

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeane Bowman

The Characters
 Kathleen Gregory goes west to secure a right-of-way from MacDonald, and falls in love with him.
 Donald MacDonald hates the Gregorys, and is going to marry Bridget.
 Bridget: Kathleen's companion.

Yesterday: A fire breaks out in The Stubborn Boy. The only way the miners can be reached is through The Golden Girl. Balmie is going down with an air-line.

Chapter 27

Kathleen Takes Command

"Albany, don't worry now. The fire in the main shafts, not in the winch shaft. I'll get through. There'll be no smoke, and fear of missing my step, to hamper me. I have no fear, and what is smoke?"

Kathleen ran a sleeve across her eyes to dry them. She straightened, smiled, and gave him a snappy salute. "Aye, look. We'll be seeing you before the thirty-six hours are up."

She turned to the young engineer. "What is the setup?" she asked.

And now she held up her hand and quiet fell.

"Townsmen volunteers to work from this side. Fall in to the right. Every miner, start for The Golden Girl. We'll be with you." Morgan issued the orders.

The road turned into a maelstrom of humanity.

"Where's Donald?" Kathleen asked.

"God knows," answered Morgan. "He was seen driving out of neutrality some time before the alarm. We're trying to reach him at Carstedt."

Norman MacDonald appeared suddenly. "I can't understand it," he cried in protest. "I can't find him at all. He's simply vanished. He went next door after you, Cleo, dinner was ready and you weren't there. Bridget said you were resting. He didn't come back. You'd better get going."

They ran across the mine platform to a waiting car. Young Donald's assistant would handle the rescue work from this side.

Then came the heartbreaking work of trying to make speed along roads packed with crowds, with cars.

"I suppose Balmie meant you'd have to fight Kit-Smyth to let us onto the grounds," Morgan observed.

Kathleen barely heard him. "If Balmie can get down the winch shaft, can't the miners get up?" she demanded.

"Balmie was optimistic. We don't know that shaft isn't afire. That's the chance he was taking. And once he's down we don't know but what the shaft will take fire. It's doubtful if the men realized there was a fire in time to make the shaft before the smoke made it impossible."

Kathleen closed her eyes to a vision. The bulky figure of the old man going hand by hand down the ladder, feeling foot by foot for the next rung. Working in total darkness dependent entirely upon his sense of feel. Suppose he missed a step, went crashing down. No. He'd be killed. "Balmie will make it. I know he will."

"Oh come on," she begged. "I can't stand this snail's pace. We'll make better time running."

They were on the down road of the Golden Girl, now pushing through women trucking on a half run, half trot, scurrying around men pressing forward on a steady lobe.

Ahead of them the crowd was massed into a solid, motionless body.

"What's wrong?" yelled Morgan. "They won't let us in!"

"It's those damned Gregorys, they'd kill our men before they'd give us an inch!"

"They've locked the gates; they're holdin' guns on us." "They want to bargain."

And then in one voice arose a cry. "Donald! get. Young Donald!"

"I'll shoot!"

KATHLEEN pushed through the crowd to the fence; worked her way down to the gate.

She was never to forget the sight that met her eyes. A motor truck had been driven within fifty feet of the gates on the opposite side. Its power light threw the tableaux into bold relief. Men with rifles, stationed a few feet apart, their sight drawn on the crowd.

Down, beyond them was The Golden Girl, the walled Golden Mine, yellow floodlights catching the sheen of shining paint, lining in the towers and derricks against the black base of the cone mountain.

And she made a flying leap into the field.

"Get back there!" Kit-Smyth started towards her.

Straight up to the rifle eye walked. Kathleen. "Put that damned stick down!" she ordered. "I'll take no more of your insolence," shouted the man. "No one comes onto this property until Donald MacDonald signs over the right-of-way for The Golden Girl."

"I am The Golden Girl, and I, Kathleen Gregory, demand you call off your men."

"Stop your foolery, get back over that fence!"

Kathleen backed away. She had a vision of Old Balmie working his way down into an inferno; working his way through dark tunnels; closing off the last chance of escape for a meager chance of life for the fifty-three men.

She held her hand high for silence. The cries which had sounded in triumph at her identity stopped instantly.

"Listen, you Gregory quands. I'm holding each of you responsible for what happens. One man killed and you go up for murder. This is my property. Up at the house I have papers giving me power of attorney. We haven't time to wait for those. It's my word against Kit-Smyth's now. Hours may pass before Donald MacDonald is located. You're my men, you know the value of time. Drop your guns and get down to the mine to help. All right, fellows. Here we go!"

Straight for Kit-Smyth went Kathleen and behind her came the men in a swarming mass. The mine superintendent stood wavering, his face one frozen picture of ludicrous astonishment. "Get out my way you puff-baler!"

Down the hills, red hair streaming behind her like a flame, went The Golden Girl, and behind her pounded the heavy feet.

They came to a stop at the platform and Morgan took charge. "Volunteers for the blasting!" he shouted.

As one, the mass stepped forward.

"Undying Contempt"

MACBRIDE signaled Kathleen. "Let me name the crew. The Gregory men know their mine."

Morgan assented and MacBride clipped off names. "I'll take the lead to the powder house. He ordered. 'Muckers next. All men under thirty to the left thirty to fifty, next, all older on the other side!'"

The men were segregating when a protesting young fellow pushed his way through them. "Just what is this? Where's Kit-Smyth. I'm in charge here during his absence."

"We're carrying on the MacDonald rescue from the Golden Girl," Kathleen told him.

"Good work, then Kit-Smyth won his deal!"

"Kit-Smyth," snapped Kathleen, "won nothing but everyone's undying contempt. The last thing I saw of that stuff he looked like he'd held his mouth open too long and swallowed a bumble bee. I'm Kathleen Gregory if you're next in charge, then work with Morgan."

"But you say you're—"

"She is." The mine doctor had come up. He smiled at Kathleen. "Your father told me to keep an eye on you and see you didn't burn anything more than your hands."

"Hurrah!" The young fellow was shouting to his engineers, velling for maps for supplies.

Kathleen turned to the doctor. "You asked for it. Something tells me you won't be bored to death for the next few days. And Joe, if you know how to pray, try to get a clear wire to Heaven and ask God to look out for Old Balmie."

The physician nodded her shoulder. "Balmie has a private wire and it's always clear. It's fellows like Kit-Smyth that need help."

"That—"

"Whom there," came the reproof. "don't burn yourself out with anger. You're going to be needed. I was in on a rescue before. These men will be working short shifts and working like they've never worked before. I have to stay at the hospital and I'll need both girls with me. I may need you eventually. I'll get a couple over from the MacDonald, but Grayson had better stay on here. Meanwhile, there's a commissary lot for you. Organize these miners wives. Get them to making sandwiches and coffee. Have plenty of whiskey handy. Send out for cots spread them up in the warehouses so the men can rest between shifts—"

Something to do, Kathleen was away before he had finished.

She found the women huddled together by the loading platform. She jumped up and looked down on them and as she saw the stricken faces, the eyes which looked to her for something she could not assure them, she felt full of compassion.

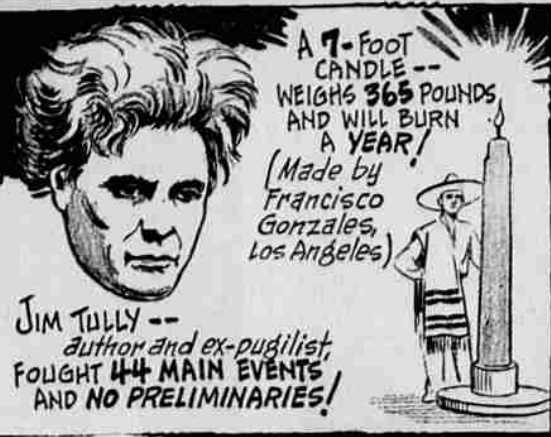
MacDonald women on Gregory soil, looking to the daughter of a Gregory for the lives of their husbands, their sons and their fathers. And behind them Gregory women arms about MacDonald women, waiting for their Golden Girl to lead them.

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Monday: Donald arrives.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Platinum utensils... Strange as it seems, Russian peasants at one time made cooking pots and pans from platinum, a metal which today is worth five times as much as gold.

Early in the nineteenth century platinum was discovered in Russia, but full realization of its value was not to come until later years. Commonplace articles were made from it; buckles, snuff-boxes, and even cooking utensils.

Believed to have been discovered first in South America by early Spanish explorers, the metal came into ill repute in that country when it was used in making counterfeit gold. In 1714 several Spaniards were hung from the yardarms of Dutch ships for passing off platinum ingots instead of gold!

In 1828 Russia became the only country in the world to mint platinum coins, issuing \$33,884,450 worth that year. Strange as it seems, those same coins would today be intrinsically worth more than \$165,000,000. During the World War, when the price of platinum rose to a high of \$105 an ounce, the Russian coins would be worth nearly half a billion dollars.



Headline Fighter... Jim Tully, noted author and pugilist, fought 44 main events as a bantamweight—and was never in a preliminary match. He got his first main booking in Lima, Ohio, 1911, by faking an impressive list of previous victories. Tully fought three years, was knocked out once.

Tomorrow: Why did the "First Thanksgiving result in near tragedy?"

Actress' Career Wrecks Marriage
 LOS ANGELES, Nov. 23—(P)—Another Hollywood career has triumphed over marriage.

This was the basis of charges made in a divorce complaint against Bette Davis, signed today by Harmon O. Nelson, actor's agent and former band leader.

As he signed the complaint, which his attorneys said was to be filed later today, Nelson explained: "I think this is the best way out of our difficulties. I think Bette is a pretty grand actress—the best on the screen. But she has become the best to the detriment of our home life."

The actress sent telegrams to her newspaper friends last night, announcing their "marital vacation" would end in the divorce court.

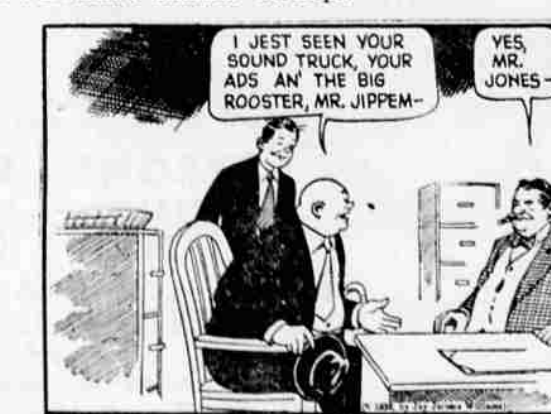
Oxford Honors Bess
 OXFORD, England (P)—A. W. Wood, president of the Oxford Union, announces that Dr. Eduard Benes, former president of Czechoslovakia, has been elected an honorary member of the society.

Whip Pierced Heart
 JOHANNESBURG (P)—Armed with a long horsewhip with wire attached to the end, a native flicked it over oxen he was driving and on the rebound the wire pierced his heart. He died almost immediately.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeets "Spills" the Bad News!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—His Hope!



THE NEBBS—It's an Idea



CAFE PROPRIETOR SHOOTS BURGLAR

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 23—(P)—An intruder tampering with the coin box of a slot machine was shot and killed today as he fled from a small cafe on the outskirts of Portland. Two other men escaped.

Dick Edwards, the proprietor, shot at the men when he found them rifling game devices and counters in the dining room of his Harbor Boulevard cafe.

Deputy Sheriff Edgar Christoffersen said the 23-year-old victim was identified by a youth, who was held for questioning as James Martin Freiler, who has served six years at training school at Woodburn, Ore., and Grinnell, Wash.

TO INCREASE SALARY

BUFFALO, N. Y. (P)—Whether Mayor Thomas L. Holling likes it or not, he may have to take his full salary of \$12,000 this fiscal year instead of \$9,800. Last year the Buffalo mayor slashed his own salary voluntarily to \$9,800 from \$12,000. This fall an auditing firm, reviewing city employees' salaries, recommended widespread decreases and concluded by declaring the mayor's salary should be immediately restored to \$12,000.

OF FARM BOARD

SPokane, Nov. 23—(P)—Re-election of W. B. Rogstadale, The Dalles, Ore., as director of the Farm Credit board of Spokane was announced here today by H. E. Brown, general agent of the farm credit administration of Spokane.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S MATTER POT

By C M PAYNE



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BY HAL FORRESTER



BY EDWIN ALGEP



BY SOL HESS

