

Marian Gordon

by JEANNE BOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Lon and Marian could have put all the turbulent past behind them, and have embarked on a life-long honeymoon on a mountain side, and in developing it as a section of small and stateful homes. The hilltop they have saved for their own house, and it is all complete and then they moved in.

Chapter 21 THIEF

AND then the Lionel Canada took up the business of living. Life settled into a routine. On early morning shopping trips to Walnut Creek, with Hero as a chaperone, Marian felt very maternally as she inspected vegetables and discussed meat cuts. Lon was treated by the tradesmen with the respect due any man who could write a check for the price of the orchard land he had purchased.

While Lon was in the tract with surveyors or in the little room he had built for an office adapting blue printed plans of future houses to the peculiarities of the land, Marian busied herself around the house experimenting with recipes, experimenting with new and attractive ways of arranging the dishes, the furniture, the many gifts.

Strawberries came in, were duly purchased, turned into jam and Marian, with pardonable pride reluctantly took them from the window sill where their ruby light threw rings on the white sill, and closed them into the dark fruit closet.

Sometimes, especially when Anne and her doctor ran out for a day, Marian would think of the other life she had lived, of telephone calls which would send her rushing for a glimpse of life in the raw, of long tedious days of monotonous assignments, and of long nights when she lay too tired to sleep. Sometimes, also she thought of Silver Honda, and once Anne mentioned her.

"Say, Ian, remember the nurse on the Honda case, Norah Reilly? Well I think she and Cliff are going to be married," and when Marian had expressed surprised disbelief, "Silver only went back to the hospital once. Cliff had a temperature that night and Norah balked at letting her see him.

"She left for the islands a couple of days later, without a word. Norah says Cliff thinks she just played the part of a good sport to pull him through. He'd never had a woman take care of him before and he says if Norah doesn't mind playing second fiddle to a dream, he might have a chance at some future happiness."

And then into their paradise of perfect happiness, came the first suspicion of a cloud. Marian noticed a peculiar abstraction in Lon. Several times she surprised him checking and rechecking his bank statement.

Instead of the gaiety she had thought was part of Lon's nature, there came a quietness. He made several trips into town without asking her to go along, and on the last of these came in so worn, so white lipped, that she cried aloud.

"Lon, what is it? What's happened to you?"

He made a brave attempt to smile, then threw himself into a chair, crossed his arms on the table and buried his head in them.

"Lon, it can't be as bad as that. Tell me dear."

Instead of answering he drew a crumpled telegram from his pocket and handed it to her.

WONDERING, she spread out the creases and read:

"I regret to inform you further investigation has developed that the Lansing power of attorney stop be withdrawn from left to you including it was to meet you in west stop we have your signature copied stop and so reason so correction it as you had previously made ends your insurance if carrying out through a plan there you expect with as also have warrant draw for Lansing's arrest stop will supply you with picture stop with. One of the above mentioned has left as in embarrassing position unable to advise any loss in you stop accept our sincere regards."

"What does it mean, Lon?" she asked after a moment's bewildered study.

"It means I'm sunk," he answered thickly. "Old Lansing, my guardian's secretary, has decamped with my money."

"Perhaps there's a mistake, Lon. He may be on his way out here, now."

"No," came the hopeless tone, still muffled by arms. "Lansing hated me. He expected Garruth to leave him some actual money instead of just a life annuity for acting as secretary to my interests. He trusted him," his voice broke, then a moment later he went on. "When I wired for money to buy the place he suggested I use cash on hand so

we'd receive the fiscal year's interest on the principal.

"Then when things began to get under way and I wrote him, he didn't answer. I wired and he didn't answer. I kept on wiring until I realized something was wrong and wrote Eaton. No, Ian, we've heard the last of that money. We've got this land here and," he laughed, "that's all we have."

Marian listened to the laugh and longed to reach down and lift his head into her arms. "But if I do that," she reasoned, "he'll break down and then he'll hate me and hate himself for doing it. I have to think of something. . . something."

"Well, Lon," she began, "as long as we have the land, it seems to me the thing to do will be to go out and find the money to go on with your work."

Lon looked up in sheer surprise. "Ian," he said, "and you a business woman. Where in the name of goodness would I go to find money for an altruistic scheme like mine."

"Places," she said vaguely, "not all at once, maybe but you could find enough to build one house at a time. And Lon there'd be a lot more distinction in winning out if you have to earn the money with which to do it, wouldn't there?"

Lon looked up and laughed—"you funny kid, you are a tonic. What would you suggest for the immediate relief program of a chap in my fix?"

"A cup of coffee," answered Marian promptly. Later she would sympathize, but now it seemed to her the thing to do was to keep up his morale. She realized the bitter disappointment of his shattered dream; useless as was its motive.

"And, Lon, I made the grandest cake this afternoon. Believe it or not all three layers stood up instead of sinking in the middle. It's a Washington, nope, a Baltimore, well, never mind, I'm hazy on its geography but its topography's grand. And nuts and raisins. . . and if you'll build a fire I'll stop shivering. That fog comes straight through the Golden Gate, shoots up over the hill and drops down on us like a. . ."

"She couldn't think of a simile and, seeing Lon start to arise, flew to the stove and the coffee pot.

"HAD a percolator ever worked as slowly?" she thought. Poor Lon, no little houses to build for the people he loved, people like his mother.

She spread a tray with a gay peasant cloth, then turned to the window. Fog, a heavy, low fog that would drench the tree tops by morning was scudding across the blue-black barrier of hills to the west, pouring into unseen canyons in swirls of grey and black and foaming out again in white billows.

It was unutterably dreary. She started back then saw the movement of a figure. Lon was standing on the edge of their land and slipping away from him lay the plot over which he had worked so faithfully these weeks.

Winding roads cut through the orchard, made so that each house might have an unobstructed view of the hills. The lots were grouped in circles with a round playground at the hub for the imaginary children who would slide down chutes provided by Lon, swing in his swings, build sand houses in painted sand boxes.

And that bald, flat place on the edge of the plot was to be a baseball diamond safely away from windows which might be broken by stray balls. This, Lon's dream; the stream of a boy who had played on hot pavements.

The percolator began to bubble and Marian turned to it, mechanically lowering the heat. Poor Lon, what should she do, what could she do? She felt inadequate, wished her mother were there, she'd know what to say and what to do.

A moment later she heard the crash of wood on the hearth, the rumpling of paper, and then the roar as the blaze caught. Picking up the tray, she went into the big room.

"Look, Lon," she begged for attention.

He turned from a studious contemplation of the fire, made a brave attempt to smile. But when she saw the misery in his eyes, the three tiers of glazed perfection slid to the floor with a crash, and she flew into his arms.

In the wordless communion of that moment all of her unspoken sympathy was given and received.

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Tomorrow, Marian arranges a temporary solution for Lon.

MILK IMPORTANCE IN AMERICAN DIET SHOWN BY AUSTIN

(By Charles W. Austin.)

The question is often asked me as to the ranking importance of the dairy industry of the United States as compared to other farm products. The following estimates were given by the California Dairy Council for the year 1933:

"The production was 14 billion gallons of milk. This amount poured into 10-gallon cans would girdle the globe 15 times. . . thus making a highway of milk 16 feet wide and two feet deep all the way. They further state this amount exceeded by one-fourth the gallonage of all the gasoline used that year. The report adds this: 'The consumers of the world paid in cash for this product five billion five hundred million dollars.'"

Some business, I'd say! This amount was over one-fourth the value of all farm products for the same year. Are we interested in milk? Well, I guess so.

The following extracts are taken from reports of Dr. E. V. McCollum, nutritionalist:

"Milk is a complete food, capable of supplying all nutrients necessary for the prolonged maintenance of growth, health and ability to produce and rear young. It's the best and cheapest food obtainable."

"Butter supplies the vital food values in a most tempting and digestible form."

"Cheese, because of its high protein content, has three times the food value of a roast beef sandwich."

"Ice cream is more than a dessert; it's nourishing, stimulating, and when properly made is an easily digested food."

So one is justified in this sort of a summary of the doctor's remarks: Anyone who drinks the minimum of one pint of milk daily, eats plenty of butter, takes a cheese sandwich for lunch, and a liberal dish of ice cream for dessert, lives better, longer, stronger and cheaper than the fellow quaffing beer, drinking "his toasts" over champagne, or "dunking" his doughnut in coffee, or what have you.

The month of October has been set aside as "Milk Month" by the governor of New York state, and it is being so observed.

Why not Oregon, my Oregon? If there is surplus of market milk this winter, the industry is largely to blame for it, because it is "hollering down the well."

LUTHERANS PROTEST HITLER EFFORTS TO INTIMIDATE CHURCH

SAVANNAH, Ga., Oct. 24. — (AP) — The United States Lutheran church in America, in convention here today, addressed a resolution to Chancellor Hitler, protesting "the reported efforts of the leadership of the German reichskirche to force the pastors of the German church into the service of a political program."

The church plans overtures for closer relationships with other Lutheran church bodies of the county to consolidate against the "forces of evil in the social order."

The convention directed the church president, Dr. Frederick H. Knubel of New York, to appoint a commission of clergy and laymen to conduct discussions on a closer church unity and to invite other Lutheran groups to confer on the subject.

The convention referred to the executive board for study a suggestion from the English Evangelical Lutheran synod of the northwest that the apportionment system of the church be changed. The synod urged a "free-will basis" of raising benevolence instead of the present system of fixing proportionate assessments.

Governor III PHOENIX, Ariz., Oct. 24.—(AP)— Stricken with a recurrent attack of heart trouble, Governor B. B. Moore, of Arizona, was in a serious condition today at the Santa Rita hotel. A special nurse is in attendance. The state executive is a physician by profession.

FEW HOURS LIFE FOR QUADRUPLTS

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—(AP)— Quadruplets born to Cecelia Mulligan, 25, of the Bronx died today in Lincoln hospital, after living only a few hours.

Two baby boys died at 7 o'clock this morning. Another boy and a girl had died at 1:30 a. m., less than three hours after birth.

Mrs. Mulligan, the mother of three other children, was reported recovering.

Be correctly corrected in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

HOME WORK

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SITS DOWN WITH A SIGH AFTER SUPPER TO DO HIS ARITHMETIC HOME WORK

REFLECTS REGRETTFULLY THAT IF HE'D TAKEN DAD'S ADVICE AND DONE THEM BEFORE SUPPER, HE'D BE ALL THROUGH NOW

OPENS DRAWER TO GET FRESH PAPER AND LOOKS THROUGH OLD FISHING TACKLE CATALOGUE

10-24

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SQUARES AWAY TO WORK AND THEN STOPS TO CALL WHAT TIME IS IT?

LISTENS WITH INTEREST TO DAD BLOWING SOMEBODY UP ON TELEPHONE FOR NOT DELIVERING SOMETHING

JOINS IN DISCUSSION GOING ON IN HALL TO SAY HE CAN'T GO WITH THEM TO AUNT EMMA'S ON SATURDAY, HE'S PLAYING IN A GAME

10-24

HOME WORK

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TRIES TO FIGURE OUT HOW LONG HE WILL HAVE TO HIMSELF BEFORE BED TIME IF IT TAKES HIM 5 MINUTES EACH FOR 8 EXAMPLES

OBSERVES WITH SURPRISE THAT HIS PAPER HAS GOT COVERED SOMEHOW WITH DRAWINGS

FINDS THERE'S ONLY JUST TIME TO DO HOME WORK BEFORE BED TIME, AND GETS TO WORK

10-24

S'MATTER POP—

I SURELY WISH YOU'D DEVELOP INTO A SOUNDLESS KIND OF PERSON

WHAT KINDA PERSON IS THAT?

THE KIND THAT DOESN'T MAKE A SOUND. YOU CAN'T HEAR ONE AROUND THE HOUSE

TSURGLAR?

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By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Praying for Rain

WE LEFT SKEETER AT THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE KIDNAPERS, WHERE HE MADE A FAKE FORCED LANDING IN AN OLD WRIGHT 1903 MODEL BIPLANE AND THEN ACTED DUMB IN AN ATTEMPT TO THROW THE ABDUCTORS OF SHIRLEY BACON OFF THEIR GUARD. NOW WE PICK UP TOMMY WHO IS WAITING FOR THE STORM TO BREAK SO HE CAN LAND.

LOOKS LIKE OLD NATURE WAS GOING TO BLOCK OUR PLANS—THERE'S NO SIGN OF A STORM--

—AND I CAN'T RISK LANDING THERE—IN THE CLEAR WITHOUT BEING SEEN--

WELL, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO STAY AT THIS LEVEL UNTIL NIGHT—HOPE SKEETER'S ALL RIGHT--

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By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Dan Jeppard Arrives!

GOT HIM? NOW, LET'S NOT TAKE ANY MORE CHANCES—PUT THE HANDCUFFS ON HIM THIS TIME—

AHOY, THE MAGGIE! OUR COMPLIMENTS TO CAPTAIN ISAAC METCALFE, GIR—

CAPTAIN METCALFE'S BELOW AND IN IRONS—

WHAT?!

BEN! OH, BEN! WHAT'S HAPPENED, BEN?

WHY IT'S DAN JEPPARD! HELLO, MR. JEPPARD! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

(Copyright, 1934, by Dan Jeppard)

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—You Naughty Boy

YOU TAKE THOSE BRACELETS OFF FIRST COPPER, AND YOU KID BACK UP AGAINST THE WALL SO HE CAN'T GET BEHIND YOU

NOW, LOOK AFTER THESE TWO NAUGHTY BOYS—I'LL LET NEBB LOOSE

WHAT HIT ME?

A FLY KICKED YOU, TOUGH GUY, BUT IT WAS A BIG, BLUE-BOTTLE FLY

(Copyright, 1934, by Sol Hess)

By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER

LISTEN, DEAR! I NEED A CHECK TO GIVE TO MISS ELLA VICK FOR OUR CHARITY BAZAAR—SHE'S IN THE PARLOR NOW—MAKE OUT THE CHECK, DEAR—

VERY WELL—

BY GOLLY! I FEEL LIKE A PARK BENCH THAT HAS JUST BEEN NEWLY PAINTED FROM ALL THE KISSES I'M GETTIN'—

HERE'S THE CHECK FROM MY HUSBAND. HE IS DELIGHTED TO CONTRIBUTE TO OUR FUND—

OH, THE DARLING MAN—I'LL GIVE HIM A BIG KISS FOR HIS GENEROSITY. WHEN I SEE HIM—

JUST FER PROTECTION IN CASE I FALL ASLEEP

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10-24

By George McManus

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SALEM, Oct. 23.—(AP)—Governor Meier today issued an order authorizing Palmer Clarence Swartz, arrested for driving an automobile while intoxicated, to pay his fine of \$100 in installments of \$10 a month.

SANTA CRUZ, Cal., Oct. 24. (AP) Miss Jennie Herrman, 57, for many years active in California library work, died here yesterday. Survivors include I. J. Herrman, a brother, of Sparta, Baker county, Oregon.

THE WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM TO QUALITY GUM