

By the author of **Judith Lane** **Marian Gordon** by JEANNE BOWMAN

CHAPTER 22
THE LOAN
LOOK, Lon, 'twasn't Baltimore at all, it was the Montana bad lands."

Lon looked down on the crushed cake. "It's easier to eat that way," he said valiantly. "Doesn't take so much chewing."

"Glad the coffee wasn't on the tray. It would have ruined the rug." She sped back to the kitchen, re-turned, poured two cups of the strong black beverage, and handed him one.

They salvaged the cake, nibbled on it wondering if the broken glass plate had left any splinters in it. After the coffee pot was empty Marian curled up beside Lon on the divan.

Silence while the fire crackled, then—"You see, Lon," Lon began, "what worries me most is that I'm

broke. Hat broke. I was so sure I could wire for money and have it here within twenty-four hours that I paid cash for everything.

"The worst of it is, I gathered that crowd of unemployed fellows to do the road work and I haven't the money to meet the pay-roll Saturday night."

"How much do you need?"

"About five hundred dollars. I sounded Eaton out on a loan and you read the answer. I could try to mortgage this place, but mortgages on arched land won't be looked upon with favor. I might try to sell the car but I don't believe I'd get that much and—"

"Lon, I have some money. The aunt who sent me to school left me a thousand dollars when she died. I've spent some of it, but I believe I have six or seven hundred dollars left."

"As if I could take money from you."

"YOU could borrow it," Marian insisted, "you could borrow it at five per cent, I'm only receiving four per cent at the bank and it would be such fun to have you paying interest to me." She forced a laugh with some success.

"And where would I find the interest?" he asked, unconvinced.

"You'll find work right away," she assured him, "and Lon, it would be better to borrow it from me than to let those poor fellows do without their pay, wouldn't it? I have you to take care of me and they probably haven't anyone."

"If you'll look upon it as a business loan," he conceded and she noticed he had brightened perceptibly. "I'll go out and find myself a job in the morning."

Marian saw him off in the morning, running to the hilltop to wave with her wisp of an apron, and running back later in the day to watch for him.

The hours passed. Mount Diablo turned from purple to green and then to dark blue as the sun spanned the valley and moved on, and then into the road that led to their home came Lon's car.

"And how will we live until fall?" demanded Lon, a note of irritation in his voice.

He swung the car into the driveway and brought it to a stop before the house.

"Well, Lon, it's nearly July now, you have the nuts and fruit to harvest, we have food enough to last us for months and anytime we want to run up home we can have as much more—"

"I'm not living off your folks," interposed Lon.

Marian started to retaliate, then remembered it was the hurt pride of a man speaking, checked the words and put others in their place—"we can trade them prizes and walnuts without their knowing what it's for, can't we?"

"Don't worry, I'm not down to the barter and trade level yet."

"Lon, listen," Marian's red hair was beginning to bristle. "I know you're being a rotten sport. I think how you feel about the money. Lending gave you the worst deal possible. But surely you have enough backbone to face it like a man. I don't like the way you're talking to me. My folks came out here in the early days when there was nothing but barter and trade and were glad they had something to exchange with the next fellow. I'll bet your mother's people did the same."

"I'm sorry, honey." He threw his arm around her shoulder and nudged his head down into the warmth of her hair. "I'm just so... so sunk at thinking that maybe I won't be able to keep you... goah, it scares me. Suppose I lost you."

"Try to lose me and see how far you get with it," whispered Marian, divided between laughter and tears.

The storm blew over. They had their dinner, then went out to the hilltop to watch night move slowly into the valley, to watch the air beacon on Diablo flash its ruby and white beams.

Tomorrow, a bad penny returns.

ARCHITECT DEFEATS DEPRESSION BY TURN TO THE SIMPLE LIFE

COCKENOE ISLAND, Conn.—(UP)—Robinson Crusoe would envy Geo. Monroe.

An architect with a profitable business until the depression, Monroe, a descendant of Presidents Monroe and Tyler, joined the army of unemployed, toured five states with his family seeking a job and finally moved his wife and six children to this island, and, in primitive fashion, started anew.

Instead of designing office buildings and skyscrapers as he did in New York, Springfield, Ill. and in Florida, he started reconstruction of an old house that had been destroyed by fire. The sea cast driftwood upon the shores and the children were taught to haul it above the tide marks. With a boat, an axe, hatchet, a few household utensils and a tent, he fashioned himself a one-man paradise, two miles from the mainland.

He has a vegetable garden. He catches his water in rain barrels. During the clamming season, he makes \$1.50 a bushel, and in one week sold 14 bushels.

When school started, Monroe rowed the children to the mainland and called for them after classes.

"We've just begun to live," he said.

DAYTIME NAPS GOOD FOR BABIES ASSERTS EXPERT AFTER STUDY

AMES, Iowa.—(UP)—Old-fashioned mothers, who insist that their least-three-year-old babies get a good nap each afternoon are pretty close to the right formula for raising children. You have that on the word of Mrs. Lucy R. Lancaster, director of the child development department of Iowa State college.

"Study the sleep habits of the small nursery school pupils of Iowa State college has convinced us that the child who sleeps soundly and long in the afternoon will sleep more soundly at night," Mrs. Lancaster said.

And sound sleeping at night contributes not only to the welfare of the baby, she pointed out, but makes parents much easier to get along with.

"The Monday nap at the nursery school is the hardest nap of any day, and often the shortest," Mrs. Lancaster added. "A disrupted schedule with possibly no nap during the week end probably is the cause of this."

Physical difficulties often keep a child awake and restless, Mrs. Lancaster said. Uncomfortable bed clothing, hunger, indigestion or over-fatigue are common causes for sleeplessness also.

"Worry and fear may be the cause of sleeplessness," she said. "Lack of an uninterrupted daily nap schedule is one of the most common reasons, however."

The white pine blister rust control campaign is now carried on in 31 states and federal-controlled areas.

HAUPTMANN TRIAL SET FOR JAN. 2ND

FLEMINGTON, N. J., Oct. 25.—(AP)—Bruno Richard Hauptmann entered a personal plea of not guilty today to a charge of murdering the kidnaped Lindbergh baby, and Supreme Court Justice Thomas E. Trenchard fixed January 2, 1935, as the date for trial.

When he was arraigned before Justice Trenchard, the indictment returned by a Hunterdon county grand jury two weeks ago was read to Hauptmann by County Prosecutor Anthony M. Hauck, Jr. Hauck then asked the prisoner how he pleaded.

"Not guilty," Hauptmann answered in a low voice.

FIRE WIPES OUT THREE ASTORIA BUSINESSES

ASTORIA, Ore., Oct. 25.—(UP)—Total loss of equipment and fixtures of the Golden Eagle cafe, and an adjoining barber shop and beauty shop, resulted from a fire which started in the Griffin building last night. Owners estimated the loss at from \$30,000 to \$25,000.

Ohio building and loan associations have built 750,000 of the state's homes; loaned \$3,300,000,000 since 1890; paid \$40,000,000 interest and dividends in the past year; have assets of \$600,000,000.

TICKETS FOR TWO

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



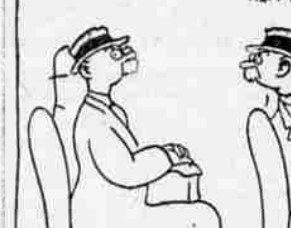
BOARDS SUBURBAN SITS WITH WIFE AFTER SHOPPING TRIP. CAN'T FIND SEATS TOGETHER



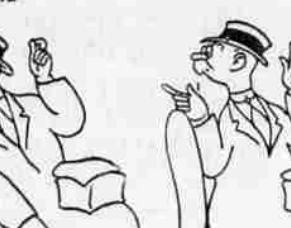
LOOKS BACK TO SIGNAL HER HE'LL GIVE CONDUCTOR TICKETS FOR BOTH OF THEM. CAN'T CATCH HER EYE



HANDS TICKETS TO CONDUCTOR, MURMURING ONE IS FOR A WOMAN BACK THERE



TURNS HASTILY AWAY, REALIZING A WOMAN THOUGHT HE WAS STARING AT HER



FEELS HE MUST GET HER ATTENTION BEFORE CONDUCTOR REACHES HER. WAVES, LATER STRANGER GENIVELY WAVING BACK



RELAXES COMFORTABLY, DISCOVERING LATER WIFE THOUGHT HE MEANT SHE WAS TO PAY FOR HIM

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S MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Acting Dumb!

By Hal Forrest



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Bad News

By EDWIN ALGER



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THE NEBBS—All's Well That Ends Swell

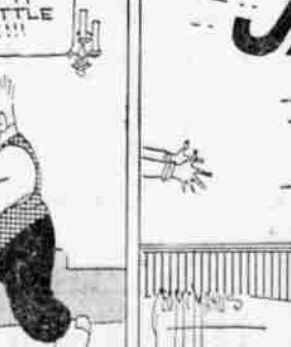
By Ed Sel Hess



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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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CRUELTY TO COW BRINGS \$25 FINE

James Larson of Berrydale was yesterday fined \$25 and costs in Justice of the Peace W. R. Coleman's court on a cruelty to animals charge. Arrested by the state police on the complaint of the Jackson County Humane society, Larson was charged with leading a cow behind an automobile yesterday, resulting to injure to the animal when it fell down.

The court also ordered Larson to pay for veterinary service. Larson was said to be leading the animal about a quarter of a mile to a neighbor's.

STORM SIDESTEPS NORTHWEST AREA

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 25.—(AP)—New wind storms which had been forecast for the Pacific northwest after Sunday's gale which took 17 lives, and did an estimated \$1,000,000 property damage, have dodged to the north, the U. S. weather bureau said today.

Heavy rains opened all Cascade mountain pass highways last night, melting snows but leaving roads in such condition that motorists were advised to be cautious.

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