

Marian Gordon

by JEANNE HOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Marian Gordon, reporter for the Morning Dispatch, has approved two demerol pills. She has divorced her husband, Cliff Gordon, and she has a chance for life. Cliff had shot himself when he heard of the divorce. Now Silver is making a play for Lon Casad, whom Marian loves, and Marian has a chance to show Lon the true Silver—much prettier than she had pretended to be but gayly gambling in a Reno casino.

Chapter 14 SACRIFICE

MARIAN stood before the casino mirror, apparently trying to weave a soft strand of hair into the fold of its wave. The other girl in the mirror stared back at her with accusing eyes.

The other girl had no decision to make. It showed in the firm line of her lips, the steady gaze of violet-blue eyes. She had made her decision in the log cabin the previous night. She had protected Silver from herself. She had protected Cliff Gordon from Silver.

She turned from the mirror. It was too late now to revoke that act. Simply because Silver had recognized Lon's charm was no reason for her to change. Besides, Cliff Gordon wasn't yet out of danger and he had her right to an unhampered fight. An angry Silver couldn't be handled.

They drove now to a queer little shack on a hill overlooking the lights of the town, sat on benches before a rough boarded table and listened to boys in cowboy garb sing songs of the range.

Hamlin seemed preoccupied, Marian subdued, only Lon remained cheerful.

"By the way, Casad," Hamlin ventured at length, "did you see Mrs. Gordon off on the train?"

Marian looked up quickly. Hamlin had been protecting her. He hadn't known but that Lon knew she was staying in town. He had been trying to give Marian this evening without competition. She listened eagerly for Lon's answer.

"Yes, and no," he answered. "She asked me to leave her at the Mountaineer Hotel and said she had a little business to attend to and would have a friend take her to the train. Poor girl," he added, "I surely felt sorry for her. She curled up in the car seat and sort of whimpered. From what she said that husband of hers must have been a jealous, weak sort."

"No," countered Hamlin. "I don't think so. Silver is attractive. She demands the admiration of every man she meets, and no husband like to share his wife's company too much. 's to his weakness, I believe he was more impulsive than weak. A lot of us would do such things on the spur of the moment if the tools were handy."

"I don't know about that," Lon countered. "I've got too much curiosity, myself. She surely was cut up about the shooting."

Hamlin smiled his crooked smile. "I hope you offered her the proper comfort," he said.

Lon's face flushed. "Afraid I wasn't much of a comforter. I was pretty tired and I had other things important to my mind."

"I thought you might drive her on down to Oakland," Hamlin continued. "Be easier on her, of course, than the train."

"SHE did suggest it," Lon admitted, "but I told her I was afraid I'd go to sleep at the wheel and ditch us. She offered to wait until I rested, but I didn't want anyone watching in on that trip because I was taking Lon, so I told her I probably wouldn't leave before next morning... that's this morning, isn't it?" he said, looking at his watch. "Besides," he defended, "I figured she had other friends who would be glad to drive her down."

"I don't blame you for not wanting to share Miss Gordon," said Hamlin, rising.

At the hotel he parted from them in the lounge. "You'll be leaving before I'm out in the morning. I'm going, so I'll tell you good-bye here. It's been nice to meet you both, and somehow," he looked at them both with a quizzical look "somehow I feel we will all meet again."

"Tell you what, Casad, I'll be leaving for California soon. I'm going up to my shack on the Russian River to work out a play I have in mind." He handed him a card with his address on it. "Drive up some week end. Bring Miss Gordon with you."

When he had left, Lon and Marian sat on a divan speaking of the evening and of Hamlin.

"Guess I better let you go up for some rest," Lon said at length. "I thought we might start about eight o'clock, if you think you'll be ready by that time. I've got a lot to talk to you about. So goodnight, dear." And he handed her into the elevator.

"Goodnight, dear," Marian made a song of it as she lifted swiftly up. "A lot to talk to you about," she told the girl in the mirror.

She wasn't sleepy, couldn't be. She'd pack. She did, and when she came to the coral pink knitted dress she decided to try it on again. It was good looking, she thought, with its square shoulders and trim neckline... and the beige Alpine hat with its curling feather of coral pink... she pulled it over her hair. "Not too bad," she said, and chuckled.

Still in hat and frock, she sat in a deep chair near the window and looked out at a distant hill which held its white line clean cut against the dark blue of the sky. "A lot to talk about," she knew what it would be and knew her answer. There had been other friends, beaux galore since she started school. But Lon was different.

Silver, queer her insistence that Lon pay her attention. Not queer, for Lon was a "lovable cuss." Anyone with half an eye could see that, and Silver knew men. She wouldn't give up easily... but this time she'd have competition, Marian promised her that. She arose, started towards the dressing room and stopped as the telephone rang... her editor perhaps.

"Jan," came Lon's voice, "guess what I found in my room when I reached here."

MARIAN'S heart seemed to fall with a thud. Surely Silver wouldn't dare such an unconventional thing. "A white elephant with ivory tusks," she answered quickly. "A white elephant all right. A note from Mrs. Gordon. She hasn't left town and wants to drive down... in fact she says she's going to drive down with me in the morning."

Marian's plink tongue dampened suddenly dry lips. "And you," she questioned, "what do you think about that?"

"Marian Gordon," said Lon, "I'm surprised at you asking what I think of Mrs. Gordon or anyone else riding to the coast with us. Listen to this—" he began, reading the note he had found in his room:

Dear Mr. Casad:
I didn't leave for Oakland as I had planned. I received word from the hospital that I wouldn't be allowed to see Mr. Gordon for another twenty-four hours, and as my physician who lives here at the Mountaineer, insisted I take the train trip would be too much for me in my present nervous state. I decided to remain for the night.
And so, Mr. Casad, if you're really rested, I'll drive down with you in the morning. I think its going to be a heavenly day. I've ordered a grand lunch put up for us, fried chicken, potato salad, sandwiches, coffee and who knows all the things nice he-men like yourself enjoy.

I telephoned your hotel garage and learned they were to have your car ready at eight o'clock, so I'll meet you there at that time...
Cheerio, Silver.

"Can you beat that?" Lon was asking.

Marian couldn't. She had listened to the reading of the note, feeling with each word that the world she had thought so joyously golden was rapidly turning into a drab disappointing sphere. Lon couldn't talk about the things he had mentioned with Silver an observant listener. She would insist upon smuggling close to him, leaving Marian on the outer edge.

"Marian, you haven't answered, what do you think of... of that note?"

"Marian forced a laugh. "If I were to tell you what I think, there would be a short circuit on the telephone line," she answered.

"Good girl. Say, Jan, are you dead tired?"

"I'm not tired at all... in fact I felt so refreshed after my rest today and, our party tonight that I couldn't sleep, and so I packed for morning."

"Jan, would you be same to leave with me right now? I've all ready checked out of my hotel and my car is down in front of your hotel. I'm telephoning from a lobby booth. If you're willing we'll start and be half way home before little 'Cheerio' keeps her eight o'clock appointment with the garage. How does that sound?"

"Heavenly," returned Marian, a stinging note in her voice. "Have the clerk send a boy for my bags and I'll be with you right away."

(Copyright, 1934, by Jeanne Howman)
Marian learns a lot about Lon, Monday.

PHONE EARNINGS TAKE DIP DURING FIRST 9 MONTHS

NEW YORK, Oct. 15. (AP)—The American Telephone and Telegraph Co. in a report for the nine months ended September 30, issued today, showed net income of \$90,263,873 after charges and federal taxes, equivalent to \$4.33 a share on the outstanding capital stock. For the first nine months of 1933, net income amounted to \$101,351,844 or \$5.48 a share.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP 7 TO HIKE WEDNESDAY

Girl Scouts Troop 7 of Washington school will hold a short hike Wednesday after school. The girls are requested to meet in the gymnasium at Washington school promptly at 4 p. m. Any girl of ten years or over of the Washington school may join this trip. The trip will feature a hiking and outdoor program throughout the year. The girls are asked to enter the gymnasium from the outside door.

RICHARD ARLEN IN 'SHE MADE HER BED'

An amateur wild animal trainer with a head full of conceit, several impressionable girls, his wife and child, and a decent man who loves her sincerely but hopelessly—causes a lot of trouble in "She Made Her Bed," now at the Roxy theater.

The animal trainer is the proprietor of an auto tourist camp, and the principals of this extraordinary and thrilling drama are the transient motorists who stop at the camp, and the people who derive their living from it. Richard Arlen, as Wild Bill Smith, the high-spirited boss of a one-man medicine show, gives a moving performance.

REUNION OCT. 26 AT WILLAMETTE

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY, Salem Ore.—(Sp.)—Over 1000 alumni of Willamette university are expected to return to their alma mater for the annual homecoming festivities here October 26 and 27.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

As the main feature of the two-day event Willamette will play College of Puget Sound beneath the lights of Sweetland field the night of Saturday, October 27. The teams are probably the two strongest in the Northwest conference.

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CHANGES NOTED IN STATE PRECINCTS

SALEM, Oct. 15.—(AP)—Changes in four precincts of the state were noted in revised totals received from county clerks in Oregon, it was reported here today. Total precincts in the state therefore was set at 1,647. The changes were in Multnomah county, changed from 549 to 438; Baker from 40 to 38; Clackamas from 60 to 61; and Polk from 36 to 35. Complete precincts by counties are as follows: Baker 38, Benton 22, Clackamas 61, Clatsop 43, Columbia 32, Coos 63, Crook 14, Curry 13, Deschutes 33, Douglas 49, Gilliam 8, Grant 21, Harney 29, Hood River 14, Jackson 69, Jefferson 16, Josephine 27, Klamath 38, Lake 18, Lane 98, Lincoln 30, Linn 54, Malheur 31, Marion 79, Mercer 18, Multnomah 438, Polk 35, Scott-

PHOENIX GRANGE TO HAVE AUCTION, DANCE

Thursday evening, Oct. 18 there will be a public auction at the Phoenix Grange hall. Articles for sale will include farm products, cakes, pies and miscellaneas things. A free dance ticket will be included with each purchase. The sale will be followed by the first dance of the season to be sponsored by the Phoenix Grange. Everyone cordially invited. No admission.

S'MATTER POP—



10-11-34

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Is Dubious!



2004

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—One Missing!



10-16

THE NEBBS—Throw Out the Life Line



10-16

BRINGING UP FATHER



10-16

BRINGING UP FATHER



10-16