

# DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanna 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, suspects Kathleen's identity.  
Bridget: Kathleen's companion.

Yesterday, Balmey gives Kathleen the key to the MacDonald-Gregory feud — half a blood-stained shirt — and tells her to piece it to the other half.

## Chapter 24

### Hours Of Torture

NEW Year's Eve and the MacDonalds arrived together. Kathleen, standing at the window, looking down at Donald MacDonald, thought she'd never seen anyone as handsome.

The disturbing, quick smile, the quickening light in his eyes, then at her beckoning the sure, swift stride that brought him up the Gregory steps and through the door before she could gather her reserve about her.

"Seems like we've been away a year," he greeted, lifting the bandaged hands. "How are they? Mother had a letter from the doctor. He says you'll be strumming the keys with them before spring and no grafting necessary."

Bridget came in before Kathleen had time to answer, and still holding the bandaged hands, Donald turned to her. "Into your glad rags, we're stepping out tonight. Hotel for dinner, then on to a dance. How about it, Cleo, feel up to it?"

"Right now," answered Kathleen. "I could climb mountains and do a Suzy Q on the peak."

She felt that evening that she had climbed mountains and the air at the top was rarefied, leaving her buoyant, carefree.

They returned before midnight and Kathleen had the memory of the first and last and many other dances with Donald and his solicitude concerning her injured hands.

"You girls go on in," Donald ordered.

They went in. A few moments later the midnight chimes rang out and on the last echo there was a rap at the door, and in walked Donald with an armload of wood and a hod of coal.

Another rap and Norman came in with a second load.

"Why the two?" inquired Bridget.

"Because," answered Donald, "something tells me one of the two of you will be having a home of your own before this year ends, and we would bring you both good fare."

Kathleen looked at Bridget and was astonished at the radiance she saw. Bridget, too, was looking at Donald as though already, there was some secret understanding between them.

A pain, greater than the searing of her hands seared her heart; a sickening nauseating pain. She slipped from the room and went to the veranda to look out on the cold hills, the white cliffs shrouded in snow, the white blaze of stars.

She knew now with a sense of defeated finality that she was in love with Donald MacDonald; a love as hopeless as her quest for the right-of-way. She couldn't fight Bridget even if there were hopes of an ultimate victory.

Donald found her there. He approached, warily and Kathleen, turning, thought they were like two fencers, each waiting for the other to take the offensive so they could gauge their defense accordingly.

"You shouldn't be here," he ventured.

"I need some advice."

"I KNOW" she agreed with a softness in her voice he'd never heard before, "but I like to come out and see the bigness of things. I wonder why people who live in the open like this haven't broader more tolerant views."

"Balmey says horizons are individual and not limited by physical outlook."

"That settles it," laughed Kathleen. "I wouldn't attempt to argue with him."

"Wait here for me. I've something I want to ask you. I need some advice."

He returned in a few moments with blankets and rugs and they settled on a broad veranda sill.

"You've changed a lot since you've been here. Cleo."

"Changed?"

He sat beside her, his arm bracing her. "I should say developed. At first you went around with a chip on your shoulder."

"That's still there, but it's been there so long it's worn a groove to fit into and doesn't knock off as easily."

MacDonald laughed. "You would explain it that way," he chided. "but I meant you've been too busy helping others to think about the chip."

"I don't deserve any credit for that. I just happened to be ambling past Mrs. MacBride's when she rushed out looking for someone to stay with Laura."

"And of course you were forced to go after a local doctor? And

you had to bring Laura, the first of your patients, into your own quarters? And of course you had to stamp out the fire with your hands because there wasn't time to go for water if Balmey's Bible wasn't to be burned."

Kathleen glanced up swiftly, but MacDonald's face was too breath-takingly close. "Any one would have reacted the same way," she demurred. "But what has all of this to do with the value of the pound sterling?"

MacDonald looked out across the snow, up to the blue-black sky with its blazing white stars, then softly he spoke, "Just this. Suppose a man were in love with a girl who came from a world entirely different from his; whose people lived across the continent; whose... say religion, was totally different from his. Would he have the right to make her forsake her people, her world, her religion, for him? And would she do it?"

Kathleen had tensed. Bridget's people lived in another social world; lived a thousand miles from Neutrality two thousand from Los Angeles.

Poor Bridget. Kathleen tried to put herself in her friend's place. Would she give up her family, the very background of her individuality for the man she loved, when they had done nothing to deserve such desertion?

Afraid to look at MacDonald, lest he see what was in her eyes, loving him with a love that seemed half hatred because it wrought such havoc in her heart, she studied. At least she could help Bridget.

"Only One Like Her"

She answered his question with a firm finality. "A man who would demand a girl sacrifice her principles in such a fashion doesn't love the girl enough to think of marriage."

"But Cleo, he does love her tremendously. He's fought it from the moment he first saw her. God knows she's the last person in a world full of girls who would have chosen if he'd had any say. He hadn't. He knows there's only one like her; only one as completely fine and adorable. What is he going to do about it?"

Kathleen felt she could not stand the torture of listening to that low, passionate voice expressing its love for another. She slipped from the sill. "Accept her as she is, and remember that she is as she is, because of her heritage."

MacDonald stood beside her. "I can't do that! I can't have any other way?"

Down the trail yellow lanterns came swinging, polka dots of moving light. Voices came softly, the sound of footsteps crunching in the snow.

A mischievous smile appeared on Kathleen's face. "Once upon a time you suggested Balmey's influence would be good for my soul. Why don't you try some? He'll teach you the real meaning of love. You shouldn't expect the girl to do what you say you can't do."

She hurried into the house to be ready to receive her guests. This was the night one paid off old scores. She hoped she had settled her debt to Bridget.

But all through the hours, and until dawn came gliding across the snow, first gray, then golden, she thought of that one hour with Donald MacDonald, and she wondered how he had known what happened in Balmey's cot.

Out of that evening she had only the cold consolation of Donald looking upon her as a friend. She must build on this. It was one step towards the fulfillment of her new plan. She must teach him to respect and trust the Gregorys.

The days that followed were lonely days. The use of hands, she thought, like love, was something one didn't miss until denied. Bridget, absorbed in the writing of her book, and in her dreams moved about in a stony radiance.

Kathleen spent her hours visiting the Gregory mine homes learning gradually to grasp handles and handle bedding, listening to stories of the old world and the early mining days, welcomed always as an eager listener is welcomed.

The min- doctor, meeting her at the advent of a lusty-voiced brother to Laura, frowned at her and suggested a tonic. Unable to convince her, he needed one he appealed to Balmey.

"It's her heart, not her system, that needs a tonic," the old man said.

For Kathleen's evenings were not lonely; they were hours of exquisite torture. The MacDonalds were tireless in their efforts to make life pleasant for the two girls. And Kathleen was tireless in her effort to make life pleasant for Bridget. She turned her charm on Norman, contriving to leave Donald and Bridget alone together, and was humiliated constantly by Norman's obvious preference for the Irish girl's company. Was she so unattractive that no man wanted her company?

It didn't make it easier to know that Donald saw this and sought to take the sting out of it by treating her with especial tenderness and consideration.

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Tomorrow, Kathleen runs away.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

**BROTHERS AND SISTERS-- ARE TOWNS IN THE SAME COUNTY IN OREGON... (Deschutes Co.)**

**WITCH-HAZEL WAS SO NAMED BECAUSE FORTUNE SEEKERS USED IT TO MAKE DIVINING RODS**

**WORLD'S LARGEST HAMBURGER 4 FEET 4 INCHES ACROSS, IT CONTAINED 65 POUNDS OF GROUND STEAK... (Made by Broome's Sandwich Shop Santa Barbara, Calif.)**

**HELEN STEPHENS-- World track champion-- WON 70 CONSECUTIVE RACES! SHE HAS NEVER BEEN DEFEATED BY ANOTHER WOMAN...**

11-19-38

**WON 70 RACES**  
Holder of half a dozen world records in Miss Helen Stephens, ace woman track star of Fulton, Missouri. Strange as it seems, in a series of more than 70 consecutive races in which she competed, Miss Stephens lost not once.

A sprinter of fine form, she has a stride of between 8½ and 10 feet, which is beyond that of most men. Since her debut in major competition in 1925 she has never lost a race to another woman.

Miss Stephens' records include the 100 meters, 11.5 seconds; 100 yards, 10.4 seconds; 200 meters, 24.4 seconds; standing broad jump, 8 feet 8½ inches; 8-pound shot put, 41 feet, 11 inches, and discus throw, 2 pound ¾ ounces, 133 feet, 6½ inches.

**Largest Hamburger**  
Spurred by an odd creative urge, five chefs of Broome's Sandwich Shop, Santa Barbara, California, constructed a bigger hamburger than had ever been made before.

Ingredients consisted of 65 pounds of ground steak, 13 pounds of cheese, eight hearts of lettuce, one-half gallon of mayonnaise, two pounds of salt and one-quarter pound of pepper. It was served on a bun 52 inches across.

**Witch-Hazel**  
Because of the tendency of its branches to twist in all directions, the witch-hazel plant was used by treasure-seekers to make divining rods. Because of this belief that it possessed strange, supernatural powers, the plant earned its present name.

Monday: The Cookie Queen.

**Wool Mart Slow**  
BOSTON, Nov. 19.—(AP-USA)—The volume of business in the Boston wool market during the past week was small.

**Heads Kappa Phi**  
CORVALLIS, Nov. 19.—(AP)—Anson H. Smith, Portland, was chosen vice-president of Phi Kappa Phi, all-college honorary society of Oregon State college at an initiation banquet last night. Among those initiated was Darle W. Dudley, Salem.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Life at Stake—But Orders Are Orders!

**ARMED WITH INFORMATION CONCERNING THE LEGEND OF SKELETON KEY AND HIS OWN THEORY THAT THIS LONELY ARCHIPLAGO MAY BE THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE AERIAL PIRATES, WHOSE THE COAST GUARD IS SEEKING FOR LOOTING THE SEA MYSTERY AND ABOUTING ITS WEALTHY OWNER AND HIS DAUGHTER, TOMMY AND SKELETON, HASTEN TO THE COAST GUARD AIR BASE AND TELL THEIR STORY.**

**CAPTAIN JONES DECIDES TO RADIO THE CLUE TO BARRY, BUT JUST AT THIS MOMENT BARRY SENDS IN AN S.O.S.**

**NO USE, SIR! YOU HEARD HIM SAY HE WAS SHOT DOWN AND WAS SPINNING INTO THE SEA.**

**IF YOU'LL LET US HAVE A SHIP, SIR, WE'LL TRY TO LOCATE BARRY. HIS CRAFT MAY STILL BE FLOATING. HE MAY STILL BE ALIVE. WE COULD...**

**BUT THAT WOULD BE ABSURDLY IMPOSSIBLE TOMKINS! HIGHLY IRREGULAR! YOU ARE NOT MEMBERS OF THE COAST GUARD AND NO... IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION!**

**W-W-WHA! UH-WHERE YOU GOING TOMMY?**

**TO THE MIAMI AIRPORT! I'VE QUICK... I'VE ISN'T MUCH TIME TO LOSE, SKEETS!**

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Sell Out?

**OLD JASON JONES HAS JUST SEEN THE JIPPEM STUMP TRUCK AND THE GIANT ROOSTER—AND REMEMBER, JASON DOESN'T KNOW THAT JUNIUS JIPPEM IS IN THE DARK SO FAR AS DR. JED KILEY'S SUNSHINE PELLETS ARE CONCERNED. LUT—**

**NO WONDER DOC KILEY SAID BUSINESS WAS BAD AT THE FARM! THE REASON'S AS PLAIN AS THE NOSE ON ONE'S FACE—THE JIPPEMS HAS GOT OUR SECRET!**

**I'VE GOT TO THINK THIS THING OUT ALONE! I WON'T GO TO THE FARM YET—I'LL TAKE A ROOM AT THE HOTEL—**

**WONDER WHAT'S THE BEST THING TO DO? MEBBE I'D BETTER SELL OUT TO JIPPEM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!**

**THE SIGHT GIVES ME CHILLS AN' FEVER! I CAN'T LOOK AT IT!**

## THE NEBBS—Gone

**WHAT'S THE MATTER, STEVE? WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT?**

**NOTHING. ONLY THE SAFE WAS DRILLED AND MY BLUEBIRD DIAMOND'S GONE.**

**YOU'RE RIGHT—IT'S GONE!**

**I DIDN'T NEED YOU TO HELP ME FIND THAT OUT—DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING—MAYBE WE CAN GET FINGER-PRINTS!**

**I'LL GET THE BEST DETECTIVES TO WORK ON THIS CASE—IT COULDN'T BE ANY OF THE GUESTS—NO ONE HAS CHECKED OUT!**

**NO? THIS PLACE IS FULL OF CROOKS THANKS TO YOUR SECRET INFORMATION TO A NEWSPAPER WOMAN THAT I HAD THE BLUEBIRD DIAMOND DOWN HERE—I'LL BET THE CROOKS ARE STILL HERE BUT THE DIAMOND IS GONE!**

# THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

**WITH A SEAT ON THE 50-YARD LINE IN YOUR POCKET, THE BOSS, WITH SEATIS BEHIND THE GOAL POSTS, CONFERS ON YOU THE HONOR OF ACCOMPANYING HIM TO THE BIG GAME, AND NO GETTING OUT OF IT**

11-18 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

# 3 MATTER POP

By O. M. PAYNE

**DID YOU TELL THE BILL COLLECTOR I WAS OUT?**

**YESSIR, BUT HE DIDN'T BELIEVE ME! YA GOTTA GO AN' TELLUM, YERSELF!**

**OKAY**

**SAY! WHATSA BIG IDEA? WHATSA BIG IDEA?**

**3 MATTER POP?**

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## By HAL FORREST

# Typewriting Habits Used In Revealing Character

PARIS—(UP)—The line of a hand, the set of a jaw, the way of a walk or even the size of an ear all have been used to gauge and define character. Now the French have a new one—the way one turns out words on a typewriter.

Like handwriting, say the French, different styles of typing denote in their way different characteristics. Together it is a wide margin or a narrow one, pointing on the keys or hitting some letters harder than others, each peculiarity in typing marks some particular trait which can be interpreted if the different signs are understood.

According to authorities who have compiled the rudiments of "reading typewriting," the general characteristics are as follows:

A person who uses an overly wide margin and especially a wide margin for the beginning of a paragraph is highly sensitive.

A very small margin or no margin at all at the beginning of a paragraph means the person is lacking in good taste, is inclined to be mischievous and overly frigid concerning small things.

The average margin means the writer does things in an orderly and methodical way, is intelligent and has clear ideas.

A letter of a good type set at a continuous speed and the letters are