

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

Chapter 31

'They're Through'

It was impossible to be gay, or even happy in such surroundings, yet Kathleen felt a load had been lifted from her heart and that it was winging up past the singing cables past the top-most light on the superstructure and on to the mountain stars.

"Have you talked to Donald at all?" Bridget continued.

"Yes," Kathleen answered slowly. "First he told me what he thought of me, then when I could catch my breath, he told me in detail what I thought of him. We didn't seem to care for each other," she concluded dryly.

"Tell me," demanded Bridget.

Kathleen told her, told her much more than she realized.

"That explains so much," Bridget observed when she had finished. "Kathleen, have you any idea where Donald was at the time the alarm was given?"

"I overheard Kit-Smyth dictating a letter to father. He said he was at a flying field out of Castledale."

"But you don't know why he was there. Then listen and see if you can understand why Donald talked to you as he did. When you're engaged you'll understand how time flies without you being aware of it. Norman and I hadn't time for anything but ourselves until dinner was ready then Donald came in and asked where you were. I felt conscience-stricken and told him you hadn't come over yet. He went after you. He found the note you had left for me. I don't know what you wrote, but there was something in it that sent him flying some place."

Kathleen smiled ruefully. "I congratulated you on your engagement to Donald and told you I was leaving. I only reached Balm's. He made me come in and we had a long talk. He told me about the feud, everything."

Bridget frowned in concentration. "I'm piecing things together," she said. "That was it then. He thought you had left for New York. He went after you. Don't you see, dear. Donald was rushing after you to bring you back because he loved you. He was giving up every MacDonald tradition and prejudice because you meant more to him than they did. And in this mood, this eagerness to offer you everything he had, Kit-Smyth found him. I don't know what Kit-Smyth said but I believe he destroyed this image Donald worshiped. And Donald, heartbroken over the disaster and breathless over you, came straight from Kit-Smyth to you."

Kathleen nodded. "Yes, I know how he felt because I felt just like that. I've laughed a lot over 'mortal wounds and stabs in the heart,' but they're real. Bridget, I felt as though I'd been mortally wounded. I didn't care much about living for a while."

Abject Defeat

Bridget stood up. "Let's go over to the commissary. I'm cold and hungry and I'll bet you haven't had any dinner."

Kathleen followed her but she was not looking towards the big building, her glances were searching the few men around the mouth of the mine, looking for one.

Norman found the girls in the commissary. He was taking Bridget home.

"You'd better get some rest, Cleo, they won't be through before mid-morning."

The name Cleo sounded strange to Kathleen, then she caught the import of what he had said. "Mid-morning?"

"Six A. M. had been Balm's deadline; thirty-six hours."

"Where's Donald?" she asked.

Norman gave her a quick searching glance. "Below. I can't pry him loose. He's wrecking himself with worry."

Kathleen made her decision as they drove away. She would go down there to him.

She couldn't. The technical experts were in charge now, the trained rescue crews from the United States Bureau of Mines. They needed the skips.

Kathleen looked at the objects they were carrying and shuddered. Canvas cots and canvas bags. The bags would be needed if they broke through too late.

The mine doctor, rushing alone stopped and looked at Kathleen. "Go to bed, girl," he ordered. "I'm setting up an emergency hospital on the 1580 level. I'll need the girls down there. I'll need you up here. Get some rest, please."

"But the hospital down there, what does it mean?"

"It means we're preparing for life," the man answered stoutly. "And the only life there'll be left will be your own in the shortest possible time."

Kathleen nodded. The medical men were prepared to save minutes. Time was that precious.

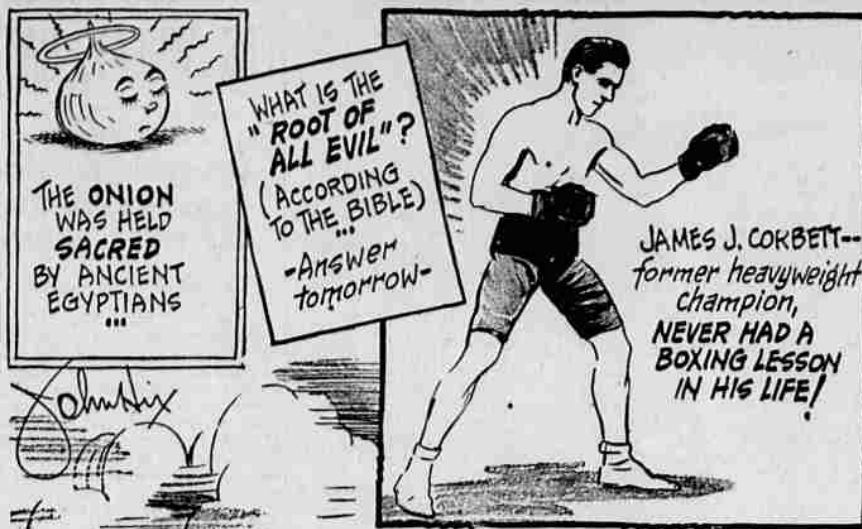
She knew she couldn't sleep, but she did to awaken with a start and find the sun high in the heavens. She sat up alarmed. A deathly silence hovered over the place.

No one was in the hospital, no one even in the emergency room.

Tomorrow: Danger for Donald.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



JAMES J. CORBETT— former heavyweight champion, NEVER HAD A BOXING LESSON IN HIS LIFE!

TO THE GREAT DESERT! BECAUSE SCHOOL GEOGRAPHERS A CENTURY AGO MISTAKENLY LABELED THE FERTILE NEBRASKA TERRITORY "THE GREAT DESERT," SETTLEMENT OF THE REGION WAS IMPEDED FOR YEARS!

The war department was anxious to learn all about the topography of the country and to locate the best pass into the Rockies. Major Long spent four years at this work. He followed the Platte into the mountains and upon the conclusion of his work made a detailed report to the war department in which he called the Nebraska territory a desert because he thought the land was of little value.

This is what he said of it: "It is almost wholly unfit for cultivation and of course uninhabitable for people depending upon agriculture for their subsistence."

Major Long then prepared a map of the region, and had lettered upon it the words: "The Great Desert." This map was widely reproduced in the nation's school geographies, and for years after it was proved that the Platte region was very fertile, the notion of it being a desert persisted.

Tomorrow: The singing racket buster!

Deflation Plus Inflation WILLOWS, Cal.—(UP)—The evil effects inflation and deflation are not always purely of a financial or economic order. When a club caretaker here chased three boys off the club's hunting preserves, the boys returned and deflated the tires of his car. Besides a \$10 fine the boys were sent back to inflate them again.

Identified by Numbers NORMAN, Okla.—(UP)—Here is how the Bobby Davises identify themselves: "I'm Bobby Davis No. 1," and "I'm Bobby Davis No. 2." The "twin-name" students are not related.

California Bananas Grown TULARE, Cal.—(UP)—Possibilities of a new California fruit growing industry is that of bananas. John Rose has successfully experimented here with a tree that was 14 inches tall when he planted it 18 months ago, and is now 18 feet high, with a diameter of 18 inches and has already borne two ripened bunches of bananas.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Doesn't Underestimate His Foe!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Where's the Pen?"



THE NEBBS—Here's a Laugh



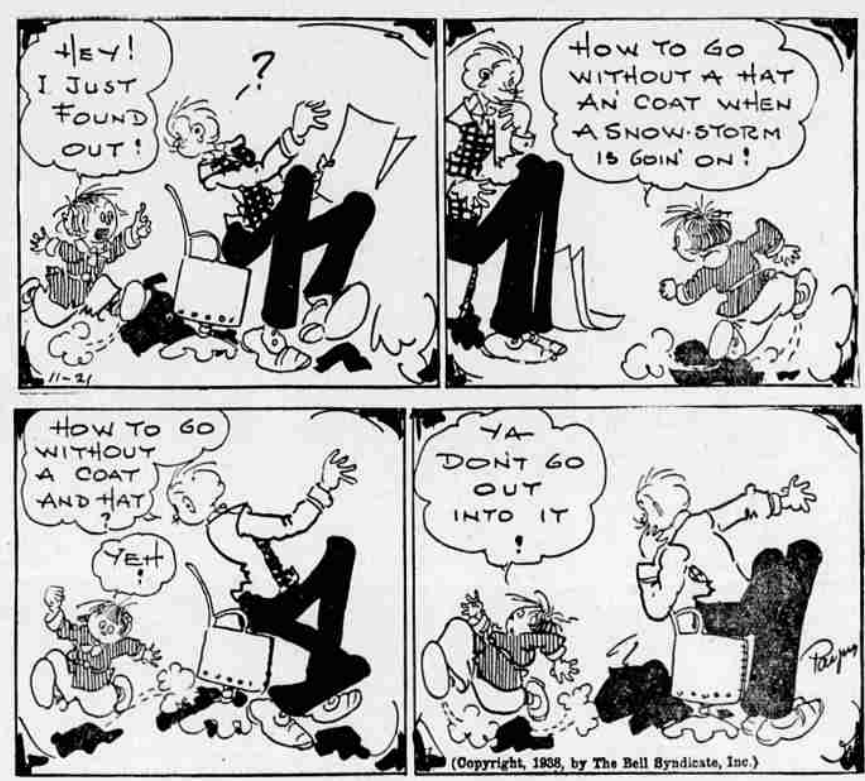
THE WIFE TELLS A STORY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POI

By O M PAYNE



Kents Face Rugged Life In New Australian Post

CANBERRA, Australia.—(UP)—The Duke of Kent will have to take a rifle with him if he plays golf on one of the numerous courses outside Canberra after taking up his post as governor-general here.

The crows are so daring and mischievous that they swoop down on the course and carry off the golf balls. The only way to stop them is by the players bringing them down with a rifle or shotgun.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent also will be able to try the local sport of kangaroo hunting, and if they are successful, may sample kangaroo steaks.

Their residence, eight miles outside the capital and is a stone mansion called Yarralumla. The site once was a famous sheep station. Although built in 1841, Government House has been remodeled throughout and now the outer shell is all that remains of the original building.

Canberra is only 11 years old and has been built along garden city lines, with 40 miles of tree-lined avenues, suburbs two miles apart, and with dazzling white public buildings.

Australian wattle, with its golden flowers, 60,000 flowering fruit trees and British trees especially imported, have been planted throughout the town, while a carpet of flowers grows in front of Parliament House.

Each bungalow and private house is situated in a small plantation with no fences, and each is designed