

Marian Gordon

By JEANNE HOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Marian Gordon Morning Dispatch Reporter, is anxious to go to dinner with Lon Casad, who is waiting for her in front of the Dispatch building. But her managing editor demands a refund of the Brown bribery trial. Marian tells him how Jenny Case, Brown's flit-fiancee, has accused him of accepting \$10,000 to pass a defective high school building, and how the girl Brown married admitted to Jenny that she knew of the bribe all along.

Chapter Two
SILVER HONDON

"BROWN insisted," Marian went on, "and proved that this ten thousand came to him from a personal friend as a loan."

"Who was the friend?"

"A fruit rancher from Sonoma county, T. T. Lawson. They put a tracer on Lawson's account, but could find no evidence that ten thousand had been paid him at any time, so the jury was forced to accept Brown's word."

"As far as I can see, Mr. Bowen, the only thing proven in this case is that Jenny thought up a neat way of getting revenge on Linda for stealing her man."

"The usual honor among women," commented Bowen adding, "present company excepted. I understand the case went to the jury this afternoon and that Jones is down

of her spirit. Know Silver Hondon? Hadn't Silver made her hours of joy and misery combined; hadn't that exquisite pot of the girl's school taken everything she had ever held dear, from the kakemono Uncle Tom had brought from Japan, to her first beau?"

She thought of Lon and shivered slightly, rebuked herself for being fifty-seven varieties of a fool. She hadn't seen Silver for at least four years, not since her marriage to Cliff. It wasn't likely she'd be seeing her again, they lived such different lives.

"Yes," she answered Bowen. "I know Silver, why?"

"Did you know she was getting a divorce from her husband?" Bowen queried.

"I knew she went to Reno soon after Cliff began losing his money. I didn't think she was there for her health."

"That's a felicitous remark," chuckled Bowen.

"Not when you know Silver," protested Marian; "she's been living up to her name ever since I've known her."

"From what I've read of the young lady, she should have been called yellow-back or some such," contributed Sanderson. "This Reno dispatch says she was given her divorce decree this afternoon."



"You know Silver Hondon, don't you?" asked Bowen.

"Oh," said Marian, shocked in spite of having expected it.

AND then, remembering girls who had been in the newspaper game as long as four years must appear to be sophisticated, she laughed—"The boys do be economizing these days. Getting rid of Silver is an economy no matter what staid settlement Cliff has made."

She turned to walk quietly from the room, then outside darted to the dressing room to run a comb through her mass of red gold hair, to pat a powder puff over the impudent nose which defied her attempts at dignity, and to make a few futile attempts to cover the parade of freckles which marched across the bridge of that nose and sprayed faulke across her high cheek bones.

She pulled a ruffled felt hat over her hair at a jaunty angle, dashed out of the room and down to the street entrance, ignoring the elevator. There she assumed the nonchalance of her chosen profession and sauntered onto the street.

And then her recently assumed nonchalance dropped from her shoulders like a storm blown cape. The space before Tony Gazette's flower stand which had harbored Lon Casad's car was empty and Tony's new audience was a bespectacled gentleman buying a pot of heather. Lon was nowhere to be seen.

Marian stood staring at the spot on which the car had been parked. Never had an oblong of asphalt looked as barren. Of course no man could be expected to wait for two hours and yet, he could have come up to the editorial rooms and left word he must go on.

She waited for the traffic light to turn from red to green, and when the green was about to turn to amber, she darted across.

She was still involved in the sale of the heather, but he acknowledged her presence with a dazzling smile and interspersed his salesmanship with asides to her.

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Lon's defection is explained, Monday.

BARNES TAX PLAN TO EXEMPT HOME TOLD IN PORTLAND

PORTLAND, Oct. 1.—(Sp.)—"A sales tax to remove the sales tax on shelter" was how J. C. Barnes, Jackson county orchardist, yesterday described a new tax plan proposed by the Jackson County Chamber of Commerce, which that group plans to submit to the state legislature at its next session. Mr. Barnes, author of the plan, is in Portland for a short visit.

The bill would exempt owners from paying state, county and school taxes on homes up to \$1500 of assessed valuation, which taxes, Mr. Barnes declared, now result in home owners paying a "20 per cent sales tax on shelter, a necessity." A 2 per cent sales tax on other commodities would raise the revenue lost to the state by exempting the home owners.

"The assessed value of property in Oregon is \$1,000,000,000," said Mr. Barnes in explaining the Jackson county plan. "We divide that into two factors—\$150,000,000 on one side of the line and \$850,000,000 on the other side. The \$150,000,000 represents 'shelter value' and should have special consideration. It represents the first \$1500 of assessed valuation on homes."

Ability to Pay at Issue

"We contend that 'shelter value' indicates no ability to pay taxes and that it is an economic error to tax shelter. The little home of 'shelter

TOMATO AND MELON GROWERS WILL GET LIST OF QUESTIONS

Questionnaires for all tomato and melon growers in Oregon and Washington have been sent to the county agents of the various counties by the Oregon-Washington melon and tomato marketing agreement.

These questionnaires which each grower is asked to fill in and forward to the central office at 516 Oregon building, Portland, Oregon, will give the agreement information on the number of growers, acreage and tonnage of crops in the two states. The information gained from these questionnaires will be used in determining the agreement's policy for next year, and in getting an accurate count of growers.

"All growers are asked to fill in and return these cards as soon as possible," said Morton Tompkins, chairman of the agreement's control board. "We want an accurate list of growers to whom we can go for opinions on various phases of our proposed program for 1935. As soon as this information is compiled, we are having a general meeting to shape plans for next year. Growers are urged to express their opinions and give any suggestions that might help to make the agreement more effective."

"Our cause has been greatly strengthened by an opinion from Oregon's Attorney-General Van Winkle in which he states that a violation of the melon and tomato agreement is a violation of the state agricultural adjustment act, and dealers making violations are subject to revocation of license."

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

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FRED PERLEY COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY IT ALWAYS TOOK HIS WIFE SO LONG TO DO THE MARKETING, UNTIL HE DID IT FOR HER ONE DAY AND SAW HOW THE LADIES PARKED IN FRONT OF THE MARKET

GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TALES FROM POP



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Has a Hunch!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Briar Overboard!



THE NEBBS—Peek a Boo



BRINGING UP FATHER



SANTO OBTAINS MANY GEMS TO COLLECTION IN EAST OREGON TRIP

E. R. Santo, local collector and cutter of gems, has returned from a field trip into central and eastern Oregon, in search of gem stones and specimens to add to an already sizeable collection. Mr. Santo is interested in organizing a museum of stones and gems for southern Oregon and has a start of some 3,000 specimens, valued at approximately \$3,000.

Among the stones collected on his field trip is a rare cross section of opal-lined redwood log, which he states is the most beautiful specimen in the world. Mr. Santo also collected several other interesting specimens.

SANTA ROSA, Calif., Oct. 2.—(UP)—Albert E. Burgess, 58, Sunday school teacher, was arrested here today on charges of kidnaping. He is the father allegedly abducted to West Virginia last year, Mrs. Lillian Burgess, 48.

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