

# Marian Gordon

by JEANNE ROWMAN

**Chapter 18**  
**THE RETURN**

Marian continued her laughing. "But Silver is so accustomed to having every man who sees her fall in love with her that she thought you were no exception."

"What a kid," Lon murmured. "How old do you think she is?"

"About your age, I guess; and a little younger, she went to school with you, but if she was married when she was sixteen—"

"She wasn't," Marian reassured him. "And just to relieve your fear of having given a child the wrong impression, she's six years older than I am, which makes her thirty."

"Thirty... listen Ian, do you have to go off on some fool yarn?"

"I do, but she's the 'fool yarn.' I have to meet her and go to the hospital with her and you have to go along with us. No, we can't break the news of our engagement until she's through with her interview with Honson. Your presence will keep her straight, if nothing else will," she concluded enigmatically. "Come on."

"But wait, Ian, look,"—he drew a small box from his pocket—"that woman has caused me more trouble. I'd planned on waiting for the moon and everything, and... but here it is. I bought it after we got in and I couldn't sleep for wanting to put it on your finger so the whole world would know you were spoken for."

He slipped a ring with a single blazing stone on her finger, then with Anne merrily singing in the dressing room to prove she wasn't listening, tried to make up for the lack of the moon.

He succeeded so well that Marian didn't think of Silver, nor of the letter she had placed on the dressing table, intending to slip it into her pocket, until they were near the airport.

They had talked of many things, principally of their honeymoon. "I hope we'll be able to make that without little Cheri popping up some place. Honeymoons, you know, are supposed to be spent all alone."

"With Her?"

"You mean you want the pup too?" he asked in delighted surprise.

"I do. You know I saw him before I saw you. He was sitting in your car outside the Emergency Hospital. I had the queerest feeling about him, as if, somehow, he should belong to me."

By the time they reached the air terminal, the ship had landed and Silver was busily engaged in posing for news photographers. Seeing Lon, however, she flew to him, smiled at Marian, then linked her arm in Lon's and said, "can we hurry on now?"

"We can," said Lon, and with Marian on his other arm ushered them to the car.

"But I'm afraid I'll take cold," objected Silver as he helped Marian in first.

"Don't insult my car," countered Lon, adjusting the glass slides so no vagrant wind would blight her delicacy.

As they drove along Silver leaned forward and talked to Lon, ignoring Marian completely. Lon answered lightly, good naturedly. He said he was sorry he hadn't been able to wait for her in Reno; regretted she hadn't left her address so he might have advised her he was leaving; was sure her nerves were shattered by the air trip. And then they reached the hospital.

Not until they were ascending the steps of the big gray building where a hushed silence hovered like a pall, did Silver's animation leave her.

Marian saw her look down the long, dimly lighted corridors where nurses slipped along on rubber soled shoes like wraiths from another world. She heard her catch her breath in a quick gasp, then saw the narrowing of the dark eyes.

Marian and Silver were left alone together as Lon stopped at the Superintendent's office for the written permission to visit Clifford Honson.

"Listen Ian," began Silver, "you got me into this, now it's up to you to stand by and see me through."

Marian nodded assent, afraid to speak for fear the relief she felt would tinge her voice. She was not

only to accompany Silver to his bedside, but was to be able to prompt Silver.

"And Mr. Casad," Silver again linked her arm in his as he returned, "you will stay with me, won't you? It isn't as if everything were not over between Mr. Honson and me, but I can't let him know that at a time like this, can I?"

"It wouldn't be sporting," Lon agreed.

"I just wanted to be sure you understood," murmured Silver, then became silent. They had reached the door leading to Honson's room. They stepped in. The flowers that had smothered the room with perfume which still lingered, had been removed for the night. The room was barren, a gray-green cell with white woodwork, a white clothed nurse, a white bedstead and a white, silent figure on the bed.

Marian looked at him with awe. This was the man whose life had been saved with a lie.

Tip-toeing, as though they would achieve the rubber-soled silence of the nurses, the three moved into the center of the room, then Lon stepped back to let the two girls go alone to the bedside.

Marian had a vision of Cliff Honson as she had once seen him, tall, bronzed, clad in the brief blue and white of the Varsity crew, flushed with the victory of that crew and with the realization that the lovely girl at his side was his for the asking.

Now he lay, his face the color of the flat pad which served as a pillow for his head, his black hair accentuating the pallor. And watching him stood the girl he had had for the asking, and had given up... for her asking.

"Mr. Honson," the nurse spoke softly, "you have guests."

The faintest flicker of a smile crossed the blue lips. "Show the boys in," he said.

"It isn't the boys this time," the nurse said lightly, "it's a lady."

"Silver..." he whispered the word in a voice charged more with emotion than life. "Silver," as if the hope it might be she, were more than he could bear to have frustrated.

Marian felt she was treading on sacred ground. This wasn't her place. She had no right to let any man expose the nakedness of his heart before anyone but the girl he loved. She sought to step back, but Silver's hand closed on her arm like a tentacle.

"What will I say?" she questioned with her eyes, and Marian responded in a feather-tipped whisper—"useless sacrifice..." "should have explained..." "hurry and recover so you can talk things over."

Silver released Marian and knelt at the bedside, looking at Lon rather than at Cliff. "Silly boy," she cooed, "why did you try that useless sacrifice? It was wonderful of you. So generous, but if you'd only explained things to me I'd have seen... everything differently. I didn't understand. You and Dad have always treated me like a child... how could you expect me to know what you knew? But forget that. It's all in the past. You will forget, won't you, dear?"

"You said it," he whispered, and the wan, lifeless face began to glow as though the lamp of hope had been lighted behind it.

"Can't stay but a moment now," Silver continued, "but you must hurry and get well. Do what the doctor tells you, and the nurse..." Silver flashed a smile up at the nurse, let the smile die and stared with hostile eyes at the girl.

Marian followed her gaze. This was the Nora Reilly Anne had spoken about. She was lovely, typically Irish with dark hair that curled out from under the stiff white cap, the deep red and clear white complexion, and the black-lashed eyes of clearest blue. She was looking at Silver with contempt, the eyes fairly blazing their knowledge that she knew she was lying to impress the handsome man who stood near the door.

"Oh, Silver," whispered Cliff, eyes closed, cold hand warming itself on her warm, soft one. "Silver, to even guess you cared—"

Silver bent to leave a quick kiss on Honson's brow and Marian's keen eye detected a grimace of distaste at the necessity. Again her disgust for the girl flamed.

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Silver makes a threat, tomorrow.

# Society and Clubs

Edited by Iva Fewell Edwards

## Missionary Group Has Tuesday Meet

The South Methodist Missionary society met Tuesday with Mrs. McCusiston. The subject of the afternoon's program was "Rural Community Work Among the Negroes," in which it was brought out that in some communities the negro has a fair chance and in others his educational and religious advantages are not nearly as good as his white brother's. That the church is working for his betterment is a good indication of the reality of the brotherhood of man, it was pointed out.

The group of lessons for this period of study is the rural work among both the white and colored people and one of the special features of the program was a letter from a rural worker in this valley, who is doing a splendid piece of work in conducting a rural Sunday school.

"The message to us, 'Let us undertake great things for God!' is very timely. We take courage in the fact that in town and country we are of one mind and one spirit and are working for the same cause—the betterment of humanity and the advancement of God's kingdom," the members were told.

Mrs. McCusiston was assisted by Mrs. Rice in the serving of refreshments.

## Junior Musicians Conducting Study

The Junior Musicians club, recently organized by the pupils of Effie Herbert Yeoman, met at the studio Wednesday evening for the regular meeting.

After the business session a most interesting study program in which each member took part, was enjoyed.

Musicals numbers were given by Katherine Gentner and Melissa Persons. Three new members, Beulah Vogle, Norrene Bohner and Robert Pittenger, were added, bringing the membership to eighteen.

Halloween refreshments were served by Mesdames Daniels and Croucher.

Those present were Norrene Bohner, Donald Croucher, Neva Croucher, Clara Daniels, Dean Davis, Lavon Davis, Patricia Dippel, Katherine Gentner, Laura Gentner, Stanley Gustin, Phillip Henselman, Phoebe Swen, Robert Pittenger, Melissa Persons, Joyce Sims, Beulah Vogle, Katherine Youmans, Grace Youmans, Mesdames Pittenger, Gentner, Croucher and Daniels.

## Visits Friends

Several days here

Mrs. W. C. Dehley of Los Angeles, a former resident of Medford many years ago, is visiting old friends here. She plans to remain in the city about a week or ten days.

## Junior Artisans Club To Meet Monday Evening

A party is being planned for the members of the Junior Artisan club and friends to be held in the club rooms in the city hall on Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Arrangements for a full evening of games and entertainment have been made by the committee in charge. Refreshments will be served.

## Miss Wilson Invites Friends for Musicals

An informal musical was given on Friday evening by Miss Elow Mae Wilson at her home on Chestnut street, to which she invited a group of friends.

Included among the numbers given during the evening were solos by James Stevens, accompanied by Mrs. Stevens, and Miss Wilson sang, while Miss Gladys LaMar was her accompanist. The two latter presented a number of their own compositions.

## Phoenix Health Unit To Meet on Tuesday

The Phoenix Health unit will meet on Tuesday afternoon, October 23, with Mrs. John Gammill.

## Lutheran League Have Social Evening

The Lutheran League of Zion Lutheran church had a delightful social evening last Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Blingman, Miss Ruth Demmer being assisting hostess.

## SAWMILLS SHOW INCREASING CUT

SEATTLE, Oct. 19.—(AP)—Reporting a production of \$3,625,218 based on last week, mills of Oregon and Washington showed an increase of 80,000 feet over the preceding week. A total of 550 down and operating mills reported to the West Coast Lumbermen's association.

The average production of the group in 1934 has been 78,638,693. During the same period in 1933 the average was 70,845,594.

New business reported last week by the 550 mills was 81,270,744 feet, against shipments of 70,385,373.

## BLUE SERGE SUIT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS 10-20

CALLS DOWNSTAIRS WHAT DOES HE HAVE TO PUT ON FOR THE PARTY AT THE CHURCH PARLORS

GROANS OH NOT HIS BLUE SERGE SUIT, NONE OF THE OTHER BOYS WILL BE WEARING THEM

MOTHER SAYS THAT EDDIE SELZER AND BOB BENNIS ARE GOING TO WEAR THEIRS, THEIR MOTHERS TOLD HER

SAYS BUT IT HAS A SPOT ON IT WHERE HE SPILLED COCOA AT THE LAST PARTY. MOTHER SAYS SHE HAS CLEANED IT

COMPLAINS HE CAN'T WEAR IT WITH BUTTONS OFF, THERE ARE TWO BUTTONS GONE. FINDS MOTHER HAS SEWED THEM ON

SAYS WELL ANYWAY HE HAS OUGROWN IT, THE SLEEVES ARE AN INCH TOO SHORT

MOTHER SAYS SHE HAS LET THE SLEEVES DOWN AND PRESSED THE SUIT AND LAID IT OUT FOR HIM ON HIS BED

TRIES DESPERATELY TO THINK OF SOME OTHER EXCUSE, GIVES UP AND WITH A SIGH GOES IN TO PUT ON THE HATED SUIT

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## S'MATTER POP—

OH, YES, I WANT YOU TO GROW UP TO BE A WELL-READ YOUNG MAN

WELL-READ?

YES! TO KNOW ALL THE COUNTRIES AND PLACES IN THE WORLD!

AND ALL THE NAMES OF PEOPLE AND THINGS

OH

THEN I'LL WORK CROSS-WORD PUZZLES, HUH, POP?

WELL, I HADN'T BEEN THINKING OF THAT

I'LL BET YET I'LL BE GLAD I THOUGHT OF IT, HUH, POP?

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## By C. M. Payne

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Flying Down to Del Rio!

SEEKING TO DISGUISE AS AN ITINERANT BARNSTORMER PILOT, AND FLYING A WRIGHT PUSHER PLANE, IS HEARING THE KENDEROUS OF THE KIDNAPERS RESCUED UPON A CONSPIRACY PLAN TO RESCUE SHIRLEY BARRON

TOMMY HAS AGREED TO MEET HIS PAL LATER TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE USUAL STORMY WEATHER TO LAND UNSEEN

2008

GOLLY! I HOPE I AIN'T OFF ON A DETOUR--

NOPE! THAT'S TH' PLACE-- NOW IF I CAN REMEMBER MY LINES--

BOY! THAT PLANE IS CAMOUFLAGED PLENTY! THEY SURE DON'T CRAVE COMPANY!

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## By Hal Forrest

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Defiance!

HIVENLY DAYS! THAT COCKED-EYED SKIPPER HAS DONE A BUNK ON ME!

BEN! I'VE BEEN UNTRUE TO ME TRUST! CAPN IKE IS GONE!

HE MUST BE ABOARD--

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MY HEARTIES! IF ANY ONE O' YOU PUTS A FOOT NEARER I'LL GET OFF THIS DYNAMITE AN--

--I'LL BLOW YOU TO KINGDOM COME!

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## By EDWIN ALGER

## THE NEBBS—Sh-h-h—You'll Wake the Baby

HURRY UP WITH THE GAR, BUTCH-- COME ON YOU BUM-- SNUAD OUT OF IT-- YOU'RE A FINE HELP TO ME!

PS-SST UP IN THE AIR WITH 'EM, BUDDY, AND LET'S CONSIDER THIS A SECRET

SAY WHATS THE...

SH-H-H! NOT SO LOUD-- I GET A NERVOUS FINGER WHEN I HEAR LOUD TALKING. NOW, BUDDY, CALL YOUR FRIENDS OUT-- JUST SAY, 'COME ON OUT, FELLAS'-- NO TIPS NOW-- REMEMBER!

TO BE CONTINUED MONDAY

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## By C. A. Carlson

## BRINGING UP FATHER

I'M JUST GOIN' IN THE KITCHEN TO GET A DRINK OF WATER--

ALL RIGHT-- I KNOW YOU WON'T SNEAK OUT WHILE YOU ARE IN YOUR BATH-ROBE--

NOW, IF THIS STRING DON'T BREAK ALL IS WELL--

NOW, LET'S SEE IF MY NAME IS IN THE SOCIAL NEWS TO-DAY.

TO DINTY MOORES AN' MAKE IT AS QUICK AS YOU KIN GET THERE--

YES-- SIR!

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## By George McManus

## Activities of Legion Auxiliary

The rummage sale held Friday and Saturday, October 12 and 13, respectively, was very much of a success, and the ladies of the auxiliary wish to take this opportunity to thank everyone who so generously donated and helped in any way.

The first business meeting to be presided over by the newly elected officers of the American Legion and auxiliary will be held at the Armory, Monday evening, October 22. A covered dish dinner will be served by the ladies of the auxiliary at 8:30 p. m., to which everyone is asked to bring his own table service. Those who have not been called by the committees may bring any covered dish they like. The dinner will be followed by the reg-

ular business meetings of the two organizations, after which cards will be enjoyed.

Our president would like us to bring jelly for the welfare shelf, Monday evening or any time that it is convenient. Anyone having jelly, please bring a glass or two.

Filed 823—Raigh Crothers, 12, of Crater Lake avenue, was fined \$25 and \$4.50 costs in justice court, having been arrested by state police at 2:30 p. m. Oct. 18 on North Riverside for reckless driving. Crothers was given until Dec. 3 to pay the fine and costs.

The Ladies Altar Society of Sacred Heart Church are sponsoring a card party, dance and refreshments, Wednesday evening, October 24th, Parson Hall. Playing starts at 8 P. M. Refreshments at 10 P. M. Dancing at 10:30. Admission 25c. Come and bring your friends.

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