

# 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.  
 Donald MacDonald hates the Gregorys.  
 Bridget, Kathleen's companion.

Yesterday Kit Smyth holds the Golden Girl with armed men, demands right-of-way before rescue can proceed. Kathleen defies him, and takes charge.

## Chapter 28

### Fury

KATHLEEN smiled at the miners wives.  
 "I promised Balmly I'd be seeing him in a day or two," she told them. "He had me promise that just before he was down. He said he knew he would get through. You know what it means when Balmly says he knows?"

"Aye!" The word was a sibilant whisper which swept out into the night: a whisper of hope.  
 "You'll have to help me. Our men need food. It's up to us to prepare it for them. It's like the MacDonald women to stay here while the Gregory women go to Neutrality to buy the food. The hotels will roast the meat and bake the bread. We'll need pots and kettles for coffee for them. We'll need fires and tables and dishes, and we'll need beds where they can rest between shifts."

"Our children?"  
 Kathleen thought of Bridget and the big house. "We'll turn the Gregory house into a nursery. Miss Bridget and the school teacher will take charge."

She paused and looked at them again. Something had changed. They no longer stood in a huddled crowd. Coats and shawls which had been pulled over their heads had been dropped to their shoulders. It was as though they had discarded mourning. The eyes were no longer stricken with fear. They were burning with intense fervor, wide with hope and deep with the longing for action.

The hours passed. Kathleen worked tirelessly. Joey, wide-eyed brought a note from Bridget and she left the hum of the commissary to read it. With no seeming volition on her part she went to the mouth of the mine, perched on a pile of timber, waiting to be carried below as soon as the way was clear.

The first crew had come up earlier, appeared at the commissary, faces black with powder grim with the risk they had taken. The muckers were down now, clearing away the rock that had been blasted, making way for further charges.

Overhead the cables hummed, nearby the engines thrummed steadily, pumping air to the rescuers, sweeping away the fumes of powder and rock dust and gas, and on the far side of the pit form, the next crew waited, a ghostly gathering in their yellow slickers, and the gnome-like padding of drill coats.

Kathleen opened the note.  
 "Hurry for a girl of your gold. I'm proud to even know you."  
 The children, bless them, are all in bed, the little imp.

Now, as you suspected, I'm off to the Stubborn Boy to feed the other crew. As a future MacDonald, I must do my stuff.  
 Joey gave me a bird's eye view of the big scene. Seriously, it was splendid, courageous work. I knew you had it in you.

But what has happened to Donald? I'm not accustomed to having men walk out on me like that.  
 See you later, love.

### Bridget

What had happened to Donald? What had caused him to walk out on his fiancée the very evening they were celebrating their engagement?

### Brass

THERE was only pain in that thought and Kathleen felt her heart held pain enough with its burden of worry over Old Balmly. She'd wonder instead what had happened to Kit-Smyth. What if he had gone into Carsted to wire her father?

Kathleen's heart arose in a lump, turned over and settled down. Power of attorney had been given her only for use in obtaining the right-of-way and she had ridden, roughshod over Kit-Smyth's insistence that they bargain.

She, a girl of twenty-three, had crushed the barrier of nearly a century when she led those men over The Golden Girl fence. She had defied a man twice her age, one whom her father trusted.  
 "But Dad would have done no different," she protested. Then her chin came up. "And if he would, I'd only be glad I'd had the opportunity to handle things first."

A skip rattled to the surface and the first casualty was carried out. "Aw, it's nothin'," he protested when Kathleen rushed to him. "Just a hunk of rock hit me when I wasn't lookin'."

Kathleen went on to the hospital with him. The injury wasn't serious, but it would keep him out of the rescue crews.

Returning to her post, Kathleen did some serious thinking. She had ordered the rescue of fifty odd

men at the risk of hundreds of men's lives. It was a large responsibility.  
 Too large. She was tired. She'd been tired when she had left the Gregory house. It was only last evening? She looked at her watch. Four o'clock. Ten hours ago she had sat across the table from Old Balmly.

Her eyes filled with tears. Through the blur she saw the headlights of a car. Probably someone coming from Neutrality with supplies.

But no, surely no one would come a such a speed unless they were bringing news of some kind. She looked back towards the mine, it seemed deserted. The fresh crew of muckers had gone down while she was at the hospital; the others were in the commissary; still others, waiting to be called, were sleeping, gathering strength for their ordeal.

The car raced on, then came to a slithering stop.  
 From it stepped Donald MacDonald. His face was chalk-white, his eyes immense and blazing with a contempt she had never before seen in anyone's eyes.

He saw her and with his lithe, panther-like step came up to her. For a moment he scanned her from the tips of her toes to the top of her tousled head.  
 "The Golden Girl!" he spat. "Golden brass is the word here you are!"

He thrust a folded paper at her. "Here's what you came after! You were going to barter your beauty for it. Instead you're bartering the lives of men. I'm telling you this. You're not getting this right-of-way because you've done nothing to win it. You're getting it because the little finger of any one of those men down there is worth a thousand women like you."

### 'Plated Tin'

The paper fell between them. Kathleen looked down at it. In a moment she would be able to think to reason. In a moment this queer numbed feeling would leave her. Meanwhile, some place behind the frozen immobility of her conscious mind something told her to take it. This right-of-way was what she had come after. She had been willing to barter her beauty for it. She had said there was nothing she wouldn't stoop to do to triumph over this man.

And what a victory this would give her. She would accept this symbol of success, seal the bargain and only then let him know he had given it needlessly.  
 "Here's a case in there allowing me use of the mine property," MacDonald told her.

He strode away to the office. Stiffly Kathleen knelt to pick up the contract. She felt she hadn't strength to arise again. Palm of her hand hit the earth. She braced herself and then she recoiled from the touch of the earth. Down under the surface: two thousand feet down Old Balmly was waiting for her in carry out her promise. Slowly Kathleen followed MacDonald.

He was shouting into the telephone when she reached the door. Kathleen could hear the hollow tones of the operator.  
 "This is a private company, we have no connection with the MacDonald trunk line."

"Then damn it all get hold of Old Balmly; get me some Gregory miners. I'll pay them anything."  
 Kathleen stepped up to the desk. "That's necessary," she observed lifelessly.

MacDonald glared up at her as she continued.  
 "Every able-bodied man in Neutrality, MacDonald and Gregory, are working on the rescue. Crews have been blasting through to your level from the Golden Girl since early last night! They were below within an hour of the discovery of the fire."

Her voice had a peculiar toneless quality now it deepened. "As for this—" she held out the contract and with a swift motion tore it in half, rent the sections pulled the small pieces to bits and with a final burst of fury threw them into the face of Donald MacDonald. "The Gregorys do no bargain in human lives. They are not like you, Donald MacDonald. You would rob five hundred miners of their livelihood because you're too frightened to give a right-of-way which would mean work and bread to them. Old Balmly could have forced your hand. But he believed in prayer. He believed your heart could be softened and the right-of-way won in harmony. For the first time I doubt the power of Balmly's prayers. He was praying when he went down your which shaft to carry an air-line to your miners; a Gregory to save MacDonald. But his prayers have no more effect on his discerning than fire hole than they had on your heart, then God pity all of us. He believed in you and loved you. I believed in you and I loved you. Now I don't ever want to see you again. Brass, not tin. Well, I'm brass Donald MacDonald, you're plated tin!"

She wheeled through the door. "Cleo."  
 She turned back once. "The name is Kathleen Gregory—Gregory, you understand."  
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Tomorrow: Fighting against time.

anywhere near the price they would accept.  
 "It's too bad," Vivian said. "Rosetta and I have always wanted to appear in Paris. We have never played here. And now that we could manage to do so between recordings no one can anywhere near most what we are accustomed to getting. We had several offers and one impressive offer even arranged for us to double in a music-hall and a night club but even then we could not accept."

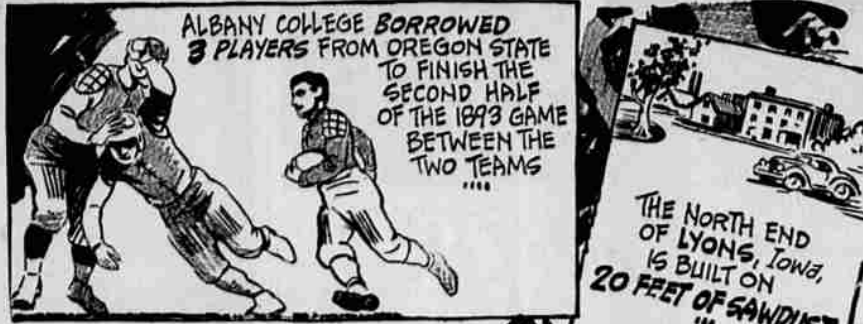
### Guards Sure

SOUTH BEND, Ind.—(AP)—A defendant stayed in a hospital unguarded while awaiting trial on a federal narcotics charge. The reason is simple. He had athlete's foot on one foot and the federal officers had the other leg locked up—it's cork.

The food required for a family of four for 22 years would be worth \$12,000, according to one home economist.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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THE FIRST THANKSGIVING FEAST NEARLY CAUSED THE PILGRIMS TO STARVE TO DEATH FOR 2 YEARS! (THE INDIANS ATE TOO MUCH)



11-24-38

### First Thanksgiving

Strange as it seems, the "first Thanksgiving day" celebrated by the Pilgrim Fathers with the Indians at Plymouth colony was actually three days long—and nearly resulted in the starvation of the entire colony for two years thereafter.

The now-famous banquet was attended by 51 Pilgrims and 90 Indians—the latter outnumbering the former almost two to one. Chief Massasoit and his red-skinned braves brought with them appetites nearly as ferocious as their appearance.

### Hungerly they attacked steaming

bowls of succotash, ears of corn the Pilgrims had raised in their country, and—strange as it seems—doughnuts. The latter delicacies the Pilgrims had adopted from the Dutch "olkoeks," which were fried with nuts in the center, giving them their present name.

For three days the feast continued. The gluttonous Indians ate everything in sight; the small stores of food the Pilgrims had laid away for emergency use disappeared. Thus the first Thanksgiving day feast brought the Pilgrims face to face with near

famine, a state which lasted two years.

### Two-Team Players

Oregon State college's first football year was 1893, and a natural opponent was Albany college, 11 miles away. In the first half of the game Oregon State so completely drubbed Albany that Coach Bill Bloss offered three of his men to the latter team to finish the game for the spectators. Final score was 62 to 0 in favor of Oregon State.  
 Tomorrow: The Underground university!

# BRITISH STRESS AUTO ECONOMY

LONDON.—(UP)—British motor manufacturers, in the Earl's court exhibition, revealed these latest developments:

- 1—Small family cars to do 40 to 50 miles to the gallon. Fuel consumption has been cut without sacrificing speed and pick-up.
- 2—More room for driver and passengers by extending compartments well over the wheels, in a line with the wing tips.
- 3—Cruising speed increased by 10 to 15 miles to the gallon. Fuel consumption, because all-steel construction joining body and chassis has given lighter coachwork with same strength.
- 4—The fashion is to confine oiling to a central feed, and the rest is done automatically. The new models can be serviced all round without barking knuckles.
- 5—Improved springing by independent springing of front wheels, with more rigid suspension without loss of suppleness overcoming the old complaint of heavier wear on tires.

An elephant has 40,000 muscles in its trunk; man has only 550 in his entire body.

### TAILSPIN TOMMY—Friend . . . On Time!



### BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Missing Person!

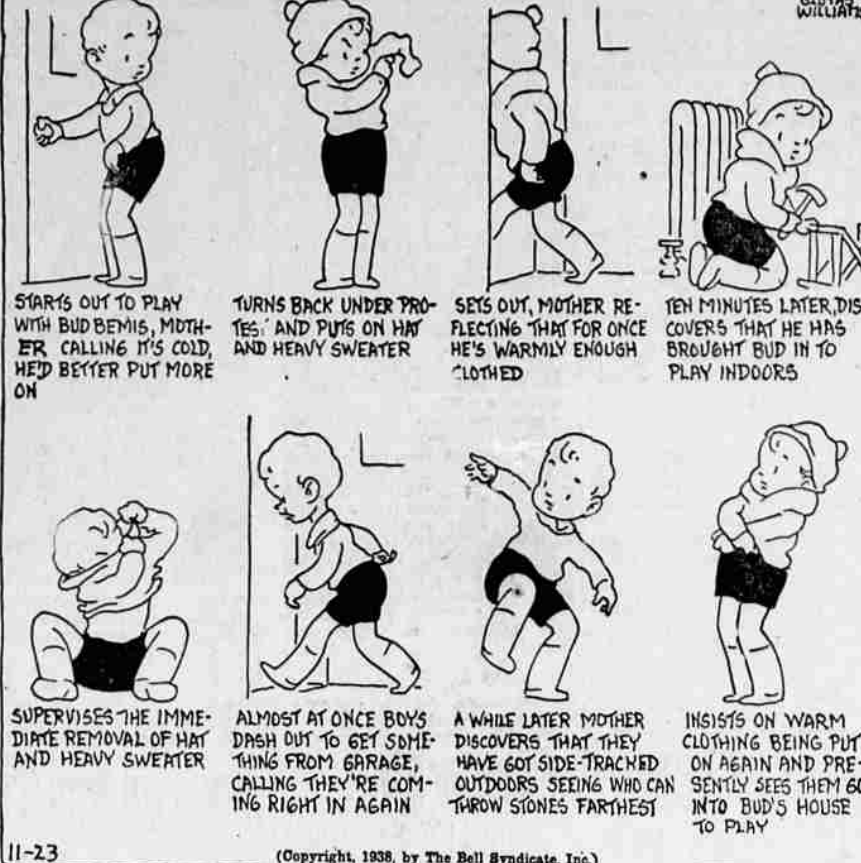


### THE NEBBS—Looks Bad for Steve



### IN AND OUT CLOTHES

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



### S MATTER POI

By O M PAYNE



### By HAL FORREST



### By EDWIN ALGER



### By SOL HERS



# 'TOPSY AND EVA' STYMIED IN PARIS

PARIS.—(UP)—The Duncan sisters, Rosetta and Vivian of "Topsy and Eva" fame have been forced to forego one of their fondest dreams.  
 Since first appearing in the old Winter Garden theater in New York in "Doing Our Bit" back in 1911, they have always wanted to appear in Paris. Previously when they were offered bookings their contracts for other appearances would not permit them to accept. Now, here to make recordings, they cannot accept the offers which have been made because no French music-hall or even the most exclusive of "boites" can pay