

# Marian Gordon

by JEANNE HOWLAND

**SYNOPSIS:** William Brown has been accused of accepting bribes to pass defective work on a school building as the result of evidence gathered by Jenny Case, his illicit fiancée. Marian Gordon, Daily Dispatch reporter, has been held so long on the case that she has missed a dinner date with Lon Casad, who is most important in her scheme of things. But just as the jury announces its verdict, Lon arrives in the courtroom, and Marian feels better about everything.

**Chapter Four**  
**VERDICT**  
WILLIAM BROWN was deathly pale. He had affected an air of assurance which seemed almost grotesque when one noticed the twitching nerve in his upper cheek and the quick clenching and unclenching of his hands.  
Linda Brown, present at this important moment, seemed the more composed of the two, but Marian wondered if that composure wasn't steely defiance of Jenny Case, who sat watching—like Tabby waiting for me to put the saucer on the floor.  
The judge was on the bench, had questioned the jurors and the foreman was on his feet, the folded slip



"Cliff shot himself!" Marian repeated.

which contained the future of William Brown in his hand.  
"We the jury," he said in his honorous voice, "find the defendant, William Brown," he paused impressively, "not guilty."  
A roar swept over the courtroom in spite of the rapping of the bailiff's gavel. Marian, eyes intent upon Jenny Case, saw the girl's mouth open in ludicrous astonishment. She started to arise as though to protest, then sat back, jerked there by the hand of someone beside her. "But he is guilty—" her lips formed the phrase.  
Marian turned to the defendant who had stood to accept the verdict. He had sank into a chair as though his knees had suddenly given away. Linda was standing, not looking at her. William, but gazing over his head, across the room at Jenny, bitter triumph in her expression.  
"And that's that," remarked Marian wearily to Lon, "come on, let's get out. Jones will phone in the story, I'll report to Bowen tomorrow."  
They made their way through the crowds to the street and Lon's roadster.  
"Marian," said Lon, "you look worn out. I'm going to take you straight home. Ian, this work is too hard on you, I'm going to—" he stopped as a driver shot his car up on the left hand side, then cut off directly in front of him, "can't talk here, I'll talk to you tomorrow night. Your day off isn't it? Anne says you have to sleep all day if she has to give you a sleeping powder, so if it's agreeable to you, I'll meet you there at five o'clock."

"It is," said Marian, delighting in his masterful assumption of authority. They had arrived before the apartment house.  
"Nearly twenty hours before I see you again," he mused as he left her at the door, then, "we're going to do something about that, also."  
Something in the tone of his voice brought a flush to Marian's cheeks and a stary brilliance to her eyes. She let herself into her apartment, then leaned back against the door.  
"Is that you, Ian?" called Anne Stanton from the dressing room.  
"Who else has a key to this apart-

ment," teased Marian, as she made her way into the mirrored cubicle.  
"I don't know whom you've been giving keys to this week," returned Anne, flashing a dimpled smile. "Tired?"  
"I should say," answered Marian, tossing her hat to the top shelf with expert accuracy, "going to take a hot tub and pile into bed." She was stripping as she talked and had slipped into the bathroom, before Anne, who had been taking pins from a freshly starched nurse's uniform spoke again.  
"Ian, your M. E. called a few minutes ago, he wants you to call the office immediately."  
"Now what?" asked Marian re-appearing in a woolly bathrobe. "Watch the tub for me, will you?"  
The telephone connection was made instantly. Bowen evidently was waiting for her call at the other end.  
"Thank heavens I got you," he said. "Listen, Ian, you said you knew Silver Houdon well. Do you know Cliff also?"  
"Yes, why?"  
"He shot himself, ten minutes ago. They're bringing him into Central Emergency."  
"And you want me to go down there?"  
"No, I want you to leave for Reno

in a plane that takes off in half an hour, and break the news to Silver."  
MARIAN, who had been perched on the arm of a divan, slid over into the divan before answering. "Cliff, shot himself," she repeated stupidly, and then, "fatally," she asked.  
"Don't know yet," answered Bowen's voice, "his ex-gardener had been released with the rest of the servants yesterday, but he forgot some of his tools and went back at night for some reason to look for them. He heard the shot, went in and found Houdon. Luckily the telephone hadn't been disconnected, so he called the Emergency."  
"Now listen Ian. Estees is on the way to your place in a cab. I've given him orders on the pictures I want. You'll reach Reno at midnight tonight. Marks, our correspondent there, will meet you in his car and rush you to the resort where Silver has been living. He says he can make it in an hour and a half by taking a short cut. That gives you an hour to get your story and telephone call back here. I'll keep the wires cleared for your call. Okay?"  
"Okay," responded Marian still in a dazed voice.  
She placed the receiver back on the hook, then turned to find Anne studying her with apprehension. "Pack my overnight bag, will you, Anne?" Marian asked, "it seems I'm on my way to Reno on the toughest assignment I've ever tackled."  
As she bathed and dressed she talked, answering Anne's questions sketchily.  
"Silver...? She's the gorgeous girl I used to go to Hills with. I was a freshman when she was a junior and she took me under her wing. Oh, she had reason, I was a perfect foil, long and lanky and freckled as a Plymouth Rock hen. What's she like?" A composite picture of all the physical beauty in the world, pale, golden hair, big brown eyes, lovely real color in the most petal-like skin you ever longed to touch. She used to wear silks and satins when the rest of us were wearing serge and linen."  
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Tomorrow, Lon Casad reenters the picture.

## LOCAL MINISTERS TO HOLD SERVICES IN ALL CCC CAMPS

Religious services for all camps in the Medford district will be provided during the month of October through the cooperation of the civilian clergy-men of the district.  
Since the beginning of the CCC program, the civilian ministers have given of their time and efforts to make regular services in the camps possible, according to Major Clara H. Armstrong, district commander, in announcing the October schedule. The unselfish efforts of these men have been greatly appreciated, since the isolated location of many of the camps would have made regular church attendance impossible.  
Following is the October schedule for the Medford district:  
Camp Applegate: Oct. 9, Rev. W. H. Stoen, Medford, Oct. 23, Rev. J. M. Johnson, Central Point.  
Camp South Fork: Oct. 9, Rev. G. R. Durham, Medford, Ore. Oct. 23, Rev. Ralph Peterson, Phoenix, Ore.  
Camp Upper Rogue River: Oct. 9, Rev. D. E. Miller, Medford, Oct. 23, G. R. Durham, Medford, Ore.  
Camp Rand: Oct. 9, Rev. C. H. Hill, Grants Pass, Ore. Oct. 23, Rev. John W. Herman, Grants Pass.  
Camp Atlatz Springs: Oct. 2, Rev. L. B. Sipe, Klamath Falls, Oct. 23, Rev. T. Davis Presvin, Klamath Falls.  
Camp Winesap: Oct. 9, Rev. Arthur Chas. Bates, Klamath Falls, Oct. 9, Rev. T. Smith, Klamath Falls.  
Camp Dog Lake: Oct. 9, Rev. G. C.

## Griffin, Lakeview, Oct. 23, Rev. W. W. Switzer, Lakeview. Camp Silt: Oct. 9 and 23, Rev. Paul Babcock, Montague, Calif. Camp Oak Knoll: Oct. 9, Rev. R. T. Holmes, Ashland, Ore. Oct. 23, Rev. C. E. Dunham, Ashland, Ore. Camp Indian Creek: Oct. 9 and 23, Rev. David Forbee, Camp Indian Creek. Camp Lower Pistol River: Oct. 16 and 30, Rev. Gerald C. Dryden, Brookings. Camp Agness: Oct. 9 and 23, Rev. Gerald C. Dryden, Brookings, Ore. Camp McKinley: Oct. 9 and 23, Rev. G. A. Gray, Coquille, Ore. Camp China Plate: Oct. 9 and 23, Rev. R. C. Young, Myrtle Point. Camp Bradford: Oct. 9 and 23, Rev. D. Lester Fields, Roseburg. Camp Melissa: Oct. 9 and 23, Rev. R. R. Mulholland, Roseburg. Camp Tyler: Oct. 9 and 23, Rev. P. L. Young, Sutherlin. Camp Steamboat: Oct. 11 and 23, Rev. W. C. Fauvette, Roseburg, Ore. Camp Tiller: Oct. 9 and 23, Rev. O. M. Waitman, Dillard. Camp Devils Flat: Oct. 9 and 23, Rev. O. D. Rice of Roseburg.

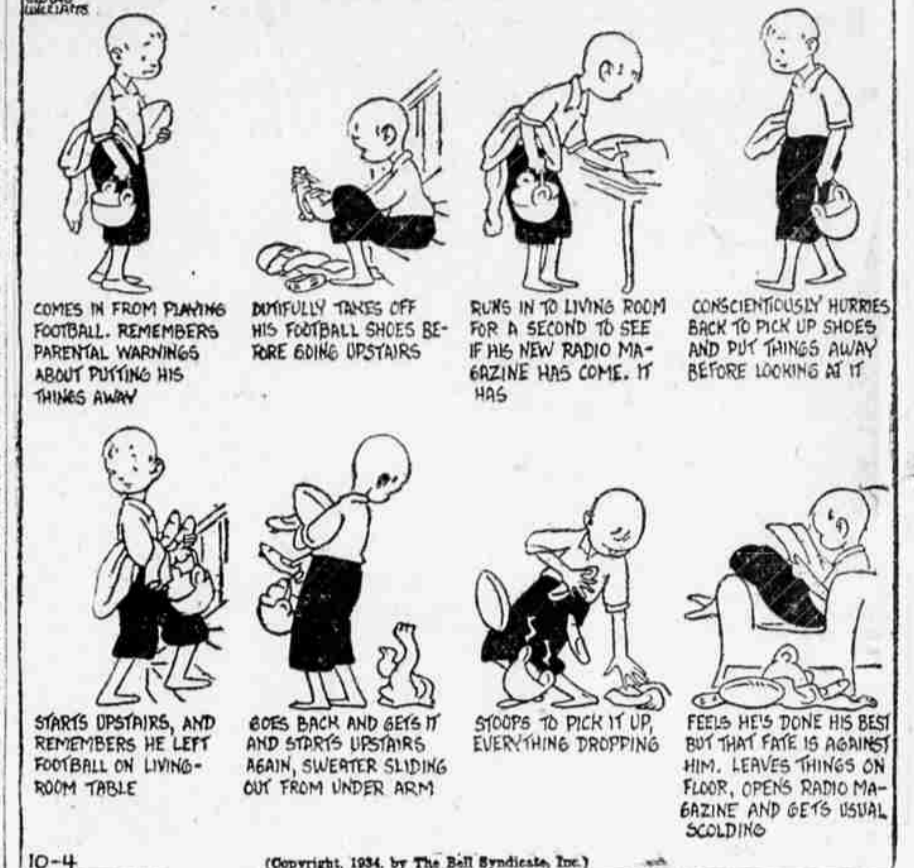
## COTTAGE GROVE MILL FIRED BY TRANSIENTS

EUGENE, Oct. 4.—(AP)—Fire destroyed the Anderson-Middleton lumber mill at Cottage Grove late last night. The valuation of the mill, built since 1928 was set at \$40,000 today.  
The blaze is believed to have been started by transients, who were accustomed to sleeping under the loading dock where considerable sawdust and trash had accumulated.

## HOMESICK BEAVER COMMITS SUICIDE

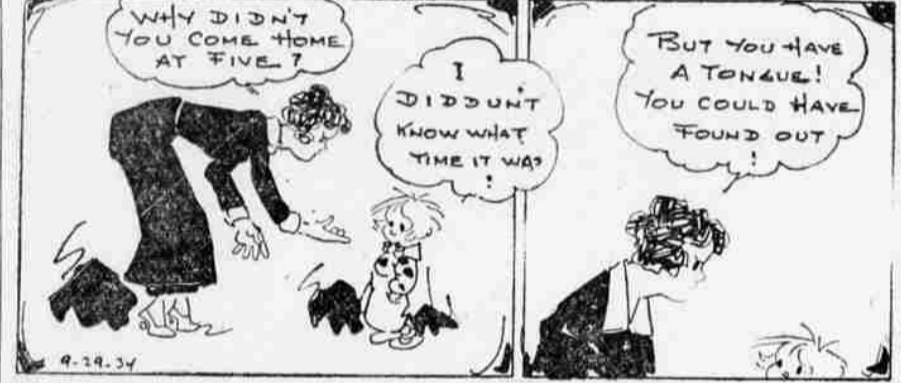
SAFFORD, Ariz.—(AP)—An aged beaver, apparently addled by removal from its native White Mountains of the north to the Graham mountains of Arizona, committed suicide, according to the interpretation of Safford sportsmen who witnessed its death.  
A beaver colony was brought to the mountains near here in the hope it would dam streams and improve fishing conditions. All of the colony adjusted themselves to their new surroundings, except the patriarch of the group.  
A group of Safford sportsmen caught sight of the old beaver, climbing up a cliff at the foot of which trickled a tiny stream. He halted on a small ledge, 80 feet above the canyon floor. While the hunters watched, the old one moved to the edge; gazed first in one direction and then the other, then jumped out into space.  
Takes His Pig for Stroll  
MILES CITY, Mont.—(UP)—Just by way of being different Roy Milligan has a small white pig for a pet. Milligan goes strolling with the porker on leash. He got the idea from a traveling salesman, who owned the unusual pet before Milligan purchased it.  
Traveled in Ox Cart  
WOODBURN, Ore.—(UP)—When the Roelsson clan gathered here for its annual reunion 109 noses were counted. It was the 28th reunion. Forefathers of the clan came to Oregon via the Oregon Trail, traveling in ox carts.

## SNAPSHOTS OF A BOY TRYING TO DO HIS BEST By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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## SMATTER POP—



## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Carrying Out Instructions!



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Good Riddance!



## THE NEBBS—The Coward



## BRINGING UP FATHER



## CCC TO FURNISH P. T. A. PROGRAM

A half hour of musical entertainment will be presented at the Washington school P. T. A. meeting Friday evening CCC members of the Upper Rogue and Anate Springs camps under the direction of Educational Adviser Orlan Ufford.  
The CCC entertainers have been appearing frequently of late in radio programs and have always scored a hit wherever they appeared. The troupe will include Lee Boothby, Dave James and Guy Teague of Upper Rogue, John Selvey of Headquarters, Kenneth Lewis Parker of Medford and Doc Yaker, Wilbur Yaker, Frank Thompson, Bob Jones, Emu West-

## CENTRAL POINT H. E. TO MEET ON OCTOBER 9TH

CENTRAL POINT, Oct. 4.—(AP)—Home Extension will start at the Grange hall Tuesday, October 9. Subject for the day will be Fountain-Tub Patterns. A pattern will be cut for each lady attending.  
Either checked gingham or muslin, two and a half yards, also pins, needles, thread, pencil, tapestry and scissors should be brought.  
Miss Main will be assisted by local leaders, Mrs. Mary Cook and Mrs. Bessie Pankay.  
All are invited to come promptly at 10 o'clock. Every lady of the community is invited. Covered luncheon will be enjoyed at noon.

By C. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By EDWIN ALGER

By Sol Hess

By George McManus