

# Marian Gordon

**By JEANNE HOWMAN**

**SYNOPSIS:** Marian Gordon has gone to Lake Tahoe to break the news of Cliff Gordon's suicide attempt to Silver Hamilton. Silver just has divorced Cliff; she is annoyed by his act, and denounces it as an attempt to make her lose face with the world. But Marian telephones her paper that Silver was broken-hearted, and has her editor telephone the hospital that Silver is on her way to her former husband's side. For Marian realizes that Cliff really has tried to do what he could for Silver from the wreck of his business. There is a step on the porch of Silver's cabin.

## Chapter 10 ENTER JEALOUSY

HAMLIN went to the door and swung it wide. Marian jumped to her feet, for into the warm light of the cabin stepped Lionel Casad.

"You have the distinction of being the only woman who ever tried to fly out on a date with me," he said to Marian. "Couldn't let you get away with it, so here I am."

"This is Mr. Casad, Mr. Hamlin," said Marian, laughing as she spoke. It was so good to see him standing there, overcoat collar turned up, dark hair ruffled from the swift removal of his hat, hazel eyes gleaming with fun. So reassuring to know



With a snarl, Hero rose to attack.

he had spent the night driving east to see her.

She wondered how he had learned she was leaving and longed to ask him. And then she was conscious of Silver's moving to her side, but not until she heard her soft, studied, "And this is another reporter?" said as only Silver could say it, did she realize how altogether desirable he must look to any woman.

"Mr. Casad, a friend of mine," Marian made the introduction mechanically. How did Silver manage to imbue ordinary words with such subtle innuendo? In that simple phrase she had told Lon Casad that in him she recognized a definite challenge to her charm, and found him worthy of conquest.

"Oh," murmured Silver in a vague voice, "won't you come in out of the cold? Max, do order some more food from the lodge, then mix Mr. Casad a hot drink, there's a dear."

As they closed the door and moved into the room Estes arose. "Marks is going to drive me back to Reno so I can catch that early plane. You're in good hands, aren't you, Ian?"

MARIAN'S eyes were answer enough and the two men departed leaving the four of them. Silver, eyes narrowed speculatively, smiled at Lon. "You won't mind being left alone with Ian, while change to something comfortable, will you?" she added plaintively. "I've been through such an ordeal."

"No, indeed," answered Lon, too heartily to be complimentary.

Hamlin departed for the kitchenette and the moment the door closed, Lon turned to Ian. "Honey, when I saw that ship flying away with you, without me beside you, I could have sprouted wings right then and there and taken after you. It was the queerest feeling."

"There wasn't a thing to do then but take off after you. I called your Mr. Bowen and he told me where to locate you, so I didn't make the unnecessary trip into Reno. . . and here I am."

"But how did you know I was leaving?"

"Oh, why you left this. . . this comic section in the car and after I

discovered there were notes as well as cats and mice on it, I figured you might need it before I saw you again and drove back to the apartment." He handed her the crumpled wad of copy paper that had served her during the Brown trial.

"And you drove up all alone?" questioned Marian.

"Not exactly. Hero's in the car."

"Bring him in," urged Marian.

Lon went after the dog, entering the front door as Hamlin came in from the kitchenette.

"How do you do?" said Hamlin gravely to the big dog, who moved towards the fire at a sedate pace.

Hero looked at him, went close and sniffed, then sat down and offered a paw.

"Hero," Marian began, and the dog, hearing her voice, went quickly to her, nuzzled his head into her lap, "you old darling," she added, and was rewarded by a gentle closeness of his huge white tusks on her hand.

"The greetings over he went to a rug before the hearth, slid to a half reclining position and heaved a great sigh.

The sigh was echoed on the threshold of an inner room. All turned to look. Silver was making an entrance. Marian took one look at her, then turned to Max Hamlin.

The greetings over he went to a rug before the hearth, slid to a half reclining position and heaved a great sigh.

## NAZI SPIES FOUND DISGUISED AMONG VIENNA'S BEGGARS

**By Stewart Brown**  
(United Press Staff Correspondent)  
VIENNA (UP)—Nazis in beggars' rags.

Spies begging on street corners. Beggars with "rented babies." Beggars with riches far beyond their begging powers.

These were things the Vienna police discovered when they investigated the local "begging racket."

**Wholesale Arrests**  
Hundreds have been arrested and divested of their beggars' rags. The hundreds on the streets are under strict supervision.

There were two reasons for the clean-up.

The first was political. Police spies reported scores of Nazi agents were using beggars' clothes to facilitate the transmission of party orders and propaganda.

The second reason was social. A large number of beggars were skillful swindlers. Their tricks had made the Viennese wary of all beggars.

The first reason really forced the police to act. They had known for a long time the beggars were abusing their privileges but, in true Viennese fashion, they delayed doing anything about it.

Not until they received information that the beggars were honey-combed with Nazi spies did the police decide to act. And they acted immediately and thoroughly!

Thousands of ragged men and

## TAMPING IRON FAILS TO KILL

CAVENDISH, Vt. (UP)—What amounts to a local legend is the case of Peabody P. Gage, who was shot through the head with a tamping iron 86 years ago—and lived to tell the tale.

It was while working as foreman of the Rutland & Burlington Railroad construction crew that the iron, three feet, seven inches long, and one and a quarter inches in diameter, and weighing 13 1/2 pounds, entered Gage's face at the left side near the jaw, went back of his left eye, emerged through the top of his skull, and landed 56 feet away.

Gage men picked him up, put him in an ox cart and took him to a tavern a mile away. He lost much blood, but not his consciousness. The hole in his head was two inches wide and three and a half inches long. Believed dying, he was measured for his coffin, but, to the astonishment of all, he gradually recovered and lived 12 years thereafter.

His skull and the tamping iron are now on exhibition at Harvard Medical Museum in Boston.

**Million Rainbow Trout Planted**  
MT. HOOD, Ore. (UP)—State fish and game workers liberated more than a million rainbow and eastern brook trout in 26 lakes within a 50-mile radius of here during the past summer. The fish were from three to six inches in length and will be ready for anglers next spring.

Loch Leven trout, obtained from California, also were planted in some lakes.

**SHINGLE POINT, Yukon Territory**  
(UP)—Watched by Eskimo herders, 3,000 reindeer graze here, awaiting freeing of the Mackenzie river for the last lap of their journey from Alaska to northern Canada.

The deer were sold by Ralph Lomen, of Seattle, to the Canadian government. They will be ancestors of a herd for Canadian Eskimos, similar to the great herds owned by American Eskimos in northern Alaska.

Four years ago the drive started, across 1,300 miles of Arctic wastes. Andrew Bair, a Leplander, was in charge of the herd. The deer will be delivered to Canadian representatives 75 miles east of the Mackenzie river delta.

Fauna born each spring since the movement of the reindeer began balanced the animals which died or were killed by wolves.

## REINDEER TREK AWAITS FREEZE

SHINGLE POINT, Yukon Territory (UP)—Watched by Eskimo herders, 3,000 reindeer graze here, awaiting freeing of the Mackenzie river for the last lap of their journey from Alaska to northern Canada.

The deer were sold by Ralph Lomen, of Seattle, to the Canadian government. They will be ancestors of a herd for Canadian Eskimos, similar to the great herds owned by American Eskimos in northern Alaska.

Four years ago the drive started, across 1,300 miles of Arctic wastes. Andrew Bair, a Leplander, was in charge of the herd. The deer will be delivered to Canadian representatives 75 miles east of the Mackenzie river delta.

Fauna born each spring since the movement of the reindeer began balanced the animals which died or were killed by wolves.

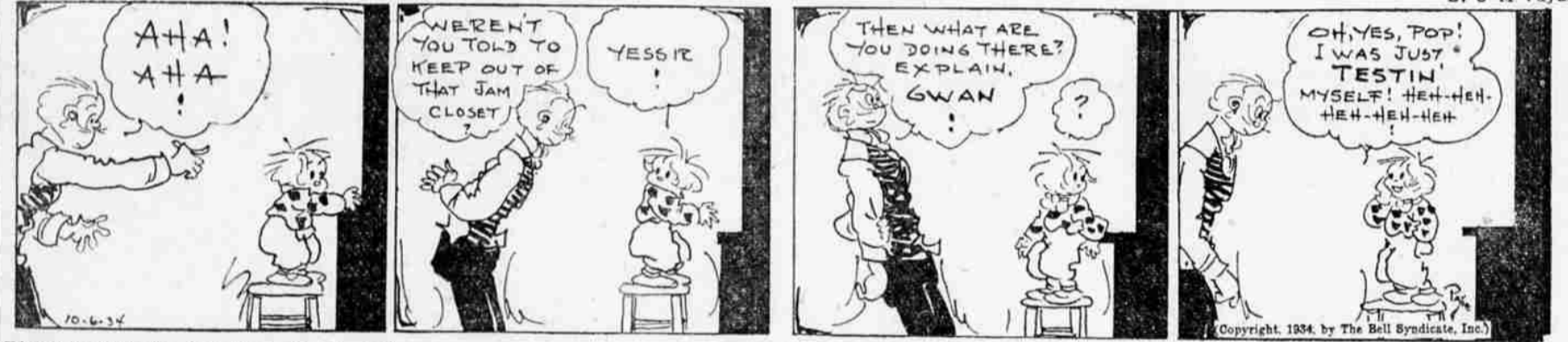
## DIFFICULT DECISIONS



ARGUING, WHEN THE SHORT CUT GRADUALLY TURNS INTO A MORE OR LESS IMPASSABLE TRAIL, WHETHER TO PUSH ON IN THE HOPE IT WILL GET BETTER OR TO TRY BACKING THE HALF MILE TO THE MAIN ROAD (THE DRIVER, WHO SUGGESTED THE SHORT CUT, HAVING NO VOTE).

10-11  
(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)  
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

## S MATTER POP—



## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Spotting the Rendezvous!



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Preparations!



## THE NEBBS—Flattery is the Food of Fools



## BRINGING UP FATHER



## INDIAN CHIEFS BURIAL SPOT IS FINALLY TOLD

CATHLAMET, Wash. (UP)—Revelation of the burial spot of famous Chief Skamokawa of the Cathlamet Indians, long held secret, was given by Chickie Hallett, Indian. He found the spot after referring to the grave of a small girl.

The secret was shared by Hallett and the late Mrs. James Birnie, Jr., daughter-in-law of the first settler in Cathlamet.

Fear collectors would seek to dig the grave in quest of personal weapons and relics served to keep the two silent.

The Mail Tribune want ads

## LAWYER BARRED FROM PRACTICING IN PRISON

POLACM PRISON, Cal. (UP)—Robert Collins, negro, has been disbanded from practicing law within the walls of Polacm prison.

Letters found on the prisoners revealed that Collins, serving a term for robbery, was representing his fellow inmates in parole cases. As fees, he received tooth brushes, chocolate bars, tobacco, hair brushes and combs—popular mediums of exchange within the walls.

Collins claimed he was a graduate of the Columbia law school.

GUNS Repaired and Cleaned 25-cent work. Medford Cycle, 22 S. 4th.