

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

Chapter 30
Thirty Hours

GRIMLY the rescue crew worked, perspiration streaking their blackened faces; grimly fighting until they were on the point of collapse, then others were relayed to take their places. Four hour shifts rests between each grueling fifteen minute period.

Engineers were there, checking the line of the tunnel; watching each deviation from the level which would connect them with the enshrouded miners, switching them back to that line after a detour was made around impenetrable sectors.

Each one managed a smile for Kathleen. "We'll get through in time, lass," they told her in their broad dialect.

Hastened but thoughtful, she started back to the skin. She could more vividly realize Balmly's position now. A dark hole, closed in on all sides; fire beyond the bulkhead burning up their oxygen; and that endless waiting, waiting, wondering if their comrades would break through in time; waiting in the dark without word from the surface of the rescue work.

Kathleen thought the sun on the hills had never looked as beautiful as it did when she reached the mouth of the mine; the young green of new grass, the far line of painted hills.

There was nothing she could do. The work she had organized the previous night went on steadily without her. Jane Arthur headed the commissary, working tirelessly, urging food and more food on the rescue crews as though she would fuel their bodies with energy to break through of their own volition.

She rested a moment with Kathleen. "Thoughtful it was of you to let us MacDonald women work here. Did we ken the agony 'twould be to be afar from news?"

"I know I wanted to be right here," Kathleen confessed.

"An' the talk you g'ien us. It put the heart back. Balmly allus said 'pray believein'. We're doin' that. Martha Graham, she who's expectin' a'at all night, praise God. The baby's 't be named for you, boy or girl, and she a MacDonald."

Kathleen smiled faintly. "Then let's pull for a girl, 't would be a difficult title for a boy."

"Aye," and Mrs. Arthur smiled also. "But he'll be born into a new world and could far stand the scuff. The feud is over. The MacBrides are taking care of our chickens and children. A MacDonald killed a MacBride in that first time of trouble."

Kathleen sighed deeply. Then some good would come out of this. Balmly would consider his life well lost. But she must not think of that. She had promised to meet him.

She thought then of Kit-Smyth, wondered if he had returned from wherever he'd disappeared to the previous night.

She went to the office and outside the door waited to eavesdrop with a cold deliberation.

Kit-Smyth was dictating a letter to Angus Gregory, President of The Golden Girl, Incorporated.

so quickly when father came?" inquired Kathleen.

"Well, I thought you wanted me to pretend... and last night, it was quite a relief to have someone directly connected with Mr. Gregory assume the responsibility of ordering the work to go on."

"I noticed that," observed Kathleen dryly. "But I was speaking of the letter you were dictating. I wanted to find out just how far you would lie. And I am repeating, it won't be necessary to send that letter."

"Oh, yes I see, you've already sent the contract on to your father."

"No, I tore it up and threw it at Mr. MacDonald. You'll have to arrange another disaster so you can lie your way into another contract."

The door slammed as Kathleen went out. He could write anything he pleased now. She didn't care what he wrote to her father; she didn't know nor particularly care what her father, what anyone thought.

And then with a sudden uplift of hope she remembered that Balmly had believed in Young Donald. And that Young Donald had been justified in his condemnation of her. He had felt towards her just as she had felt towards Kit-Smyth as he barred the miners from The Golden Girl.

Love From Afar

THAT night the sun sank behind the painted hills; the sky and hills were incandescence with the blood red tint. The mine superstructure stood out like a grim scaffold, a rigid portent of the secret it covered.

Kathleen spent her time between the women at the commissary and the hospital and visiting the bulletin boards. Those bulletins were so despairingly the same. A gain of a foot, two feet.

A flurry of excitement around the mine and newsmen ran swiftly. Kathleen joining them. "We're going to risk another charge," Morgan reported. "We need room to work. It will give us a chance to timber in without stopping the forward push!"

The powder crew went down. Everything else seemed to stop. Would the blast cause a cave-in? Would it deter the rescue work further?

"Young Donald ordered it," said a voice.

There was visible relief.

"So that's where he is," thought Kathleen. "That is where he would be," she corrected herself.

A skip shot to the surface. Two men marched off hands stiffly at their sides. They were carrying a stretcher. Blood powder and rock dust were mixed or the face of the man who lay there.

"Made fifty feet," he crowed in triumph and fainted.

Fifty feet, hours of work in half an hour, and as soon as the muck was cleared away, the diamond drills would continue biting on through.

Twenty-four hours had passed. Then thirty.

Balmly had said they could last thirty-six hours... providing he had made his way through to them; providing he had caught them before they tried a hopeless attempt to climb the wench shaft.

Kathleen found a shadowy corner and huddled there with a blanket over her shoulders. She could catch an occasional glimpse of Donald MacDonald from there; love him from afar. As soon as the men were safe she would go away and from the safety of her home in the east write him and tell him she was sorry she hadn't given him a chance to explain.

He had wanted that chance. The miners, had of course told him of her battle with Kit-Smyth as soon as he had contacted them. He would have learned that she loved him from afar. As soon as the men were safe she would go away and from the safety of her home in the east write him and tell him she was sorry she hadn't given him a chance to explain.

He had wanted that chance. The miners, had of course told him of her battle with Kit-Smyth as soon as he had contacted them. He would have learned that she loved him from afar. As soon as the men were safe she would go away and from the safety of her home in the east write him and tell him she was sorry she hadn't given him a chance to explain.

Blitter Anger

VERY gratifying to you to have this momentous problem settled in accordance.

I located Young MacDonald in a flying field on the outskirts of Carsted. It took considerable, shall I modestly say, diplomacy, to make him wait until we could find an attorney and a notary public that the contract be made legally binding.

I assured him Miss Gregory would not allow a rescue worker on the grounds of The Golden Girl until this business was attended to. A very astute young business woman your daughter, Mr. Gregory.

Young Donald left then for Neutrality where Miss Gregory's signature, as your representative, was all that was needed.

In the meantime I have everything organized and under way; commissary operating, crews done-tailing each other, etc.

Of course this will cost us several days' productive work, but in the long run it will have us the mine.

Kathleen's lips were reiterating a statement. "I assured him Miss Gregory would not allow a rescue worker."

What else had Kit-Smyth told Donald MacDonald? What kind of a picture had he painted of her as he bargained for the right-of-way?

And MacDonald, horror-stricken at what had happened; desperately eager to get to the scene of the trouble and held back to wait for a legal document because he believed it the only means of rescuing his men. No wonder he had condemned her. And what had she said to him in his hour of trouble.

White with the bitterest anger she had ever known, Kathleen walked into the office.

"It won't be necessary to send that Mr. Kit-Smyth."

"Well now do you do, Miss Gregory, I'm still suffering from the shock of learning your identity. Of course I was pretty sure of it all along, that's why I rented the house to you—"

"And why you made me get out

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

GIANT TIRE—
6 FEET
7 INCHES
HIGH,
WEIGHS OVER
1/2 TON!
(Made in Akron, Ohio)

"BABE" HOLLINGBERRY--
Noted football coach,
FOR 2 SEASONS
COACHED
3 DIFFERENT TEAMS
AT 3 DIFFERENT
INSTITUTIONS
AT THE SAME TIME!
(1922-23)

OLDEST JITTERBUG--
HARRY LADELL COMPETED
IN A SWING DANCE
CONTEST AT THE AGE OF 67!
(Los Angeles, 1938)

LINCAPTURED CORNER!
A STRIP OF LAND, 8 MILES WIDE AND
20 MILES LONG, WAS THE ONLY SECTOR
OF BELGIUM NOT CAPTURED BY GERMANY
DURING THE WORLD WAR...

"Babe" Hollingbery

Although "Babe" Hollingbery, Washington State college football coach, had no college career, at one time he actually coached three different football teams at three different institutions in San Francisco.

Hollingbery says: "I coached Bates Prep school during the years 1922 and 1923 from 3 to 4 each afternoon, hurriedly drove to another playing field and coached Lick Wilmersdington high school from 4:15 to 6, then hurriedly drove to a third field where I coached the Olympic club from 6:15 to 8."

"Each team used a somewhat different system and set of signals," he says. "The Bates team was undefeated while Lick Wilmersdington won the championship both years. One of these years I also coached an American Legion team in December."

Only part of Belgium not captured by Germany during the World War was a narrow strip of land, eight miles wide and 20 miles long, stretching from the coast inland to the Ypres-Poperinghe line. Here was located La Panne, King Albert's headquarters throughout the war.

The automobile, which overturned two and a half times before the fire broke out, was completely destroyed by the flames. It was lying on its top when the men crawled out of the window.

Hogg is suffering from a back injury and shock. Dailey was not injured.

BLACKMER SPENT \$137 IN KLAMATH CAMPAIGN

SALEM, Nov. 26.—(P)—District Attorney Hardin C. Blackmer of Klamath county spent \$137 in his successful reelection campaign, while his Democratic opponent, Don F. Hamlin, spent \$227.

James H. Bain, Republican Multnomah county district attorney, who was reelected, spent \$518.

C. C. Chapman, Republican, elected state representative from Multnomah county, spent \$40.

THE DALLES, Ore., Nov. 26.—(P)—Three persons were injured, one seriously, last night when their automobile turned over near Maupin en route to Portland for the Oregon-Oregon State football game.

TWO KICK WAY OUT OF FLAMING AUTO

BAKER, Ore., Nov. 26.—(AP)—John Hogg, city editor of the Baker Democrat-News, and Dee Dailey of Baker kicked a window from a burning automobile to escape death or injury Thursday alongside the Baker-Hood highway a few miles from Baker.

WE LEFT BETTY-LOU, SKEETS AND JERRY FLYING AWAY FROM MIAMI IN AN AMPHIBIAN PILOTED BY THEIR FRIEND, HANK, IN AN ATTEMPT TO FIND TOMMY

AN EVIL MECHANIC, WHO SERVICED THE PLANE BEFORE OUR FRIENDS TOOK OFF, WATCHED THE SHIP OUT OF SIGHT, AS HE OMINOUSLY REMARKED TO A COHORT THAT THE AMPHIB WAS 'FIXED' LET'S GO AHEAD AND PICK UP TOMMY!

A PLANE LOOKS LIKE...

I'LL GIVE HIM A FAREWELL SALUTE... IT'S THE LAST THING I CAN DO FOR POOR BARRY NOW...

YES! IT'S ALL THAT REMAINS OF BARRY'S SHIP!... THEY GOT HIM, ALL RIGHT!

GREAT CATS!... IT'S THE PIRATE!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Yep—Nope!

GEE, DOC KILEY SURE HIGHBALLED IT AWAY FROM HERE—

AND MAYBE HE DIDN'T LEAVE US SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

WELL, NOT HAVING GONE TO THE FARM, JASON JONES MUST'VE STAYED IN TOWN— BUT WHERE? I'LL TRY THE HOTEL—

GOSH, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU MR. SPRAGUE! IS JASON JONES STAYING HERE WITH YOU?

YEP!

IS HE IN NOW?

NOPE!

THE NEBBS—The Guardian Angel

SAMIB LOOKS WORRIED AND MISERABLE SO I CAN NO LONGER HOLD HIM IN SUSPENSE

WHAT IS IT NOW, KARI?

KARI HAD SUSPICION OF SOME OF THE GUESTS HERE SO HE FELT THAT THE DIAMOND WAS NOT SAFE, SO KARI—

DON'T TELL ME YOU RECOVERED THE DIAMOND!

NO, KARI SUBSTITUTED THE IMITATION THAT YOU HAD MADE FOR THE REAL BLUEBIRD AND NOW IT IS BACK IN THE VAULT WHERE IT BELONGS!

KARI! MY FAITHFUL KARI! WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU? YOU CAN OUT-CROOK ANY CROOK WHO EVER LIVED!

THE FIRST READER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

IS LOOKING AT PICTURE BOOK. SUDDENLY POINTS AT PICTURE OF LOCOMOTIVE AND SAYS, "CHOO, CHOO!"

DON'T REALIZE WHAT A SENSATION HE HAS MADE, AS MOTHER CALLS TO FAMILY TO COME HEAR HIM!

WHEN AUDIENCE HAS GATHERED, OBLIGINGLY SAYS, "CHOO CHOO!" AGAIN, UNFORTUNATELY POINTING AT PICTURE OF A COW

MOTHER SAYS NO, NO, TURNS BACK TO THE LOCOMOTIVE, AND ASKS NOW, WHAT IS THAT?

STUDIES PICTURE, LOOKS UP BEAMING, AND EXCLAIMS, "BOW WOW!"

HAS A VERY GOOD TIME, AFTER AUDIENCE HAS LEFT, SAYING "CHOO CHOO!" TO ALL THE PICTURES

(Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S MATTER POT

POP!

I JUST FOUND OUT PARACHUTES AIN'T NEEDED!

(Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

By HAL FORREST

GRANGERS LEAVE ANNUAL CONCLAVE

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 26.—(P)—Grange delegates were en route home today after adjourning their 72nd annual convention yesterday.

National Master Louis J. Taler, Columbus, Ohio, styled the conclave as one marked by harmony, unanimity of action and clear thinking and said it "was a great thing when farmers from 36 states could come together and agree upon a program."

At its concluding session the grange voted for continued private ownership and operation of railroads. They approved abandonment and consolidation of unprofitable lines where other transportation was available

MISSING RANCHER SAFE IN PORTLAND

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 26.—(AP)—Ernest A. Coit, 64, wealthy California rancher, has been at a Portland hotel since Tuesday, unaware his absence from home caused anxiety for his family.

His wife (deceased) at Santa Rosa yesterday she had tried several to locate him for several days. Her last word of his whereabouts was contained in a letter from Seattle on November 13.

By SOL HESS

GRANGERS LEAVE ANNUAL CONCLAVE

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 26.—(P)—Grange delegates were en route home today after adjourning their 72nd annual convention yesterday.

National Master Louis J. Taler, Columbus, Ohio, styled the conclave as one marked by harmony, unanimity of action and clear thinking and said it "was a great thing when farmers from 36 states could come together and agree upon a program."

At its concluding session the grange voted for continued private ownership and operation of railroads. They approved abandonment and consolidation of unprofitable lines where other transportation was available