

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

The Characters
 Kathleen Gregory: goes West incognito to secure a right-of-way for the Gregory mine shaft from MacDonald.
 Donald MacDonald: hates the Gregory.
 Bridget: Kathleen's companion.

Yesterday Angus and Beatrice Gregory arrive, and the girls move over to the MacDonald side of the house. Kathleen's heart aches at the attention Donald gives Bridget.

Chapter 20 Stalemate

THE days passed and Kathleen watched her father from the windows of the lodge, unable to signal him without attracting Mrs. MacDonald's attention, and held back from revealing her identity by some unanalyzed fear.

Saturday afternoon she was startled to see Kit-Smyth drive up, deposit Old Balm, and this during his shift hours, then drive away again.

Anxiously she waited. Balm was there only a short time, then away he went towards the mines, plodding through the snow with a determined step. A few moments later Angus Gregory catapulted after him. They met on the trail, and against the white background the black of Angus Gregory's figure was eloquent of anger. His arms shot out and up and all but came down on the motionless figure of Old Balm. And then the Gregory hands were clasped behind the Gregory back and Angus stalked home.

"And that seems to be that," murmured Angus Gregory's daughter. "Balm won't give in. She sighed half in relief, half in worry."

She would see the old man the next afternoon. Bridget and she were scheduled to have tea with him as usual. In the meantime there was to be a dance at The MacDonald Hotel.

Mayne had seen to it that they would attend.

Donald and Norman offered to act as further escorts and Mrs. MacDonald smilingly told them she felt sure they would need a chaperone.

Mayne arrived early, saw the simple street frocks and exclaimed: "Oh you ain't dressed yet."

She revealed she was properly frocked in rose colored satin.

The girls exchanged glances and hurried upstairs. They had brought formal for such an emergency. Kathleen dressed with a sense of triumph. For once she could appear before Donald MacDonald as herself. With the cloudy weather the freckles were disappearing, her hair was growing long, a damp comb and Bridget's deft fingers had laid a smooth wave in the burnished depths.

Mrs. MacDonald, looking up as Kathleen entered, caught her breath and discreetly lowered her eyes. That simple gown of gold cloth might deceive the eyes of a man as to its cost, but not those of a woman who knew and purchased nothing but exclusive models.

She glanced at her son. He was staring at Kathleen as though he'd never really seen her before. "I'm a romantic old fool," thought his mother.

Kathleen was also watching Mrs. MacDonald's son, and what she saw pleased her. He strode towards her both arms outstretched, caught her hands in his and smiled down at her. "Faith, we fair blind my eyes," he said softly.

But Donald claimed the first dance with Bridget. Mayne's "boy friend" took Kathleen for the second. Norman having taken the first and looked over her shoulder to where Donald's head was lowered to Bridget's.

Ruined Evening

EVENTUALLY she found herself in Donald's arms—strong, sure arms that guided her deftly about the crowded floor. For a little while she could forget his being a MacDonald, give herself up to the sensuous music, the exquisite rapture of melody and rhythm.

"I've always considered the phrase, 'you dance divinely,' a cliché invented for gigolos," murmured Young MacDonald.

Kathleen leaned back to look up into the dark blue disturbing eyes. "And now?" she asked expectantly.

MacDonald looked away abruptly. "And now, since dancing with Bridget, I know it's been underestimated."

"It does make a difference with whom one's dancing, doesn't it?" she queried sweetly and came down on his foot with a vicious stomp. Her spik heel.

The evening was ruined for both of them. Donald nursed a bruised instep and Kathleen a bruise she couldn't locate. It wasn't pride it went deeper than that.

That night, the formal gown, a discarded mass left on the floor, she crept into bed determined to return to New York with her father. She hoped he'd gain the necessary proof of claim, priority from Balm, and close down those damned MacDonalds' source of income.

And then she hoped they wouldn't have to close down and that she could stay and help Bridget win MacDonald. It would be like pressing on an ulcerated tooth, a form of self-martyrdom but then she felt like a martyr.

Bridget watched her anxiously the next morning. She was marching about the house, her hands clasped behind her. The Irish girl was relieved they were going to Balm's, the old fellow had a soothing effect upon this red head.

Balm's table was set for five when the girls entered shaking the snow from their shoulders. The other two guests entered immediately after, Angus and Beatrice Gregory.

Balm watched for a moment. "We've met before," Angus told him. "Kit-Smyth had the young ladies prepare the house for us the day they came. They did an excellent job."

Talk was general until after tea was over, then Mr. Gregory cleared his throat and said: "About those letters my father wrote you. You don't mind me looking at them?"

Beatrice explained to the girls. "My father and Mr. Campbell were boyhood friends. They corresponded after my father came to this country. I dare say the letters Mr. Campbell has kept are most interesting. They would reveal the early life here."

Kathleen's eyes widened. So her grandfather had written of the strike, the filing of the claim, and probably of the feud. Those old letters, bearing the stamp of the pony express, would be documentary proof.

She looked at Balm anxiously. "I have willed the letters and trophies to your daughter, Master Gregory. At my death they go to her before. But if you wish to hear—"

"I want to see," intercepted Angus gruffly.

"A look at the cots is what you should take, sir," countered Balm, and somehow the talk was skillfully turned to needed repairs.

"How About Murder?"

SOON after dusk the four guests found themselves on the trail towards the Gregory house.

"The most ungrateful, stubborn man I ever encountered," Gregory snapped, his anger at Bridget forgotten in his anger at Old Balm.

"I explained what those letters would mean to us and do you know what he told me?"

"He didn't wait for an answer. He told me he was afraid to give them to me. He said he'd be putting a weapon in hands of hatred and disaster would follow. He said—"

"Can't you have him subpoenaed into court?" inquired Bridget.

"Bah!" snorted Angus. "His word without the letters would mean nothing. And I'm afraid if I start anything he'll destroy them."

"Kathleen," he wheeled on his daughter, "you say you love these Gregory miners. All right, prove it. Think he knows who you are. It's up to you to get them away from him; steal them if necessary. They're going to be yours."

Kathleen stopped, snow whirling about her, face white in the dusk. "Is there anything else you would have me do for that damned right-of-way?" she inquired. "How about murder, that's something you left out."

"Do you realize you are talking to your father, young woman?" demanded Beatrice.

Kathleen realized it and the realization made her feel ill.

Angus turned to her. "Daughter, you don't understand. You can't understand how much depends upon this. It isn't just us, just the Gregorys and the Gregory miners, but our stockholders, everything!"

Kathleen waited a moment. "And if I should be able to obtain those letters for you what would you do about the MacDonalds?"

"Hah!" breathed Angus. "I'd show them what happened to MacDonald's mine. I'd show them that Gregory I'd close them down so tight they'd never be able to open again."

They walked on, and as they neared the Gregory house, Kathleen stopped them. "I'll bargain," she conceded. "You give me a statement that will hold in court, that you will not interfere with the MacDonald mine, and that you will give the Gregory miners decent houses and I'll try to get the letters for you. I think I could do it under those circumstances."

"You're crazy!" Gregory breathed heavily. "I might concede the housing, though I don't know how Production costs are sky high and the value of gold is down, but give in to those damned stiff necks who have fought me for the last six years? Never!"

"Cheerio," said Kathleen. "I'm seeing you, but not with the letters in my hands."

She turned towards the MacDonald house. Donald MacDonald the shoulders of his coat, white with snow, arose as she entered. She quivered under the burning contempt in his eyes, went hastily to her room.

He had just come in, had he overheard? Why else would he look at her in that way?

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Tomorrow: Beatrice oversteps.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



DR. EPHRAIM MCDOWELL—
 ORIGINATOR OF A
 MODERN SURGICAL TECHNIQUE,
 PERFORMED THE FIRST SUCH
 OPERATION WITH A MOB
 WAITING TO LYNCH HIM
 IF HE FAILED!
 (Danville, Ky., 1809)



A SINGLE STRAWBERRY—
 WEIGHING 1 3/4 OUNCES
 AND 7 1/2 INCHES
 IN CIRCUMFERENCE,
 WAS FOUND BY
 DAN CHRISTOPHER,
 WATERLOO, N.Y.



ANSWER
 TO YESTERDAY'S
 PUZZLE:
 TAKING 2 LETTERS
 FROM FIVE
 TO LEAVE FOUR-
 FIVE

BOBBY HITT—II,
 TOSSED 12
 CONSECUTIVE
 DOUBLE RINGERS...
 -Jackson, Mich., 1933-

11-15-38
 Backwoods Doctor
 Immortal in Medicine's hall of fame is Ephraim McDowell, a doctor of Kentucky's hills who in 1809 made surgical history by successfully performing the first abdominal operation using a technique still employed.

Danville. He daily studied his medical books and rehearsed over and over again the smallest details of the operation he planned.

Called one day to examine a patient 80 miles from Danville, McDowell found her suffering from a tumor. This meant certain death—unless he could operate, a practice never before used.

Nickerson Ratified As Labor Secretary
 PORTLAND, Nov. 15.—(AP)—D. E. Nickerson, president of the State Federation of Labor, was formally ratified by the executive board of an executive secretary succeeding the late Ben Osborne and relinquished the presidency. He will serve at least until November 1, 1939.

BOIVIN SPENT \$4.50 IN HOUSE CAIGN
 SALEM, Nov. 15. (AP)—It cost Harry D. Boivin, Klamath Falls Democrat and speaker of the house of representatives in 1937, only \$4.50 to be selected to the legislature.

Portland. He daily studied his medical books and rehearsed over and over again the smallest details of the operation he planned.

Assisted by his nephew, Dr. James McDowell, the doctor strapped his patient to the table and administered a few opium pills. Mrs. Crawford sang hymns as the two doctors worked.

On the state's legal staff in the arson case against Al Rosser, gave \$73 to the fund to support the initiative to regulate picketing and boycotting.

Portland, Nov. 15.—(AP)—A. W. Muehlow, Portland, hopes the thugs who robbed him of \$100 in cash Saturday night, read the Bible they also stole, repent and give him back their boodle. He told police two unarmed men accosted him, took the money and a Bible he was carrying.

WOUNDED HERO

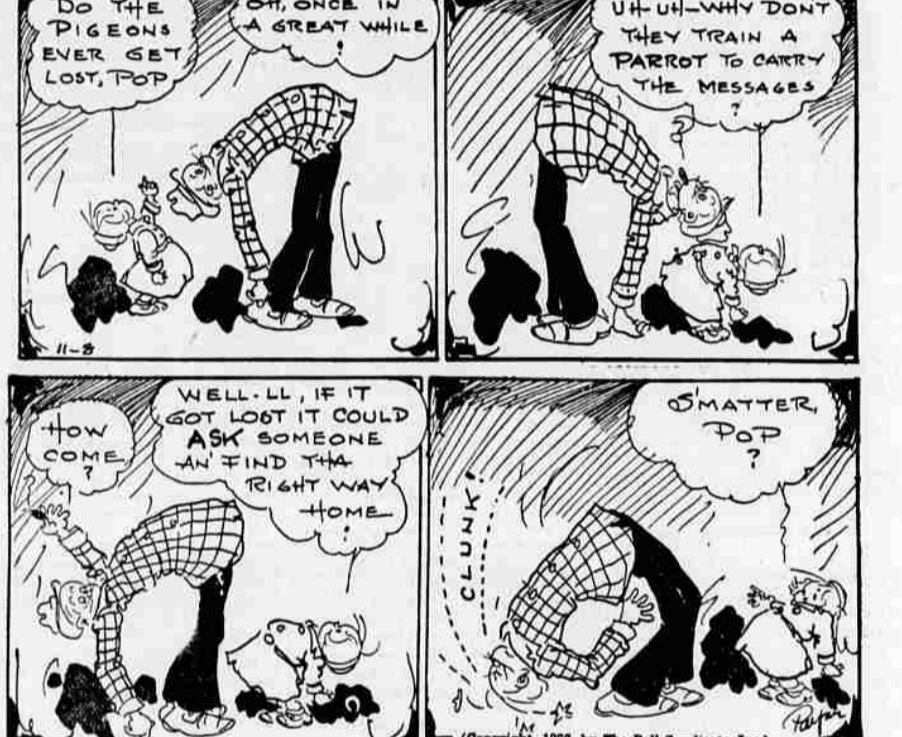
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S MATTER POP!

By C. M. PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Startling Summation!

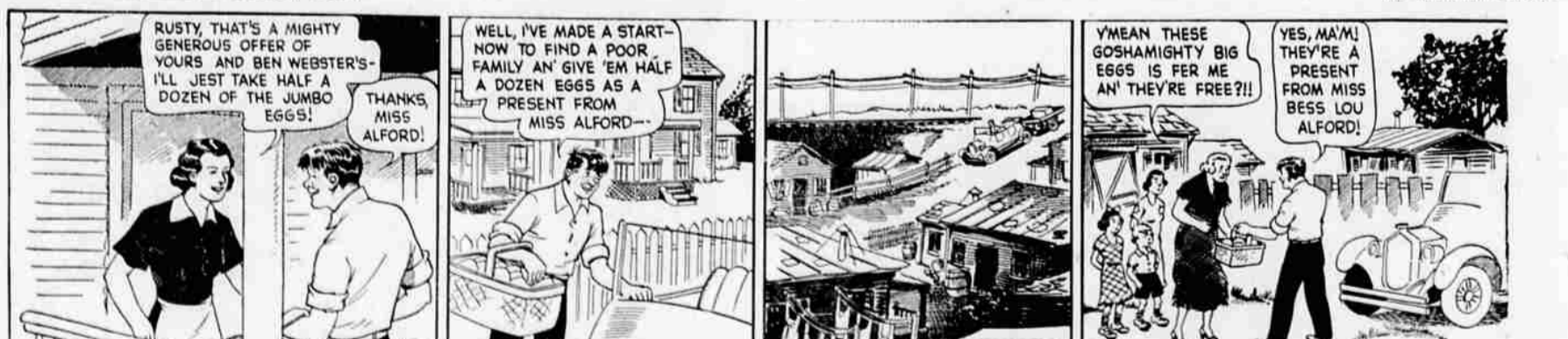
By HAL FORREST



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Absolutely Free!

By EDWIN ALGER



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THE NEBBS—Competition

By SOL HESB



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U. S. KEEPING EYE ON NAZI TACTICS

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—(AP)—Secretary of the State Hull said today this government was observing with keen interest Germany's latest maneuvers against the Jews.

He said, however, he had nothing concrete in mind with regard to that situation.

He avoided an answer to a question as his press conference as to whether any step involving moral sanction was contemplated by this government.

Hull also said he had no official information on reports Ambassador Hugh R. Wilson in Berlin had pro-

tested alleged damage to properties of American Jews.

He said his discussion with Hans Dieckhoff, the German ambassador, Saturday had been on a purely minor matter.

All Men Elect
 SALEM, Ore., Nov. 15.—(AP)—The advertising division of the Northwest Newspaper Publishers association re-elected G. A. Crain, president and chose Vancouver, B. C., for the next semi-annual meeting. Crain is advertising director for the Vancouver Sun. Morris Inven, Tacoma News-Tribune, was chosen vice-president.

Nazis Bar Folk Song
 BERLIN, Nov. 15.—(AP)—Germany's best known folk song, Lohengrin, has been banned by the Nazi educational department because the words were written by a Jew, Heinrich Heine. The department classified seven others as "songs to do without." (Continued on page 7.)

"I Raise Mine Eyes Unto the Stars"