

Marian Gordon

by JEANNE BOWMAN

Low and Marian... into the shadows... there was a built-in table, benches on either side. If she lay on a bench perhaps they wouldn't see her until she could bathe her eyes in cold water.

"This place is empty," said McSwain's voice. "We can sit on the steps here and talk, but keep your voice down. Oriental servants may not talk, but they're not deaf and it doesn't pay to let them know too much."

Chapter 24
EAVESDROPER
DURING her days in criminal courts Marian had seen McSwain's features in men on trial.

"Yes, sir, but I tell you, you don't realize the seriousness of this; you've never been put on the spot like I have."

He greeted her in a jovial manner, tipped her chin up so he could look into her eyes, let his heavily lidded eyes drop to a casual survey of her evelet figure.

"I tell you, sir," he went on, "you've got to get rid of that foreman. He's going to play safe. You may think you have him bought but I know you haven't."

And then Silver reappeared. Marian saw with a start that the Silver of Reno had disappeared, the girl, plaintive child had given way to a languorously sophisticated woman of the world.

"That's all right, I'm making it safe. Besides, you haven't got any kids going there, have you?"

Marian looked at Blaine Kelly and knew he was Silver's if she would have him; wondered why she hadn't, then looked at Lon, at the bronze fineness of his face above the white jacket, the lithe frame and its swift firm carriage, the stamp of clean living upon him, setting him apart from the other men in the room.

"Well," McSwain had arisen, "forget it. I'll shoot him down to the islands. I've got a job on down there for Blaine Kelly; this fellow can handle it as well as anyone. I've a man in mind for his place, just the fellow. Don't know anyone who would fit it better, so don't worry; just keep on sawing wood and saying nothing."

McSwain, on her right, talked of the way the political world was going to the dogs; Wylie, on her left, talked of the islands. Marian felt she said the proper things.

"You're sure they won't bring in any State inspectors? Gosh, McSwain, this is a school you know."

They would play bridge after dinner, McSwain told her; his wife, the Wyles and Blaine, all four of whom played for blood, at one table, and he and she would show Silver and Mr. Cass how the game was played in the better circles.

"That's all right, I'm making it safe. Besides, you haven't got any kids going there, have you?"

Marian nodded, hoped she wouldn't play as stupidly as she felt. Dinner over they moved to the card room and just as they were seated a servant appeared with a note for McSwain.

"No."

McSwain, on her right, talked of the way the political world was going to the dogs; Wylie, on her left, talked of the islands. Marian felt she said the proper things.

"Then trot along; I'm staying out here to finish this cigar."

Marian sat still until the footsteps on the gravel path had faded into the distance. Hot indignation was staining her cheeks and bare shoulders with a rush of blood.

"How dared a man defy the being who gave him the talent to build; how dared he go on in the face of Brown's trial? Well, he wouldn't... not while she had breath left in her body."

McSwain, on her right, talked of the way the political world was going to the dogs; Wylie, on her left, talked of the islands. Marian felt she said the proper things.

"You what?" demanded McSwain, now in control of his reason after the shock of finding someone in the summer house when he had thought he spoke in privacy.

McSwain, on her right, talked of the way the political world was going to the dogs; Wylie, on her left, talked of the islands. Marian felt she said the proper things.

"You understood me," retorted Marian. "You heard every word I said, but if you want me to repeat it will."

McSwain, on her right, talked of the way the political world was going to the dogs; Wylie, on her left, talked of the islands. Marian felt she said the proper things.

"Repeat," he granted; "young lady you're deaf. You didn't hear any... what name did you say... talking here."

McSwain, on her right, talked of the way the political world was going to the dogs; Wylie, on her left, talked of the islands. Marian felt she said the proper things.

"Of course, that explains this. You didn't see the man to whom I was talking."

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—We had dinner—Charlie Driscoll and I—at one of those sombre-oaked, red meat and Idaho potato places...



As far back as memory goes a Chinese laundry has fascinated me. The Sam Lees and Hip Sings of the cross-roads were the country-jacks only contact with the Oriental. We were plucked by their queques, kimonoes, long thimble pipes and finger nails and the sing-song mumbo-jumbo. Also the Sundays, when blinds down, there was a clinging aroma we learned in later politics court reporting days was the fatal poppy. I dropped into one on Lexington avenue the other day about special hand work. Asking if it could be finished in 48 hours, the modern Sam Lee chirped "Sure Mike."

The only operetta whose tunes I remember is "Maytime." I first heard it in a seamy one-fingered plinks on a piano across the court of an uptown hotel. And I listened as it took form, swelled with beauty and tone into a Broadway hit. Sidney Rosenberg, painfully lean, shy and collegiate, composed it during late hours, for he was playing a piano at Buntanoby's cabaret long after midnight. I saw him the other evening across Luchow's, now portly, almost bald, and famed the world over. He was the first artist I ever saw grow temperamental from a ringer seat. I was at my window when a chair crashed through his with a shatter. He had come to a sudden impasse composing and let go. I've always ached to do that.

Around entrances to Broadway dance palaces one sees the prototypical and seeing a hungry soul too bitter for charity. We crossed pool hall—3 cents a cue—back yonder, the house player was a ringer for Hammett's thin man, a sporty dresser, had a lingering cough and a cigarette drooping from his lower lip. He exuded the cloying cologne scent of the barber shop and was known by such nick-names as "Butch," "Red" or "Slim." No one knew what became of houseplayers. They were as homeless as smoke and as vanishing. Someone would see them at the depot and they never came back.

I never stop before a cobbler's window without a feeling of envy. My first ambition was to sit at one of those workbenches, wearing a leather apron, half lensed steel spectacles and indulging random puffs at a corn cob pipe. Today it is to me an emblem of decent simplicity. The true seat of the philosopher upon which he may work, reflect and God-bless passers by! I never knew a cobbler involved in a major crime.

I was thinking of Wallace Berry this morning and trying to recall that comic partner of his in those runway sailor and firemen films of a few years ago. But I couldn't. That is a regrettable disproportion. One ought never to forget anyone who had made life a shade brighter for even a single moment.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—QUIET EVENING AT HOME

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

SETTLES FOR A QUIET EVENING WITH THE NEWS-PAPER

WIFE IS SURE SHE SMELLS GAS ESCAPING, AND ASKS HIM TO GO OUT TO KITCHEN TO SEE ABOUT IT

FINDS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT AND RETURNS TO CHAIR, MILDRED CALLING WOULD HE PLEASE SEE IF HER PEN IS ON THE DESK

SEARCHES DESK, MILDRED REPORTING PRESENTLY THAT IT'S ALL RIGHT, SHE FOUND IT ON HER BUREAU

IS ABOUT TO SHUT DOWN AGAIN WHEN A CAR HONKS OUTSIDE. GOES TO SEE WHO IT IS

FINDS IT'S BILL PLATT, TO PICK WILFRED UP FOR ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL AND RELAYS THE MESSAGE THAT WILFRED WILL BE RIGHT DOWN

SHE SITS DOWN AND GETS UP AGAIN TO SEE IF WIFE DROPPED A KNITTING NEEDLE BY HER CHAIR WHEN SHE CAME UPSTAIRS

SETTLES ONCE MORE, WIFE CALLING TO SEE IF A WINDOW'S OPEN, IT'S COLD. GIVES UP TRYING TO READ PAPER UNTIL FAMILY HAS GONE TO BED

10-27 (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

SMATTER POP—

10-25-34

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Music Has No Charm In This Case!

10-25-34

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Farewells

2014

THE NEBBS—The Foxy Kid

10-27

BRINGING UP FATHER

10-27

OCTOBER BUSINESS BOOM EXPECTATION

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—(AP) Reports received from all parts of the country this week, said the Dun & Bradstreet weekly trade review today, "brought a tide of statistical evidence that October operations will be the most satisfactory that have ever been recorded since spring."

FOOTBALL INTERFERES WITH HUEYS SPEAKING

BATON ROUGE La., Oct. 27.—(AP) The Louisiana "Kingfish" has such a strenuous football program he can't speak at Nashville in the interest of the Democratic candidates in Tennessee for United States senator and governor, Senator Huey Long said today in declining an invitation.

PORTRAITS

Photo Christmas Cards and Kodak Finishing Mrs. E. Hayden Jones Studio 607 W. 2nd Phone 1282-M. Hours 11 to 7. Easy-to-pay Prices.

BRINGING UP FATHER

10-27

BRINGING UP FATHER

10-27

BRINGING UP FATHER

10-27

BRINGING UP FATHER

10-27