

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: After the accident, Kathleen's father gives her full rein. Then the Gregorys leave. All the miners receive checks for Christmas.

Chapter 23
Holiday Time

THE MacDonalds came in that evening. Kathleen sat quietly, wondering at the fresh pain throbbing in her hands. And on the opposite side of the room, Donald MacDonald sat, unconsciously staring at the bandaged hands, mute evidence of the girl's bravery, his face dark with rebellion.

"I'd wanted to take you home with me for the holidays," Mrs. MacDonald told the girls. "But the doctor says no. Well, the boys will return for Hugmenai."

"Hug me, what?" asked Bridget. "Oh, your Irish don't celebrate New Year's Eve as the Scotch do. I'd advise you to prepare for company immediately after the stroke of midnight. You'll want your first guest to be a man, and after that a man and a girl, one dark, one fair. Have fuel on your veranda for the first man to carry in and you'll have good luck the rest of the year."

"But suppose the first visitor is a girl?" queried Bridget. "Ask Mayme what happens. Poor child nearly stayed out all night last year. She lives in the last cottage down the hill, you know. She'd worked late at the hotel. One of the men drove her home, but he couldn't get near the cot so she sent him back and walked on. Her mother wouldn't let a girl be first to cross the threshold on the New Year. She had to come up and get Donald out of bed so he could carry the good luck into the house."

The MacDonalds left early, they were driving to Carsted at dawn and from there would entrain. Bridget escorted them to the porch while Kathleen sat fighting the tears of defeat. Donald hadn't even said goodby.

"I..." She looked up. He was standing in front of her, glowering down. "I just wanted to say I hope you'll have a merry Christmas." The words came out like the snap of a whip.

"The same to you and many of them," Kathleen snapped back. And where was Bridget? Did the crazy girl want to catch cold standing out there on the porch with that Donald? Mrs. MacDonald's voice had sounded from the street long ago.

Bridget came in, her eyes like the northern stars on a frosty night. Kathleen had to speak twice before she was heard, then Bridget was contrite.

"Donald says Norman is coming back to spend the rest of the winter with him," she purred. "That," flashed Kathleen, "is just ducky!"

Bridget's arms went around Kathleen. "Oh I'm selfish, dear, I keep forgetting what pain you are in. Come, let me undress you and tuck you in. Two little white tablets and a few hours of rest."

Kathleen rested her head on the supporting arm. She couldn't hate Bridget if she wanted to, and oh, how she wanted to.

The very thought of Christmas was heart-sickening to Kathleen. Why hadn't she made the excuse that she wanted to go to Chicago, then flown on to New York? But she couldn't travel. The day would be lonely, dreary.

It wasn't Bridget who was ready for the carol singers who gathered beneath the windows on Christmas Eve. They tramped into the house shaking powdery snow from their shoulders and tramped out again.

Shower Of Gifts
BLINDFOLDED, Kathleen was led to her room and there found a wide, deep studio couch, a gift from Miss Beatrice Gregory. She slept upon it that night, lay watching the north coal's flare and murmur and wondered what Christmas Eve would be like in Los Angeles. If Mrs. MacDonald and Norman would have a merry time Donald would have a crowd of those girls Mayme had mentioned making a fool of him.

Morning came and with it such a shower of gifts Kathleen was astounded. Donald MacDonald sent not one gift but a box of them; thoughtfully chosen gifts. Six of the latest novels and an adjustable stand to hold them and attached to this an automatic page turner.

Strangely precious to Kathleen was the personal gift, a pocket powder box bearing a card on which was written "To use next summer so I won't have to look at the freckles." Inside the box cover was inscribed, "To Spit-fire from the spinning salamite."

Surely there was nothing tender in the term "Spit-fire," yet it struck some dim, sympathetic chord of memory.

Tomorrow: Hours of torture.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

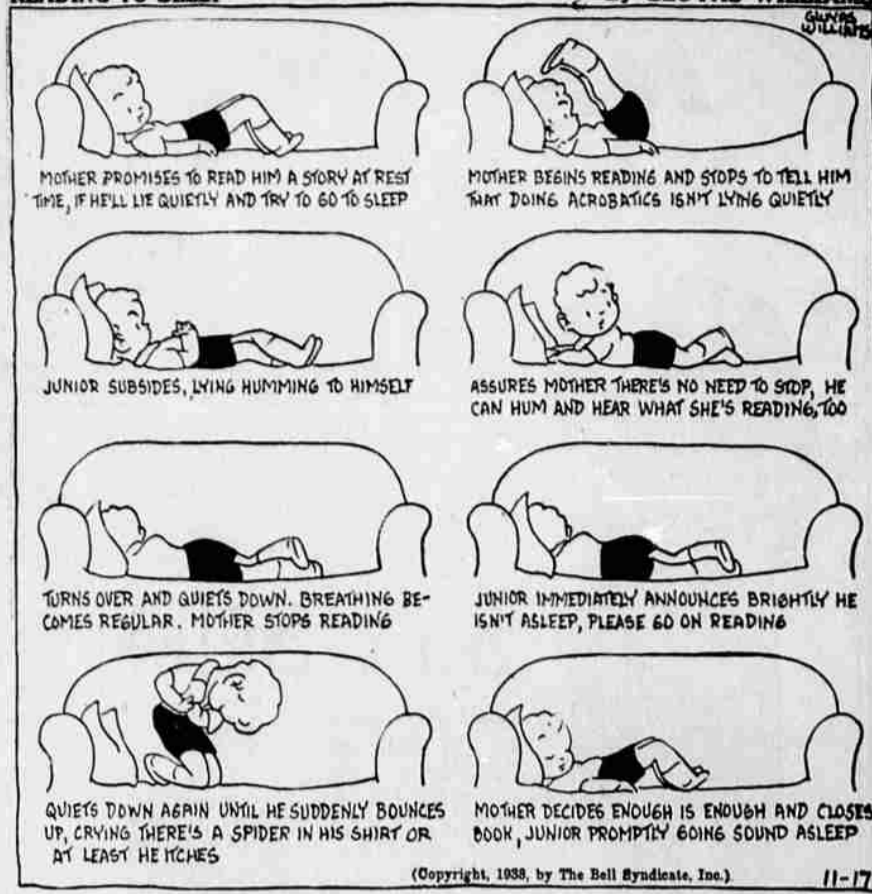
For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



CLUMSY ORIGINALLY MEANT NUMB! (From Scandinavian "Klummsa")
MR. AND MRS. GEORGE GREEN DROVE A 1904 ONE-CYLINDER CAR 4600 MILES IN 1938! (New Jersey to Calif.)
YALE'S GOAL LINE WAS UNCROSSED FOR 30 CONSECUTIVE GAMES! (1891-93)
INHABITANTS OF SZECHWAN, China, MUST PAY TAXES 30 YEARS IN ADVANCE! 1968 TAXES WERE COLLECTED THIS YEAR...
Taxed 30 Years Ahead...
Major universities was established by Yale's football teams of 1891, 1892 and 1893 in successfully defending their goal line for 30 consecutive games.
In the fourth game of Yale's 1891 season the Bulldogs defeated Williams 46-10. Not until the ninth game of the 1893 season was their goal again crossed, when they beat Penn 14-6.
Origin of "CLUMSY"...
Clumy—a word used now to describe general awkwardness—was a sonville recently on their way home from Dunsuir, Cal., where they had visited Mrs. Shaw's other daughter, Mrs. M. W. Warenteit, and new grandson, Phillip Lawson.
John Coffman of Yuba City, Cal., accompanied by his sister Frances Sleep of Greenston, Cal., were recent guests of their brother Ed Coffman, here.
Andrew and Harlan Bostwick and friend are spending the week at Amy's Place, here.
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for discussion will be "handcraft in primary grades."
Mrs. Josephine Overturn, of Central Point, will be guest speaker. Others who will assist on the program are Miss Eunice Hagen of Bellview school, "Handcraft in the First Grade," Miss Evelyn Sellers, of Jacksonville, "Handcraft in the Second Grade," and Miss Alice McLaren, of Rogue River, "Handcraft in the Third Grade."
All primary teachers and others interested are urged to attend.
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READING TO SLEEP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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TEACHERS WILL MEET SATURDAY
Jackson County Primary Teachers Council will meet Saturday in the court house auditorium at 11:15 a. m. Miss Jean Putman of Oak Grove school is program chairman. Subject

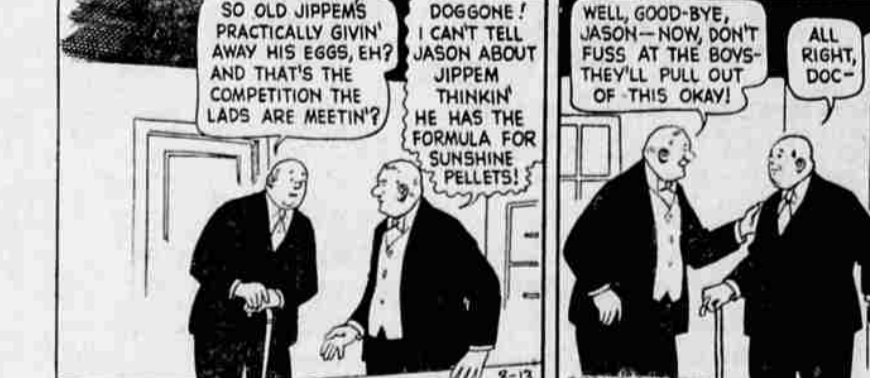
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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Aerial Battle Via Radio!



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Jason's Alarm!



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THE NEBBS—Whose Headache?



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JACKSONVILLE

JACKSONVILLE, Nov. 18.—(Sp1)—Mr. and Mrs. Ray Wilson celebrated their 34th wedding anniversary Wednesday by working all day, according to Mr. Wilson, but attended the theater in the evening.
Lee Port of the Star ranger station was a caller in town Wednesday.
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hunt of Salem purchased the Grandmas Central property and moved into it Tuesday. Mrs. Hunt is a sister of Mrs. G. W. Osgood.
Alvaco, Chester, Purcell, Howard Lewis and E. E. McIntire attended the annual district council meeting in Medford Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. Ora Phillips, from upper Big Applegate, were Wednesday shoppers here.
The last word received from George Sanderson of the U. S. navy, stated he had been seriously ill with flu and was still required to remain in bed but was improving. He was transferred from his ship to the U. S. S. Relief, a hospital ship. While there he was surprised to meet another local boy who joined the navy several years ago, Byron Bostwick, who was bringing a patient from his ship, the Penacosta, to the U. S. S. Relief. Byron has made excellent progress during his enlistment as he is now third class pharmacist.
Mrs. Ella Bush visited Miss Lasy McCully Tuesday.
Last Sunday Miss Alice Hoefs went to Ashland and enjoyed a visit with her old friend, Mrs. Minnie Robinson.
Mr. and Mrs. Nick Kime of Medford were Sunday guests here.
Mr. and Mrs. Ed Robar have located here, after engaging in logging work this summer.
Mrs. Clyde Shaw and daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robinson, of Corvallis, stopped in Jack-