

# By the author of Judith Lane **Marian Gordon** by JEANNE HOWMAN

BY NANCY: Marian Gordon, reporter for the Morning Dispatch, just has returned from hearing the jury's "not guilty" which frees William Brown of the charge of accepting a bribe for passing defective work on a new high school building. Now she learns that her schoolmate, the beautiful but tricky Silver Gordon has been granted a Reno divorce from Cliff Gordon, and that Gordon has shot himself. Marian is to go by plane to Reno to break the news to Silver, and get a story. Marian is explaining to her roommate, Anne.

so that the signal lights ran into a single flare of red, blue and green. "No," she repeated as they came out on the island. "people are divorced for other reasons."

"Not really," chortled Estes. "If they are us newsmen don't hear about them."

The cab skimmed the tree-lined avenues, crossed a bridge and scurried along a dike that rimmed the bay-shore. To the left the airport buildings blazed like a fiesta city, and in the field, small ships arose and settled like queer species of night-flying moths.

They pulled up before the terminal, rushed into the building where their tickets awaited them, then out onto the field where the tri-motor express waited in the tremulous glow of flood lights.

Marian felt a pulse of excitement beat in her throat. The sheer beauty of the silver ship with its wide spread wings, the roar of power from the testing motors, erased the shabby scene of the court room and the later news of the tragedy from her mind.

She settled back into the comfort able seat, adjusted her belt for ease on the upward swing of the ship, heard the sharp slam of the cabin door, saw the co-pilot join the pilot in the control cabin. She accepted

## Chapter Five RENO

"WHAT sort of a chap is Gordon?" asked Anne.

"Fine fellow as far as I know," returned Marian, "a little erratic, maybe. Always had more money than was good for him. Good looking, crew man on the U Varsity. Silver took me to the races one year."

"Think it was his fault she applied for a divorce?"

"Probably, in so far that he'd give her anything she wanted, like all the rest of us. She has the most unholo way of taking the things one loves, most and making the giver glad he's giving. I haven't seen her since her wedding, but I understand he



"There's a guy trying to make the ship!"

spoiled her like everyone else. There, how do you like the new dress?"

Marian had donned a lilac colored angora frock, pulled a beige angora hat over her hair and slipped into a beige lapin swaggar coat.

"Stunning," declared Anne with enthusiasm. "I'm so glad you're getting some sense about clothes. You should take a few tips from this Silver friend of yours. Lon's the kind of a fellow every woman's bound to make a try for, and you're going to have to learn you can't always depend upon your hair and eyes to get you by. You're too practical, you and your plain tailored clothes."

"That from you," chided Marian, "you and your uniform."

"But my Albert's a doctor and I'm only a nurse. Besides I have dimples. With those I could save a man's life and never be given credit for it. There's a horn . . . and the buzzer. Here are your gloves. Need any cash?" Anne followed her to the door. "Oh, and Ian, if Gordon holds his own, he'll be under my care, they won't take a chance on moving him tonight."

Marian found the cab at the curb, Estes and his camera inside. "And just as I pulled the quilt up to my chin," he was lamenting, "brr went the telephone."

"You were lucky," laughed Marian, stowing her bag alongside his camera. "My chin hasn't seen a quilt for so long, it would probably think it was an eclipse of the moon."

As the cab careened around the corner Estes spoke. "Say Ian, what's this yarn about. I thought this marriage was one of those made-in-heaven affairs."

"It was, but they didn't keep it there and this homiephers is rough on marital unions."

"Another woman?"

"I don't think Cliff knew there were other women."

"Another man, then?"

"No," she paused as the cab shot into the estuary tube and wheeled along the floor of the bay

cotton for her ears from the trim stewardess in olive drab, then looked about her.

Estes was leaning forward, gazing past her towards the blaze of terminal lights—"Look," he cried, "there's a guy trying to make the ship."

MARIAN turned quickly just in time to see a field attendant clutch the coat of a man who had darted out of the building into the danger zone.

She had a swift vision of his face as they taxied along the runway. The man was Lionel Casad.

The air field and the gossamering man seemed to drop away from the plane as Marian pressed her face to the cabin window. Her first reaction upon recognizing Lon Casad, was amazement that she had forgotten her engagement with him the following evening. She hadn't even left word that she wouldn't be there.

And then came wonder at his presence on the airfield. Had he received a call from home and was flying east? But no he would have gone south to Los Angeles, first, then east. But why . . . and how . . . she looked down as though she might be able to find some answer to her bewildered questioning in the dark waters of the bay, girdled by the lights of the cities that rimmed its shores.

She would telephone Anne as soon as she had finished with her assignment. Anne would know. Lon was staying with Doctor Steele.

The light at the head of the cabin which had illuminated "No Smoking" and "Adjust your safety belts, please" was out, and with it, the air of strain among the passengers. The stewardess was passing cigarettes and here and there red tips glowed like crested embers against the mid night hue of the windows.

She must forget Lon and think of Silver and of the ordeal ahead of her in breaking the news to her. Howman had seemed to think knowing her would make it easier. It wasn't. Friendship, disillusioned as it was on Marian's part, placed a definite restraint upon her.

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Marian gets a shock, tomorrow at Silver's house.

## YEAR ROUND EXPOSURE PROVES HELP IN FIGHT ON BONE TUBERCULOSIS

WATERFORD, Conn.—(UP)—All-year-round exposure to sunlight and a carefully prepared diet will cure 75 per cent of all cases of tuberculosis of the bone, in the opinion of Dr. John F. O'Brien, head of Seaside sanitarium, where 95 youngsters rapidly are regaining their health.

"We've had, I believe, but 15 deaths in 14 years," the physician said. "The treatment is largely sunlight and diet, and much suffering is done away with under modern treatment."

Children are admitted to the sanitarium, their limbs terribly twisted and bent, their bodies wasting. They leave straight and bronzed, radiating health.

Seaside sanitarium is one of two institutions of its kind in the United States. Only Connecticut children suffering from tuberculosis of the body, other than the lungs, may obtain treatment. The most modern equipment is used.

Children attend school 11 months in the year. August is the one exception. The school room, in mild weather, is under a huge elm tree in the spacious grounds. The pupils wear only trunks and do their studying in the open air.

The sanitarium resembled a huge seashore resort. Overlooking Long Island Sound, it has facilities for bathing and all outdoor sports. Winter and summer alike, children are dressed the same, in shorts. Their bodies become immune to the cold

## POCKET RADIOS BRING ENTIRE FAMILY WORK SUPPLYING CUSTOMERS

KEARNEY, Neb.—(UP)—Pocket radios, made entirely by hand during candlelight hours, have been put on the market here by Paul Beshore, inventor, producer and distributor.

Not yet 20, Beshore started his inventing career at an early age, building his first radio at 10. He has continued with his inventive genius until now he has brought it to the stage where it is yielding profits.

For the past six months every member of his family has been kept busy making the pocket radios, trying to keep up with the orders which come rolling in every day.

The tiny radio consists of a box four by two inches and about one inch deep, with a dial on the face of it, a single earphone and two other cords, one an aerial and the other the ground. The invention is a complete success. Beshore even has engaged the medium of national advertising in magazines, and has received many orders from all parts of the United States.

When the orders come in too fast, the boys in the family find it necessary to stay up all night working on the radios.

"I came downstairs one morning," Paul's mother said, "to find the boys still working and with 32 radios completed and boxed ready for mailing."

Paul is a graduate of Kearney high school and hopes to reap profits reaped from the sale of the radios will provide the necessary finances for a course in electrical engineering in college.

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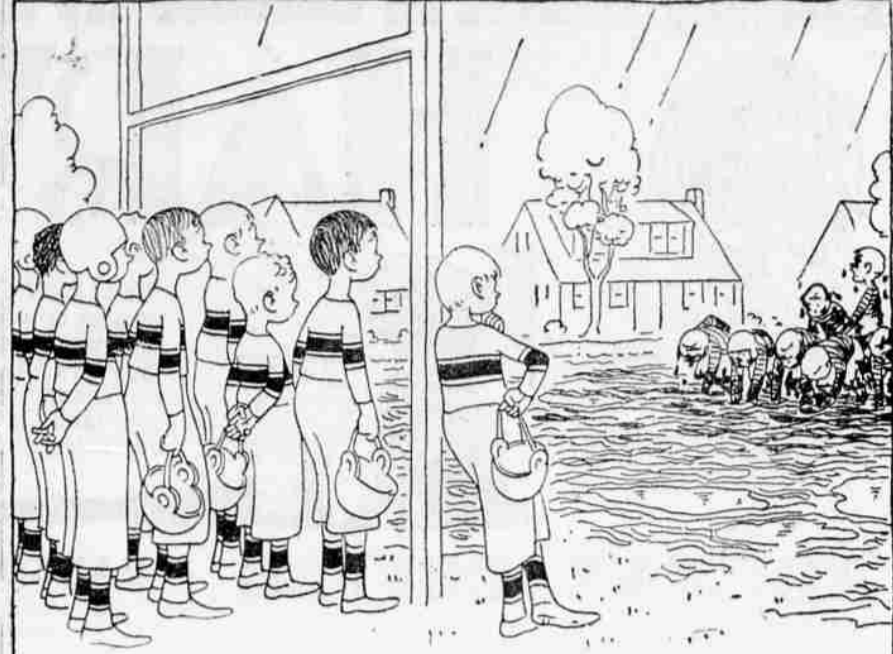
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## DIFFICULT DECISIONS

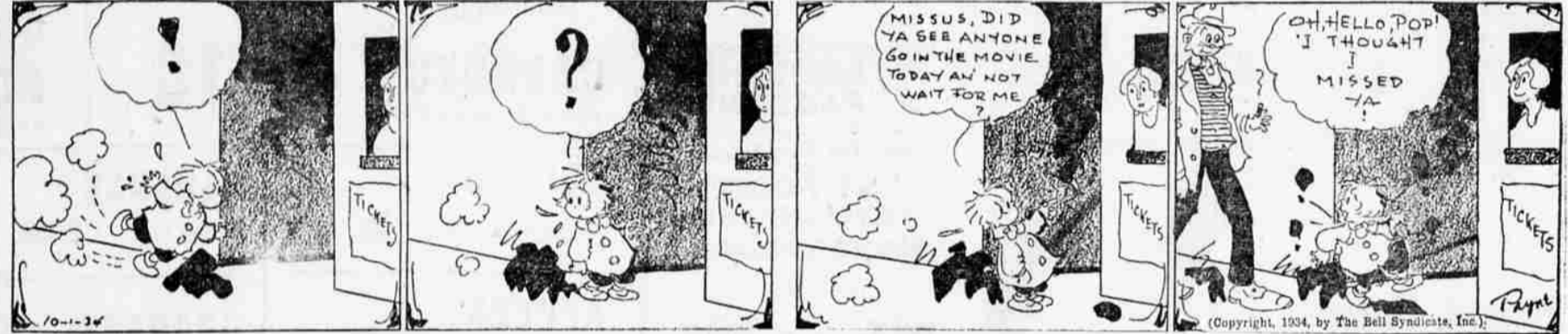
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE NEIGHBORHOOD CHAMPIONS CAN'T MAKE UP THEIR MINDS WHETHER TO SACRIFICE A LEAGUE GAME OR THE RESPLENDENT NEW UNIFORMS FOR WHICH THEY HAD SAVED UP FOR MONTHS

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## MATTER POP



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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Over the Ridge!



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## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Little Hope



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## THE NEBBS—Sh-h-h-h



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## BRINGING UP FATHER



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**WRIGHT'S SPEARMINT**  
THE #1 TO QUALITY GUM

Secret Using Huge Plane MOSCOW (UP)—The latest commercial airplane to operate in the Soviet Union recently has been placed in service on the Moscow-Berlin line. It has accommodations for 17 persons, a special smoking room and a lavatory.

5 Million at Beaches LOS ANGELES (UP)—More than five million persons attended the city's municipal beaches and approximately four million people crowded the city's playgrounds during the summer season, playground and recreation department officials estimated.