

# Marian Gordon

By JEANNE BOWMAN

BYNOPSIS: Marian Gordon, reporter for the Morning Dispatch, has protected "the world's most famous" woman against the world and against Silver. Silver just has divorced her husband, and she has about himself. Marian sends word from Reno that Silver is reconciled to her former mate. But now Silver has set her cap for Lois. Marian's friend and to escape. Marian and Lois are starting to drive alone in the early morning from Reno back to Oakland.

## LIFE HISTORY

LOIS was waiting for Marian in the lobby, and after helping the boy stow the boxes in the rear he tucked her under a huge woolly robe as if she were something fragile. He even cautioned her not to "rowd her."

As the shining nose of the car headed along Virginia street and on to the transcontinental highway they laughed together. There was a sense of adventure in this running away from the gently determined Silver.

And then, rolling over the white pavement and through mountains where blazing stars seemed to have slipped from the sky to become entangled in the high ridge of pines, Lon began to talk; talked seriously, personally.

"I'm, I said I had a lot to talk about," he began. "You'll probably laugh when I tell you that I am the subject. But, you see, you don't really know anything about me, and I want you to know everything."

"You know I come from Al's town, Cleveland, and you know that before I went to Cleveland I came from farther south and that I have a few relatives, down Missouri way. That's about all. You know I came out here to go into business for myself, but you don't know where my money for that business came from nor anything of the real me, so here goes."

"I was born and grew up in St. Louis. My people were poor, and mean poor; you have no idea of what poverty can mean. My father was Irish and my mother was a Canadian, and, like most Canadians, worked all of the time."

"Dad had the wanderlust. The reason the family settled in St. Louis was because mother refused to go any farther. There were three of us then, a sister and brother older than myself."

"When I was four, the other two contracted some kind of fever and died. A few years later Dad wandered off and forgot to come back."

"By that time mother had paid a small amount on the old house in which we were living. It was large, a regular barn of a place and as inconvenient as a church would be for keeping house. However, she did the only thing she could do to make a living, started taking in boarders and roomers."

"My earliest memories were of mother, trotting (she never walked, always moved on a little half-trot) across that big silted floor, from stove to sink, sink to table, table to pantry. She walked miles every day. The dining room and living room were as bad, but the bedrooms were like cells."

"SHE used to fall into bed, dog tired every night. I'll never forget that stuffy little room, one window opening out to a brick wall, hotter than Hades in the summer and damp as a swamp in the winter."

"She used to talk to me a lot because, I guess, there wasn't anyone else to talk to; complained about the way men built houses in which women had to work."

"I used to promise her that, when I grew up I'd build the right kind of places for mothers, and she'd laugh a bit, but she'd let me build toy houses and that sort of stuff."

"When I was ten I began helping a carpenter who lived near us, and by the time I left grammar school I had a regular job."

"I spent my spare time doing the old house over. I cut down the kitchen and enlarged the bedroom, I painted the dark woodwork in buff and papered the walls in green."

"And then, just as we had the place looking fine, mother's health broke. She went to the hospital for an operation. That took all the savings we'd managed to scrape together. I was only ten and didn't earn enough to keep up the payments, small as they were, and we got behind."

"She came home, but wasn't strong enough to work as she had before, and about that time some in-

stry wanted the land our house was on. The city condemned the property, the owners were paid the price allowed, and we were told to get out."

"It was just too much for her. She lived just one week after we moved into some furnished rooms."

"He paused a few moments, and Marian stared straight ahead, not wanting to see the furtive movement of his hand, as it went up presumably to pull his soft hat at a different angle."

"And here comes the laugh," he resumed. "The only job I could find was working on the building that was erected on that site."

"The old carpenter I'd worked with consented to act as my guardian, and that kept me from going into some institution."

"Because I was such a kid and pretty bitter at that time, I talked a lot, and the men on the job egged me on. I used to spend my lunch-hour orating about what I was going to do when I grew up. I was going to build homes and fix it so they couldn't be taken away from honest folk, without money enough to fight for their rights."

"One day in the midst of my harangue I noticed the men around me motioning me to shut up. I looked up. The contractor in charge of the job was listening. He motioned for me to join him and tell him why I was so bitter. I told him, plainly."

"That night he took me to dinner with him. I was too scared to be as loud as I'd been with the men, so I told him about mother and the things I've told you. Somehow it interested him. I saw a lot of him during that summer, and in the fall he went to the authorities, had himself made my guardian, and took me to Cleveland with him and put me in school."

"HE was a bachelor, had plenty of time to give to me and gave it and gave me money as well. He saw that I had a chance to see all sides of life. Think he wanted to test my ambition."

"Each summer I worked on the job with him, sometimes building factories, sometimes working on the little houses that had become my hobby."

"And out of this experience I evolved an idea I decided I wanted middle class people, the white collar crowd, to have a chance at their own owning. I wanted these men and women who'd never be able to collect enough money for a down payment on the kind of a home they'd like to have, to be able to pay their rent into their own bank accounts."

"My guardian agreed it was worth trying. I figured I'd buy a tract of land, cut it up into lots large enough for a good vegetable garden and chicken yard in the rear and a flower garden in the front."

"Of course there have always been cheap places but they looked it and the kind of people I was thinking about would rather do without, than live in them. I wanted attractive houses with the grace of good architecture and the assurance of substantial building. No shacks nor shanties."

"Before we could try out this idea, my guardian died. That was last year. He left me a lump sum of cash, for my personal use, the rest he left in a Building and Loan Society which he had headed, to be used in my experiment. Experiment in human nature," he called it.

"He had suggested I try the west where good property at a reasonable figure could be found within a short driving distance of industrial and commercial centers."

"I bought this car, my only luxury. Came out to visit Steele and met you."

"I was pretty sure of myself all along the way. I thought when I found the right girl she wouldn't mind keeping house for me without servants, doing without a lot of things. And then I met Silver."

"And then I met Silver," he repeated, "and I realized that a luxury wife might be. And I wondered if I had the right to ask any girl to give up the beauty that is bought with money."

"There are other kinds of women," Marian ventured.

"You're one, and that's why I'm getting up nerve enough to ask you if you'd be willing to be poor with me!"

(Copyright, 1934, by Jeanne Bowman)

Tomorrow, marriage seems to be in the air.

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## PHEASANTS 'GROUNDED'

BY PENLETON BREEZE

MEDFORD, Ore., Oct. 17.—(AP)—Hunters reported sighting plenty of China pheasants following the first day's shooting of the season yesterday, but said it was a bad day for the hunters.

The wind blowing from the west kept the birds on the ground unless dogs were used.

American Airlines is the only air transportation system serving directly all cities in the United States with more than one million population.

## DOG PINNED IN CAVE

IS BELIEVED DOOMED

GREENVILLE, Ind., Oct. 17.—(AP)—There isn't much hope for Mitt, black and brown spotted fox hound, impaled, as Floyd Collins was nine years ago, in a limestone cavern.

Scores of farmers came to help when word got around that Mitt, after disappearing last Wednesday, had been discovered mournfully barking from the depths of a cave behind a hillside spring.

## SLAYER OF CHILD TWISTED IN STORY

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., Oct. 17.—(AP)—Lawrence Stone admits knowing that 2-year-old Nancy Jean Coslign was alive when he threw her into an apartment house furnace. District Attorney Frank Coyne says, but he denies realizing that the huge oil burner was in use.

Announcing that Stone had confessed yesterday, Chief Inspector Michael L. Silverstein of the Mount Vernon police described the prisoner's assertion that the fire was out as one of several discrepancies in the statement. The 24-year-old laborer was quoted as saying the girl fell heavily while playing ball with him and that he, panic stricken, dumped her in the furnace after she "turned blue."

## 298 CCC MEN COMING FOR REPLACEMENTS

Replacements for the Sixth corps, CCC, were announced at the Medford headquarters detachment today. 298 men expected to arrive in Oregon from the east on October 26th.

Of the total detachment, 116 men will be assigned to Camp China Plate, 101 will report to Camp McKinley, and the remaining 81 will go to Camp Cape Sebastian. The men will be entrained at Port Sheridan, Ill.

## S'MATTER POP—

"How long do you want to sleep, Pop?"

"Oh, about twenty minutes."

"Or half hour."

"Or maybe three quarters of an hour."

"O.K., Pop, go to sleep. When you wake up your mind let me know and I'll wake you up."

"?"

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Has Another Idea!

"SKEETER HAS A DARING PLAN TO PENETRATE THE SECRET RENDEZVOUS OF THE KIDNAPERS, WHO ARE HOLDING SHIRLEY BARRON FOR RANSOM. TOMMY IS STILL DUBIOUS."

"READER—THIS IS ANOTHER ADVENTURE THAT IS BASED UPON TRUE HAPPY EVENTS, AND THIS STORY IS PRESENTED WITH A MOBILE TO PROVE THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY! 2005"

"WE'LL GO DOWN THERE TOGETHER, SKEETS—I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE ALL THE RISK—"

"AN JUST AS SOON AS WE LAND—THOSE EGGS WILL BUMP OFF THE GALL—THEY COULD SEE US TEN MILES AWAY, TOM!"

"SKEETS, YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA—YOU SAY YOU WANT TO FLY DOWN THERE IN A JENNY—"

"SURE! THEY'D NEVER SUSPECT A GUY WHO MADE A FORCED LANDING IN A CRATE LIKE THAT—"

"I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, SKEETS—WHILE YOU WERE THINKING ABOUT OLD CRATES, WHY DIDN'T YOU PICK A NATURAL?"

"HOW COME?—I DON'T GET YOU—"

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Jack Scroggs

"COME OUT OF THERE, YOU!"

"MERCY, MERCY, PLEASE HAVE MERCY ON ME!"

"WOOF WOOF WOOF!"

"THAT'S THE FELLOW DAVE—WHY, IT'S JACK SCROGGS WITHOUT HIS WHISKERS!"

"YES, YES, I'M JACK SCROGGS, BUT DON'T HURT ME—PLEASE DON'T HURT ME!"

"OH, MERCY, MERCY, MERCY!"

"WELL, BEN, EVERYTHING'S CLEAR NOW—THIS RENEGADE HAS BEEN IN CAHOOTS WITH CAPN IKE ALL ALONG—LET'S TOSS HIM OVERBOARD—GET UP, YOU WORM!"

## THE NEBBS—Pleased to Meet You

"SAY, THIS IS AN OLD ABANDONED FARM—LET'S NOT GO IN HERE—I FEEL TOO CREEPY!"

"YOW!"

"OH, COME ON, IN FRIEND, THIS ISN'T THE NICEST PLACE IN THE WORLD BUT I'LL LOOK AFTER YOU!"

"IF YOU WANT TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT FARMS BUTCH, HE'LL TELL YOU—HE'S A CHILD OF THE SOIL AND A WISE BABY"

"YOU'RE JUST THE GUY I WANTED TO MEET—THERE'S SOME THINGS I WANT TO TALK OVER WITH YOU—"

"I GOT YOU."

"CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE SPECIAL TODAY."

## BRINGING UP FATHER

"BY GOLLY, I'LL JUST STICK AROUND THE HOUSE AN' TAKE IT EASY TO-DAY—THERE AN'T NOthin' SPECIAL GOIN' ON AT DINTY'S—"

"HELLO! WHO IS THIS? WHAT? YOU SAY IT'S SPECIAL TO-DAY? LISTEN! I'LL BE DOWN THERE IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES—"

"I'LL MAKE IT IN FIVE MINUTES AT THIS SPEED—"

"A DOUBLE ORDER TO START WITH AN' KEEP BRINGIN' IT IN UNTIL I TELL YOU TO STOP—"

"I GOT YOU."

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## The One Issue In Oregon

We have heard Mr. Zimmerman and believe him to be sincere and a valuable type of man and citizen. We have not heard Mr. Dunne but understand he makes many promises and claims credit for much which he magnifies as political capital without "deserving applause." But singularly absent from the campaigns of both is the one issue that overstrains all others as a total eclipse, namely: The success of the national administration. Failure of Roosevelt will make local problems appear as broken and abandoned toys.

General Martin makes no promises. In this he is free from one of the most tiresome, threadbare and disgusting practices of mere aspirants for office. Like the old warhorse he is General Martin possesses self-respect that will not allow him to make himself an ass in order to make himself a governor.

The "low-down" of newspapermen in Washington, D. C. talking among themselves—not for publication—in praise of General Martin, was the highest tribute a public official can win anywhere, but nothing Martin is not merely FOR Roosevelt. He is, from association and training a part of the Roosevelt administration and program.

If you are for Roosevelt, you are for Martin—Kingwood Review.

## ASTORIA TAX LEVY REDUCED BY HALF

ASTORIA, Ore., Oct. 17.—(AP)—The tax levy for the Astoria city budget for 1935 will be less than half that levied for the current year.

The reduction was assured at a taxpayers' budget meeting last night when on recommendation of the city manager and city commission the levy for city purposes and debt retirement was fixed at \$160,000 as compared with \$326,837 for the previous year.

The slash was made on the basis of the planned agreement with holders of defaulted city bonds. Under the agreement bond interest rates were lowered and it was agreed to demand for bond retirement to be made for 20 years.

The city in turn pledges to levy a dollar for debt retirement purposes for every dollar levied for general operation purposes.

Rifle Bullet in Brain 17 Years

FORSYTH, Mo.—(UP)—Garland Coombs, 19, has been carrying a .22 caliber rifle bullet in his brain since he was two years old. The boy was shot in the forehead by accident 17 years ago and doctors feared to remove the pellet. He suffers no pain.

Bike Riders Start Road Drive

AUSTIN, Tex.—(UP)—Bicycle riders of the '90s started the good road movement in America, says Frank M. Stewart, professor of political science at the University of California at Los Angeles. Dr. Stewart has just completed a study of the highway administration of Texas, through a grant from its bureau of research.

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## VISITORS AGAIN

MOTHER BRINGS VISITORS IN. KNOWS THEY WANT HIM TO DISPLAY HIS NEW ACCOMPLISHMENT OF SAYING "DADDY"

ASSUMES VACANT EXPRESSION AS MOTHER BEGINS WITH THE USUAL "SAY DADDY FOR THE LADIES"

HURLS HIMSELF BACKWARDS WAIVING CHUBBY LEGS IN AIR

LOOKS AROUND TO SEE IF THAT SIDE-TRACKED THEM

NO, MOTHER'S PROMPTING HIM AGAIN. PUTS FINGERS IN MOUTH

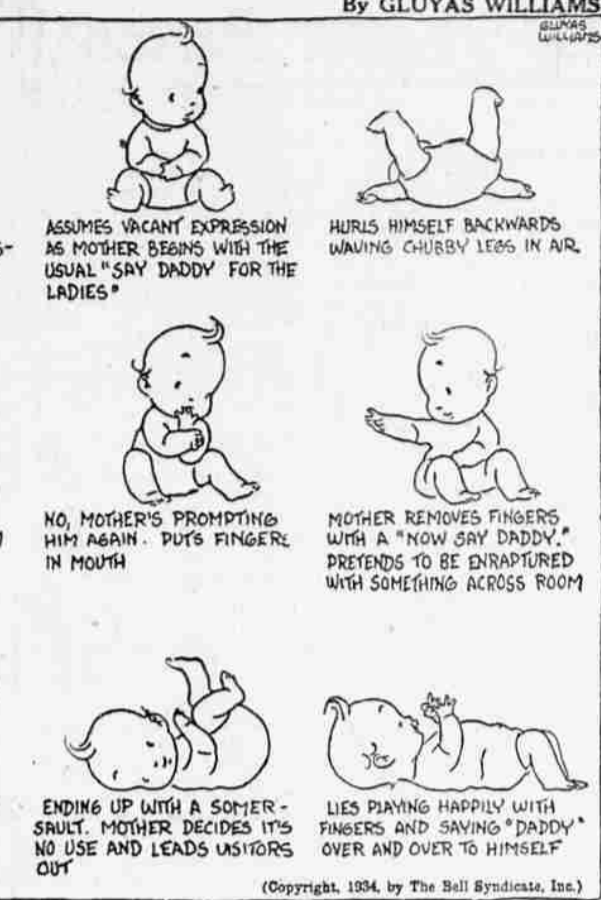
MOTHER REMOVES FINGERS WITH A "NOW SAY DADDY." PRETENDS TO BE ENRaptured WITH SOMETHING ACROSS ROOM

TRIES TO DIVERT THEM BY WALKING ON ALL FOURS

ENDING UP WITH A SOMERSAULT. MOTHER DECIDES IT'S NO USE AND LEADS VISITORS OUT

LIES PLAYING HAPPILY WITH FINGERS AND SAYING "DADDY" OVER AND OVER TO HIMSELF

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By C. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By EDWIN ALGER

By Bob Hess

By George McManus

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**

**THE KEY TO QUALITY GUM**