

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

Yesterday, Donald scornfully gives Kathleen the right-of-way contract, thinking it is necessary to save his men. Kathleen tells him the rescue work has already started. She tears up the paper and says she never wants to see Donald again.

Chapter 2 Wall Of Rock

MAC DONALD came towards her. The telephone shrilled for a moment he wavered, then reached for the instrument. "Here's your party—"

"MacDonald? This is Nedler, U. S. Mine Rescue Bureau."

Kathleen steadied herself against the building. She felt every bit of life had been spent in her outburst. Dimly she heard MacDonald's voice. "Fly them down, there's a field just beyond The Golden Girl unit."

Someone came out of the dusk of pre-dawn to take her arm.

"Lass, we canna work a'night an' a' day. Rest ye must go Balmie will find ve lookin' pert."

It was Grandma Barkus. She steered her on to the hospital, nodded to the nurse and led her to a cubicle where a narrow bed waited.

Kathleen lay watching the mine superstructure through the window. The lights paled against the gray of dawn, then the timbers stood out like a black skeleton against a blood red sky.

"It doesn't matter to him how I feel, now that he's won Bridget. When he looked at me, it was like a knife going into my heart and when he talked each word was the turning of the knife."

The numbness was wearing away and in its place came a dread of facing another day a day without hope if Balmie could be as mistaken in MacDonald, what chance had he of making his way through to safety?

"I wish I could go home. I can't have to wait 'til they break through. I have to stand by. Donald is making his headquarters here. I'll have to see him. And I told him I loved him. And I told him I never wanted to see him again."

Ruth tiptoed in, as fresh as the dawn, despite her night's vigil. "Here, dear, put these down. You're going to need 'em, and you won't be worth your salt if you're not rested."

Kathleen accepted the amtyols slowly she relaxed and the pain which seemed to have congested about her heart eased.

When she awakened the superstructure was golden with midday sun. Kathleen lay a moment waiting, listening for voices, anything to tell her what had occurred during her sleep.

A strange nurse came in. She was from the MacDonald hospital. "Young Donald has been haunting the place, he says he has to talk to you."

Kathleen brushed this aside. "How far are the rescue crews? Have they made any progress at all?"

"Some, they ran into green rock and had to divert the tunnel. But listen, Young Donald—"

"If water in I can't bring fresh crews in from the outside?"

The nurse laughed at this. "My dear, every miner in Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona is here in Neutrality. You never saw such a mob. And newspaper-men. Didn't you hear the planes come in? Your friend Miss Donahue sent down some clothes. They're there in the bag. Why don't you have a cold shower?"

The Press

The nurse prattled on, Kathleen unhearing. Occasionally her mind caught something, recorded it.

"Young Donald looks like he needs someone to look after him. I've never seen a man look as—"

Kathleen turned the shower on full force hoping the flaming water would wash her clean of all thoughts of Young Donald.

She paused for one glance at the mirror. There was nothing, unless one could see behind her eyes, to reveal the chaos of the previous night. The brown suit, golden tie, trim cream blouse, shining boots, all contributed to the idea of "any morning's jaunt."

It was The Golden Girl of the press who stepped from the hospital. The girl who had walked into her father's office months ago; arbitrary, aloof, a veritable princess of modern times.

The reporters, photographers, bob-slayers and special feature writers awaited her.

Their voices came to her in every key. "Won't you smile, just once, Miss Gregory?"

"A statement for the Daily—"

"Is it true that you took over the holdings single handed?"

"Did you really—"

"I have no statement to make." Kathleen's voice rang out sharply. "I will pose for no pictures."

It was then she saw a girl with hair as red as her own. This girl came pushing through the crowd until she faced Kathleen. She put her hands on her hips and thrust her face forward.

"Listen, this is our job, getting news and we're going to set it. We have to eat and we haven't any sweet daddy digging sold out of the ground for us. Some of these folks told us you were a grand sport. Well, you may be to them, but you're just a glib balloon."

For the first time since the sirens had rang over Neutrality, Kathleen laughed.

"And some day somebody is going to stick a pin in me!" she asked. Then she sobered. "I'm sorry, I hadn't thought of this as being part of your job. If you'll wait until I have some coffee, I'll talk. By the way, have you—"

The answer was unanimous. They hadn't had time to think of food. Time was a precious element in their work also. And they had been told they'd have to go back to Neutrality for food.

Kathleen waved them on. They trooped towards the commissary, cameras clicking as photographers ran ahead. And then they trooped back to the mouth of the mine and Kathleen talked and posed.

Suddenly Ill

SHE was engaged in this fashion when she heard her name called. Over the heads of the press crowd she saw Donald MacDonald. She felt suddenly ill. He looked dreadful, haggard, unshaven.

"Kathleen— Miss Gregory, I must talk to you."

His eyes were feverish, intent upon her, ignoring the curious men and women who waited.

Cleo Riley, longed to reach out to him, ease the pain so visible on his face, help him across this time of agonized strife for word from his miners. Kathleen Gregory thought, "He sees me here, posing. He'll think I like this."

She spoke through stiff lips. "You talked to me last night, Mr. MacDonald. There is nothing else I care to hear."

They elied her with questions then, closing in about her, leaving MacDonald on the rim of the crowd. Kathleen saw him turn and walk towards the tip A crew was coming up, the men reeled out. Ruth was there, pouring whiskey a glass at a time, dressing it into grimy hands.

Norman MacDonald had come up with them. He threw his arm about his cousin and led him away. Kathleen saw them get into a car and only then was aware of the curious silence. These men and women whose profession it was to gauge human emotions had sensed something. They were waiting a cue.

Kathleen diverted them with the story of Balmie Old Balmie who had disappeared in the smoke-choked shaft fourteen hours before. Love of the old fellow lending color to her words, she painted a vivid picture of this man they were to call the Prophet of the Hills, when they reached their typewriters.

It wasn't long before they were there, tanning up their tales and Kathleen found herself alone.

Nothing but the rump of the motors and the rattle of the cables. Nothing to tell of the feverish work going on far below the surface.

Morgan, coming from his rest stopped beside the collar waiting for a skin Kathleen ran toward him. "Take me down, please. I wouldn't be too much in the way, would I? I want to see. I want to make sure they're doing everything."

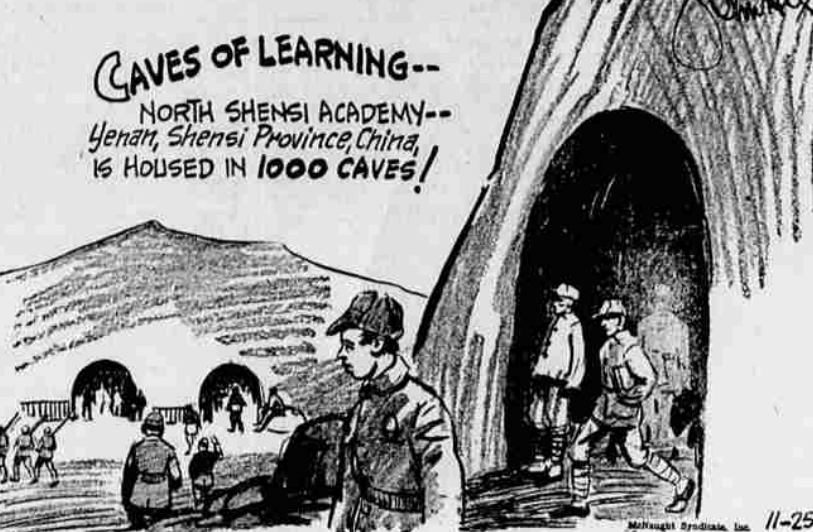
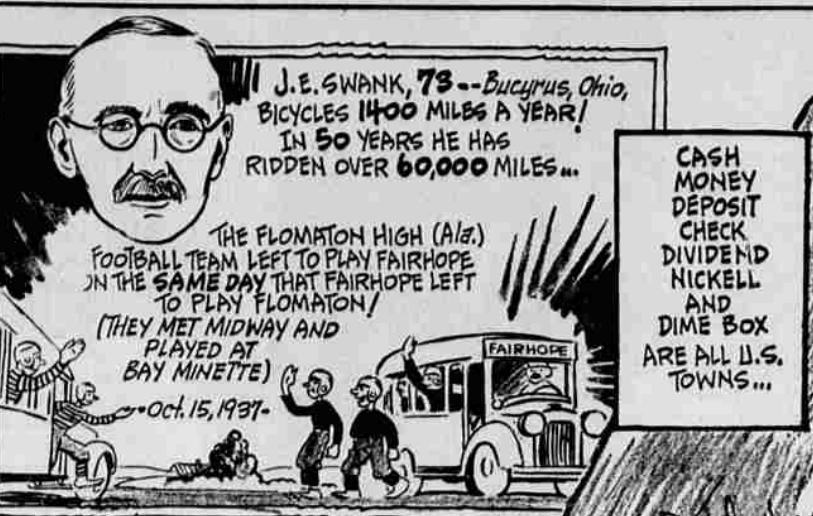
Morgan ran for slicker and he and then they were in the skir were shooting down into the stifling darkness. They reached the working level and Kathleen found it different from her memory of that first trip. Cars were speeding along the tracks, heave with muck, speeding back empty.

"We're running in old tunnel to save time," Morgan explained. "It was dark now save for the carbide lamps. The tunnel was low, so low they must stoop and the men working must work in this hunched position. All they wanted was to get in as a 'body or being.' There was no time to waste with enlarging their passage; no time to timber above themselves for safety. Beyond that wall of rock and earth fifty-three men were waiting, fighting for breath to keep life in their bodies; providing they were still fighting."

Tomorrow: Kit-Smyth runs true & form.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



THE FLOMATON HIGH (Aka.)
FOOTBALL TEAM LEFT TO PLAY FAIRHOPE ON THE SAME DAY THAT FAIRHOPE LEFT TO PLAY FLOMATON!
(THEY MET MIDWAY AND PLAYED AT BAY MINETTE)
—Oct. 15, 1937—

CAVES OF LEARNING--

NORTH SHENSI ACADEMY--
Yenan, Shensi Province, China,
IS HOUSED IN 1000 CAVES!

Underground University... Grim cavern walls instead of ivy-clad halls are the order at North Shensi academy in Yenan, China. And Mother Earth is Alma Mater to students who pursue their studies in the 1000 caves of Shensi.

Headquarters of the Chinese Communist party, which formed a National Front with China's Central government troops to repel the Japanese invasion, Yenan is also the center of a political and military training system of high importance to China's future.

A waiting list of 50,000 boys and girls from every province of China is reported at Yenan. Besides the North Shensi academy, the walled city contains the "Resist Japan" university, a military training school; an Art academy, a School of Dramatic Art, and a hospital.

Eighty per cent of the graduates of the Resist Japan university become officers of the Eighth Route army and go up to the front line of the Japanese conflict.

Many of the students at Yenan are girls, who dress like the men and live on the same conditions, studying and working in caves during the day and sleeping in cave dormitories at night.

Maggie Ties Up Traffic
MELBOURNE, Australia.—(UP)—A magpie's genial idea of using a piece of fencing wire to help build its nest, stopped all electric railway traffic for several hours between Broadmeadows and Newmarket and help up passengers. The bird was building its nest on the overhead equipment of the electric line when a trolley caught the piece of wire and brought down a whole section of the electrical equipment.

Golf Ball Fells Rabbit
ALVA, Okla.—(UP)—Carson Conway of Medford says he couldn't do it again. Hitting on an Alfa course, Conway hit a golf ball and the ball hit a rabbit. Dazed, the animal was convulsed a few times, got to its feet before the golfers arrived, and ran.

First Mishap in 41 Years
NORTH ANDOVER, Mass.—(UP)—Arthur L. Rand's record of driving for 41 years without an accident ended abruptly when his automobile

collided with a dump truck. The 62-year-old Fitchburg resident said he first drove a car in 1897 while a student at Townsend, Vt.

Combine Strips Farmer
REGINA, Sask.—(UP)—Jack Bannister, Woodrow farmer, got a rough and hurried undressing while examining his combine in a field. The cuff of his trouser leg caught in the machinery, and in a few seconds the amazed farmer, slightly bruised, was left standing in only his hat and boots.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Ominous Prediction!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Looking for Trouble!



THE NEBBS—No Silver Lining

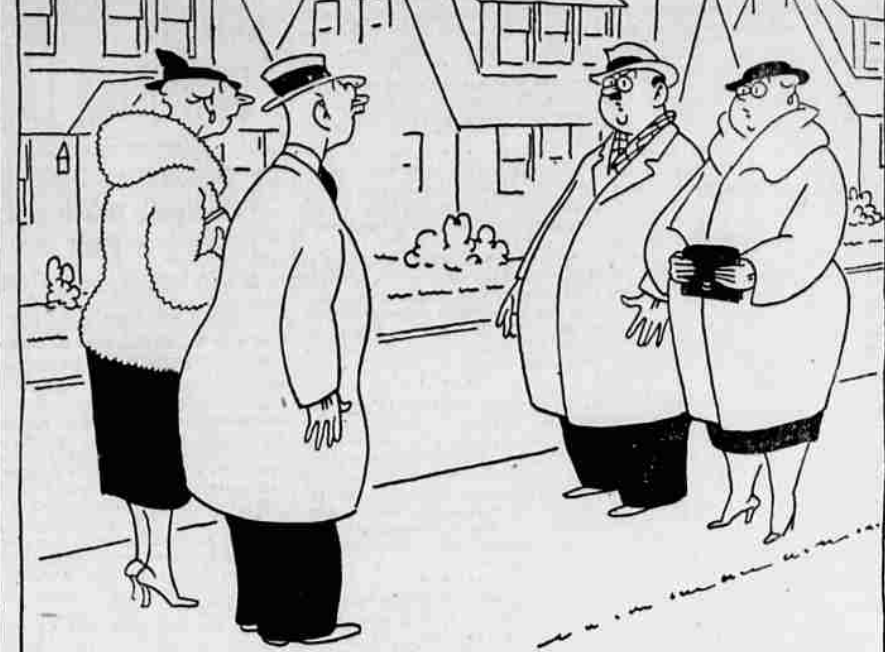


DEAR STEVE: OUR PAPER CARRIED A STORY THAT YOU WERE ROBBED OF YOUR BLUE-BIRD DIAMOND - IF ITS TRUE MY SYMPATHY GOES OUT TO YOU - YOU'RE TOO FINE A MAN TO SUFFER SUCH MISFORTUNE -



SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IT WAS A SLIM THANKSGIVING FOR THE PERLEYS AND THE PLUMERS, WHO MET ON THEIR WAY TO EACH OTHER'S HOUSE FOR DINNER, AND ALL BECAUSE FRED AND ERNIE, DURING A CONVIVIAL EVENING AT THE CLUB, HAD HAD THE GREAT IDEA OF EATING TOGETHER ON THE HOLIDAY BUT HAD BECOME A LITTLE CONFUSED ABOUT THE DETAILS OF THE ARRANGEMENT

S MATTER POT

By O M PAYNE



OH, YES I WILL, POP! I PROMISE



FRIENDS OF TAILSPIN TOMMY'S... BUT THEY'LL ALL BE BANGIN' AWAY AT HARPS IN ANOTHER HOUR AND THEY WON'T BE WEARING AIRPLANE WINGS!



Fables About Animals Ridiculed By Zoo Men

CHICAGO — (UP) — Experts at the zoological park in Brookfield are busy disputing time-honored fables about animals. You can forget the following:

An elephant has a good memory. Monkeys like bananas. The humming bird has a small appetite.

Beasts of the jungle are cruel. In fact, name any of the popular beliefs about animals and Robert Bean, assistant director of the zoo, will give you a 2 to 1 bet you're wrong. He and his assistants based their conclusions on observations.

The elephant, for example, has a memory no longer than his tail. Dr. Bean cited the case of Honey, a baby elephant which was rescued from starvation in the wilds of Africa by Christoph Schulz. Schulz brought the animal to Chicago and for months nursed it along on a bottle. He was absent from town for eight months and when he returned Honey gave him the snub: didn't remember him at all.

The female elephant is reputed to breed at the age of 40 to 50, but Dr. Bean said, in reality, she breeds at 6 to 8 years.

Monkeys like bananas? Dr. Bean poo-pooed the idea. "Give a monkey a bag of pop-corn, if you want to make him happy. And humming birds? They have an appetite that rivals the greediest pig in the sty."

Beasts cruel? Not at all. A hungry tiger, Dr. Bean said, does away with its prey in short order, as if it had deep sympathy for the unfortunate jungle pal it is necessary to devour for sustenance. A house cat, Dr. Bean said, is more cruel in playing with a helpless mouse before eating it than any of the most feared jungle cat.

SILVER CHEEK, N. Y., Nov. 25.—(AP)—Thomas Ellis' rabbit-skin hunting cap was too realistic. Coroner George E. Blood said Carl Kennedy, Ellis' step-brother, mistook the cap for a rabbit and fired his rifle at it. Ellis died last night. Blood absolved Kennedy.