RRY THE MAN

[illegible] Gregory, Kathleen Cleveland, Doctor Macbride, with you." She's never been so flattered. "I'm sure I'd go, I'd stand up out for the beauty town with the guests. In the last news set Grandmother MacBride, nearly smothered in blankets, her toothless mouth, wide with a happy smile. Blood red bridesmaid Sarkus, the other old woman's crony.

Carsted reached, Kathleen spent half of her time shopping, the other half writing an air-mail letter to her father.

"I demand you have every roof in Gregory repaired before snowfall.

I demand you release Doctor Cleveland from that asinine limitation. Give written permission for him to attend all Gregory people free of charge. He's more than willing.

This is enough for now. I'll tell you what else is needed in my next letter.

The missive was hurled east by air.

Epidemic

It was after dark when Kathleen returned to Neutrality. Depositing the old women at their respective cots, she stopped at the young MacBrides. Doctor Cleveland was there. He drew Kathleen outside.

"You seem capable of getting what you want," he began. "I wish you'd find a way to permit me to care for this child." She's going into pneumonia if she isn't taken out of that damp hole and given proper nursing."

"Bring her to my place," answered Kathleen promptly. "It's as big as a barn, but it is dry and we've plenty of fuel. I'll take care of her."

An anxious Bridget, who had seen Kathleen back the car out of the barn and drive off; who had since received word of her dashing around Neutrality down to the Golden Girl; then setting north to Carsted; opened the front door to find her standing there, cheeks white, eyes black with determination.

Behind Kathleen stood a man, a [illegible]

[illegible] Kathleen's face. "Bring the man in." Bridget's mouth closed [illegible] Mr." A steady fire in the living room will keep it at the right temperature."

"Aunt Mackbride was the first victim of the Neutrality epidemic which struck Neutrality; especially the Gregory side, only an hour later I came or two reaching the MacDonalds.

Within four days the old Gregory house had been turned into a hospital. Bridget and Kathleen alternating shifts, each with a hospital nurse.

By silent, mutual consent, a barrier of silence was thrown about the activities and not until the fourth day did Kit-Smyth learn what was taking place.

On the evening of that day he drove up to the Old Gregory house. Kathleen met him at the door. Worn with long nights of nursing and vitarious suffering for her patients, she was ready to release her pent up wrath against the Gregorys.

"You can't turn this house into a hospital," Kit-Smyth said.

"Oh can't I," retorted Kathleen. "You try to stop me."

"That's precisely what I intend to do. Get those people out of there or I'll—"

"You'll what?" flared Kathleen. "I'm not moving people too ill to be moved, and what's more, when others need to come to they're coming, and not you, nor your whole damned county is going to stop me!"

"I know someone who can," yelled Kit-Smyth. "If you haven't cleared that house within twenty-four hours I'll call on the law."

"You can on the law and I'll call on the Gregorys," promised Kathleen. "I know they're a rotten lot. I've seen enough and heard enough since I've been here to gauge them pretty accurately. However, even a Gregory must have an ounce of humanity, somewhere. If they haven't, they have pride. Let them back me and I'll write friends I have on the New York newspapers and they'll hound them with publicity until they will wish they had given in. You start something and I leave for Carsted the moment I'm through with my shift. I'll call this Angus Gregory and tell him a few things."

"And I suppose you think the New York reporter will run over herself to give you the Gregory end, that anything I started Kit-Smyth would instantly be spiked."

"Why, you poor fool, I'm a reporter myself. I'm the New York reporter who has promised to give you the Gregory end. Now, anything I started Kit-Smyth would instantly be spiked."

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"Stop! Stop!" cried Kit-Smyth. "Stop! Stop! Stop!