

Marian Gordon

By JEANNE HOWMAN
SYNOPSIS: Just as Marian's husband, Lon, is getting a good start on his plan to develop an apple orchard in a region of small homes for people with taste and little money—a secretary runs away with the money both of the venture. Lon tries to get a job, and has no luck. Marian finally persuades him to pay off his men with her savings.

Chapter 23 NEW NEIGHBOR

ON returned home next day with no love in his greeting. He had transferred Marian's savings to a joint checking account of their own. The next day was Saturday; they had agreed to let the men work out the week. He would pay them out and there would still be one hundred and eighteen dollars in the bank.

"Wealth, Lon," Marian insisted Saturday night, as he showed her the stub with their balance.

The next day, Sunday, a crowd from the Lispatch drove out for dinner. They'd formed a habit of that sure of a hearty welcome. Marian was amazed at the quantity of food they consumed. A whole ham, two quart jars of jam, a pound of coffee . . . she checked herself. Did this mean that in the future she would entertain with one eye on thearder?

On the first of the month the maintenance bills rolled in. . . staked in, Lon corrected her. As he bent over them his face looked as if it had been planed by one of his own tools, so this was it becoming. The electricity bill was much too high, they decided. Perhaps they'd better turn off the refrigerator. They could keep their things in the storage house. It was below ground, cool. Lon said there had been a wood cooking stove in the old farm shack; he could clean that up and they'd use that for cooking.

With the advance of summer the heat became intense. They took to going for long drives on Sundays, and after the gang had come, tarred and left until they understood and came no more. And then the drives were stopped; even the price of gasoline must be considered and they walked.

"It would be fun any other time," Marian confided to Lon as they stretched under the coolness of giant redwoods in the Moraga valley.

Lon had said nothing in reply to her accusation but she was becoming accustomed to that. She was glad to refrain from cheerful comments. His silent reception of them made her feel like a stilly, piping bird, the kind they'd seen on the coast during their honeymoon, funny little things tussling waddling along the beach on overcast feet, piping, eternally piping. She must sound like that to him.

Sundown and they walked back through the heat of the hills to their home, Lontan Lodge, they had named it. Marian watered the garden while Lon tinkered with the car. He was driving into town in the morning the Sunday morning papers, each folded in the "Men Wanted" column, lay on his chifferon with black dashes opposite advertisements he felt qualified to answer.

THAT night Marian slipped a silver dollar she had been cherishing into Lon's vest pocket. He'd think he'd forgotten it, she thought, and luckily didn't see the flush of humiliation on his face as he took the suit into the patio to brush it and heard the dollar roll down on the stones.

That next morning in the patio, when he stooped for his farewell kiss, she clung to him as though she would never let him go. What did wives do to let their husbands know they were suffering with them . . . for them rather, because life over seemed as dark to them as to the men who were trying to protect them. This night she would try again.

She would wear the plum colored silk Lon had never seen, an old dress, but becoming. It was the color of Diablo at sunset. There was grape juice in the cooler, her mother had canned it last year. She would serve that . . . canned tomatoes could be made into a salad if properly drained . . . oh, any food would be good if served in the patio and she would be calm, and as near like Diablo as she could.

She dressed and with a book in her hand, curled up on the divan. She heard Lon drive in, but didn't stir. He must be tired of her eternal dashing out to meet him. She heard him call and whistled in return, and then she heard voices.

She stood up and peered out of the windows. Lon was laughing gaily . . . she hadn't seen him laugh

that way for weeks . . . he must have found work, nothing else could cheer him . . . or had Lassing been found and had he returned the money? That would bring the sunshine back to his face.

She lay the book on the divan and went to the patio door and there stopped short. Lon, with a wide sweep of his hand was showing to Silver Hondon, Lontan Lodge.

Marian backed into the room. What was it Silver had said to her just before they parted? "I'm going to have that man if it's the last thing I do." And she had told Lon she would see him again "when he had come to his senses." In other words, after the uncertainty of capturing the woman of his choice was over.

Marian's next thought was one of anxious horror . . . imagine giving Silver Hondon the kind of dinner she had prepared. Silver would see through the pretenses immediately. Marian couldn't do that to Lon. She'd pretend to faint . . . do anything.

"Jan," called Lon, "come on honey and see whom I found down in Walnut Creek."

"Why Silver," Marian's surprise passed muster with Lon, but brought a crooked curve to the lips of Mrs. Hondon, "what brings you to this part of the country?"

"I live here," Silver answered nonchalantly, "the place my big hearted ex gave me is just over the hills there."

"See, Jan," Lon was pointing downhill to the group of red-tiled roofs just visible through the mass of oak branches. "You know, the old fellow who sold us the place informed us that that was where the 'swells' lived."

Silver laughed. "We're all going down to my place to dinner," she announced to Marian, "go put on your best bib and tucker, we're having a couple of guests in tonight."

Marian waited a moment; surely she was to be asked rather than ordered. She looked at Lon.

"Harry," he said impatiently.

"MY BEST bib and tucker," Marian repeated, running her hand along the frocks hung in her cedar-lined wardrobe. . . the ivory and gold, but no that was too formal to wear with her hair in the fluffy condition her outdoor life had left it. . . the orange gorgana . . . it was cool . . . "thank goodness," thought Marian, "I spent some thought and money on my trousseau."

She chose a dinner frock of apricot lace, stiffened with hidden wires, and trimmed with half revealed bowknots of turquoise ribbon. A band of turquoise ribbon held the flame of her hair back from her face, beige powder covered the freckles.

"Look like you stepped out of a valentine," said Lon coming in, trim in a smart mess jacket.

Small satisfaction in that, thought Marian, even Silver's narrowed eyes, showing she considered her a formidable rival, brought little peace.

They drove out into the glow of the sunset. Silver chatting of the guests they would meet. "There'll be mother and father, of course, they're living with me, a Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wylie we met in the islands, and Blaine Kelly, a man father would love to have enter the folds of the McSwain family, he has that much money."

They spun along the highway under trees that cast overhead, sifting long rays of sunset through their leaves. Then they turned down a side road and came to the village of Spanish homes that made Lontan Lodge look like a toy house.

Original servants were everywhere, at the gates, at the door, gliding through the cool, dim interior of the house, meeting Lon to conduct him this way and Marian to conduct her that.

Silver disappeared and Mrs. McSwain appeared, a corpulent figure in wisteria crepe and pearls. Marian, who had stood in awe of the slender figure of her girlhood memory, felt a little sorry for her now. The Wylies were presented, a middle-aged couple with the cosmopolitan mark of the islands on them, and Blaine Kelly, a man not overly young, and with the plumpish look of soft living about him.

And then came McSwain. Marian surveyed him with intense interest. This was the man who was willing to sacrifice his son-in-law to save himself. He was . . . she sought for a word . . . gross, that was it. There was a bullfighter line to his jaw, a brutal line to his brow.

(Copyright, 1934, by Jeanne Howman)
Tomorrow, a man's fate falls into Marian's hand.

PRICES ON EGGS NOW AT HIGHEST IN THREE YEARS

CORVALLIS, Oct. 26.—(Sp.)—Egg prices are now the highest they have been since November, 1931, says a report on the poultry situation from the office of the O. S. C. extension economist. The advance of the past month has been more than the usual seasonal advance and is the result of a rather sharp reduction in production generally throughout the United States.

The drought, with its resulting high feed costs, is reflected in an 11 per cent decrease in the number of layers in farm flocks on October 1 and a 2 per cent reduction in the number of eggs produced per 100 hens in flocks.

Poultry feed costs are still relatively high, says the report, but with the recent rapid advance of egg prices the relationship between feed costs and egg prices has become a little more favorable. Based on current prices, it required during September an average of 8.8 dozen eggs to purchase 100 pounds of standard poultry ration. During June, July and August it required more than eight dozen eggs to buy 100 pounds of feed. The figure for September, 1933, was 6.1 compared with a September average 1926 to 1930 of 5.7.

A dairy report shows that considerable improvement in milk production per cow has occurred, particularly in the central states, but that heavy culling and marketing of milk

MEDFORD CHILD IS PHOTO WINNER

Photographs of little Leota Mae Centrali, 3-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Centrali of 508 South Newlawn street, and of Robert Shangle, 4-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Shangle, each was awarded a special engraved trophy in the National Baby contest sponsored at the world's fair, it was revealed by the parents of the prize-winning babies today.

The two photographs rank in the first 10,000 of the 114,365 entries. Prizes have also been won by photographs of Mary Louise Koenig, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Koenig of 2 Cargill court, and Phyllis Anne Russell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Russell of Vancouver avenue. Each of these photographs ranked in the first 5000 entries.

All the photographs which were entered in the largest baby contest ever to be held, sponsored by Sears, Roebuck & Co., were taken by Mr. Shangle.

Cutter (Commissioned SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 26.—(AP)—The new coast guard cutter Cyano, to be stationed at Ketchikan, Alaska, was commissioned today at the Lake Union plant where she was built. Third of a trio of vessels of her type constructed there. The three cost \$757,500.

FARM WIFE TELLS HOW MONEY LOST THROUGH INSULL

CHICAGO, Oct. 26.—(AP)—Mrs. Mary R. Jones, 70 years old, a farmer's wife from Ridott, Ill., took the stand in the Insull mail fraud case today and established herself as a star witness of the \$100,000,000 trial.

"Did you buy some stock in the Corporation Securities company?" asked Prosecutor Leslie F. Salter. "If so, how did you pay for it?"

"We borrowed money and put a mortgage on the farm," said Mrs. Jones in a determined voice.

Insull, principal defendant in the case, fumbled with his gold watch-chain. The 16 co-defendants, all of them important men in Chicago finance, looked solemn.

She sent in a check for stock in the National Electric company, Mrs. Jones said.

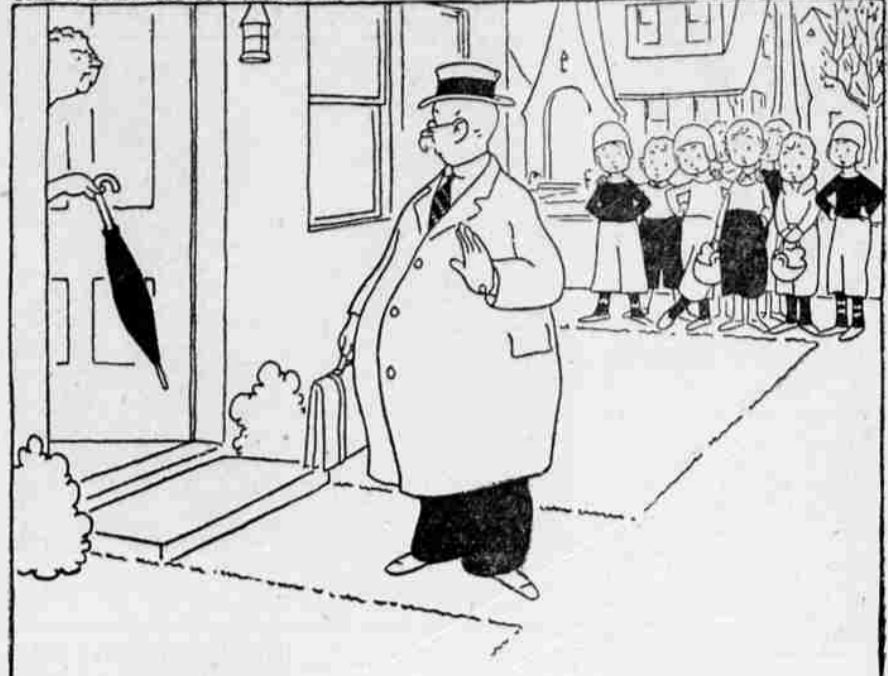
"Did you get what you ordered?" asked Salter.

"No," said the witness, surprising the courtroom. "They sent us stock in the Corporation Securities company, and said it was a better investment. They said they had changed the check."

"We thought they were working in our advantage," said Mrs. Jones to the jury. "Why, we had implicit faith in them. That's why we're where we are today."

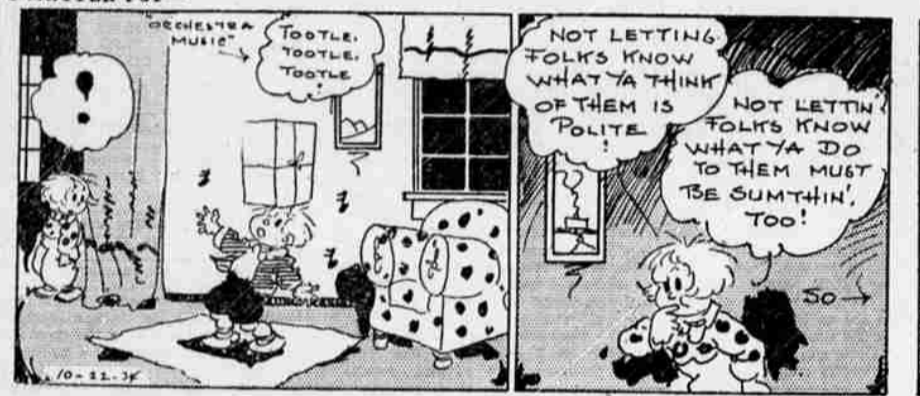
Better clothes for less. It will pay you to climb my stairway. Klein the Tailor, 128 East Main, upstairs.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



THE TEAM GETS ITS FIRST GLIMPSE OF A FAMOUS ALL-AMERICAN HALFBACK OF THIRTY-ODD YEARS AGO, WHO HAS MOVED INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD
GLUYAS WILLIAMS
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S'MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Timely Interruption!



REN WEBSTER'S CAREER—What the Message Said



THE NEBBS—Back Home Again



BRINGING UP FATHER



WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE TO QUALITY GUM