

Marian Gordon

by JEANNE HOWMAN

Miss Gordon reached for the telephone and placed a long distance call to the Emergency Hospital.

"Mr. Hondon was moved to Meredith Hospital this morning," the operator informed her.

Marian called Meredith, then asked for the Superintendent, whom she knew.

"Marian Gordon of the Dispatch," she explained, "is it possible for anyone to see Mr. Hondon?" she asked.

"No, I'm sorry, Miss Gordon, but for his own sake, his doctor has insisted he be left entirely alone. He seems to have recovered from the blood transfusion this afternoon and we believe he will pull through if he isn't disturbed."

"That includes his wife, also? I mean she won't be allowed in?"

"No."

"Mr. Carlisle, this is most important. I am at home. I've been with Mrs. Hondon and she is terribly hysterical. She doesn't appear so at first, but any excitement sends her into a regular fit."

"Thank you, Marian," he returned, "we'll be extra careful now, that she doesn't reach him."

She turned to the boxes, opened the first curiously. A foam of lace and sheer silk, threaded with tiny turquoise ribbons. The second, stockings like gossamer threads spun by an indolent spider. Her fingers moved rapidly now, untying strings.

HALF an hour later she went down to the beauty salon leaving behind her a room which looked as if it had been struck by a whirlwind. Boxes, tissue paper, ribbons and string lay strewn about the furniture, but on the bed lay the kind of a frock she had dreamed about.

Leaning back in the chintz-draped chair while the firm fingers of an operator ironed the lines of weariness from her face, she smiled. More important than the frocks and their beauty was a note she had received from Lon, just before leaving her room. Mentally she reviewed the note. She knew the message by heart. It had been short, terse, a bit dogged.

"Jan, dear, remember please that I am driving you back to Oakland tomorrow and I don't want Hamlin along as a chaperone. I've lots to talk about, Lon."

Back in her room she dressed, then surveyed herself in the full-length mirror in complete surprise. From tip to toe she was a symphony in gold. Gold-tipped slippers, the frock, even her skin seemed to glow with a mellow light, topped by the cap of her hair which lay molded to her head in soft, flat waves.

"If I had another nose than this upstart I wouldn't mind competing with all the Silvers in the world," she informed the radiant figure.

Lon's surprise almost equaled her own. She half wondered if it were complimentary.

"Jan," he cried, "I . . . I didn't realize you could look like this," then covering his mistake, "I mean I know you were beautiful, only now you're a . . . a knockout."

Hamlin was watching the tableau with his wise smile, and when Lon had gone below for flowers to match her frock he spoke.

"I see you approved of my shopper's choice," he said.

"She's a witch," Marian confided, "and you a wonder to take care of me in this way. I was stupid with weariness."

"I thought so and . . . I told you how I felt about pulling strings and watching puppets."

"And you consider me a puppet?"

"No, Miss Gordon, you're my leading lady in the smartest comedy-drama I've watched for a long time."

Marian flashed him an understanding smile—"I believe you're psychic," she challenged.

"No," he returned seriously, "but when I see people who deserve happiness and I feel I can help them along the way to that happiness, I'm willing to risk burning my fingers meddling with their business."

"Marian, I beg your pardon, Miss Gordon, you are too honorable . . . there's Mr. Casad returning. I must rush this . . . don't forget you must fight fire with fire. You hold something which gives you control of your future. Don't fall to use it if necessary . . ."

Hamlin drove them to dinner. "I'll forego the privilege of the host," said he as the first dance number started. "Mr. Casad, you take Miss Gordon, this time."

Silver turns up, tomorrow, in an unexpected place.

DREAD TSETSE FLY CAUGHT IN AFRICA BY SHADOW TRAP

Sleeping Sickness, Terror Of Tropic Area May Be Lessened By Patient Work Of Government Experts.

CAPE TOWN (AP)—Sleeping sickness, terror of the African tropics, a disease which claims many thousands of human lives every year, and destroys vast herds of cattle, may be greatly reduced as a result of patient research work by the United States government.

A trap for the tsetse fly, which carries the disease, has been perfected by R. H. T. Harris, government tsetse fly officer in Zululand.

Adjoining the Zululand game reserve are farming settlements. In the early days the flies remained on the game in the reserve, but as the animals increased and spread over the border into the settlements, they carried the flies with them and farm cattle died in large numbers.

Asked Government Aid Settlers appealed to the government, and asked for the destruction of the bush and the extermination of the game as the only cure. Provincial authorities, who were the custodians of the reserve, could not agree. Harris was called in.

He advised diminution rather extermination.

termination, and suggested that the game should be driven back to the reserve. This, he said, would restrict the fly to a defined area.

Then he divided the reserve into sections and started his work of extermination.

Harris said that, contrary to the belief that the insects always flew to the shadowed part of an animal's body, he made his traps with an opening below where the shadowed part would be. The flies settled there, crawled up and were caught.

At the top of the trap is another opening letting in the light and over this a cage of fine netting is placed. The fly is attracted by the light, crawls up the trap and is caught in the cage above. This light arrangement is the whole mechanism of the trap.

In the carrying out of his work, Harris has supervised the building of 150 miles of road through the jungle and across rivers into the heart of the Zululand game reserve.

MRS. RIEGEL TO PLAY IN FINAL GOLF ROUND

PORTLAND, Oct. 12 (AP)—Mrs. G. E. Riegel of Spokane won her way to the final round of the western women's open golf tournament today by defeating Mrs. Melvin Jones of Chicago, one up.

In the final round she will face Miss Marian McDougall of Portland, who defeated Mrs. Martin Hunter of Portland, 4 and 3, in today's other semi-final match.

Phone 642. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

MAY ADD MATTE TO TROOPS DIET

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—According to information received at the Argentine embassy here, military authorities in the southern part of the United States expect to start using Matte, the famous drink of South America, with the intention of determining its usefulness as an article of diet for troops.

It is stated that a commission of officers will make the first experiments in using Matte soon in the state of Texas.

It is known that President Roosevelt has for a long time been numbered among those appreciating Matte frequently appears upon the presidential menu.

Maj. J. A. Porter announced that experiments to determine the usefulness of Matte in the regular army of the United States will be conducted throughout a period of 30 days in the state of Georgia, to determine the possibility of including this famous drink in the regular ration of the army.

Maj. J. A. Porter announced that the state department had forwarded to the Paraguayan minister, Sr. Bordenave, asking that those experiments be carried out in the near future.

Word that the army had endorsed Matte was received in Medford this week by Louise Ivanhoe, who is handling this new product in this section of Oregon. Miss Ivanhoe receives her Matte stocks from her father, formerly of Medford, who resides in Rio de Janeiro.

SNAPSHOTS OF A MAN GETTING THE SHADE RIGHT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



BOARDS TRAIN AND SETTLES BACK COMFORTABLY TO READ PAPER

SUN MAKES TOO MUCH GLARE ON PAGE, REACHES UP TO PULL DOWN SHADE, SHADE STICKS

BY USING BOTH HANDS AND COOKING SHADE A LITTLE, FINALLY GETS IT STARTED DOWN

SHADE KEEPS RIGHT ON DOWN TO BOTTOM WHICH HE REALIZES, MAKES IT TOO DARK FOR READING

TRIES TO PUSH SHADE HALFWAY UP, ONE SIDE IMMEDIATELY FLYING OFF TRACK, AND OTHER SIDE REFUSING TO MOVE AT ALL

WORKS ON THE IMMOVABLE SIDE WITH NO APPRECIABLE RESULT EXCEPT TO PINCH A FINGER

GETS MAD AND USES FORCE, YANKING BOTH SIDES OFF TRACK. SUCCEEDS, HOWEVER, IN GETTING SHADE UP HALFWAY

FINDS THAT MEANWHILE HE HAS TRAMPLED PAPER UNDER FOOT INTO A TATTERED UNREADABLE MASS

10-13

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GLUYAS WILLIAMS

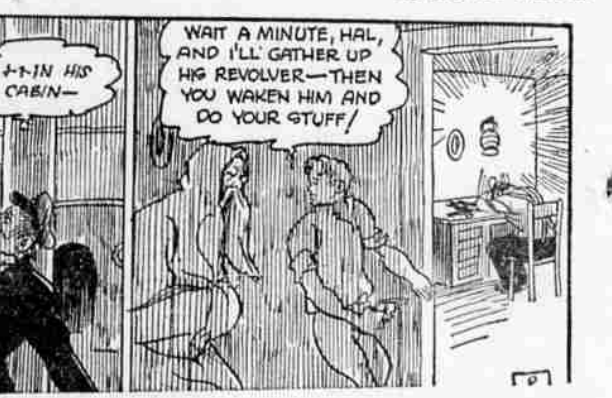
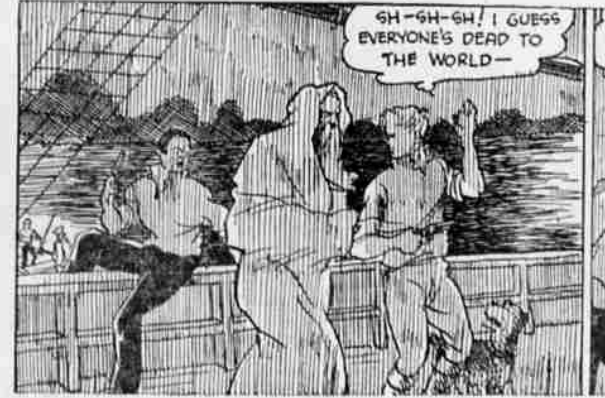
'SMATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Reports!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Aboard Ship!



THE NEBBS—And What Now?



BRINGING UP FATHER



NEW EVIDENCE

TENSED with excitement, Marian leaned forward and studied the purple stamp at the top of Cliff Hondon's letter to Silver. She hadn't been mistaken, there it was, "The Modern Construction Company" and, just below in smaller type, "Office of J. C. McSwain, general manager."

Marian leaned back. J. C. McSwain was Silver's father. Cliff had written something about Silver's thinking more of her father than of him, and Silver had said no one but a cad would condemn a girl for wanting to help her father.

But why, wondered Marian, should J. C. McSwain, head of a company handling such an immense contract, need help? She hadn't thought much of that angle at the first reading of the letter. She would read it again carefully.

She read, and when she reached the last of the second page, studied each word carefully.

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 ignore your dad and his reputation more important than me . . . you were right of course only . . . oh well.

Marian turned a page, a thick page. She thumbed it a moment, then gasped in wonder. There were two pages there. Now she separated the pages and found the inner one marked with the same scrawling writing:

Silver, if I hadn't been sotheaded as well as sofotheaded, I would have kept my money and put it into the Modern to save your father. He says I bought a title; that really means, fourth vice-president with the right to use desk space in their office and their stationery.

You pretend to know nothing of business as well as I, that he shouldn't have hid in the school contract at such a low figure. Even with labor and commodities at a new low, he couldn't fill such a contract and not crash financially, unless he used the cheapest material on the market; material that can't pass inspection. He thought he'd offset that danger when he bought the inspector with that ten thousand; I even had saved myself; I could have saved my own money for even if the man is cleared, the political faction pressing the charge will watch the Modern work. He's going to need every cent I gave him to break even. It looks as though you're in line to find a new rich husband. You will and he'll give to you just as I have. Just as Lawson, the poor, unlettered fruit rancher gave the use of his name and his bank account to save Brown and indirectly your father for you.

Marian fingered the page with trembling hands. She held here evidence which might have sent Brown to the penitentiary; which might still send McSwain there, and Lawson, too, for perjury. She knew Silver had never read this page, for if she had she would have burned it immediately.

It was a wonderful story. Marian's first impulse was to telephone the office at once. But dare she? Aside from the havoc it would bring, would a scrawled note miraculously found in a reporter's pocket be enough evidence? She would wait.

No wonder Silver hadn't been sorry that Hondon might die. With his death came certainty of silence on the bribe. That hysteria had been half relief, half shock. But what a self-centered person she must be to have demanded the sacrifice of Hondon's money, only to leave him when it was gone. And how sure of his honor both she and her father had been.

But how had that letter reached her coat pocket? She had thrown the letter onto the chair in which she was sitting, her coat had also been there. However, letters didn't up and walk into pockets. Hamlin had taken her coat from the chair to hang it up. He must have thought the letter part of her notes and crammed it into her pocket without knowing what it was. But wouldn't he know . . . that man with the wise, kind eyes and cynical mouth?

It remained now for her to give the letter to Silver, if possible without her knowing it. Silver was in Oakland by this time . . . would she try to see Hondon . . . try to destroy

Wells, Mrs. Margaret Germer, Mrs. Walter Germer, Mrs. Noah Chandler, Mrs. Ward McReynolds, Mrs. M. O. Carey, all of North Talent, attended The Mail Tribune cooking school in Medford Thursday.

Mrs. C. A. Parker is quite ill and is under the doctor's care.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Palmer and Mr. Palmer's sister, Mrs. Lora Good of Baker, Ore., and Mrs. Mary O. Carey went to the Oregon Caves and Crater City Wednesday. The party went through the caves for the first time and found their beauty and grandeur far beyond all printed descriptions. The day was spent at the beach. Mrs. Good met her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Palmer, who have been in San Francisco visiting relatives and they continued on up the coast from Grants Pass.

Get ready for winter! CIRCULATING HEATERS, 18-in. Firebox, \$42.50; 24-in. Firebox, \$52.00. HUBBARD BROS., INC.

Eden Precinct

EDEN PRECINCT, Oct. 13.—(Sp.)—The lower half of the White Wing poultry farm has changed hands again. O. A. Parker whose land adjoins the place having purchased it. Ed Jacobs of North Talent returned from a trip to Portland last Monday, where he was called by the serious illness of his brother, John Jacobs, well-known Talent man.

Mrs. Jacobs, Mrs. Newman, Mrs.

Garment Makers To Work 36 Hours

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—(AP)—President Roosevelt today issued an executive order establishing a 36-hour week, with maintenance of present wages, in the cotton garment manufacturing industry. The order is effective December 1.