

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

The Characters
 Kathleen Gregory: red-haired member of the Gregory clan goes West incognito 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's father orders her home. The Gregorys are going to sweat proof of their prior claim from Balmly, then close down the MacDonald mine.

Chapter 18

'Not-So-Devoted Daughter'

THE table cleared, dishes washed, they sat before the big stove, Kathleen leading gently to the purpose of her visit.

"The day we visited The Stubborn Boy, Young Donald told us he'd never give right-of-way to the Golden Girl. He seemed to want it closed down."

Balmly puffed on his clay pipe. "Thinks he does," he agreed.

"He said the Gregorys couldn't force the issue because they could not prove priority of filing on the original claim Balmly," she leaned forward, "suppose someone had proof that the Gregorys had filed first. If their vein traversed near the MacDonald mine, they could force the MacDonalds to close down, couldn't they?"

"Aye," conceded Balmly, "providing they found the proof."

"But suppose they knew it existed and could force the person holding it to release it, what then?"

Balmly took his pipe from his mouth. "What are you trying to tell me, lass?"

"... well nothing, but—"

"Would you like to see Donald's mine closed down?"

"I wouldn't give a continental damn what happened to that stuffed shirt," she flared. "But the miners. They'd be out. And," she concluded, lamely, "Mrs. Arthur loves her jar closet so."

Balmly's white head went back and his strong laugh rang out, then quieting he chuckled. "We'll have to see Jane keeps her jar closet."

"How?" demanded Kathleen. She waited now, eagerly. Balmly was holding his pipe, ready to speak.

"Pray," answered the old man, "Kathleen sank back into her chair. Jane Arthur was right. Balmly was 'fear teched in the head.' He'd pray for the return of Old Angus when he knew he had been dead for fifteen years.

"I see, lass. Balmly had relapsed into broad dialect, 'the man who has this proof will nae gie it up to be used as a weapon of hate.'"

"Not even to save the Gregory miners the loss of their jobs?"

Balmly sat silent a few moments, then he spoke. "Sometimes it's better they should be forced from their stubborn loyalty to a dying clan, now that their loyalty has turned bitter. I fear lass that loyalty is more hatred for the MacDonalds than love for the Gregorys."

"And aren't the MacDonalds as bitter towards the Gregorys?" she demanded.

"Nae, hope, health and contentment breed tolerance, just as squall or breeds envy. Whew," he broke off, "listen to that wind. Snow fall before long."

Hurrying back to the Gregory house, Kathleen looked at the sky. Wind swept, the dark blue arch sparkled with the stars that seemed so close in the thin mountain air. The mountains beyond the big house hunched black shoulders against the cutting breath of the north. Kathleen thought of the roof of the Gregory cots and shivered.

'A Crazy Idea'
 The patients were quiet that night, no restless tossing, no apologetic pleas for water.

Bravely they tried to smother rasping coughs that their "Miss Cleo" might snatch a few moments' rest.

But Kathleen couldn't rest. The mine nurse, settled by a lamp with a book in her hand, watched her. Once she checked her restless passing to feel her pulse and place an inquiring hand on her forehead.

"You'd better get up, child, or we'll have you for a patient and we need you as a nurse."

"I'll try as soon as I have another look at Laura."

The child seemed sleeping when Kathleen, candle shaded by her hand, tiptoed in. The covers were tumbled and one arm, a bony little arm, was thrown over her head. Kathleen tucked the arm under the covers.

Kathleen thought of that arm as she started down the upper hall. There was a light under Bridget's door. She knocked and entered. The Irish girl was sewing. "I'm making over that red flannel dress Laura will look adorable in red."

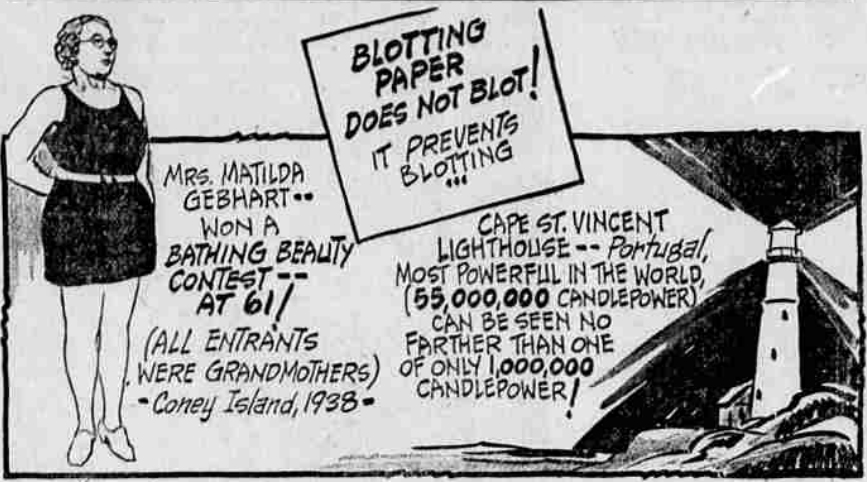
Kathleen reached on the arm of the chair. "Dad says I have to turn immediately," she announced. Bridget looked startled.

The entire story told, Kathleen concluded. "But I'm not going. I'm not going to leave here until Laura's bones are decently covered with flesh."

Tomorrow: The Gregorys arrive.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



MRS. MATILDA GEBHART WON A BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST AT 61! (ALL ENTRANTS WERE GRANDMOTHERS) - Coney Island, 1938 -

CAPE ST. VINCENT LIGHTHOUSE -- Portugal, MOST POWERFUL IN THE WORLD, (55,000,000 CANDLEPOWER) CAN BE SEEN NO FARTHER THAN ONE OF ONLY 1,000,000 CANDLEPOWER!

A HORSE RAN EIGHTH YET FINISHED IN THE MONEY! SHOW TICKETS WERE PAID OFF ON MARTIN BARTON BEFORE THE JUDGES LEARNED HE FINISHED 8TH!

(Arlington Park, Chicago, July 8, 1938)



Thanksgiving
 KATHLEEN did not go to the veranda to watch the sunrise the next morning. Instead, she went to bed to sleep soundly for many hours and then to dream of Donald MacDonald and a painted canyon, and of legal seals-coming up from the stream to run Donald and herself to the caving tops of Gregory cots.

The days went sliding along and the snow held as though awaiting its cue to fall. Kathleen and Bridget felt as though they were awaiting some cue. Their patients returned home, the nurses returned to the mine, and life fell into routine.

The miniature castles Kathleen had designed for the Gregory miners were discarded and in their place she sketched and planned practical cottages with tar closets and enough ground around each to grow vegetables for the jars.

There was also a community hall and in addition to the dance hall, which could be turned into an auditorium, and the billiard room the MacDonald hall boasted, there was a sewing room, nursery and kitchen.

Thanksgiving arrived and with it Mrs. Donald MacDonald. Sr. She had written the girls asking them to join the family for Thanksgiving and they had accepted with pleasure.

Mrs. MacDonald called immediately upon her arrival in Neutrality, and Kathleen, greeting the graciously silver-haired woman wondered how anyone as charming could have reared such an insolent son.

"Do you know," she confided to the girls, "I've lived in the other half of this house, and on for thirty years, but this is the first time I've ever been inside of this half. Donald's father was bitterly antagonistic towards the Gregorys. I thought the feud rather silly, but then I suppose one has to be born to a feud to feel its justification. I merely married into it."

Kathleen decided Donald took after his father.

It snowed Thanksgiving Eve and Kathleen awakened the next morning supremely lassy. For a little while she lay in the warm nest of nest bed watching flakes sift in through the open window. The Gregorys would be happy this day. Balmly had agreed to Kathleen's plan of slinging five dollars to the head of each family for their Thanksgiving dinner. The Gregory store had buzzed with business the previous night.

Kathleen spent long and anxious moments scanning her scanty wardrobe, then chose a brown panne velvet frock, its only ornament a lacy ecru jabot. She brushed her hair until it shone like polished metal.

Taking a final whirl before the mirror, at four-thirty that afternoon, she felt she hadn't looked as well since she left New York.

And then she saw Bridget a tall slender exquisite Bridget in black velvet, sophisticated, alluring.

Kathleen felt like a school girl.

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First Lady Urges Warfare on Fear
 ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 12.—(AP)—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt made an Armistice Day plea today to students of the New York State Teachers college to assume active responsibility in the world peace movement.

"We are letting ourselves be ridden by fears in this country," she said. "Fears of communism, fears of fascism. There is only one thing to fear in a democracy—that the people won't carry their own share of responsibility."

"When the people don't see that they elect representatives who will do their share, when they do not take active responsibility in their own government, then there is danger that democracy will not meet their needs and that people will turn to something else."

Southpaw Husker Wins Sweepstakes
 FORT DODGE, Ia., Nov. 12.—(AP)—Carl Seiler, southpaw corn husker from Onoda, Ill., won the "husking kings" sweepstakes here today against a field of former national husking champions. Seiler's net load was 2,449.85 pounds.

In second place was Walter Olson of Cambridge, Ill., whose net was 2,431.30 pounds.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Clue Is Promised

IF AN EFFORT TO ASCERTAIN THE HIDING PLACE OF THE AIR PIRATES, WHO LOOTED THE SEA WINDY, ABDUCTING ITS WEALTHY OWNER AND HIS DAUGHTER, TOMMY AND SKEETS PROCEEDED TO THE HOME OF AN OLD FRIEND, WHO IS WELL INFORMED ON THE HISTORY AND LORE OF THE ISLANDS WHICH DOT THE SEA OFF THE FLORIDA COAST. THEIR FRIEND HAS JUST TOLD THEM A YARN, DEALING WITH AN ANCIENT PIRATE.

NO TOMMY! NOT ONE OF THOSE PIRATES LIVED TO TELL THE LOCATION OF SKEETS' KEY! BUT THE ENGLISH GIRL CAPTIVE AND HER FATHER?

THAT IS HOW THE LEGEND BECAME KNOWN! THEY WERE PICKED UP FAR OUT AT SEA BY AN ENGLISH FRIGATE, BUT THEY COULD NOT REMEMBER WHERE THE ISLAND WAS.

THEN, SIR, I DON'T SEE HOW THIS LEGEND OF SKEETS' KEY PROVIDES US WITH ANY CLUE AS TO THE HIDEOUT OF THESE MODERN AERIAL PIRATES I HAD THOUGHT.

BUT IT DOES, TOMMY! DEFINITELY SO! WAIT UNTIL YOU'VE HEARD THE REST OF THE LEGEND OF SKEETS' KEY!

Ben Webster's Career—He's Off

I GOT IT! I GOT IT!

GOT WHAT, RUSTY?

YOU'RE FIGGERIN' ON NOT BEIN' ABLE TO SELL THOSE EGGS, AIN'T YOU? WELL, THEN, WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE 'EM AWAY, WON'T WE?

WE COULD PUT THEM IN STORAGE.

HAVE IT SAID THAT OUR WONDERFUL FRESH EGGS GO INTO STORAGE? AW, BEN!

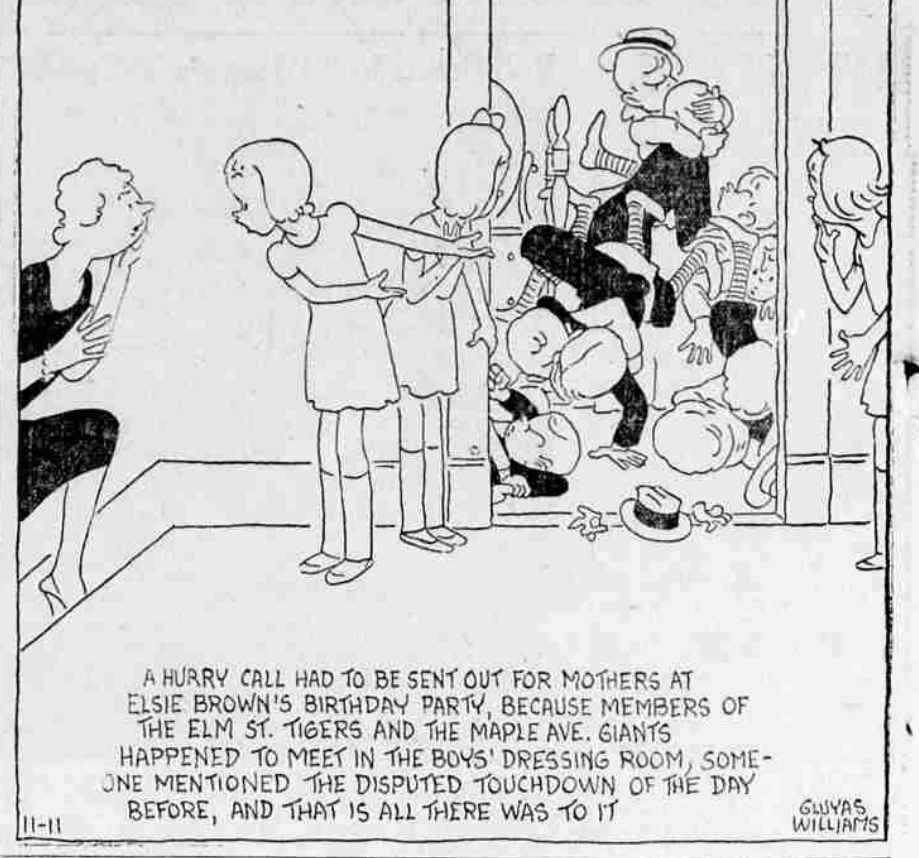
YOU'RE RIGHT, RUSTY!

WHERE YOU GOING?

WHOOHOO! I AIN'T TELLIN'! BUT I'LL COME BACK WITHOUT NO EGGS!

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

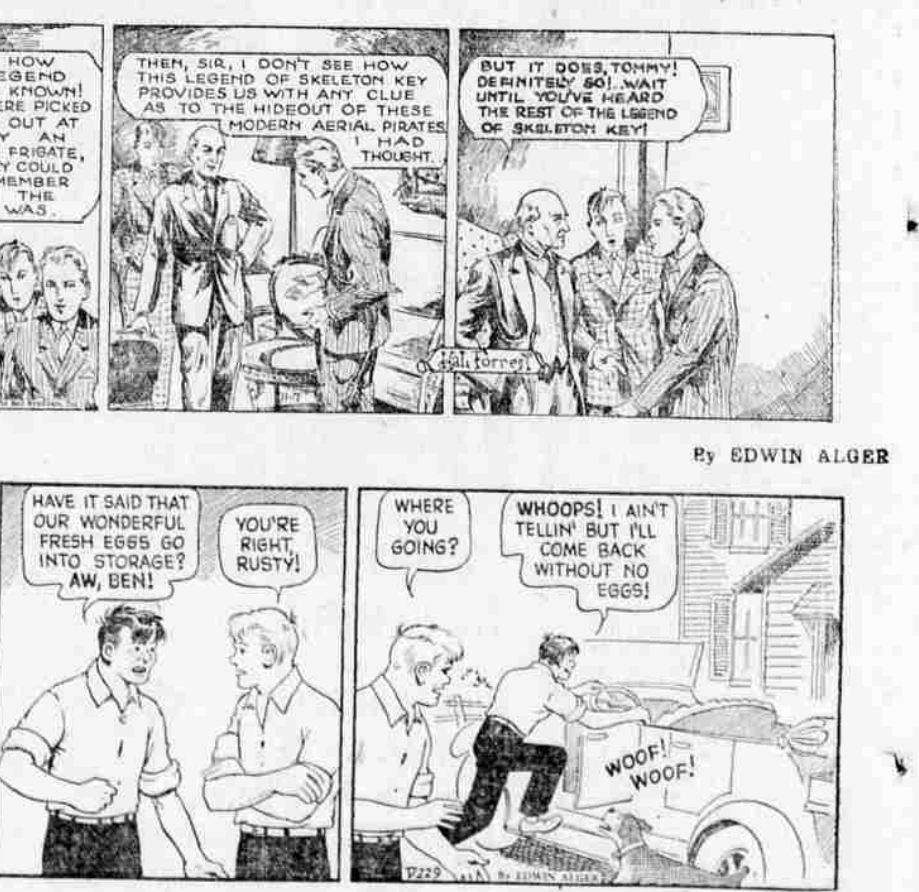
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



A HURRY CALL HAD TO BE SENT OUT FOR MOTHERS AT ELSIE BROWN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY, BECAUSE MEMBERS OF THE ELM ST. TIGERS AND THE MAPLE AVE. GIANTS HAPPENED TO MEET IN THE BOYS' DRESSING ROOM, SOMEONE MENTIONED THE DISPUTED TOUCHDOWN OF THE DAY BEFORE, AND THAT IS ALL THERE WAS TO IT



By HAL FORRESTER



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESB

DAYTON SCHOOLS REOPEN NOV. 21

DAYTON, O., Nov. 12.—(AP)—Dayton's 34,000 school children are to return to their classes Nov. 21 for the first time in three weeks.

Before a cheering crowd of citizens, the board of education voted last night to accept a plan to reopen the schools, closed since Oct. 28 because of a \$61,000 deficit, on a promise of availability of \$430,000.

The vote, in which only one advocate of a "pay-as-you-go" policy dissented, followed long debate over a plan prepared by a three-man committee headed by Probate Judge William C. Wiseman.

Judge Wiseman held advances

EAGLE POINT UNIT TO MEET NOVEMBER 29TH

EAGLE POINT, Nov. 12.—(AP)—Eagle Point district extension unit will meet Tuesday, November 29, at the home of Julia Lavin for the project "The Book Goes Out". The all-day meeting will be held on the above date instead of the regular meeting date. A nursery chairman will be provided at the Eagle Point school for mothers having small children.

Anyone interested in the work is invited to attend the meetings which are held once each month.

See Mail Tribune Want Ads