

# DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

**Characters**  
 Kathleen Gregory: youngest member of the Gregory family goes West incognito to vamp a right-of-way from MacDonald for the shaft of The Golden Girl mine.  
 Donald MacDonald: young owner of The Stubbhorn Boy mine hates the Gregorys as much as they hate him.  
 Bridget: Kathleen's companion.

Yesterday Kathleen writes her father she intends to finish the job without his interference. Donald's mother arrives.

## Chapter 19

### Angus and Beatrice

DONALD'S cousin, Norman MacDonald, had accompanied his aunt. He was a year or so older than Donald; with his looks and without his arbitrary manner, he fascinated both girls. But he concentrated on Bridget.

In fact both young men did, leaving Kathleen with Mrs. MacDonald, a slightly bewildered Kathleen, unaccustomed to being ignored in so pointed a fashion.

"I can't blame them," she thought. "She is lovely and as dear as she is lovely, only—" The wistful look in her dark eyes won the woman who was watching her. This wasn't the hot-headed young spit-fire her son had forewarned her to expect. That is what she thought then, she changed her mind soon after dinner was over.

Donald, going to the rear of the house for more logs, came in frowning. "Kit-Smyth's coming up the drive. Our drive if you please. Now what is he up to?"

Kathleen and Bridget exchanged glances of alarm which were promptly misinterpreted by the MacDonalds.

"You don't have to worry this time," Young Donald advised. "I'm going to handle that baby as he should be."

"Son," interposed his mother as he strode towards the door, "this is Thanksgiving and this is my home. I'll meet him."

At her bidding Kit-Smyth entered, a perturbed Kit-Smyth who twisted his hat in his hands. He wanted to see the young ladies. He wanted to talk to them alone. Well, all right then, he'd talk right here.

"Listen," he began, "you and your patients have got to get out of that house right now. I'll fix you up at the hotel free of charge, but get out quick. The Gregorys are in town and they intend moving in pronto."

"What Gregorys?" interposed Donald unbelievably.

"Young Angus and his... well I guess it's his sister; name's Gregory."

Kathleen swallowed. Her throat had become very dry. "Why can't they stay at the hotel?" she asked.

The sound emitted by Kit-Smyth resembled an explosion. "You should hear him!" he cried. "You should hear what he says about the place!"

Bridget's laugh rang out. "He owns it, doesn't he? Cheer up, Mr. Kit-Smyth, we'll move. And we'll have to send our patients to Carsted. Lucky they're all recuperating. You're in rather a tight spot aren't you?"

Kit-Smyth ran a finger around his collar. "Sure nice of you. I'll make up for the inconvenience, somehow. If you'll come over now and toss your things out the rear way, I'll have Joey-wide-eyes pick them up and carry them to the hotel."

"But that is foolish," interposed Mrs. MacDonald. "Norman, you and Donald can stay at our hotel and the girls can come in here with me. They'll be much more comfortable."

**'Internal Hole'**  
 IT was thus arranged and Kathleen, Bridget and Mrs. MacDonald went over to pack and move. They would carry things to the rear veranda and the boys would move them over to the MacDonald side.

For the next hour the Gregory house hummed with activity. Kit-Smyth would call for the visiting Gregorys the moment the house was clear. He had told them he was having it cleaned, aired and warmed.

The girls were making their last trip downstairs when footsteps sounded on the front veranda. The door was swung wide and in stalked Angus Gregory. Beatrice in his wake.

"Of all the infernal holes," he was orating. "To think it bears the name of Gregory. I'll fire that man! I could run a better hostelry with one finger."

Behind him came Beatrice Gregory, stopping to stomp out a cigarette.

Kathleen looked down at Bridget. Angus Gregory's former secretary was trapped on the lower stairway. Beyond her was Mrs. MacDonald, her face alight with interest.

Her ruse succeeded for only a moment. Angus looked at his daughter, then Bridget moved and he looked at her. The massive Gregory hands were behind the Gregory back. The Gregory feet rocked in their shoes; then, properly warmed up, the Gregory voice bellowed. "What in... what are you doing here?"

Kit-Smyth, who had heard the Gregorys arrive, rushed in just in time to hear the question.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Gregory," he hastened to explain, "these young ladies are the two I had brought up from the village to prepare the house for you."

Just a couple of working girls trying to get along," affirmed Kathleen, striving to check the tirade she felt Angus was about to turn on Bridget.

Angus Gregory looked at his daughter, sputtered, then turned his wrath to a safer subject. "That infernal hole!" he began. "Only one bathroom in the whole place. No heat in the rooms. Not a thing fit for a man to eat in that hole they call a grill room—"

"So you can't take it?" queried Kathleen, and looked Angus as Bridget slipped past her and out of the door.

Beatrice Gregory, who had been lighting one of her chain of cigarettes, found her voice. "Take it!" she snapped. "Young lady, someone should have told you when you were small and used a hair brush."

Kathleen smiled at her aunt. "You should know," she observed lightly. "If good little girls stay small from pain on the head I know what made you so tall." She escaped from the room.

Mrs. MacDonald, who had remained in the shadows hurried after Kathleen, convulsed with laughter. Reaching her own living room she said to her son, "Donald, this child doesn't need anyone to defend her. She's completely capable of handling her own battles."

Donald looked at Kathleen with a teasing, admiring glance. "I was afraid of that," he admitted.

Kathleen's mood of the afternoon changed in the twinkling of his eyes. She was gay, audacious, seeking some outlet for the sudden joyous excitement which possessed her.

**A Fairy Circle**  
 SHE found a baby-grand piano in a far corner of the room and made it ring with popular selections. She sang her accompaniments in a low, throaty, chuckling voice and flirted with Norman so outrageously that Donald deserted Bridget to join her.

And then they sang together sang to each other while the others left for the hotel and Kathleen, a rhythm Kathleen didn't hear because she felt for the moment that the two, she and Donald, were alone in a fairy circle.

The midnight chimes of the clock stopped them. The two young men left for the hotel and Kathleen, in the room assigned her, contrarily threw herself onto the bed and burst into tears, muffling the sobs with her pillow.

She had been ashamed of her people. And she loved them so. Mrs. MacDonald wouldn't know that Angus wasn't really gruff and unjust; that he was only worried, terribly worried and thoughtful.

And Mrs. MacDonald couldn't know that Aunt Beatrice would not have been rude to a stranger; particularly a maid; that when Aunt Beatrice rubbed against her niece there were always sparks flying.

"But why," she moaned, "does Bee always have to look like a coal burner on the upgrade?"

Kathleen quieted in fear. She hoped her father would keep an eye on those cigarettes. At home the servants were trained to follow their trail, retrieving lit cigarettes and putting out fires in smoldering upholstery.

She sat up, dried her eyes and felt better. Some good might come out of this trip. At least Angus could see she hadn't exaggerated her letters. He would unquestionably build a new hotel. And just let Beatrice get one good look at the inside of the coat and there would be new ones. After all they were Gregorys.

She wondered if the conquests she had made before coming to Neutrality had been won by the glamour of The Golden Girl background rather than by her own individuality.

"I've had to work to make Donald notice me. Bridget just sits and acts her age and he hangs around her like a love-sick pup. What has she got that I haven't?"

Donald had bid Bridget a lingering good night. He had merely given Kathleen a smart salute.

"And I can't fight Bridget," she mourned. On next thought she felt it might not be necessary. Angus might win the reforms. He wanted from Old Balm and her work would be over; at least he need of winning Young Donald.

She went to sleep with an ache in her heart and a heretofore unknown sense of personal defeat.

A wakening, she knew she must find some way to see her father alone and without the MacDonalds, or even the Gregorys knowing.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**INDEPENDENCE HALL -- Philadelphia, WAS THE BIRTHPLACE OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA! THE CZECHOSLOVAK DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS SIGNED THERE OCT. 26, 1918**

**BIRTH OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA**  
 Czecho-Slovakia, strange as it seems, was not created by the Treaty of Versailles, but became a republic by virtue of a declaration of independence signed eight months earlier in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on October 26, 1918.

While the treaty of Versailles, signed June 28, 1919, changed the nationality of 30,000,000 people, Czecho-Slovakia had then already enjoyed eight months of national freedom.

First step toward Czecho-Slovakia's liberation was the official declaration

in December, 1917, of Czecho-Slovak army units composed of Bohemian and Moravian soldiers. While these fought with France, Patriot Thomas Masaryk traveled to the United States and secured the backing of American statesmen in drafting a suitable Declaration of Independence for his country-to-be.

The Declaration was first proclaimed to the world from Washington, D. C., on October 14, 1918, and was approved by the Czecho-Slovak national council in Prague. Masaryk then took the document to Philadelphia, in Independence Hall, seat-

# DENY PWA PLEAS WESTERN STATES

**SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 14.—(AP)**—Eleven western states comprising the Works Progress Administration's region 5 are seeking increased quotas, but WPA, cutting its rolls over the nation, will be forced to refuse the requests.

Wm. Brummett, assistant field representative for the region, said there has been a partial curtailment of the number of men on the rolls all over the country. The curtailment is based principally on persons going into private industry who have not been replaced on the rolls.

"All states in this region have asked for—and could use—increased quotas, but we have only so much money to spend which makes it impossible to grant the requests."

**"Blue Chips" of Ivory**  
**SAN FRANCISCO, (UP)**—The California Historical society has placed on exhibition solid ivory poker chips that represented \$1,000 each, used at the time when bonanza kings of California played for such amounts.

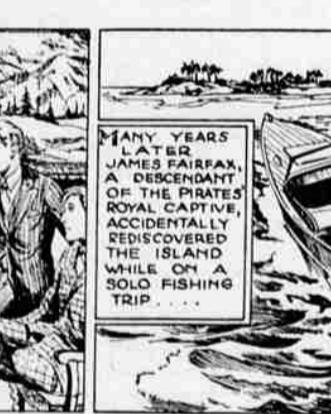
**Medical Marvel Dead**  
**LONDON, (UP)**—A man who amazed the medical world by marrying for the second time at the age of 70 and then having five children has died at Fareham, Hampshire, at the age of 90.



# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Egg for Egg"!



# THE NEBBS—Good-Bye, Blue Bird



# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Egg for Egg"!



# THE NEBBS—Good-Bye, Blue Bird

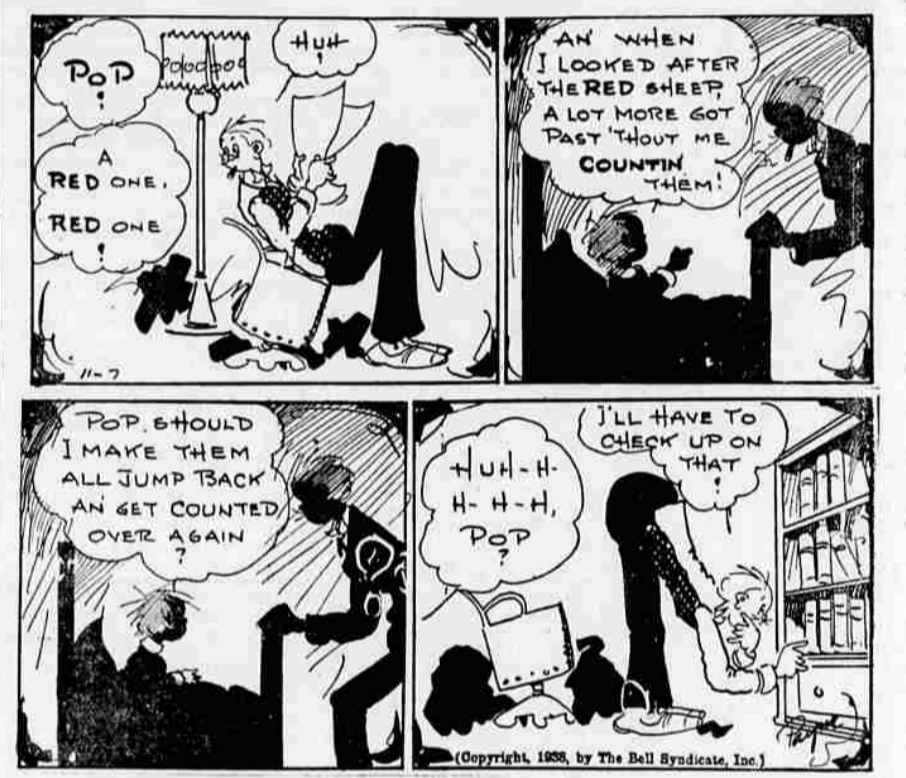


# MIDDLEMAN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



# S'MATTER POT



# YOUTHS CONFESS WAVE OF CRIMES

**SALEM, Nov. 14.—(AP)**—Arrest of three Independence youths Saturday led to solution of a series of burglaries, holdups and car thefts committed in Marion, Polk and Benton counties in the past 60 days. Sergeant Farley Hogan, of the Oregon state police, said today.

The arrested trio, who Hogan said all trade full confessions, were James Larsen, 21; Clarence Larsen, 18, and James McKinley, 19.

Hogan said they admitted committing nine burglaries, three service station entries, four hold-ups and four car thefts.

All three will be charged at Dallas

**Stands For First Time**  
**LORAIN, O. (UP)**—Ten-year-old Ellis Vasa, crippled since birth, recently stood on his feet for the first time in his life. Ellis underwent two operations this year and spent three months in a cast from his chest to his toes.

**Plane Plants Boom**  
**PASADENA, Cal. (UP)**—Los Angeles county's youngest industry, that of airplane manufacturing, is getting out of the infant rick. Three major concerns in one month received new contracts for \$22,000,000 worth of planes.

By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS