

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 Gregorys.
 Bridget: Kathleen's companion.

Yesterday, Kathleen's father asks her to get the papers proving priority of claim from Balmly. In a violent quarrel Kathleen refuses.

Chapter 21 Up In Flames

DOWNSTAIRS Donald MacDonald paced the floor and came to a stop before his mother to utter a few words, then paco on.

"I didn't eavesdrop," he protested. "I only heard a few words, just enough to know that there is a letter which will prove priority of claim of the Gregorys; that she, as I've suspected at times, and forced myself to deny at others, is the Golden Girl; and that her father has ordered her to get that document away from the old man. She will be crazy about her."

Mrs. MacDonald shook her head. "And because he is, as you call it, crazy about her, he'll never give it to her. You know Balmly as well as I do. Balmly's love for all mankind is greater than his love and loyalty to the Golden Girl. That very loyalty would prevent him from putting a weapon into her hands. You know his beliefs. He'd feel he was harming her."

"But imagine rotters who'd play the game that way; who'd take a family enough to want to wreck them—"

"Son," interposed his mother. "Your father would have hated Angus Gregory enough to do the same thing. You know I adore Donald's memory. I'd be the last one to stain it before his son, but truth is truth. And you haven't exactly loved them yourself, my boy."

"Loved them?" exclaimed Donald. "I hate them. I detest every hair in that girl's head; understand, detest it and her every thing she stands for. I want her out from under this roof tomorrow morning."

"I think you'd better go to the hotel and stay there until I send for you," Mrs. MacDonald arose a regal little figure, her face frozen into unrelenting lines. "This is my house until you marry, and I'll have no hatred despoiling it."

"I'm sorry, mother," he stood before her, contrite for the harm he had done her. "But I... oh—"

"I know, dear," Her hand stroked the head, bowed to her shoulder. "I know so much more than even you know—about yourself."

When Kathleen came down in the morning her eyes were still slightly swollen, and her manner apologetic. Bridget was manifestly worried. She had tried to reason with her before she had left her the previous night.

"I know your father better than you do," she had insisted. "He was just talking. That's the best thing he does. He's baffled. He's found something he can't buy and he's trying to bluster his way on for a few days. I feel we've moved upon you long enough. We'll move down to the hotel today."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," retorted Mrs. MacDonald.

"Neutral Ground"

"BUT... you don't understand," Kathleen protested miserably. "We... yesterday they talked of the feud and the right-of-way and well we've seen a lot of the Gregory people, the miners, more than we have of the MacDonalds and... my sympathy is with them. I can't break bread with you under the circumstances."

Mrs. MacDonald laughed gaily. "Well bless your heart, now you have to stay. I've no sympathy with this feud. This is my house, though the mine is in my son's control. Won't you consider this neutral ground? As far as the Gregorys are concerned, they and their sympathizers, wouldn't care if you were the Golden Girl herself. Personally, I've admired her. I've heard of her. It's always seemed a pity to me that such a spirited girl couldn't find some fine outlet for her talents."

Kathleen found herself in the woman's arms. "I could almost like Donald for being your son," she whispered, and was surprised at the laugh this evoked.

Joey-wide-eyes, perched on the rear barrier fence, whistled a queer flute-like tune. Entranced the girls looked out to see him frantically beckoning.

"The Angus gentleman desires parley with person in owner of car," he shrilled.

Bridget sighed. "That means me," she sat and dinned wraps. She returned an hour later to find Kathleen alone.

"He wants to drive to the mine," Bridget explained briefly, then

launched into the real mission. "And more than anything he wanted to have me assure you he hadn't meant what he said last night. He'll bargain with Balmly as you would have bargained."

Kathleen relaxed for the first time. "Oh, I'm glad. Belief in the integrity of your family means so much, Bridget."

She remained at the window, laughed heartily at her father trying to control the old car as it bucked down the hill with clanking chains, and then she stiffened.

The moment the car was out of sight, Beatrice Gregory had appeared. For a moment she scanned the MacDonald lodge, then as though assured no one was watching, set off across the drifts towards the mine trail.

Beatrice Gregory had questioned Old Balmly about that back route to his cot, Kathleen remembered.

Kathleen wasted a few moments arguing with herself, berating herself for her suspicions. But couldn't that have been her father's reason for reassuring her? Hadn't he been trying to throw her off guard?

She thrust her arms into a white ski coat she had made from a Hopi blanket, pulled a white stocking cap over her curls, donned goggles, and set forth in the wake of her aunt. It was easy enough to follow her tracks. They led, as Kathleen had suspected, to the summer mine trail, then back towards Balmly's cot.

Kathleen came quietly up on the terrace and peered in through a window. Beatrice sat before the table, a sheaf of letters spread before her; a stack of envelopes to one side; the right side. Her face was obscured by the blue smoke of her cigarette.

"You Can't Do This"

Slipped around the house to the front door. Beatrice couldn't do this. She found she wasn't fighting for Old Balmly; she wasn't trying to protect the MacDonalds, she was trying to protect her belief in the integrity of her own people.

Opening the door she stepped in. Beatrice was no longer smoking both hands were occupied with opening another envelope.

"Aren't you proud of yourself," observed Kathleen.

Beatrice Gregory started, then laughed. "We should have employed you as a detective instead of a vampire; we'd have had better results." She went on reading.

"Aunt Bee, you can't do this. I shan't let you."

"Do what?" groaned the woman. "Didn't my own father write these letters? Haven't I the right to read them?"

"Not without Balmly's permission, but is that all you intend doing?"

"Oh, stop your unmitigated moralizing. You weren't too noble to use your own method of gaining the right-of-way. All I'm trying to do is learn if the information these contain is worth the price your father is paying for them."

"Paying?" echoed Kathleen. "You mean Balmly will sell them?"

"Don't be a bigger fool than necessary. I'm speaking of the replacement of cots. Ah," she exclaimed in triumph, "the letter is dated June 17. That means the next will have the story of the strike and filing—"

It was then she screamed.

Kathleen saw a tiny spiral of smoke burst in a rosy flame. The next moment the flame had leapt at the old, tinder dry letters, lifted them into a whirling blaze, ran in stream down the table cover to the fringe. The top of the round table was an inferno, and in the center lay Balmly's Bible, an ancient web-leaf book given him by his mother and prized above all possessions.

The whole scene had changed in a second. Kathleen rushed forward and slapped at the flames with the bare hands, crushed the palm of them down over the cloth, pressed the fragment left over the book, then smothered the book to her.

The rear door had opened. Old Balmly, breathing heavily, had entered. He looked at Kathleen but spoke to Beatrice. "I trust ye are satisfied, Miss Gregory. Ye've made the decision for us."

Kathleen stared at the table. The letters were filmy cinders. Proof of the claim's priority had been destroyed for all time.

Gently, Balmly took the book from Kathleen and she was aware of her hands. The palms were seared, quivering areas of agony. And she was aware of her position. It was as compromising as that of Beatrice's. She'd never before realized how much this queer old fellow's regard meant to her.

She could explain. But then again she couldn't. Beatrice was her aunt; a Gregory. She met his questioning eyes and her own filmed with tears of pain, were veiled with lashes, lest he read the answer.

"Splendid work, lass," he commented. "We must get you to the hospital. Angus Gregory is steaming up the hill."

With surprising agility he rushed back to stop Gregory, then rushed back to wrap the hands with soft linen and to help Kathleen and Beatrice into the car.

Monday: Christmas presents

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



"COFFEE DAN"—
 San Francisco Restaurateur
 SERVED OVER 1,000,000
 ORDERS OF HAM AND EGGS
 IN 24 YEARS—(1909-33)
 YET NEVER ATE AN
 ORDER HIMSELF!

A STAMP ISSUE
 WAS PRINTED IN
 DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
 TO RAISE MONEY
 TO BURY
 CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
 -1899-

THREE O-O TIES
 IN 3 YEARS--
 WERE PLAYED BY
 BALTIMORE (Md.)
 POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE
 AND SOUTHERN
 HIGH SCHOOL...
 (1931-33)



A TWO-STORY HOUSE
 WAS ENTIRELY WRAPPED
 IN CELLOPHANE!
 (Strathmore-at-Manhasset, L.I., N.Y.)

Divided Kentucky
 Strange as it seems, Kentucky was represented in both Union and Confederate congresses during the Civil War—and furnished both presidents for the opposing sections.

Although that state wholeheartedly supported the federal government both in the War of 1812 and the Mexican war by supplying far more than her quota of soldiers, Kentucky officially refused to honor Lincoln's call for troops in the Civil war.

"Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister southern states," was Governor Magoffin's reply to Lincoln's plea. However, strange as it seems, Kentucky eventually furnished 80,000 troops for the Union armies—and also sent 40,000 men to the Confederate side.

At the outbreak of the war Kentucky had intended to remain neutral, but in September, 1861, after Confederate troops had begun to invade the state, Kentucky formally declared her allegiance to the Union for the next five months the southwest sector of the state was occupied by Kentucky men who had joined the Confederate army, passed an ordinance of secession, elected state officers, and sent commissioners to the Confederate congress, which body voted on December 9 to admit Kentucky into the Confederacy.

Thus Kentucky found itself represented in both the Union and Confederate congresses, with her own men fighting on both sides, under Abraham Lincoln—and a Kentucky-born Confederate president—Jefferson Davis!

Tomorrow: What country have its citizens 30 years ahead of time?

Brothers Crash Fatally
 BRISBANE, Australia.—(UP) When Edgar and George Hansen, brothers, riding motorcycles in opposite directions, averted to avoid hitting a horse they collided. It was only after recovering from the shock that they recognized each other. Edgar, 20, died of injuries.

Saves 4,000 Pennies
 ASHTABULA, O.—(UP) The Swedish Mission church collected 32 pounds of pennies from its congregation for its mission work. About 4,000 pennies comprised the 32 pounds of coins which the church members had saved in penny banks.

Worker Strong at 80
 RAVENNA, O. (UP)—An 80-year-old machinist and inventor, J. L. Heller, thinks he is too young to retire from his foundry job. He has been absent from work only once during his 18 years at the foundry, and refuses to permit younger men to assist him on different jobs.

Pushes Up Arrowheads
 BISMARCK, N. D. (UP)—Harry Lynn, state land department attorney, found a silver lining in drought. When drought retarded grass growth on old locations of prairie Indians, it speeded up his hobby of collecting arrowheads, and today he has more than 2,000 specimens.

The 1938 American soybean crop was the largest in history and put this country back into the world's export market for this product.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



THE FEUD BETWEEN THE WOMEN AND FRED PERLEY IS GOING STRONGER THAN EVER BECAUSE BEFORE GOING IN TO THEIR CURRENT EVENTS CLASS AT THE COMMUNITY CLUB, THEY LAID THEIR NEW FALL HATS AND COATS NEATLY ON CHAIRS IN THE HALL AND DISCOVERED LATER THAT FRED HAD COMMANDEERED THE CHAIRS FOR A COMMITTEE MEETING

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8 MATTER POT By O M PAYNE



By HAL FORREST

'Largest Man's' Plight Stirs 'Shortest Mayor' to Action

(By The AP Feature Service)

MENOMINIE, Mich.—Until science is able to control those pesky giants, there'll always be men like Cliff Thompson of Menominee, Wis.—8 feet 7 inches, 460 pounds—who find it difficult to live in a world built for men of ordinary chassis.

Cliff, who travels with circuses as "the world's tallest man," has trouble finding beds long enough, chairs big enough. His feet pop out below average length sheets, chairs crumple beneath him.

In Menominee, Mayor Michael C. Olsen has troubles too—but in reverse. Mayor Olsen is 4 feet 11 inches tall, claims to be the world's smallest mayor. His feet dangle from chairs; in the theater it's the front row or oblivion.

The two met here last spring and Mayor Olsen decided to help a giant in distress. Cliff had a bed nine and one-half feet long, the mayor learned, but no chair of proportionate size. So the mayor had a Menominee chair manufacturer put together something extra special.

The mayor gave Cliff the chair and a key to the city at the same time recently. Now the giant can sit down without fear of crashing through to the floor.

THE NEBBS—Poor, Trusting Steve



By SOL HESS

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