

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 has refused the right-of-way, hates the Gregorys.
Bridget: Kathleen's companion.
Yesterday, Donald discovers Kathleen's identity and is furious. Beatrice goes through the papers in Balmy's cottage and accidentally sets them on fire. Kathleen injures her hands putting out the blaze.

Chapter 22 Golden Cards

ENROUTE to the hospital, Kathleen's father questioned the pain and the cause of the injury. Kathleen remained silent, and Beatrice's face was flushed.
"Here I go to the mine for Balmy and find he's left shift for the first time in his life. I come after him and find you two at the house, one of you injured. Can't you tell me what happened?"

Kathleen's relief in knowing her father had not inspired Beatrice's trip, in fact had no knowledge of it, was so great that she sought to break the news to him.
"Bad news, Dad, there was an accident, a fire. I tried to put it out, that's how I was burned. The letters were burned."

Angus sank back into the seat, the car slithering to one side.
"What caused the fire?" he asked.
"I did," snapped Beatrice. "I don't give a hoot about the papers, it's Kathy's hands."
Kathleen glanced at the tears coursing down her aunt's cheeks. "Don't cry, Aunt Bee, I've nursed so many people in this town it's going to be fun to be nursed. Only now, it's more important than ever that I remain Cleo Riley."

"You mean you think you can still—"
Kathleen stifled the thought immediately. "No, darling, I can't vamp the gentleman. I can't steal his heart because he hasn't any, but I have another plan. Just give me time—"

"There isn't much more time, daughter, we're nearly through. The last of May sees us closing."

"Then until that time, Dad? And will you give me free rein?"

Angus Gregory sighed deeply. "There's nothing else I can do."
"And Dad," she pressed her advantage point, "you see how important it is to have the Gregory mine doctor made available to the people don't you? You'll be setting a precedent by taking Cleo Riley there."

"Yes," he agreed. "I'll fix that up... not too much pain?"
Kathleen grinned at him, a very watery grin. "I can take it with a grain like that in view."

Mayme brought the news to the MacDonalds' table. She served it with the fruit cocktail.
"She's in the hospital and the doctor says she has to stay."

Mrs. MacDonald glanced at her son as though to remind him that Cleo Riley was responding to his demand to remove himself from his home. "What happened, Mayme?" she asked.

"Put out a fire with her hands, in Balmy's house."
"But what was she doing in Balmy's house?"

"Your housekeeper told Jane Arthur, when she came to bring Miss Cleo some watermelon pickles, that she had seen that Gregory woman sneaking down to Balmy's by the back way and she guessed Miss Cleo saw her, too, 'cause Miss Cleo flew out of the house like fury at high tide, and took right after her."

"Strange," murmured Mrs. MacDonald.
"Hardly, in view of what we know is wanted," countered her son, bitterly.

Poor Spit-Fire
WHEN Mayme returned with the next course she had fresh news. "Mrs. Campbell heard Mrs. MacBride yelling to Grandpa Barkus that when Miss Cleo faints while they were dressing her hands, this Gregory woman threw a fit. She said it was all her fault."

"That settles it," announced Mrs. MacDonald. "We're going down to see that child—"
"Go down... on that mine property... are you out of your mind, mother?"

"And what's more," continued his mother, ignoring his question, "you are going with me. We'll make sure the Gregorys are at home, then—"

Kathleen floated in a nirvana, induced by a hypodermic. It was an extremely nice world. Nothing much mattered. Sometimes the nurses floated too, and the furniture.

And sometimes the world wasn't so nice. A nurse would appear and grip her wrists, another nurse would appear with a spray and there would be a few moments of excruciating pain.
"I'm sure the doctor won't mind. We won't stay but a moment."
That voice came during a period

of sheer happiness. A woman's voice; the woman who lived in the other half of the Gregory house; Mrs. MacDonald.
"But we're just going to—well, all right," said the nurse.
Kathleen giggled. Donald MacDonald was standing on his head and his eyes were as round as blue saucers.

Then came the grip of her wrists. Tears streamed from Kathleen's eyes; she gritted her teeth. The nurses floated out taking Mrs. MacDonald with them. Donald floated over to the bedside.

"Poor little spit-fire," he said. "A tough break."
"She didn't mean to," Kathleen hastened to tell him. She must make these MacDonalds know about the Gregorys. "She didn't understand the integrity of spirit and all... I didn't..." her voice faded.

The following afternoon the nurses walked and the furniture remained stationary. They were reducing the injection content. The pain was a steady pulsing reality, the wet puffs upon which her palms rested, felt like nettles.

"Ruth," Kathleen whispered to the nurse, "did the MacDonalds visit me, or was that part of my crazy dream?"
The nurse laughed. "They visited you and I thought Kit-Smyth was going to have apoplexy."

Kathleen closed her eyes. What had she said to Donald? Why couldn't she remember? Well, she'd soon learn from his attitude. And what had he said to her? Something, she couldn't remember the words but they were tender.

Balmy ended all conjecture over the case with a lucid explanation. "I'd invited both Miss Riley and Miss Gregory to visit my cot at any time, the door was always unlocked. Miss Riley, seeing the other lady going down, followed, hoping to interest her in the Gregory cot. Miss Gregory dropped a cigarette on some old papers, neither noticed anything until the flames were high, then Miss Riley beat them out with her hands. A brave lass."

The Human Element
KATHLEEN returned to the Gregory house a heroine, and guest of Miss Beatrice Gregory. The Gregorys were leaving the following day but that evening father and daughter had a satisfactory talk.

"It's a big responsibility to head a corporation like ours, my dear," he told her. "You can't run a mine with the cost of taking out ore, smelting and transportation more than the value received. Something like you come so involved in trying to find that line of balance in the market, you forget the human element involved. And when you see the end before you, and know that all of these people, not just the miners, are depending upon your wisdom for their livelihood, you... well, you're baffled. A mild word for your feelings. I'll admit I didn't know conditions here were as bad as they are. It's useless to correct that now. We'll just have to wait."

Kathleen nodded and felt the responsibility her father had carried had been transferred to her shoulders. She understood him better now. Just as she was slipping when most deeply hurt, he was gruff. Beatrice, like the porcupine Bridget had accused her of resembling, threw her quills at random in her moments of despair.

It wasn't quills she threw the next day. Kathleen had told them goodby, reluctantly and the moment the car was out of sight, saw little Laura MacBride rushing towards the big house, stumbling, falling into the snowdrifts, scrambling up and rushing on.

"Miss Cleo, Miss Cleo," she called, as she reached the veranda. "Looky, looky it happened just like in the fairy tale. She riz right up out of the mine."
The child waved an envelope before Kathleen's nose.

There was a Christmas card inside, a golden card with a slit and from this protruded a check. Unfolded it read: "To Thomas MacBride, one hundred dollars." The signature was Kathleen Gregory's and after the name, the stamp. The Golden Girl.

"And every man with a family got one and every man who doesn't rot a family, he got fifty dollars," cried the little girl, jumping up and down.

Bridget came in and nodded and when Laura had rushed homeward with the precious card, she explained. "Beatrice wired New York for the cards and checks. Your mother's secretary supplied your signature. Beatrice had the money needed to cover the checks placed in your account."

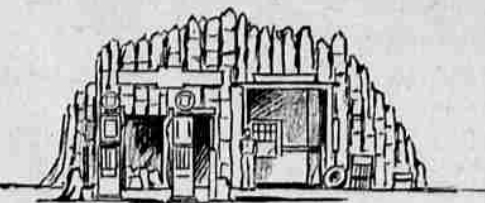
And down at the MacDonald Hotel, Mayme relayed the information to Donald MacDonald. "Sure is a joke on the folks that thought Miss Cleo was the Golden Girl," she exulted. "Lucy MacIntosh was on the porch and she looked in the window and she said Miss Cleo was more surprised than the Gregory folks who got the checks; besides, Miss Cleo could not have signed them if she wanted to; her with her poor blessed hands."

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Tomorrow: Present from Balmy.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



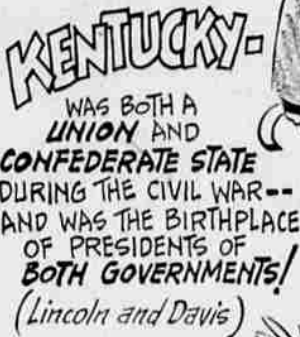
1,000,000-YEAR-OLD FILLING STATION-- BUILT OF PETRIIFIED WOOD (Lamar, Colo.)



KARL KRESS-- Orange, N.J., WAS GRANTED A LICENSE TO YODEL ONE HOUR EACH MORNING IN EAGLE PARK



MARY KROCK MARRIED BILLY TUBB! (Oakland, Calif.)



KENTUCKY-- WAS BOTH A UNION AND CONFEDERATE STATE DURING THE CIVIL WAR-- AND WAS THE BIRTHPLACE OF PRESIDENTS OF BOTH GOVERNMENTS! (Lincoln and Davis)

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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

conditions in the United States, combine to influence business and industry in Mexico, but unquestionably the national economy has felt the effects of Cardenas' program of change.
The high points of this program so far may be summarized as:
1—Collectivization of the cotton industry in the Laguna district and of the benevolent or steel hemp industry in Yucatan, which was given over to the workers.
2—Nationalization of the National

railways (June, 1937) and eventual turning over of the lines to be managed by the workers.
3—Construction of highways, railroads and irrigation projects under a public works program.
4—Promulgation of a tariff law providing increases as high as 300 per cent in order to reduce abnormally high foreign imports, as well as to retain gold support for the peso. (Jan. 18, 1938.)
5—Expropriation of British and American oil properties (March 18,

1938), which created an international furor.
Opponents of Cardenas argue that Mexico cannot go forward indefinitely without the aid of foreign capital and say that some day she must change these policies or reduce her standard of living.

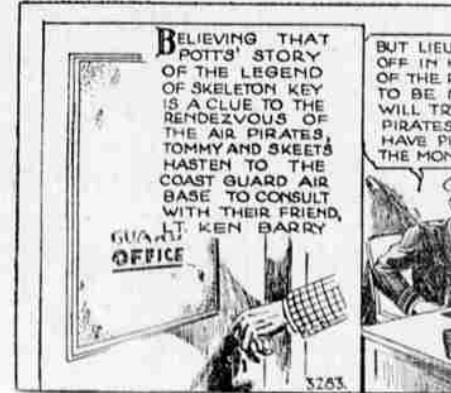
Dr. H. M. Jenkinson, University of Tennessee botanist, says the Great Smoky Mountains national park has twenty times as many different kinds of trees as are found in all Europe.

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 a Kentucky-born Union president—Abraham Lincoln—and a Kentucky-born Confederate president—Jefferson Davis!

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

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Commandant Is Dubious!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Trouble Ahead?



THE NEBBS—Good-Bye, Bluebird



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HERSH



"OPEN, SESAME!"

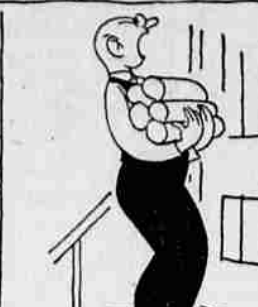
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



BRINGS ARMFUL OF WOOD UP FROM CELLAR, FINDS DOOR HAS SWUNG SHUT AND CALLS FOR SOMEONE TO COME OPEN IT FOR HIM



HEARS WIFE CALL UPSTAIRS SHE THOUGHT SHE HEARD DADDY CALLING, MILDRED ASSURING HER IT MUST HAVE BEEN A CAR HONKING



SHOUTS AGAIN, WHICH STARTS WIFE CALLING SHE KNOWS IT'S DADDY, AND MILDRED SHOUTING TO WILFRED TO SHUT OFF THE RADIO



Waits hopefully, arms getting very tired as footsteps hurry around, wife calling at last he isn't at the back door or the front



Puts all he's got into it as legs begin to slip, hears animated discussion at top voice on front stairs as to where he could be



Armful of logs topple, as family open cellar door with a bright "Oh, that's where you were!"

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3 MATTER POT

By C. M. PAYNE



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By HAL FORREST

CARDENAS WANTS A FREE MEXICO, WEALTHY OR POOR

Nation Suffering Severe Industrial, Business Pains As President Works to Revamp Natl. Economy

By William H. Lander United Press Staff Correspondent MEXICO CITY (UP)—Mexico is suffering severe business and industrial pains as President Lázaro Cardenas seeks to reconstruct the national economy.

The purpose of the president is simply stated: A free and rich Mexico, if possible, but if that is not possible, a free and poor Mexico. Foreign capital he considers dangerous. He wants none of it.
The factual picture of four years of Cardenas administration is not so simply stated. There has been a series of drastic changes in ownership and management of certain big industries. The strength of organized labor has increased steadily.
Foreign capital has ceased to come into Mexico; Mexico capital has fled abroad. Business of many foreign firms has diminished greatly or ceased. Government revenue has dropped. Imports have been drastically reduced. Prices have touched new highs.
The prosperity of 1934 has vanished into the deep depression of 1938. Many factors, including economic

trial pains as President Lázaro Cardenas seeks to reconstruct the national economy.
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