

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

Chapter 33 The Shirt Is Patched

"I'm going after the sheriff of this county," said Kathleen. "I am over twenty-one years of age and not under the dictates of my father. You'll either give me my property or be arrested for theft."

Kit-Smyth blustered a little, but past experience had taught him this Kathleen Gregory was fearless.

The bags taken from the car, Kathleen looked through one and turned to Kit-Smyth. "Now, my power of attorney. You've stolen that from this bag. I think you've gone just about as far as you're going to go. No one in this county or in this state is going to listen to you when I've told my story. If we'd waited for you and your right-of-way, those men would have been dead. Come on, now, give it to me!"

Reluctantly Kit-Smyth reached in an inner pocket and withdrew the document. Kathleen looked at it to be sure it had not been tampered with. She moved her bag across the line onto MacDonald property.

"Now go wire my father that his chance of claiming I was unauthorized and willful in turning the Golden Girl over to the rescue of the MacDonald miners, is pretty slim. As long as he hadn't enough trust in me to write me, you can tell him for me, that I am no longer a Gregory and I'll appear against him if he tries to bring such a suit."

"No longer a Gregory... ha!" Kit-Smyth jumped into his car and drove away.

Kathleen stood a moment. She had just renounced her own people. The MacDonalds would welcome her, but she wasn't ready to accept them as an alternative.

Was there no truly neutral ground in Neutrality?

Balmy's house. Wearily she made the several trips down. The old shepherd greeted her joyously, escorting her each time she went for additional bags.

As Balmy had prophesied, the door was unlocked, there was firewood and tea in the canister. As she brewed the tea and toasted old bread, Kathleen indulged in serious thinking. For the first time in her life she was truly alone. She believed Donald loved her and would ask her to be his wife. A MacDonald, but even in his delirium he had said nothing of marriage. And she had thought her father loved her and believed in her.

Reaction from the dramatic tenor of the previous days and nights set in the thought. Balmy's cot and for many hours turned and tossed. Perhaps she had been wrong in everything. She was young, her father was old and full of ripe wisdom.

The next morning Kathleen carried her breakfast to the terrace. Bridget found her there.

"We saw smoke coming from the chimney," she explained. "We had no idea where you'd gone to. Kit-Smyth said you wouldn't be on Gregory property. Why didn't you come to us?"

"I couldn't, and this isn't Gregory property, it's Balmy's. Bridget, how do you have them about Donald?"

Bridget nodded, her eyes troubled. "He's fine. He needed the rest perhaps more than anything. He sent for his mother last night."

Kathleen nodded. He had sent for his mother. He hadn't sent for her.

That Awful Man!

"The men are being transferred to the MacDonald hospital today, those who aren't ready to come home. Kit-Smyth ordered them off the property. Doctor Cleveland and he had a peach of a row."

"What are you going to do, Kathleen? Hadn't you better come up with us?"

"I'll wait for Balmy, then I'm going on."

Bridget waited a few moments as though desirous of saying something. "Well," she stood up, "I'll see you before you leave. Oh, she thrust forward a package she had been carrying. "Mrs. MacDonald asked me to give this to you."

Kathleen barely heard her. Donald hadn't called for her. He hadn't sent word to her. Nothing else mattered. She could at least leave the scene with flags flying. She could at least greet Old Balmy in festive attire.

Balmy would like to see her truly feminine. In her bags, somewhere, there was a white ruffled dress embroidered in tiny velvet rosebuds. She'd don that.

She felt better after that, tied her curls back with a thin yellow ribbon and went back to the terrace feeling more in tune with the apple tree.

It was then she saw the package. It contained the other half of the blood-stained shirt, the half Old MacDonald must have worn. She would sew the two together and give the whole to Bridget. No matter what laws the Gregorys laid down the people of Neutrality would no longer be divided.

The last stitch was taken, the thread knotted when she heard someone come around the house. Donald MacDonald paused on the edge of the terrace to look at the girl who waited, then he walked

forward with his sure step. Kathleen believed her heart waited with her, her breath waited. "I brought you some wires," said MacDonald.

"So nice of you," murmured Kathleen. The rose faded from her cheeks with her acute disappointment, her eyes darkened. "Don't let me detain you."

"You're not." He sat on the stone wall as though grateful for rest, and lighted a cigarette. "Go on read them, don't mind me."

"I don't... reading won't!" she retorted answering both.

She ripped open the first wire.

DON'T MARRY THAT MAN!

BEATRICE GREGORY

She tore open the second.

ALL IS FORGIVEN, COME HOME.

DON'T MARRY THAT AWFUL MAN!

MOTHER.

She opened the third. It was much too long for a Scotchman to send as a straight wire, but evidently Angus Gregory was feeling Scotch. With increasing delight his daughter read.

DEAR CHILD I AM PROUD OF YOU. THANK GOD YOU WERE THERE TO PUT THAT BOUNDER KIT-SMYTH IN HIS PLACE. YOU ACTED LIKE A TRUE GREGORY. WIRE FROM BRIDGET CONVINCING ME HE HAS MISREPRESENTED EVERYTHING FROM START TO FINISH. REGARDS MY HASTE IN REPLYING TO LAST LETTER. GLAD YOU DEFIED HIM. IF YOU WOULD LIKE PLEASURE OF DISCHARGING HIM WILL HOLD MY HAND. WILL HIRE NEW ENGINEER. AM MAKING HONORABLE SUPERINTENDENT. YOU HAVE EARNED POSITION. HAPPY TO ADVISE YOU THE SCASTING OPENED NEW VEIN RUNNING BACK AT RIGHT ANGLE TO OLD, RIGHT-OF-WAY NO LONGER SUCH VITAL NECESSITY. TRUST I MAY DISCOUNT KIT-SMYTH'S WORD OF YOU BECOMING A MACDONALD. TAKE MY ADVICE. DON'T MARRY THE MAN! WILL BE THERE WITH YOU SUNDAY. LOVE FROM YOUR PROUD FATHER.

"Fighting My Love"

She laid the wire aside and looked at "the man." It was ridiculous to admire anyone as much as she admired him. It was rather frightening to feel your lifetime's happiness depended upon him.

"Feel better?" He smiled at her and the world was suddenly righted, in focus, beautiful.

Kathleen handed him the telegram. He read it slowly, his face reflecting the emotions each phrase produced. And when he reached the final line he said, "Ha! Hurray for him. See, he's told you not to marry me. For the first time I have some hopes. I've never let you do anything you were ordered to do."

"Yet?" questioned Kathleen.

"That's what I said. Now stay where you are." He reached out to draw her close, but his voice changed from triumph to seriousness. "Do you know dear, I've wanted to do this from the moment I saw you? I didn't know the desire to punish and to love were so involved. I fought it. I was fighting you. I was fighting myself. I tried to build up a good strong hatred and it turned on me. You'll never know."

When Kathleen had use of her lips again, she exclaimed, "What do you mean I'll never know? Do you think I wanted to love you? You stiff-necked MacDonald!"

They were at it again. Balmy carried around the rear of the house, saw MacDonald shaking Kathleen by the shoulders. Kathleen flaying at him with an old shirt, a blood-stained shirt, a shirt that had been torn in two and mended.

"Congratulations," said Balmy. They stopped their quarreling then, to sit Kathleen in the circle of Donald's arm, while they talked to the old man.

"Balmy, by the way," offered MacDonald, "you might like to know that I've sent on the right-of-way. I spent most of the night with mother and my attorneys drawing up the contract. I believe Angus Gregory will agree to the terms. From now on Neutrality will be that a Neutral town and a friendly one. I want to turn the big house into a Community hall; one big community hall with no dividing line. I have you two to thank for this opportunity. If those men hadn't been brought out alive, I'd have left their death on my hands. The Gregorys would have tunneled through if I'd given right-of-way when it was requested; there would have been a way out for the men. I thought I was doing right by the Gregory miners when I refused. I had to learn my idea of right wasn't."

Balmy held up his hand. "You had to learn that ideas based on hatred were boomerangs. Ideas based on love are the same. But you welcome their return. Now you two run along and let an old man sleep. My work is done. From now on I'll outter around my garden and among my people. I am very tired."

Kathleen and Donald walked slowly up the hill, then paused to look down on Neutrality. Their work had just begun. This was their town; theirs to turn into a place of peace.

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THE END

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Champion Mother
Strange as it seems, Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman, donor of the famous Wightman cup, won 32 national tennis championships in 24 years—eight of them after she was the mother of five children!

In 1909—when she first won a national title by capturing the U. S. ladies singles title—the game was far different from that played 24 years later in 1933 when she won the ladies indoor doubles championship.

In 1928 Mrs. Wightman, when the mother of five youngsters, won the ladies outdoor doubles, the indoor singles, the mixed indoor doubles, and the ladies indoor doubles. The latter title she also won in 1929, 1930, 1931 and 1933.

When plans for erecting the Standard Oil building at 26 Broadway, New York City, were drawn in 1923, it was found that a restaurant building on the site held a lease which would not expire until four years later.

As the tenants of the restaurant decided not to move, the architects changed their plans and built the 30-story skyscraper completely over and around the restaurant, leaving it enclosed in a man-made cave with only the front exposed.

In 1928, at the expiration of the restaurant's lease, the smaller building was rebuilt to conform with the rest of the architecture at 26 Broadway, and the two units finally became one.

Tomorrow: The ride of "Portugee" Phillips.

Intruders Beat Silver Shirts
CHICAGO, Nov. 30.—(AP)—Four persons were injured and nine were arrested at a riotous meeting last night of an organization known as the Silver Shirt Legion of America. A crowd estimated at 100 by Policeman Charles Stanberger was attending the meeting at a west side hall when the place was stormed by intruders numbering 75 to 100. Opponents of the organization charged it was avowedly pro-Nazi and anti-semitic.

Weather
Northern California: Unsettled tonight and Thursday, occasional rain north portion tonight and in extreme northwest portion Thursday; moderate temperature; decreasing southerly wind off coast.

Oregon: Rain west and local rain or snow east portions tonight and Thursday; normal temperature; decreasing southerly gales off the coast.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Slim Chance!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Sell-Out!



THE NEBBS—Gone



THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

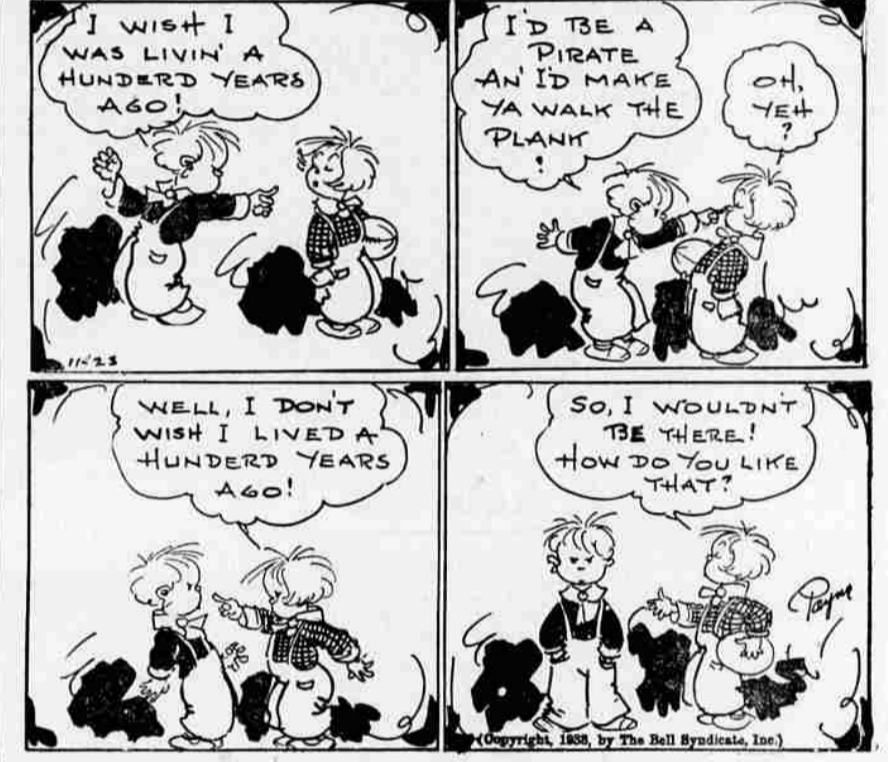


AFTER THE USUAL STRUGGLE TO GET A RELUCTANT JUNIOR READY ON TIME FOR THE FIRST DANCING CLASS OF THE SEASON, YOU DISCOVER THAT HE CAN NO LONGER GET INTO HIS ONLY PAIR OF BLACK SHOES

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S MATTER POT

By C M PAYNE



By HAL FORRESTER

NOTES IN CHINESE KEY TO TRAGEDY

WALLA WALLA, Nov. 30.—(AP)—Christian funeral rites were said over the remains of Kimigi Ichikawa, Japanese, and Leo Yuen, Chinese, this afternoon and the victims of a stabbing and suicide, cleared up by notes left by Lee, were interred in a local cemetery.

A Baptist minister conducted Ichikawa's funeral and an Episcopal pastor officiated at Lee's, which were attended by Gilbert Lee, Tacoma Chinese, serving a life sentence here for a tong war slaying. Lee said by prison officials to be a son of the confessed slayer-suicide, was taken to the mortuary services by a prison guard.

NARCOTIC POSSESSION NETS TEN-YEAR TERM

SEAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 30.—(AP)—William Ingram, described as a former Washington state convict, was sentenced to ten years in a federal penitentiary and fined \$1,000 here today for possession and sale of narcotics.

Government agents testified that in a raid on his apartment they found drugs worth \$20,000 on the illicit retail market, secreted in a hidden compartment of his refrigerator.

The oldest known printed book, discovered in China, bears the date May 11, 808.