

Marian Gordon

by JEANNE ROWMAN

By the author of "Judith Lane"

Chapter Eight CLIFF'S LETTER

MARIAN Gordon looked down at the letter Silver had handed her. It had been written on a computation pad, the thick gum still holding the top corners together, and along the side the glue seemed to have congealed again after the letter had been mailed. A blurred purple ink stamp topped the page, but Marian didn't try to decipher the words, her eyes were intent upon the bold letters which rushed across the page; upon sentences which ended without punctuation.

Marian knew nothing of graphology, but even she knew this was the handwriting of an impetuous man.

She read the salutation, "Silver." A terse note of greeting, but her alert eyes saw that the man who had written it had spent many moments over the name. There was a definite shading to each scrawling letter as though he had caressed each one.

"You're sure you want me to read this?" she asked, looking up at Silver who was bending over her shoulder.

"I most certainly do," the girl answered, and Marian read.

By the time you receive this, you will no longer be Mrs. Clifford Gordon. Give thanks for that, I do. "See," came in bitter triumph from Silver, "he's glad of the divorce, though the world will never believe it."

Marian nodded and read on.

That name meant something, when we were married. I realize now, you wouldn't have accepted it if it hadn't. It will mean something different tomorrow. . . stigma on it that even you with your neat way of avoiding responsibilities, can't escape. Don't blame me, it's your own fault, unless I'm at fault for never having refused you anything. I could give. You seemed to adore your Dad and his reputation were more important than me. . . only . . . oh well.

"No one but a cad would condemn a girl for helping her father," interposed Silver.

Marian shook her head with a vague gesture as though trying to rid her ears of Silver's voice. She turned a thick page, sensed some sort of loss between the first and second and decided it was merely the state of mind of the man who had written the letter. His wording was vague, perhaps he was writing at random. She read on.

I can't help thinking of giving to you now. I don't mean I want it. . . but you wanted an island I had one built for you out here on the islands. . . I wanted a house that was different. . . this is so different I haven't been able to sell it. . . I gave myself. . . I'll let it when it's too late but they won't pay the price I paid to satisfy your whim. . . grand place this room all windows. . . I'm looking out on the bay and the lights of San Francisco. . . better than looking around this room. . . They're covered the chairs and divans with white cloth. . . Shrouds. Very appropriate.

SHE turned another page, thinner it seemed.

The big chair you liked to curl into when you watched the hearth fire is a ghastly thing tonight. I'm glad you didn't want it. . . I'll . . . rest easier knowing no other man will be fooled then disapproved by watching your pale curls against that russet background. . . You slipped up in your choice of a favorite chair, Silver. It gave you away.

It showed you up for what you are a white face, a promise without fulfillment, beauty without warmth. . . sounds maddening. . . must be spring. . . that acacia tree outside the window here in full bloom. . . your cue to laugh Silver.

I sent the things you bought to Felix Storage. Your attorney will explain why I asked you to buy them from me.

If this life is a preparatory school to discipline the soul, there's only one hope for you. . . that someday you'll fall in love with someone who doesn't love you. . . and after you're old and have lost your beauty. . . providing you could lose that or love anyone other than Silver.

Marian tossed the letter aside as she arose and began pacing the floor. "Silver, what kind of a settlement did Cliff make on you?"

"The stingiest you ever heard of. Just a house on the San Ramon river, and a few, silly little bungalows in Alameda that won't pay enough to keep me in stockings."

"The old Hondor homestead was in Contra Costa County, wasn't it? And this is a part of that, this house?"

"Yes, his mother left him the bungalows, so he's not out anything."

"Silver, listen. See if you can't understand what he has done for you. You know the community property laws of your State, don't you? Oh my dear, how can you be so blind. Cliff was facing bankruptcy. He knew his creditors could demand the liquidation of all your community property to meet his debts. He held them off until you won your divorce, then like the gentleman he tried to be, he went about putting himself out of the way so the State could not assume the inherited property by proving collusion. Don't you understand, Silver?"

"You bet I do," she retorted with narrowed eyes, "he told the truth in that letter when he said he would teach me a lesson. He's only trying to shame me. I doubt if he's even fatally wounded."

Marian didn't answer, she stood staring blindly before her, seeing the cubicle-like rooms of the Emergency Hospital, the white iron cot, the low shaded lights, the nurse bending low over a prostrate form, listening to breathing that ebbed as the dangerous hours of the night moved on.

"Silver," Marian stood before her pleadingly, "won't you forget yourself, just once? Telephone the hospital. Send Cliff word you're flying down to be with him. Have the attendant tell him you understand and appreciate what he has done. I know if he thinks you're coming he'll fight to live until you reach there."

"Don't be a fool," cried Silver, "I'm not a milkop like yourself. Do you think I'm going down there and make a spectacle of myself for your newspaper readers to gloat over? Well I'm not. I don't care whether he lives or dies, I'm through. I tell you, through. I've had all of his jealousy and penny-pinching. I intend to have. I wouldn't lift a finger to save him."

"All right," Marian's blue eyes were black with anger, "if you want, I will let out of my way."

With swift determined steps she crossed the room to the telephone—"Oakland, California, Lake side 1500," she said, then looked up.

Silver was crossing the room with a catlike tread, arms stretched towards the instrument Marian held. But swifter than Silver, came Max.

The call went through instantly. Bowen's brisk voice answered—Marian took a deep breath.

"Marian Gordon, Mr. Bowen, in a pickle."

"So's Hondon. Just heard from the hospital that he has a chance for life, but he won't take it. Nothing to fight for, I guess."

"Oh—would it help if he thought Silver were reconciled again?"

"I don't know, but I should think so."

"All right," said Marian, taking another deep breath. "Fact is, Mr. Bowen, she's not. She thinks Cliff did it to spite her, or something like that."

"The hell you say."

"Yes—but can we say that? It will make Silver all kinds of a fool (Marian watched Silver struggle in Hamlin's arms) and when she comes out of her excitement won't she turn on us?"

"Very likely. There's more back of this than shows."

"Well, can't you send word to Cliff that Silver does understand, and wants him to fight? That might help him. And then can't we give just the bare facts in the paper? We can say Silver's going to Oakland right away, and I'll see she does."

Bowen thought a half second.

"Yes, I'll send word to the hospital and you can give your story to a rewrite man."

"Fracce, take a piece on No. Six." She sighed in relief. Cliff would have his chance.

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Marian Silver changes front.

CRATER LAKE LISTED AMONG 12 WONDERS BY FORMER EDITOR

William Hamilton Nelson, former newspaper editor, visited in Medford yesterday and brought to the Mail Tribune a copy of a pamphlet he has just written entitled, "The Twelve Wonders of the World."

Included in the list is an illustrated chapter on Crater Lake which is, in all, one of the best descriptions of this great natural wonder and the Rogue river valley, which has been published in recent years.

The author has a pleasing style, in which deep feeling for the beauties of nature and a quiet humor, are nicely combined. The small volume is refreshingly free from the extravagant and trite verbiage of the "travel folder" type of literature, there being a decidedly personal and individual note in all the articles.

The 12 wonders as described by the author in addition to Crater Lake, are Yellowstone; the Grand Canyon; Zion National Park; Bryce Canyon; North rim and Cedar Breaks of Grand Canyon; Lake Tahoe; Carlsbad Caverns; Yosemite, Indian Dwellers (New Mexico); Grand National Park and the California Coast.

Beagle

BEAGLE, Oct. 9.—(Sp.)—Friendly Neighbors, at present the only civic organization in the district, will stage a cleanup day Saturday morning at

10 o'clock, at which time the cemetery will be given a thorough cleaning. Lunch will be served at noon will be the order and everyone is invited to participate in the project, especially those who have lots in this cemetery. Each participant is to bring lunch for those with him.

The neighbors and friends of Walter Grant will be pleased to learn of his improved condition. He came home Sunday and is getting along nicely. Mr. Grant has been at the Sacred Heart hospital for two weeks, where he underwent a major operation.

Mrs. Rush enjoyed a visit with her son from San Francisco the week end of September 22. Mr. Rush and two friends came up by plane.

H. B. Ellis has been substitute driver for the Del Norte cream truck the past two weeks. Mr. Dole, the regular driver, has been enjoying a much needed rest and vacation.

Miss Helen Williams spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. A. B. Williams. Miss Williams is employed in the Wakefield real estate and insurance office in Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Seegmiller, who have been spending two weeks on the Williams and Seegmiller ranch, returned to Medford Monday.

The alfalfa seed threshing in this district was finished Saturday evening about half an hour before a rain storm.

On accounts of snow in the mountains, the park officials are sending out notices that all who have cattle on the reserve must get them out. Joe Rush and Joe Mayfield went up Saturday to bring the Rush cattle down. They will pasture them on the river.

Beagle is now sending eight high school students to Sams Valley; also two grade students.

Jack Harnet and Bert Bruce, who are prospecting on the hills west of Medford, were visiting over the week-end with friends at Beagle. They feel

quite enthusiastic over their findings.

The dances given in the new hall at Beagle are drawing large crowds. Mrs. Anna Reed is proprietress.

MAJOR

HAVANA, Oct. 9.—(AP)—Rifle and machine gun bullets sprayed Havana streets today, killing one person and wounding at least 15, as radical labor unions ushered in a general strike.

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Dozens of tram cars were attacked by roving bands of terrorists. Violence became general shortly after the outbreak, called by the Communist Confederation of Labor, began at midnight.

The violence spread to the interior. One person was killed and seven were wounded in a public park in Santa Clara.

Notice

I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Isabelle Linville after this date.

(Signed) A. V. LINVILLE

Ladies of Sacred Heart Church will serve a dinner at Parish Hall Wednesday evening. Serving will begin at 5:30. All are invited.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

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THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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By C. M. Payne

S'MATTER POP—



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Lead the Way!



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THE NEBBS—Revenge Is Sweet



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BRINGING UP FATHER

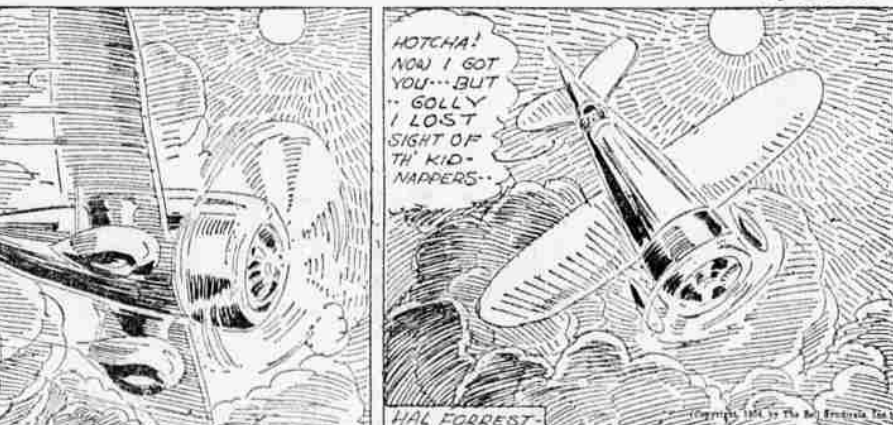


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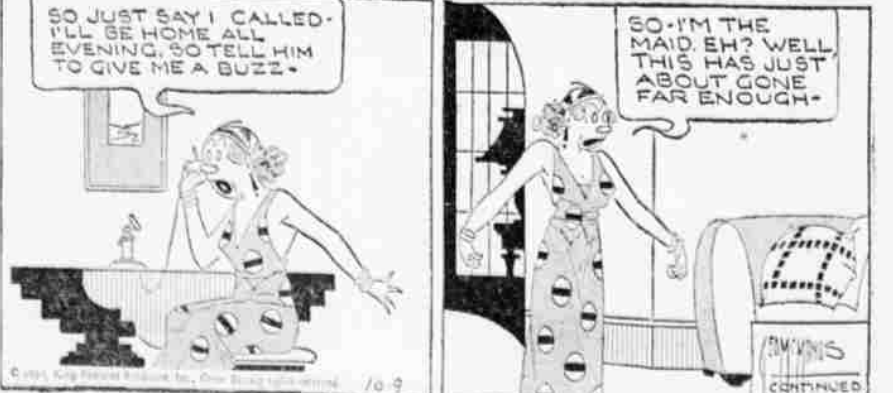
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THE NEBBS—Revenge Is Sweet



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PRETTY TWINS GET MOVIE CHANCE



Beverly (left) and Betty Crane, 19, were awarded contracts when a motion picture casting director discovered them in school at Los Angeles. Studio officials had looked in vain for pretty twins among Hollywood's professional players. The twins are natives of Salt Lake City, Utah. (Associated Press Photo.)

BRINGING UP FATHER



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