

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

The Characters
 Kathleen Gregory goes West incognito to secure a right-of-way for The Golden Girl mine from MacDonald.
 Donald MacDonald hates the Gregorys, suspects Kathleen's identity.
 Bridget: Kathleen's companion.
 Yesterday: Kathleen realizes she is in love with Donald, and that he loves Bridget.

'Love To You Both'

THE days on the calendar marched along, each one bringing the closing of The Golden Girl nearer, and Kathleen could get nowhere with MacDonald when it came to discussing the mine.

In desperation she went to Balmly. "It's like watching something die and not being able to do anything," she told him, and sought to convey her feeling that the mine was an entity, a great being with drifts for arteries, the life of the miners pulsing through to the golden heart of it.

"Don't worry, lass," he advised, "there will be an hour when that last stone barrier between the two mines will melt away. It won't be hacked away by hate, it will be melted by love, not the love of a man for a maid, but a greater, impersonal love, the love of mankind for mankind."

Spring came overnight, an early spring that closed the short winter with the swift breath of a chinook wind.

As though a blanket had been lifted, the painted mountains sprang up in radiant crimson, purple, green and white.

Along the canyons, willows and cottonwoods waved branches blood red with new life, promise of filling buds and fluted leaves.

On Balmly's terrace, tiny crocus and freesias scented the air; a pear tree in the garden burst into pale blossom. And the old shepherd dragged himself out from behind the stove to the sun, then frisked about like a puppy.

Then came an evening in April when the scented spring and the new moon seemed a desecration to Kathleen. She had taken Grandmother MacBride into Carsted for the final gift of new teeth, a birthday gift from Beatrice Gregory.

Hands aching from their first long stretch of grasping a wheel, she put the car away and walked slowly towards the house.

Bridget was a white shadow on the veranda. She met Kathleen on the steps and it seemed to Kathleen that her friend was like a vestal taper, aglow with some shining spirit substance.

"Darling, . . . could you find someone else to come and live with you?" Kathleen stiffened for what she felt was coming. "No one like you, Bridget, but . . . of course why?"

"Well, Bridget laughed and her voice was like the chime of tiny bells. "I'm about to become Mrs. MacDonald. We thought we'd wait . . . that is, I did . . . I wanted to, well you know until you'd finished your quest. But now I think maybe I can help. Oh darling, I'm so happy I could burst, and to think I didn't want to come out here with you. Kathleen, do you think a shanty Irish gal can live up to the title of Mrs. MacDonald?"

Blinding Tears
 KATHLEEN listened to Bridget's incoherent talk, only half hearing. She was thinking, "I must get away. I must go at once. I can't stand it any longer."

"The boys have gone to Carsted for proper celebration knickknacks and to wire Los Angeles; they'll be back in an hour, didn't you pass them on the way? I'm going over to set the table, come over as soon as you rest, won't you?"

Bridget hurried away. Kathleen went to her room, stopped to pet Circe who was curled on the studio couch and then went to the wide table. She could just grasp the pen, her writing was barely legible. She couldn't say much.

My work is done here, dear. I wish you every joy. Congratulations Donald for me. You are the two dearest friends I have, you should be wonderfully happy together.

I've done all I could do about the mine. Maybe, when he is your husband you can make him understand that the Gregorys want gold, but the hundreds of people working for the Gregorys want their livelihood.

I don't want to spoil your celebration. I haven't been feeling well, maybe I'm home sick. I'll charter a plane in Carsted—my love to you both.

Kathleen Swiftly then she packed a bag and hurried from the house. She had to put that ugly structure behind her; to get out of this divided town.

She would hire a car in Neutrality. Bridget might need the other.

Tears blinding her eyes, she stumbled down the trail. There was a light in Balmly's cottage. She

should stop and tell him goodbye. No, she'd return, later, return as Kathleen Gregory.
 A hand reached for her bag. "There, lass, come in."
 Balmly had been standing on the trail, his white head held in a listening attitude. "There's something fey in the wind," he told her. "Come back to the terrace and tell me."

He seemed talking of two different things. Obediently Kathleen followed and once there she burst out. "I'm going home, Balmly. You see, they don't need me anymore. Bridget is going to marry Donald, she just told me. She was father's secretary, she understands all about the mine, she'll manage the right-of-way somehow."

"Aye," agreed Balmly in a half-comprehending, half-puzzled tone. The light from his window revealed the heartbreak visible on the young face before him. Quickly he diverted her thoughts.

"And now, lass, that you've seen fit to tell me you're The Golden Girl, you'd like to hear about the feud."

Kathleen looked up. She hadn't actually admitted it. She didn't care about the feud. She only wanted to get away, to get away from Donald. But Balmly was talking.

"Do you know my dear, that one of your forebears was one of the first white men to come to this continent. Before the time of the English and the Indian, soon after Columbus returned to Spain, a party of Spanish grandees with adventure in their blood, and inspired by the tales of gold to be found in the new world, sailed for the Americas."

The Courting Shirt
 "I WONT go into their history. Prompted by the Gulf coast Indians, they came inland. Only one man was seen again and he told of the wealth they had cached in the painted hills."

"Generations afterwards, one of his line, finding his wealth in Spain dissipated, decided to search for that wealth. He came across the plains with a daughter. When he reached the frontier settlement we call Carsted, he was old and ill and penniless. His daughter, this Castilian gentlewoman, worked at anything she could find to do, to care for him."

"Soon after their arrival, two young prospectors came to the settlement from Scotland, MacDonald and MacGregor. Women were scarce and not of the kind to inspire men like these Scots to thoughts of matrimony. They both wanted this girl."

"MacDonald thought he had the inner road for he was unmarried. MacGregor's young wife had died before he left Scotland and he had left children there. He thought he had the inner road, for what woman could refuse to mother the motherless?"

"The girl listened to both and considered neither. They were penniless prospectors. She wanted someone to care for her father. A man she laughedly bargained, she said she would marry the first man who would prove he had struck gold."

Balmly paused to light his pipe and Kathleen relaxed. She had been living in another world for the moment.

"You know the history of the strike," Balmly continued. "How MacDonald and MacGregor lived in the cabin they had built the previous fall; how they started out on the same day and struck gold on opposite sides of the ridge at about the same hour."

"MacGregor had the best of it by moments. He came up over the hill on a run. They had one dress shirt between them. He was going into the settlement to file claim and to claim his Emilia mine. He must wear the shirt."

"He'd washed, trimmed his beard and had one arm in the shirt when MacDonald appeared. Before that time they had taken turns at wearing the courtin' shirt. Now they fought for it, bitter fight that rent the shirt, at each wearing his half of the blood garment, they started for the settlement."

Kathleen's eyes were immensopoles of interest. "And my grand father won, and MacDonald never forgave him. But Balmly, why didn't Old Angus forgive MacDonald, why did he feel such bitter hatred towards the man he'd bested?"

Balmly stirred restlessly. He walked to the edge of the terrace and stood listening. Kathleen waited. She could hear nothing but night murmurs, wind in the trees and the thrum of cicadas.

"There's no happiness in a war won by bloodshed, nor by a hard bargain, Donna Emilia was an obedient wife. She kept her word to the letter, but she had no love for Angus. And Angus, frustrated, believed she loved MacDonald."

Kathleen believed she knew how her grandfather must have suffered. She wondered, vaguely, if she was suffering for her grandfather's hard-turned bargain. If Old Donald MacDonald in this fourth dimensional world was directing the fancy of his grandson his enemy's granddaughter was paying.

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Tomorrow: Disaster threatens.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Cookie Queen
 "I just love doing things for people," says Mrs. Herbert Gibson, of Pittsburgh, Pa., in explanation of why she has baked nearly a half million cookies in the past nine years—for charity.
 Her favorite cookies, she says, are chocolate ones she calls "Dark Secrets" and fruit cookies she calls "Snow in the Summer."
 Heavyweight Horse Race
 Originally a product solely of France, a section of Normandy, Perche, the Percheron draft horses

Jimmy On Coast
 SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 21.—(AP)—James Roosevelt, son of the president, arrived here Saturday by plane from Chicago and immediately departed Mills field by auto, presumably for the Walter Murphy ranch near Hollister where he has been convalescing after an operation.
Dam Worker Killed
 GRAND COULEE, Wash., Nov. 21.—(AP)—Stanley Grapp, 22, of Austin, Minn., a signal man for Consolidated Builders, Inc., was killed here today while working on the Grand Coulee dam project.
Turtle Attacks Hen
 EL RENO, Okla. (UP)—Mrs. Audrey Niles ran out of her house here, alarmed by some squawking, and saw one of her chickens disappearing in a mudhole. Grabbing the bird, she found it was being pulled under by a large turtle.
 Tomorrow: The African Telegraph System.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Makes a Quick Decision!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Visitor Announced!



THE NEBBS—Innocent Mr. Conserver?



HEAD GUARD

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



3 MATTER POP

By C M PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Makes a Quick Decision!

USE OF POWER IN 5 YEARS SET AT THIRD MORE

WASHINGTON—(UP)—Electro-process operations in the chemical and metal industries will require one-third more power within the next five years, the federal power commission has estimated.
 It looked the western states for a large part of this increase because of the proximity of ores and the potential availability of cheap hydro-electric power.
 In a report on "power requirements in the electro-chemical, electro-metallurgical and allied industries," the

commission stated that such operations consume 13,324,000,000 kilowatt hours annually, or more than one-tenth as much as is generated for public use. It estimated consumption will increase to 17,781,000,000 kilowatt hours in five years.
 The study was undertaken to indicate new requirements sufficiently in advance "to permit the orderly development of power resources to meet the increased needs."
 Future development of electro-process equipment as a tool in other industries may bring increases in energy requirements as great as the corresponding increases in the electro-process industries themselves, the commission said.
 Decreasing power rates may have an important bearing on the quantities of these and other materials produced electrically, particularly in regions where raw materials and low-cost electric power are available, according to the commission.
 "In the North Pacific coast with

By SOL HESS