

# DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

**Characters**  
Kathleen Gregory goes West to secure a right-of-way from MacDonald, and falls in love with him.  
Donna MacDonald hates the Gregorys. She has fallen in love with Bridget.  
Bridget, Kathleen's companion, is going to become Mrs. MacDonald.

Yesterday, Kathleen leaves a goodby note for Bridget. Balmie starts telling Kathleen the story of the feud.

## Chapter 26

### Fire in The Mine

"BUT didn't she learn to love grandfather in time?" Kathleen asked Balmie.  
"There was no time. The cabin was divided, the houses built. When Angus brought Donna Emilia to his house as a bride, MacDonald brought a Scotch lass to his. He'd see suffer their pity."  
"Then Angus went east to find money to finance his mine; a long journey those days. He was detained month after month. Donna Emilia's old father became ill and died, and she died from overwork and grief when your father was born."  
Kathleen sighed deeply. "She was cruel," she condemned. "She could at least have pretended."  
Balmie smiled at Kathleen. "Nae more than you lass, you're much like her. Your pride and your spirit. If you'd given your heart once, as she'd given hers to a lad in Barcelona, there'd be naught left to give to another."

The tears came gently. Balmie seeing them went into the house. Vaguely Kathleen heard him moving about, starting a fire, speaking to the old shepherd, but she remained, not bothering to wipe her eyes, feeling some of the bitterness of her defeat was being washed away. She had given her heart to Donald, it seemed there was none left for even herself.  
"Come lass, nae supper you've had."  
The little kitchen was cozily warm, and rich with savory aroma. Kathleen tried to eat to please Balmie, but she found only the tea would really pass the constriction in her throat. Meanwhile her mind reviewed the story she had just heard.

"Balmie," she ventured, at length, "if my grandmother loved this man in Spain, and not MacDonald, why did she never continue to hate him?"  
Balmie sighed deeply. "He will believe it was MacDonald. I gave him the truth she had spoken on her deathbed, yet he would not believe. He'd conjured up a picture of his former friend as his rival and he suffered accordingly. All of the rich velvets and tapestries she had kept through her poverty, he had torn from the walls and packed away. Only the photograph she had posed for on their wedding day was left to remind him of her, even Young Angus was sent away—what's that?" he asked sharply.

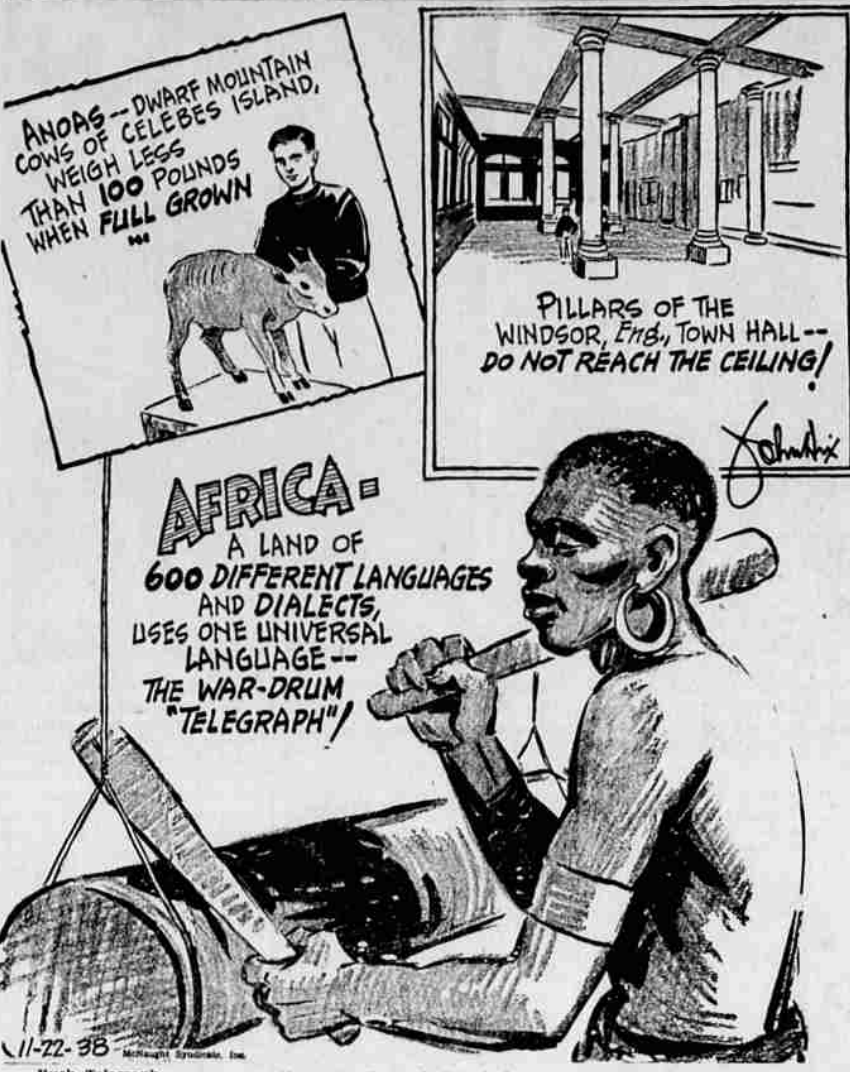
Kathleen smiled, faintly amused at his alarm, and the sudden wrenching of her heart. "MacDonald's car going up the hill. Balmie, what is it? I've never seen you nervous before, what's wrong?"  
"I don't know, lass," he admitted in an almost petulant voice. "It seem to be waiting something."  
He went to the door and stood a moment, then turned back. "For half a century I've lived in the bowels of this earth. I've learned for its moods, for its moods like the air and the sea. I feel now like the captain of the ship that brought me from Glasgow. We stood talking on as fair a day as you'd ever see and he frowned sudden and said he felt a storm. I feel that way now, lass. I feel a storm."  
Slowly Kathleen cleared the table and washed the dishes.

### Wailing Siren

THE MacDonald car went back down the hill at breakneck speed. Evidently Donald had forgotten some vital need of the celebration feast. Maybe she should go back and join them. Her absence would hurt Bridget, throw a cloud on this one evening of all evenings.  
She would be gay and flippant. She could not go. And she could see Donald again for just a little while, imprint each dear line of his face on her memory.  
Perhaps Bridget had not yet found her note.  
"Balmie, I was running away because I... I couldn't face Bridget and Donald and their happiness. I didn't think how my absence would hurt them. I was thinking of no one but myself. I'll run down again in a little while."  
"Aye."  
Kathleen felt he hadn't heard her. She turned to look at him and saw him spring up and rush to the door. "There it is!" he cried hoarsely.  
Kathleen followed him. She heard it now a siren wailing over the hills.  
"What is it, Balmie, where is it?"  
"An accident... at the mines hush!"  
Now with the wail of the siren came voices, the scream of a

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Deep in the Congo country of equatorial Africa a pulsating, throbbing sound fell on native ears... The Great... White... Queen... is dead...  
This startling message, relayed by war drums hundreds of miles through Africa's wilderness, brought first news of the death of Queen Victoria in 1901 to the very heart of the Dark Continent—weeks before white officials received any news of the event through regular channels.  
For transmission, the African natives use huge hollowed logs, on which they beat a code tattoo with sticks. Placed near a river, the sound will travel 20 miles, it is claimed.  
Strange as it seems, although Africa contains at least 600 different languages and dialects, natives of different tribes relay drum messages to each other in a sort of native "Esperanto" which tribal drummers spend years to learn.  
Traveling over 1000 feet a second sound waves from these African drums will cover a 20-mile distance in about one and a half minutes!

**WILL ASK \$13,000 TO FURNISH NEW CAPITOL**  
SALEM, Nov. 22—(AP)—The state board of control granted a capitol reconstruction commission request today to ask the state emergency board for \$13,000 to complete furnishing of the new capitol.  
The capitol commission said it had only \$3000 left, this money to be used to furnish committee rooms. The \$13,000 would be used to place light standards in the rotunda and flag poles in front of the building.  
**Death Comes to Warden's Widow**  
SALEM, Nov. 22—(AP)—Mrs. James W. Lewis, widow of the warden of the state penitentiary who died Oct. 23, died here last night.  
She had been in ill health for the past year, but the death of her husband contributed to her death. They were married 41 years ago.  
**Pioneer Dies**  
MILTON, Ore., Nov. 22—(AP)—Mrs. Mattilda Mock Shumway, 86, resident here since 1871, died this morning. Survivors include a son, A. R. Shumway, president of North Pacific Grain Growers, Inc., a nationally known figure in farm cooperative movements, and three married daughters, all of this community.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Is Concerned Over Tommy's Safety!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Greetings!

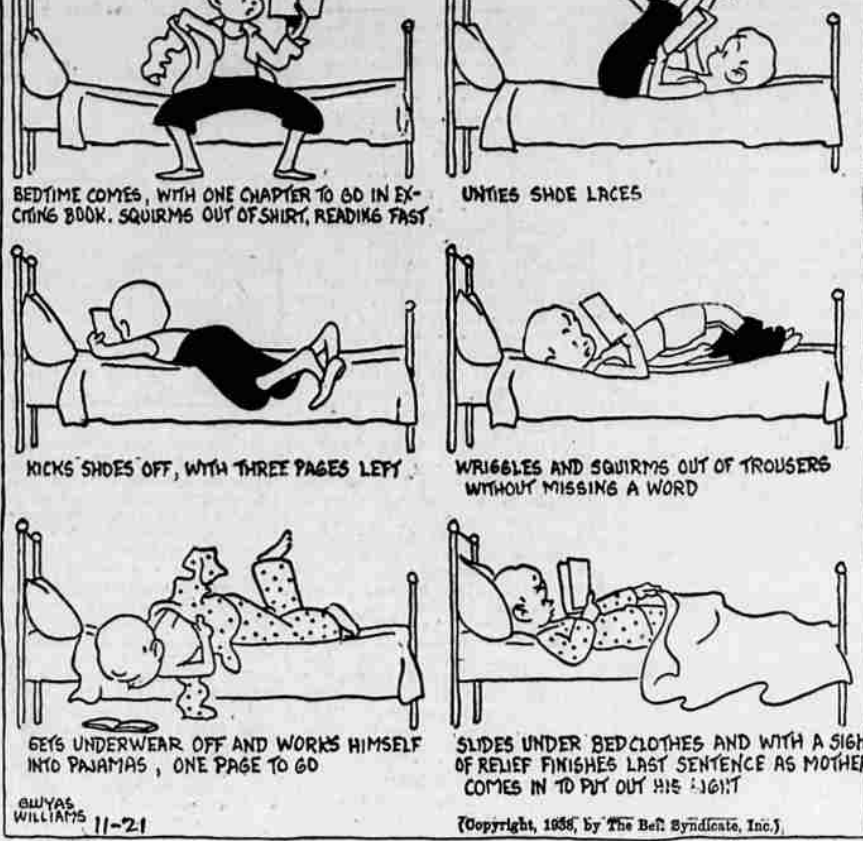


THE NEBBS—Take Your Time

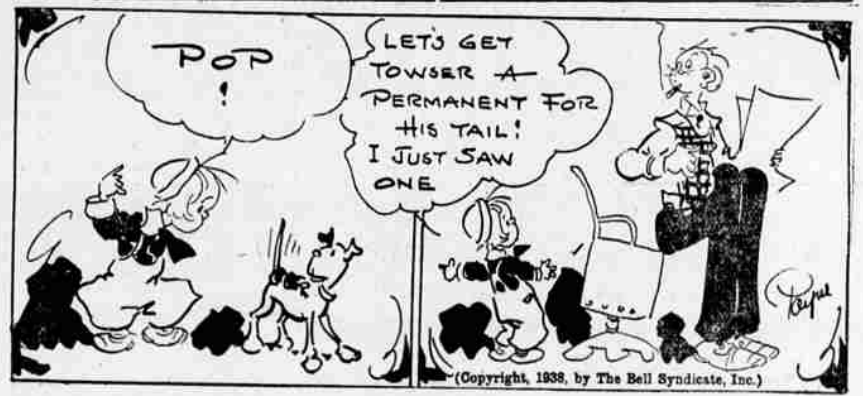


# THE LAST CHAPTER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



MATTER OF R. O. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST

# TAX ALLOWANCE URGED FOR FIRMS SHARING PROFITS

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22—(AP)—Robert E. Wood, president of Sears Roebuck and company, proposed today the federal government make a social security tax allowance to industrial firms which share profits with their employees.  
Testifying before a senate finance sub-committee, Wood said he believed the world had to the establishment of some profit-sharing system.  
Two other industrialists told the

committee they approved the principle of profit-sharing, but believed any legislation designed to encourage it would be a mistake.  
M. B. Fosom, treasurer of the Eastman Kodak company, asserted it would be "unsound" for the government to use taxation in an effort to force the spread of profit sharing.  
Richard B. Deupree, president of Procter and Gamble company and a member of Secretary Roper's business advisory council, declared: "I don't think any human being could pass a law which will get anywhere in forcing permanent employment or profit sharing."  
The senate group is investigating, among other things, the desirability of annual wage and production planning systems, as well as the arrangement under which a company supplements employee wages with a part of net profit.  
Closing time too late to classify A58 at 1:30 p. m.

By SOL HESS