

Marian Gordon

by JEANNE BOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Marian Gordon Morning Dispatch reporter is kept so busy telling her editor the details of the Brown bribery trial that Lon Casad, her very good friend, has appeared "by hired of writing and gone away. Brown has been accused of taking \$10,000 to pass a defective high school building. He has been tracked down by Jenny Case the girl he filled in for of Jenny's roommates, Linda Carlson. The jury is still out and Marian is on her way to the courthouse. She is talking with Tony the flower seller.

Chapter Three ABOUT HONOR

"He says to you to sit here," Tony unfolded a canvas stool and placed it beside the stand.

Marian sat. She sat because she felt her knees would no longer support her. She who had covered murders, who had covered the emergency hospital beat and assisted the attendants in rushed hours without even pausing, was suddenly weak because a mere man had literally walked out on her.

There on the canvas stool, the pedestrian traffic eddying about her, the street lights flaring down on her, she reviewed her weakness and was amazed. Heretofore, Lon had meant an intoxicating joy that defied the weariness of long days in a study court room, long evenings on

saucer," thought Marian. She added a wido mouthed cat to the collection of rodents.

And then into the gloom of the big room stepped Lon Casad. Marian wondered, hysterically, why everyone in the room didn't stop looking and stare, why the clock over the bench didn't stop ticking, why the flag didn't start waving. Had there ever been anyone finer in that old room?

He was talking to the bailiff, dark head bent a little to one side, pleasing grin showing a row of square white teeth, strong shoulders held a little back, even as his head was bent. Marian noticed his amber-hazel eyes searching the room. They focused on her.

Lon was bending over Marian's chair, apologizing, explaining—"It happened this way," he said, "Tony's little Marietta has the measles. Tony's big Marietta had told him to be sure to send down some vaseline for Little Marietta's chest, and he had forgotten."

"And you went out, bought it and carried it down," declared Marian, and added, "and what else did you buy and carry down?"

"Candy and a picture book," he admitted.



"Tony," Marian said, "I must go on."

the dance floor. Now she realized there was another side to this love business, an unpleasant side bitter with fear of loss. She was being an utter fool.

"Tony," she said arising, "I must go on. Please tell the gentleman I will be at the courthouse until the verdict on the Brown case is in."

Tony was still assuring her of his willingness to relay the message as she started her journey down through town. She stopped at Hamburger Joe's stand for a sandwich and a cup of coffee, but even the aroma of the frying onions could not stimulate the appetite which had been so ravenous before, and she left the sandwich with one small half moon bitten from its bun-brown side.

Listlessly she pushed through the crowded courthouse corridors where interested spectators were smoking and talking to pass the time away. She passed the buffet at the door and arched the interior. A dreary place. Pale light overhead spreading a ghastly light over blue walls, plain oak bench and jury box. The long tables usually occupied by counsel and by the press were deserted as the men gathered in groups.

MARIAN went to the press table, slipped into a chair, drew out the wad of copy paper and added a wistful eye Mickey Mouse to her collection.

Bowen had said, "Watch Jenny Case." Carefully careless, Marian looked beyond the fenced-in enclosure. Jenny was one of the few spectators who had remained in the room. She sat, leaning forward, thin chin resting in an angular cupped hand.

Jenny removed the hat which had been shading her face and Marian's sympathy cooled. Her hair was the lusterless black of a vulture's wing. Her face was flushed. Her dark eyes, set too closely together for any indication of generosity, were gazing here and there as though anticipating some pleasing event. Occasionally her small pink pointed tongue would dart out to wet thin, red lips.

"Like Tabby does when she watches me pour cream into a

pered Marian. No use to spoil his pleasure by telling him children with measles weren't allowed to use their eyes, nor to eat candy. She was proud of his generosity, his consideration for other people than later she was to look back on this and wonder if those qualities were commendable.

"What's the big argument going on in the corner?" he inquired pointing to a group of men.

"Looks as though Lem Sutherland, counsel for the defense, was trying to sell something," said Marian, "listen."

"Honor belongs to the hoop-skirt age," Sutherland was saying, "it's passe. Oh I'll admit there is honor among a few men, there may be honor among thieves, but honor among women... never!"

"How about it, Ian," called one of the reporters, and the group made their way towards the press table.

"I'd never thought about it," Marian admitted and turned to Lon, "what's your idea of honor?"

"That men are honorable because it's the sporting thing to be and most men are trained to be good sports; that thieves may be honorable; if so it's because they're afraid of being put on the spot if they're not; that women... well women act instinctively—"

"And you don't believe they are instinctively honorable," interposed Sutherland with satisfaction, "that's right. It's biologically impossible. Their honor usually involves some man and when two women are after the same man as they are in this Brown bribery case—"

"You misunderstood," said Lon firmly, "I believe women are as instinctively honorable... that is most women... that they are not conscious of it, and therefore don't advertise it."

Marian wished she might hear more of his views, but there was a flurry at one end of the room, a deputy in charge of the jury had appeared to announce the jury had reached a verdict. A messenger was being dispatched to the Judge's chambers to call His Honor to the bench, and Lem Sutherland had disappeared to find his clients.

Tomorrow, Brown learns his fate.

MANY SIGNED FOR EXTENSION CLASS IN TWO SUBJECTS

Extension courses in modern English novel and industrial art for beginners were organized at a meeting of those interested last evening at the senior high school. Twenty-one signed up to participate in the English novel class, which will be under the direction of Dr. Arthur Taylor of the Southern Oregon Normal, and a large group also showed interest in the art class, which Miss Marian Arty will supervise. Industrial art was decided upon in favor of a drawing course.

The classes, which will be maintained for 12 weeks, will be held each Monday evening for English novel students, and each Tuesday evening for art students, both classes to start at 7:15 o'clock. Two-hour extension credits at the University of Oregon will be given those who complete the courses.

Dr. Taylor expressed the belief that the classes will increase in enrollment to more than 30, with new participants expected to enroll during the week. Dr. Taylor's class will include preliminary study of background of the novel, and later an intensive study of several modern English novels. Biographies of authors will also be studied, critical discussions will be held, and class members will be given opportunity to exercise their creative ability in written work.

EAGLE POINT P. T. A. OUTLINES PLANS FOR WINTER'S ACTIVITIES

EAGLE POINT, Oct. 3.—(Sp.)—P. T. A. held a very successful meeting Friday. Chairman named were: Membership, Mrs. G. E. Gusterhout; publicity, Mrs. C. E. Myers; hospital, Mrs. Lester Throckmorton; national publication, Mrs. Roy Stanley; auxiliary member, Mrs. Clarence Davies.

Hot lunches will be served again this year, free of charge. Each mother is asked to donate two quarts of tomatoes to the kitchen and if more than two children in each family one quart for each additional child.

The drive for membership will be on in the first two weeks in October. The members planned to soon go to an entertainment. A committee has been chosen to take care of this, and definite plans will be announced in the near future.

The county council will be held at the senior high school in Ashland October 13 instead of Junior High as formerly planned. A covered dish luncheon will be served at noon. Regional conference will be held at the Christian church in Grants Pass on October 16. Mrs. Virginia Kietzer, state P. T. A. president, has charge of the conference.

OREGON CITY, Oct. 2.—(AP)—About 75 persons will gain employment here with the re-opening of the Oregon City woolen mills. Officials of the company said the plant idle since the start of the nation-wide textile strike, will resume work immediately with about 40 looms and weaving machines in operation.

3 YEARS IN PEN FOR FORMER POSTMASTER

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 3.—(AP)—Edward W. Van Horn, former postmaster of the North Portland office, was today sentenced to three years imprisonment at McNeil Island federal penitentiary. Van Horn pleaded guilty to embezzlement.

He disappeared last year after heavy losses on dog and horse races, but surrendered voluntarily several weeks ago. The United States attorneys said the total embezzlement amounted to somewhat over \$4225, none of which has been recovered.

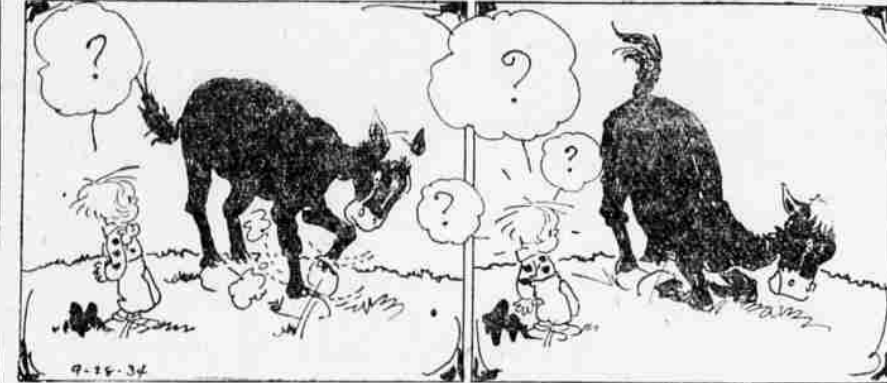
NEW TOY

GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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SMATTER POP—



By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Is Willing—But Puzzled!



By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben Overboard!



By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—The Great Lover



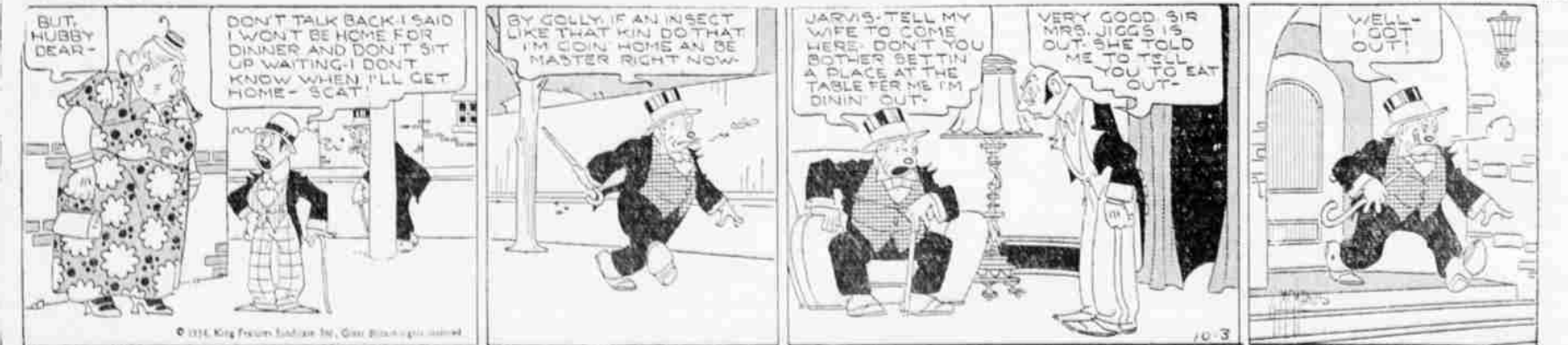
By Sol Hess

FENDLETON, Oct. 3.—(AP)—Tom Woods, 45, was today sentenced to a year in the state penitentiary, following a guilty verdict returned by a jury in circuit court on a charge of illegal dismemberment of an Indian grave on the reservation.

FENDLETON, Oct. 3.—(AP)—A steady rain was falling at noon today, indicating to farmers they will have plenty of moisture to insure early preparations for fall seeding of winter wheat.

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BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus