

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

Chapter 32 Nightmare

A YOUNG doctor called in from Carsted signaled her. "Take this fellow he seems to be a little more alert than the others."

Kathleen hurried over to the opposite side of the ward. She reached for the wall with a steady hand. The head on the flat pillow was white and it was a large head.

"Balmie!"

Clear blue eyes looked up at her. He tried to tell her what his lips were too weak to say. She bent to kiss them. To warm the chill of the blue line with her own warm red lips.

"Balmie, you saved them all. Every one of them."

His lips moved. She leaned close. "Donald," he whispered. "Did they find... the... lad?"

Kathleen's voice was blithe and reassuring. "Oh yes," she answered readily. "he came in right after you." She broke off as Norman waved to her from the doorway. "They're calling me Balmie. I'll be right back."

Not until she was half way across the ward did she realize Balmie hadn't been referring to that first night of the fire.

Norman grabbed her arm and hurried her through the doorway. Then thrust hat and slicker at her. "They've found him," he told her. "we've got to get down to him."

"What happened?" Kathleen felt the cry was torn from her. Her sudden descent from joy to despair was not more abrupt than the down shoot of the skip they entered.

"MacDonald stopes are just the opposite from the Gregorvys. We work down from a level instead of up. The men lay along the steps. The rescuers handed them up to the tunnel which had come out near the top. You see, Balmie, that lifting those inert forms and pushing them in for the fellows on the other side to pull through. Leave it to Donald to take the work on the lowest level. The last man up the rescue men started leaving. They didn't realize Donald wasn't with them until they were outside checking up."

"Is he... did they find him all right?"

Norman barked the answer as the skip touched bottom. "If he'd been all right he'd have made his own way through. Donald had to make a sling to lift him... oh damn it all. If he hadn't been so all in before he started that work. He wouldn't eat. he couldn't sleep. He had worried enough with the mine without breaking his heart over you. I don't know what the devil you two can't get along."

Kathleen was biting her lips to keep back her cry of remorse. She could have eased him over that period of waiting. She could have forced him to rest and take nourishment.

Norman grabbed her and pulled her back against the tunnel wall. Men were moving slowly forward. A heavy burden carried between them. The burden was Donald MacDonald.

To their plea, the one who had directed this last rescue shook his head. "Can't tell. He must have dropped from the tunnel to the bottom of the stope. Don't know whether he's unconscious from the fall or a dose of foul air."

That scene would stay with Kathleen forever. It had a grotesque quality. The rescue crew in their padded suits and queer masks, the weird lights giving them an inhuman appearance. The dark tunnel stretching back, it seemed, to eternity. It was all part of a nightmare.

Kathleen caught one glimpse of Donald as he was carried into the skip. With Norman she followed to the next level and found it another chapter of the nightmare. The emergency ward was a yellow pool in a world of stygian darkness; the white clad attendants, ghostly figures from another world.

... doesn't know her, nor his cousin and we must find her. He's delirious keeps calling for her. Cleveland says we must find her."

"Spit-fire," cried Kathleen suddenly. "That's me!"

The sickening jealousy of some unknown had given way to joy. She brushed the nurse aside, hurried to the room and to the edge of the bed. Donald's eyes were glazed and half closed. His parched lips moved. She knelt close.

"Get to get out... shake sense... nobody else... handle her... got to get out..."

"Donald... dear. Listen... you're out!"

"Oh go way," he cried. "I want her. I don't want you."

"Donald, this is spit-fire; this is Cleo."

"Go way, you're Golden Calif."

Kathleen jumped up, eyes snapping. "So I'm a Golden Calif am I? Listen you... you dope! I'm Cleo. Kathleen, Spit-fire and all of the rest of the things you've called me. You've been in a hole but believe me, brother, when you get out of here, you're going to find yourself in a worse one."

Doctor and nurses were racing towards her. "Stop that," they called. "You've antagonized him enough. get out."

And then they stopped. The blue lips of Donald MacDonald had curved into a satisfied smile.

"That's my spit-fire. That's my Cleo." His hand moved slightly. Kathleen took it, warm and tight between hers. "Sleepy," he murmured.

"It was the only way he'd believe," she tried to explain. Dejectedly she added, "I guess I've never before spoken to him decently."

Sense Of Foreboding

THE hand Kathleen held relaxed. Cleveland bent close, moments passed then the doctor straightened. "Better," he announced. "Respiration more normal. Isn't fighting anymore. Satisfied that head injury mere concussion; fracture reacts differently. Now to clear his system of the gas."

Mrs. MacDonald sat on the opposite side of the bed. Doctor Cleveland advised them to talk. "He'll be aware of normal voices. It will free him of the fear of being entombed. Call me if he wakes."

She just arrived. Donald's mother said "I'll be about every thing, oh not the mine, but you two. Have you been quarreling?"

"Have we ever done anything else when we were within speaking distance," asked Kathleen, hopefully. "Oh I don't know what will become of us."

"You think your differences can't be solved by reason?"

"Not by reason. We seem to have different perspectives. I can't understand and Donald can't love his own people so sincerely and humanely without a little of that love spilling over the line to the Gregorvys."

Mrs. MacDonald smiled. "Perhaps I shouldn't tell you this, but if Donald doesn't trust his love he's spilled over the line. That's why he wouldn't release the right-of-way. As long as the Gregorvys owned The Golden Girl he was unable to help the Gregorvys miners. He had hoped to buy in the Gregory stock, but in the mine which would be useless to the Gregorvys without the right-of-way, and then to operate it separately. All of this would have been done by proxy until he had won over the Gregorvys miners and taught them to believe in a MacDonald."

They talked a little longer then Doctor Cleveland sent them home. "He'll be all right. He'll send for you when he's ready."

For the first time, since she had fled from it nearly three days before, Kathleen returned to the Gregory house.

Even after she had stepped from the MacDonald car at the foot of the veranda, she sensed a change. It was quiet, the blinds were drawn, the door barred.

Filled with a queer sense of foreboding she hurried up the steps.

Kit-Smyth arose from a far end of the porch and came forward, his very manner, indicating a pleased sense of his own importance.

"Mr. Gregory ordered the house closed," he said in greeting. "Your bags are in my car. I'll drive you to Carsted, you're to take the next train east."

Kathleen looked at him a moment. "You have that order in writing?" she inquired evenly.

"Right here," he tapped a paper.

"I'd like to see it."

Unfolding the letter which had arrived by special messenger she read one paragraph in particular.

I consider the damage she has done, irreparable. As reasoning with her is impossible, close the house, pack her into the car and send her back before she can do further harm.

I shall use the full opening of my property as a MacDonald act and proceed to bring suit against the MacDonalds on that ground unless the right-of-way is forthcoming.

"Satisfied?" inquired Kit-Smyth. "Quite. Now take my bags out of your car."

(Copyright, 1938, Jeanne Bowman)

"Miss Spiffner" shouted the doctor, "get him to the surface. Clear the emergency room. Ruth, Helen, with me!"

Kathleen had always marveled at the speed of the skip, now she fretted as one carried her up in the wake of the guernsey.

The door to the emergency ward was closed when she reached there. It opened once to let Mrs. MacDonald in. Norman said they had heard she was flying up.

"You'll call me the moment... Kathleen couldn't complete the question.

Norman nodded.

Kathleen stayed away from Balmie, knowing he would sense the cause of her worry. It seemed hours before she saw the nurse standing at the door beckoning to her. The girl looked puzzled.

"Have you ever heard Mr. MacDonald speak of a Miss Spiffner?"

Kathleen shook her head. "No."

Concluded tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

Answer to yesterday's question: **MONEY IS NOT THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL—FOR THE LOVE OF MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.** (I Timothy, vi, 10)



THOMAS E. DEWEY--
NOTED N.Y. "RACKET BUSTER"--
ORIGINALLY WENT
TO NEW YORK TO STUDY
SINGING!



LT. IMMELMAN --
noted German pilot,
BOMBED PARIS DAILY
AT 5 P.M. FOR
TWO WEEKS!
(Sept., 1914)



24-YEAR-OLD COW --
GIVES MILK
TWICE A DAY!
(Owned by John Garries,
Girard, Pa.)

Racket Buster
Strange as it seems, but for an odd quirk of fate Thomas E. Dewey might have been New York City's Number One Baritone instead of the big town's leading "racket buster."

Educated at the University of Michigan, Dewey was picked as the school's best singer during his senior year, and represented Michigan at a national singing contest at Nashville, Tenn., placing third.

In the 1920's Dewey went to New York to be an opera singer—and turned out to be a public prosecutor, for at Columbia University's law

school he found his life's work. In 1925 he took a position in a New York legal firm.

Dewey became Assistant U. S. attorney for the southern district of New York in 1931 and two years later succeeded his chief. In 1935 he was appointed special prosecutor for racket and vice investigation in New York City. In 74 racket trials, Dewey scored 72 convictions, one acquittal and one mistrial.

His work on prosecuting industrial racketeering led to his election in 1937 as district attorney of New York county and in 1938 as Republi-

can candidate for governorship of New York.

Daily Bomber
Paris, during the first two weeks of September, 1914, was amazed at the spectacular and punctual appearance of a German airplane over the city each afternoon at five sharp. Piloted by Lt. Immelman, inventor of the famed Immelman turn maneuver, the plane preceded each bombing by an amazing display of aerial acrobatics.

Tomorrow: The mother teats champion.

Observe Spud Week
Is Martin's Plea
SALEM, Nov. 29.—(AP)—Asserting "the Oregon potato is inferior to none." Governor Martin today urged Oregonians to observe National Potato week December 2-10.

"This industry plays a vital part in Oregon's farm program and merits your appreciation of its leading role on the American table," the governor said in a press statement.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—When a Plane Proves Faster Than a Bullet!

ATTACKED BY ONE OF THE PIRATE PLANES AS HE FLEW LOW OVER THE SEA TO EXAMINE THE WRECKAGE OF LT. BARRY'S CRAFT, TOMMY DESPERATELY ROLLED AND DIVED HIS SHIP TO ESCAPE THE HAIL OF MACHINE GUN BULLETS FROM THE AERIAL BUCCANER.

A STRAY BULLET SHATTERS THE GLASS HATCH OVER HIS HEAD, AS THE PIRATE BRINGS THE MERCURY INTO RANGE.

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Deed Is Done!

WHERE'S JASON JONES?

YOU CAN'T SEE HIM! HE'S TIED UP WITH MY FATHER!

OUT OF MY WAY, YOU YOUNG UNION, OR YOU'LL BE TIED UP WITH AN UNDERTAKER!

JASON! WHAT'RE YOU SIGNING?

I'VE DONE SIGNED IT, DOC--

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS INTERRUPTION? WHO ASKED YOU TO BUTT INTO THIS BUSINESS DEAL?

SECRET CODE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

LABORIOUSLY COMPOSES MESSAGE TO EDDIE SELZER IN THEIR SECRET CODE

CARRIES IT OVER AND SHOWS UP TO EDDIE'S ROOM THAT HE'S SLIPPED A MESSAGE UNDER HIS FRONT DOOR

HAS GOT BACK TO HIS OWN HOUSE WHEN EDDIE CALLS HE CAN'T MAKE OUT THE SECOND WORD

GOES BACK TO MEET HIM, ARGUMENT BEGINNING AT ONCE, HE CLAIMING HE WROTE IT ALL RIGHT, EDDIE JUST CAN'T READ IT

MESSAGE IS CARRIED UP TO HIS ROOM, COMPARES IT WITH KEY OF CODE

ADMITS HE MADE SLIGHT MISTAKE IN SECOND WORD, BUT SAYS ANYONE WITH ANY SENSE COULD HAVE FIGURED IT OUT

A FEW MINUTES LATER EDDIE SHOWS OUTSIDE HE STILL CAN'T READ IT, WHAT DOES THE MESSAGE SAY?

SHOUTS HE JUST WANTED TO KNOW COULD EDDIE COME OVER AFTER SUPPER. CLOSES WINDOW, FEELING A LITTLE FRUSTRATED

11-28 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

SMATTER POT

By O M PAYN

IS YER POP HAVIN HIS BEAUTY MAD?

I DON'T KNOW, I'LL ASK HIM

POP!

ARE YA--

RR-RR-MFF!

NEVER MIND ASKIN HIM, I KIN SEE HE AINT!

HMM?

11-28 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

MOTHER, BABE HIT BY ACCIDENT SHOT

TULE LAKE, Cal., Nov. 29.—(AP)—A farm mother and the five-month-old son she was nursing were wounded by a single bullet at their ranch cabin near here last night.

The bullet came from a .38 calibre revolver which was discharged accidentally while Howard Pirie, husband of the woman, was cleaning the gun in preparation for a rabbit hunting expedition.

The aim struck one of Mrs. Pirie's ribs, glanced through her breast, entered the baby's face under the left jaw and emerged through its right cheek. Neither the woman nor the child was critically wounded.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

TVA BALKS AUDIT COMMITTEE TOLD

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—(AP)—The comptroller general's office charged today TVA officials had handicapped an audit of the agency's affairs by withholding documents and records.

Investigator V. Tullos, chief of investigations for the comptroller general's office, told the congressional committee investigating TVA "we found it very difficult to find records and reports."

He said he and his investigators had spent "months in Knoxville and other places trying to determine the correctness of certain TVA transactions."

Tullos said the accounting office then proposed the TVA render its accounts to Washington "the same as

THE NEBBS—Going Away

THE CONVERSERS ARE CHECKING OUT AFTER BEING TOLD BY STEVE THAT THE STOLEN DIAMOND WAS A PHONY!

GOOD-BYE, FOLKS, I HATE TO SEE YOU GO—YOU HAVE BEEN SO NICE TO ME AND I HOPE THIS FINE COMPANIONSHIP DOESN'T END HERE

WE ENJOYED YOU TOO, STEVE, AND WE'LL GET TOGETHER AGAIN SOMETIME SOON

I EXPECT TO BE UP IN YOUR CITY BEFORE LONG AND I'LL LOOK YOU UP—IF YOU WON'T THINK ME A PEST, I SUPPOSE YOUR NAME IS IN THE TELEPHONE BOOK?

THAT JUST ABOUT THING AND WE'LL BE SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU—SURE, YOUR NAME IS IN THE BOOK

I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN BE SO NICE TO HIM AFTER THE WAY HE DECEIVED US!! I DON'T THINK HE'S GOT A DIAMOND!

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD HAVE TOLD HIM HOW UNFRIENDLY HE WAS, BRINGIN' US ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE TO STEAL HIS GLASS DIAMOND! I'LL GET HIM SOMEPLACE ALONG THE ROAD—HIS NAME IS IN MY MEMORY AS A GOOD PROSPECT!!

11-28 (Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)