

# DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

## The Characters

**Kathleen Gregory:** red-haired member of the Gregory clan, goes West inconspicuously to get a right-of-way for the Golden Girl mine from MacDonald.

**Donald MacDonald:** young owner of The Stubborn Boy mine, hates the Gregorys as much as they hate him.

**Bridget:** Kathleen's companion. Yesterday Kathleen realizes that if the mine closes the Gregory miners will be jobless. She must get the right-of-way if she has to marry MacDonald to do it.

## Chapter 17

### 'Come Home'

"I SHOULD be getting you back," MacDonald said.

"But... but aren't you going on to Carsted?" said Kathleen.

"We're not even in the direction of Carsted. I kidnapped you. You thought you needed a change."

Kathleen's lips curled into a smile they hadn't achieved since childhood; sheer sweetness that brought MacDonald up, then checked him abruptly.

He had done this for her, she thought. He had cared enough to notice she was over-tired, worried, exhausted by the nervous strain.

"Bridget and I framed you last night," he explained.

Kathleen's lips tightened at the corner. The valley was too hot, the stream was noisy, and that man was a bore.

"She slipped over, said you weren't resting because you were afraid you might be needed during the day as well as the night. You worked right into my hands."

Kathleen looked at him without any emotion visible. "It's been delightful," she managed, lightly. "Quite like Bridget."

"She's the grandest girl I've ever met," declared MacDonald, heartily, reaching a hand to her. Kathleen ur a boulder, only to find she had sprung up unassisted.

"She certainly is," agreed Kathleen.

"One thing we agree upon. Ready?"

Kathleen was ready for several things, she mentioned only one. "If you don't mind, I'll take the rear seat again, I'm still tired, and I won't be home in time for my usual rest."

The return trip was made swiftly and in silence. Kathleen rolled and bounced on the rear seat as she silently addressed herself to the denizens of the lower world. Sleep, on this seat with MacDonald driving the car like a cow pony on an upgrade!

For the sake of appearances she moved to the front seat before they entered Neutrality. MacDonald was instantly solicitous. Had she been able to rest at all?

"Haven't told you a word about what I thought of your stopping in and taking care of the Gregory people," he said. "Guess I've been thinking of other things. But it was mighty fine of you."

"Anyone would have done the same," demurred Kathleen.

"And I suppose anyone would have confronted Kit Smyth the way you did last night, wouldn't they?"

Kathleen laughed. "I don't know why that man arouses my ire. I suppose it's because he's so complacent; so sure of himself even when he's wrong. I'd have gone to the Gregorys," she added. "I'd have told them a few things about him. I don't know why they keep such a man."

"He's one of the finest mining engineers in the country," defended MacDonald. "He couldn't be replaced. Perhaps he's like the Gregorys, he has gold instead of warm, blood running through his veins."

Kathleen's lips closed tightly. Something warmer than gold had been coursing through her veins that day. It angered her to think of it.

Kathleen made a round of the patients before going to her room. There had been times when she had looked upon them as so many odd lengths of flesh to be bathed and stuffed into fresh jackets a dozen times a night, to be held on one arm, while with the other she held a glass tube between parched lips.

### 'An Investigation'

THERE were two by whose bedside she had hovered, listening to their heavy breathing, hoping for a break in their rasping struggle for life. Both had passed the crisis the previous night and now as she stopped beside them she felt that some part of her own self had gone into them, uniting her with them for all time.

The feeling must have been mutual. The nurse on duty called her aside. "They seem to think they belong to you," the young woman said. "They'll do anything I want them to do if I say it is for you."

Grandmother Barkus, who had brought a great bowl of broth to the house, waited on the veranda for a moment with Kathleen. Her black eyes were shining with tears, one old hand mottled brown like a leaf, lay on Kathleen's arm.

"Aye Lassie, we're your people now. There's hope in our hearts. We're fey, we Scotch, and the older we grow the clearer the vision. Old Angus has stirred in his grave and it's you he's using to repair the wrongs about his son has done us. Bless you, child."

She gave Kathleen a queer, knowing smile and went briskly down the steps, the long flaps of her queer cap bobbing behind her. "My people," she whispered and went back into the house, up the stairs to the room once occupied by Old Angus.

From this upper room she could look down on the Gregory cota. And from this vantage point they looked picturesque, but now her vision had an x-ray quality and she could see the squalor below the patched roofs.

"Somewhat I have to take care of them," she thought. "Somehow oh I wish I were a man, not just a silly, vapid flapper."

"Miss Cleo," Laura MacBride who was sharing her bed, now that she was on the road to recovery, called to her. "There's a letter with just all kinds of stamps on it. Miss Cleo, kin I have the stamps when you get over them?"

Kathleen picked up the letter with no misgivings but after she'd read her orders, she felt the world give way about her, much as it had in the canyon a few hours before.

Again she read the letter from her father.

Come on home. We've found an out. Your letter telling us what MacDonald had said about priority gave our legal staff an idea and he started an investigation.

Some fellow named Balmly Campbell has proof that one or the other, Angus or Old Mac, died a half hour before the other. We have reasons to believe it was my father. We intend to sweat it out of the old codger—and if we make the grade we're going to close the MacDonald mine as close as they would have closed ours!

Kathleen stood irresolute. There was more to the letter, she skimmed through this, but always came back to the line—"your letter."

### Confused

SHE would be responsible for anything that would happen to Neutrality. The MacDonald mine closed would mean the fate of the MacDonald miners would be that which she had feared for her own.

And one The Golden Girl had gained what it wanted, would the owners be any less ruthless in their administration?

Yet could she be untrue to her clan?

Suddenly she wanted to see Old Balmly. She glanced at her watch. He'd be coming in from his shift in half an hour. She'd be there to meet him.

Kathleen hurried down the hill, unable to explain her haste. Feeling rather confused. She must think of an excuse to give Balmly for this call! The old man had such a disconcerting way of looking through one's evasions.

The shepherd dog met her and wagged her in the little terrace. She patted him absent-mindedly and perched on the edge of a chair. She could not understand her revolt against her clan. Hadn't she come West intending to force the right-of-way, regardless of methods? Hadn't she that very morning wanted only the means of saving The Golden Girl for the Gregory miners?

"But not that way," she protested.

And Angus Gregory had said "return immediately." To return meant soft warm beds and scented baths; food prepared and served; rest without the demanding voice of patients; Dan, to drive her swiftly, to stores where she could spend money recklessly.

Kathleen stirred restlessly and looked about her. The sun was nearly level with the horizon; it threw the landscape into sharply contrasting colors, then pooled them in a golden haze. She felt she had been drawn into this pool had become saturated with the fascination of this golden world.

"I'm free, white and twenty-two," she thought, rebelliously, "don't have to leave."

She relaxed and Old Balmly coming in from his shift found her there, eyes closed. She opened them when she heard his footsteps crunching across the last leaves of the apple tree.

"I was tired," she apologized. "It is so peaceful here."

"Any time we wish to stop a bit do. My doors are never locked. There's fuel at hand and tea in the caddy."

He accepted her presence without an excuse. Before she realized what she was doing she had fed the Bantams, closed them in for the night, brought a hat full of tiny eggs to the kitchen; had spread the table, ladled porridge into bowls and was seated across from her host the kerosene lamp pushed to one side.

She told of her quarrel with Kit Smyth and her hatred for the man. Balmly interrupted. "Each mor to his calling, lass. A fine super-intendent you'd be fine in his hands the muckers are safe as mor can be underground." But his eye twinkled for he had heard of the quarrel.

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Tomorrow, Kathleen tries to cheat the Gregorys.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



11-11-38

**Lost Battalion**  
Contrary to the popular legend that has sprung up regarding the famous "Lost Battalion" of Major Charles W. Whittlesey, crack dough-boys outfit of the A. E. F. it was never lost—and in fact was not a battalion!

Sheltered by hastily dug pits, the men were prey to snipers, machine-gunning and trench mortars, as well as a blistering artillery barrage.

Yet, strange as it seems, the "battalion" was never lost, although practically every line of communication had been severed. Major Whittlesey released several pigeons, including the famous Cher Ami, which conveyed his exact position to the Allied forces. Isolated for four days and five nights, and for 36 hours without food, Whittlesey's men were not rescued until 7:00 p. m. on October 7.

They consisted not of a single battalion, but of a mixed battalion of the 77th New York division, mostly men of the 308th Infantry, but comprised of men from four battalions and seven companies.

The name "Lost Battalion" was given Whittlesey's men by Harold D. Jacobs, United Press cable editor in the United States on rewriting a dispatch from Fred Ferguson, U. P. man stationed with the A. E. F.

**Britain Planning Vast Plane Force**  
LONDON, Nov. 11.—(AP)—Air Secretary Sir Kingsley Wood forecast today a 40 per cent boost in expenditures for aviation next year in Britain's speed-up of air rearmament.

Sir Kingsley told the house of commons air estimates would rise from 120,000,000 pounds to 200,000,000 pounds (\$600,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000).

He said between 3,000 and 6,000 fast fighting planes, designed to combat invading bombers, either had been ordered already or would be ordered.

**Eugene Attorney Seeks New Trial**  
EUGENE, Nov. 11.—(AP)—William W. Harcombe, Eugene attorney, was convicted of uttering a forged check endorsement here late Wednesday afternoon by a circuit court jury. Sentence was postponed in the case this morning by Circuit Judge G. F. Skipworth when Harcombe's attorney filed a motion for a new trial.

**Lion Cub's Days Numbered as Pet**  
PORTLAND, Nov. 11.—(AP)—Harriette Jonie Hammond has a pet for the next month, but that will be about all.

Recalling the gift of a fawn to a small girl who asked for it, little Harriette demanded of Commissioner J. E. Bennett a zitty.

She got one—a lion cub. Zoo attendants said the cub would become too big for the girl to handle in about a month.

**Tailspin Tommy—The Pirate History Continues!**



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Idea Coming?



THE NEBBS—Gaining Ground

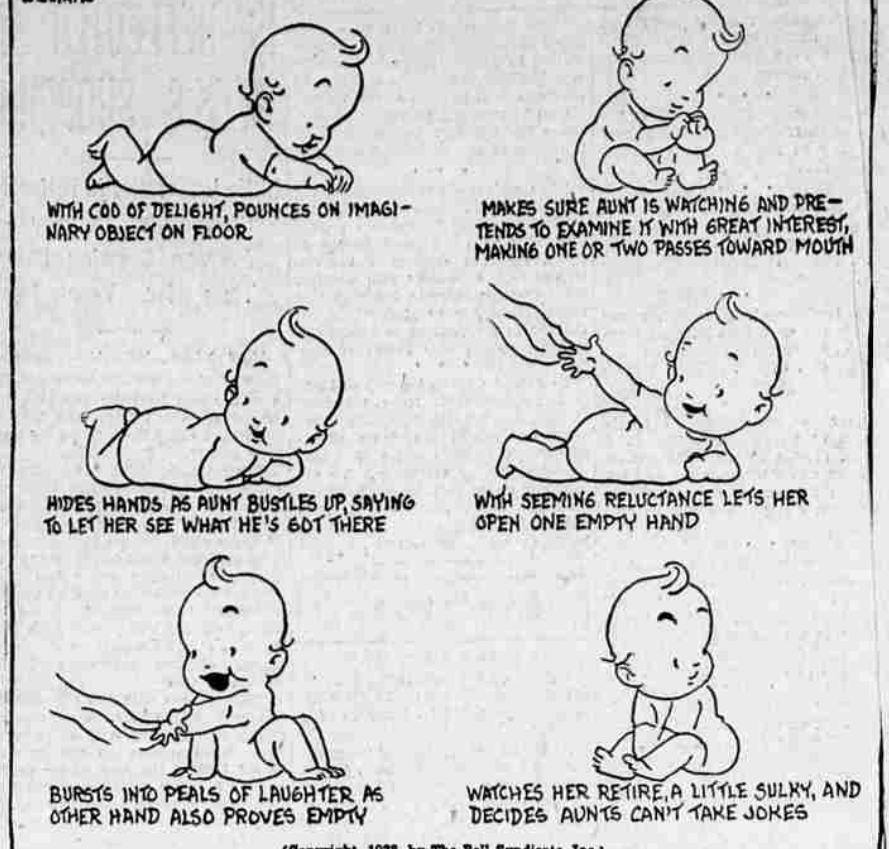


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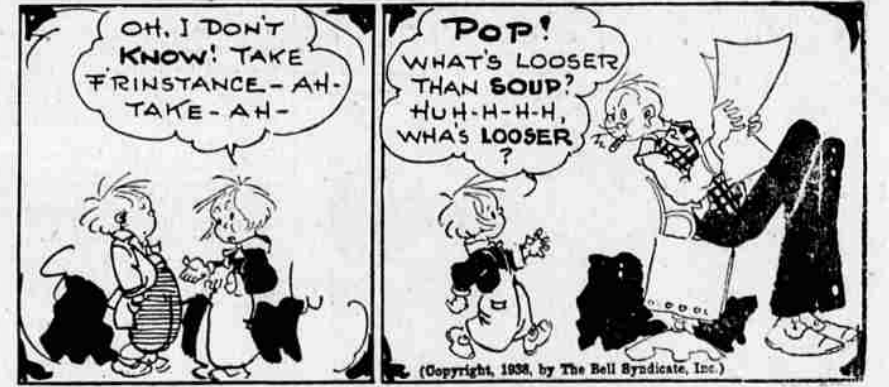
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

11-10



S MATTER POT By O M PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By BOB HESS



# Suicide Mouse Is Found in Drawer

PENDLETON, Ore., Nov. 11.—(AP)—The first reported case of a "mouse suicide" in this part of the state occurred this week.

Baxter Hutchinson of Hermiston found a rotund dead in a drawer, a string twisted around its body in several half hitches causing strangulation.

# Measures Effective After Proclamation

SALEM, Nov. 11.—(AP)—All measures approved by Oregon voters Tuesday will become effective upon proclamation by the governor.

Election officials said the proclamation probably would not be issued for three or four weeks, depending upon the speed with which county election returns are reported to the state department for checking.

# Snow Is Handicap For Elk Hunters

PENDLETON, Ore., Nov. 11.—(AP)—Snow continued to pile up in the Blue mountains, handicapping elk hunters and sheep men. The storm caught several bands of sheep before they could be driven to lower levels and waters were forced to haul hay to their mountain bands.

Elk hunters were having difficulty in getting out carcasses, only a dozen being checked in by this morning although many more were known to have been killed, forest service officials reported.

# GAYLAMEY, Wash., Nov. 11.—(AP)—A woman's jury here yesterday recommended Clarence Kimball, 72, who allegedly fired a shot which fatally injured Alvin Anderson, 46, Deep River rancher Sunday, be tried on manslaughter charges. Gunner Mitchell Donnut announced today,