEBURG, Ore., Nov. 10.—(AP)—J. Ross Hutchinson was the only Democrat who survived the avalanche of Republican votes in Douglas county. Hutchinson defeated R. O. Thomas, Republican, by 72 votes in the office of county commissioner, according to Tuesday's election.

Morris Bowker was elected county judge over Huron Clough.

Glenn N. Riddle was reelected state representative together with H. A. Canaday, who was selected by the central committee as nominee when Bernard A. Young resigned shortly before the general election.

**Cardinal Arrested By Austrian Nazis**  
VATICAN CITY, Nov. 10.—(AP)—Theodore Cardinal Innitzer, archbishop of Vienna, was described today in the text of an unofficial broadcast from the Vatican radio station as being in "protective custody" of Vienna Nazis, with his palace surrounded by guards.

The anonymous broadcast, in English, told of a secret interview with the cardinal which a Vatican news agency said was obtained by two American priests. The broadcast was made last night and the text was made public by the Vatican radio station today.

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# TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Clue!

ACCORDING TO THE LEGEND, CAPTAIN BARRACUDA'S PLAN WENT ASTRAY WHEN HIS TWO CAPTIVES MANAGED TO ESCAPE THEIR DRUNKEN GUARDS AND FLED FROM SKELETON KEY IN A SMALL BOAT.

HURRY, BERNICE! RATHER WE DIE IN THE OPEN SEA THAN AT THE HANDS OF THOSE PIRATES!

INFURIATED, CAPTAIN BARRACUDA ACCUSED HIS LIEUTENANT OF AIDING THE ESCAPE OF THE PRISONERS. A BATTLE ENSUED IN WHICH ALL OF THE DRUNKEN PIRATES PARTICIPATED. THEY EXTERMINATED EACH OTHER TO THE LAST MAN. EVEN CAPTAIN BARRACUDA, HIMSELF.

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Wilfred Falls for It!

SO YOUR DAD KNOWS WHAT'S IN OUR PILLS, EH, WILFRED?

YOU'RE DARN-SHOUTIN' HE DOES!

AND THAT'S WHY HE'S JUST ABOUT GIVING AWAY YOUR PRESENT STOCK OF EGGS AND CHICKENS, I SUPPOSE?

YOU'RE DARN-SHOUTIN' IT IS!

POP'S REALLY GOIN' AFTER YOU THIS TIME—YOU AND THAT RED-HEADED SMART GUY WITH YOU MAY BE OUT O' BUSINESS IN LESS'N A MONTH—

OH, WILFRED, STOP! YOU'LL MAKE ME BUST OUT CRYING!

HUH?!!

# THE NEBBS—Watch Your Step

HERE WE HAVE ROY MATS APPLYING FOR A JOB AS BELLBOY AT NEBB'S HOTEL -- HE IS AS FAITHFUL AS A TRAITOR AND AS HONEST AS A HOLD-UP MAN

MR NEBB, I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU COULD USE A BELL-BOY? I NEED WORK--THERE'S MY REFERENCES

YES, I COULD USE AN EXTRA BOY--THESE REFERENCES READ FINE

WELL THERE ISN'T MUCH OTHER THAN BE WILLING TO COME DOWN ROUTE AND HONEST--I HAVE ALL THOSE QUALIFICATIONS--I WISH YOU'D GIVE ME A CHANCE TO PROVE IT

HOW DID YOU EVER HAPPEN TO COME DOWN HERE FOR A JOB. HOW DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THIS PLACE?

MR NEBB YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW WELL YOU AND THIS PLACE ARE KNOWN--I HEARD A COUPLE DISCUSSING YOUR PLACE TELLING ABOUT THE HOMEY ATMOSPHERE THE WONDERFUL MEALS AND THE MARVELOUS HEALTH WATER--SO I THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO BE OF SUCH AN INSTITUTION

YOU GO TO THE BELL CAPTAIN AND TELL HIM TO ASSIGN YOU YOUR QUARTERS AND GIVE YOU A UNIFORM

# WALKING WITH FATHER

STARTS OUT FOR WALK WITH FATHER

LOOKS BACK, SEES FATHER HAS STOPPED HALF A BLOCK BEHIND TO TALK TO A NEIGHBOR

WAITS FOR A WHILE AND THEN GOES BACK TO PRY HIM LOOSE

GETS HIM STARTED ONWARD AGAIN

A FEW MINUTES LATER DISCOVERS FATHER HAS STOPPED TO EXAMINE NEW CAR PARKED IN STREET

CALLS TO HIM, WAITS UNTIL HE STARTS, AND THEN WALKS ALONG SLOWLY WAITING FOR HIM TO CATCH UP

LOOKS BACK TO SEE WHY HE DOESN'T CATCH UP AND DISCOVERS HE HAS STOPPED TO PET A NEIGHBOR'S DOG

DECIDES FATHERS CAN'T BE TRUSTED TO TAKE A WALK PROPERLY, GRABS HIS HAND AND LEADS HIM ALONG FIRMLY

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# S MATTER POP

OH-H-H, HUM

LA-LA-LA-

AWK

SKTBOOCH! SKTBOOCH!

SMATTER WITH POP?

HE THROU' OLD TIMES IN THE WASTE BASKET AN WALKED THE PAPER'S MISTAKE!

# By HAL FORRES

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HERB