

Marian Gordon

By the author of *Judith Lane*
by JEANNE BOWMAN

Chapter 19 WARNING

THEY were in the corridor, Silver interposed between herself and Lon, and Marian unceremoniously watched the deeply impressed Lon support the now supposedly exhausted Silver to the curb. Watched Silver slide into the car first with a backward glance of defiant triumph without thought of either of them.

"May I take you wherever you're going, Mrs. Honson?" inquired Lon, as they drew away from the curb.

"Drop the title," she chided, "call me Silver. And you'd better rush Marian to her newspaper, she'll probably want to expose my heartache to the world."

"I'll drop you both there," said Lon, "I have business to attend to immediately."

He helped them out at the Morning Dispatch building and drove away, leaving the two girls looking

at each other, Silver was as welcome to Marian as a wobbly wheel to a carriage. Marian was welcome to Silver as a source of information concerning Lon.

"Ian," she confided, snuggling close to Marian and linking her arm in hers, "I'm in love for the first time in my whole life. Ian't he wonderful?"

"I don't understand," returned Marian.

"Cliff was right, real love is glorious. Can't you imagine how I felt pretending to love Cliff with him watching? Just think I, Silver Honson, flew down here to be with him. I'm going to have that man if it's the last thing I do."

"Do you mean Lionel Casad?"

"I do... Ian, he has money, hasn't he? That, and something about him makes me believe he's... well fixed, you know. Not that I mean to be mercenary. I'd love him regardless, but it would be so much more convenient."

THEY had paused before the elevator door. Now it clanged open and they stepped inside. Carefully Marian stripped her gloves "on her hands," she said, looking into the elevator mirror and adjusting her hat, the blazing gem catching the immediate interest of Silver, "suppose you find he's already taken."

"He said he wasn't married, wasn't even engaged," fared Silver.

"He wasn't when he told you that," agreed Marian, and piloted Silver from the elevator to the upper floor. "He proposed to the girl with the... golden hair... after that."

"Silver looked at her for a moment. 'You mean?' she questioned.

"I mean that Lon and I are engaged to be married."

In the dimly lighted corridor the two girls faced each other. Marian's cheeks were pale. Silver's flaming hair was the first to speak.

"I know, I felt like that once. I thought marriage ended everything else. I know differently now. I repeat. I am going to have Lon Casad if it's the last thing I do."

she turned towards the stairway and, before Marian could remonstrate, fled swiftly down.

Marian turned to the editorial room, admitted to the city editor that she had the yarn he wanted, then tried to write it. Discipline and a sense of honesty forced the story from her reluctant finger tips. She had created the Silver of the hospital room, it was up to her to reveal that Silver to the world.

Wise eyes from nearby desks watched as the floor about her became strewn with paper. She would insert a sheet, strike the typewriter keys as though she wished to tear each from its bearing, slam the carriage shut until the bell clanged a protest, then slip the offending sheet from the roller, crumple it into a ball and throw it aside.

"A grand yarn, Ian," said Sanderson when she had finished it. "I'm going to have to change my opinion of that gal if you play her up like this."

Marian said nothing. There seemed to be nothing she could say.

When Lon arrived half an hour later, he told Marian that Silver had been waiting at the curb in a taxi for her bags.

"She's a queer one," he remarked. "Said good-bye, and then told me

JACKSON COUNTY AUTO ACCIDENTS REACH NEW 'HIGH'

Automobile accidents, injuries and killings continued to increase during September, according to reports issued from the secretary of state's office and it now appears that the record for the whole of 1934 will far exceed that of 1933 with many more persons dead and maimed from accidents caused mainly by carelessness and failure to comply with traffic regulations.

During September 24 persons were killed in traffic accidents this year as compared to 16 last year; 496 persons were injured this year and 402 in 1933; there were 1825 accidents this year and 1602 in 1933. Totals for the first nine months of 1934 are as follows: 14,893 accidents; 218 deaths; 3,664 injuries. For the same period of 1933, totals were 13,748 accidents with 172 deaths and 2,958 injuries.

In Jackson county during September of this year there were 50 accidents, 16 injuries and no deaths as compared to 26 accidents, 7 injuries and one death in September, 1933.

Sponsors of the "Let's Quit Killing" safety drive pointed out this week that unless motorists and pedestrians alike use more care in driving and walking with closer observance of traffic regulations, the present rate of increase in auto accidents will result in staggering casualty lists.

Drunken driving is the major cause selected for attention during the

current two-week period of the drive. Traffic experts report that while accidents from this cause are not as numerous as those from other violations, they usually are more serious in results, because the drunken driver is physically handicapped in that it takes him longer, after perceiving an emergency, to apply his brakes or turn his car, than it takes the sober driver. This, in addition to the chance-taking frame of mind brought on by intoxication, is what makes the drunken driver such a serious menace, experts declare.

FIRST METHODIST UNDERGOES REPAIR

At an expense of several hundred dollars the First Methodist church building which recently was purchased by the congregation, is undergoing extensive repairs and betterments.

Among other things the heating plant has been completely overhauled; the roof has been carefully examined and all cracked tiles have been replaced. The Sunday school office has been completely remodeled, and other needed improvements have been arranged for.

Ladies of the church spent two days this week in their annual church house-cleaning.

Disappeared in Old Well.

ROCKLAND, Me.—(UP)—Fortunely for Maurice Derry, a companion accompanied him on a walk through his rock garden. Derry suddenly disappeared into the ground when an unknown well, 15 feet deep, opened in front of him. He was rescued by his companion.

MISS SOMMER TO GIVE 2 LECTURES

Miss Julia K. Sommer, lecturer on educational and theological subjects, will speak at 8 o'clock Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week, October 23-24, in the Women's club rooms at the City hall. The public is cordially invited.

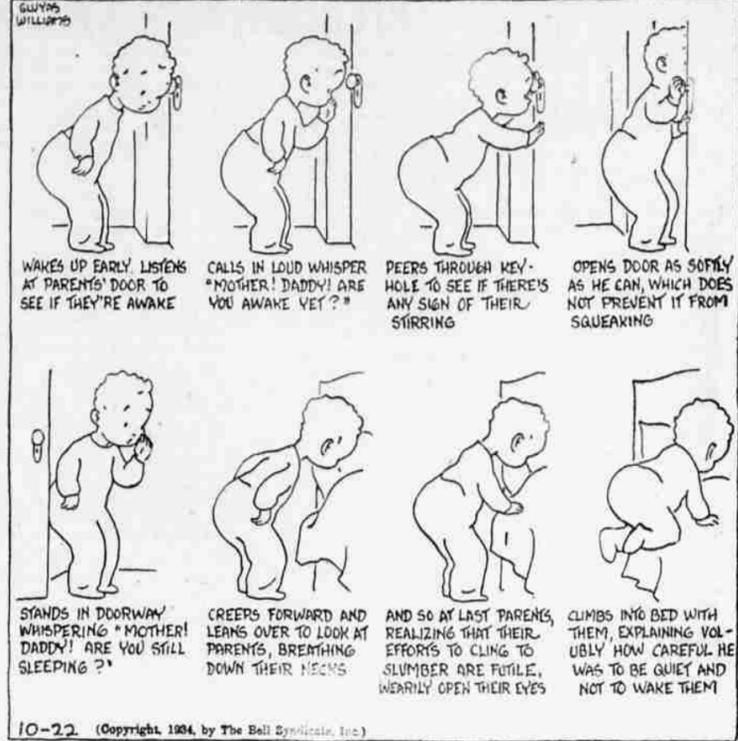
On Tuesday evening she will speak on the subject, "Theosophy and Modern Trends of Thought," discussing some of the recent statements made by well known thinkers, scientists, philosophers and educators in the light of theosophic teachings and revealing the underlying harmony between them. The subject for Wednesday evening is "Inner Government of the World."

Under this head Miss Sommer discussed the existence of spiritual supermen as a logical deduction from the theory of evolution as applied to human progress and achievement.

Miss Sommer is a former teacher in schools of Chicago, having received her training at the University of Chicago and Columbia university. From 1920 to 1925 she was principal of a progressive private school in Hollywood where the practical nature of the ideas she discusses in her educational talks was demonstrated. For many years she has lectured and written in the progressive reform movement in education.

Miss Sommer is not entirely a stranger to Medford audiences as she has lectured here several times in the last four years, one of her lectures, "Ancient Egypt's Story," particularly receiving favorable comment.

THE DAY BEGINS



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she'd see me again when I'd come to my senses."

MARIAN felt only relief at the moment. Later, upon arriving at her apartment, she found the letter from Cliff to Silver, slipped it into a plain envelope and addressed it to Silver Honson. The next morning she telephoned every hotel in the bay region, and a few of Silver's former friends seeking her address, but Silver had disappeared.

The day before she and Lon left for the Gordon ranch, she placed the envelope and other important papers in a safety deposit box which she and Lon had taken together, and for the first time saw the signature "Marian Casad," in black and white.

Marian spread two green, cross-barred tea towels across the white porcelain of the cabin table. She placed a bowl of coral pink geraniums in the exact center of the green-barred cross and pushed the table close to a low, wide window which the evening before had looked out on Monterey Bay and the far blue line of the Pacific, but which now looked out a blank wall of fog, against which were silhouetted ragged cypress trees.

From down where white dunes raised plump shoulders above the ruffe of sea grass, wild poppies and Lupin came Lon, tall figure swinging along in white ducks, sky blue sweater, a flash of color against the gray of the fog.

Marian looked at him, lips twisted into a wistful smile—"How," she demanded of Hero who had romped ahead, "did a red head like me rate a good looking lad like him?"

Lon came up, morning paper under one arm, a small bottle of cream and bowl of strawberries in his hands.

"Picked up your home town paper," said Lon, hulling berries at the sink. "Stole a look and you should see what they've said about Lionel Edward Casad's bride. Um um... no fair looking now, you can read while you eat."

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Lon and Marian plunge, tomorrow, into a new life.

S'MATTER POP—



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By C M Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Strange Crate!



HAL FORREST

By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Ship!



EDWIN ALGER

By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—Surprise!



SOLO HESS

By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



GEORGE McMANUS

By George McManus

Home-Made Telescope. PAINESVILLE, O.—(UP)—After 2 years of tedious labor, Armos Penttila has completed a delicate home-made telescope. The instrument is 28 inches long, 10 inches in diameter, has a six-inch reflector.

PHILADELPHIA.—(UP)—At last! Hunting for the kishote in the dark may soon be eliminated—if home owners install the keyhole lights exhibiting here in the electric and radio show. It's just a miniature bulb set in the door directly above the hole.