

Marian Gordon

by JEANNE ROWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Lon and Marian Casad are developing a beautiful hillside tract into a region of small but beautiful houses for people of limited means. But Lon's backing disappears and he must look for work. Silver, London, beautiful young divorcee who has threatened to steal Lon from Marian, asks the Casads for dinner and Marian overhears Mrs. Casad, Silver's father, plot with William Brown to secure a construction job. Marian threatens to expose Mrs. Casad.

Chapter 25
MARIAN'S OFFER
"I DIDN'T need to see the man, Mr. McSwain," said Marian. "I heard what he said, and I understood."
"Your father's daughter," he sneered. "You wouldn't need to see; you know everything, always."
"I know you gave ten thousand dollars to William Brown as a bribe, buying protection for the school material you intend to use in a school building."
"You're out of your senses. Let's talk this over reasonably; you're too bright a girl to think you know more than the courts of the law."
He was becoming conciliatory.
"In this instance I do, now more than the courts," she returned calmly. "I was more fortunate than our District Attorney. I found proof."
"You what... what proof?"

"After Brown's trial I meant before God I meant to live up to my agreement, in the contract."



"I know you gave Brown a bribe," declared Marian.
"It isn't necessary for me to tell you what proof I hold. I'll produce it if you do not change your plans on that school building."
"You think a bit of a girl can tell me how to run my business, eh?"
"I know I can force you to build according to the specifications, or I can take a letter I hold written by Cliff London, before he attempted suicide, to your daughter."
"Intercepting the mails... I can have put in the Federal prison."
"Oh, no you can't," countered Marian. "Silver gave me the letter to read... only, there was one page she overlooked, a page which tells of how you got the money to pay to Brown."
"Gave you the letter to read, eh? I know if you'd had the letter in your possession you would have turned it over to Earle's crowd... they'd have paid you well for such a thing."
"I have the letter," Marian insisted. "Someone stuffed it into my coat pocket thinking it was my note paper. I found it there, re-read it, discovered this incriminating page. I knew I could do no good by exposing you then."
McSwain was convinced, Marian could tell that by his attitude. He sat down on a rustic bench in front of the summer house, head supported lightly by one arm. The mention of Cliff London, the one man besides Brown who knew of his duplicity had convinced him.
"Where is that letter now?" he asked at length, in a low voice.
"In a safe place," Marian answered. "I'm keeping it there. I had intended giving it back to Silver, soon after I found it, but she disappeared from the city. I've only known since this afternoon where to reach her."
"And now you're returning it?"
"Not after what I heard tonight. I don't feel I have the right to. You weren't satisfied with sacrificing Cliff London, you were going right on with your criminal plan to build

an unsafe building which would house children, just so you could give yourself financially."
Again the silence, Marian, looking over her shoulder, was conscious again of the mountain's presence, the brooding quietness of it, a protective quietness. Her temper had cooled as she talked, now she was wondering if she had done right in telling this man of the letter.
"Young lady," he said, still in that low voice, "you don't know what it means to be desperate. I've been desperate... a lot of builders have these last few years. This business slump has hurt us worse than any other trade. We've had buildings we thought were sold come back on us, white elephants, now contracts based on credit... never cash, I've had a hard life, I've fought over step of the way and I've come up from a stratum of living you've never known, couldn't comprehend, I've never intended putting up a building that wouldn't hold... wasn't safe. Our restrictions here in this State are unusually severe... foolishly severe. I only intended to slash them a little... just enough to break even."

but... Silver could have helped... she won't, I don't know what's got into the girl. She loves money more than any human being I've ever known and yet... he threw up both hands.
"She won't marry Blaine Kelly," offered Marian.
Here, said a cunning thought to Marian, is where you may drive a bargain. If she marries Blaine, it means Lon's protection from Silver. At this thought Marian's head came up. She didn't want Lon protected. If he preferred Silver to her, she didn't want him, no half loaf would satisfy her. This was what Blaine had meant that night in Reno when he said—"You'll demand what you want without compromise. If you can't have it you'll take loneliness and honor as barren substitutes."
"Well, young lady," McSwain stood up, facing her, "what do you intend to do?"
Marian hesitated only a moment—"This," she answered. "I know the fight you business men have had and how desperate many of you must be. My own husband has had his share. His inheritance was stolen from him, leaving him penniless. He hasn't been able to find work, though he's looked for weeks and weeks. And he is young. He has his whole life ahead of him. You aren't so young, it's harder for you to start over."
"Play fair with your contract. I want you to ask for a State inspection at the completion of your building. You have a good reason for this. You can say, that due to the questioning of your honor brought about by Brown's trial for bribery, you would like to protect Joth yourself and the young man who was charged, by having an outside agency check your work. If you will do this, I will tell no one, not even my husband, that I have proof of your guilt in the bribery conspiracy. How about it?"

"Tomorrow, takes another job at Marian."
Herbert E. Metcalf, San Francisco attorney, spent three years developing an unusual variety of petunias through the use of X-rays on their seeds.
North Carolina seasonal apple crop of 3,300,000 bushels is 57 per cent less than the production of 1933, a state agricultural department survey shows.

Nearly 4,000 farm home shelleries have been planted in Montana, the Dakotas and Wyoming in cooperation with the department of agriculture.

BUOYANT CHIEFS TAKE INVENTORY OF SOVIET UNION

Success of Collective Farming Plan Among Special Reasons for Rejoicing — Siberia Is Weakest Spot

By Charles Stephenson Smith.
MOSCOW (AP)—It is a confident and buoyant government which is preparing to celebrate its seventeenth birthday here November 7.
The bolshevik leaders who will mount Lenin's tomb that day to review the usual parade of soldiers, sailors, workers and peasants, have overcome many of the obstacles which the Soviet Union faced when it laid Lenin to rest ten years ago. The particular reason for rejoicing among the Kremlin leaders this year is the success of the collective farming plan. With nearly 70 per cent of the farm families of the Soviet Union in collectives and with a crop collection this year which the government says is as large as last year's in spite of bad weather conditions, Stalin and his associates feel the agricultural problem is well on its way to solution and the bottle with kulaks is practically at an end.
State farms have not made a good showing, but they are being split up into smaller units so as to correct the lack of labor which has handicapped the farms run under the direct supervision of the government. Siberia is the weakest spot in the agricultural program. The vast territory made a poor showing in grain contributions, falling far short of the plan. The government attributes this to inefficient party direction and a general shakeup is in progress in Cheliabinsk and other sections where the kulak influence has not been overcome.
While light industry has made a rather disappointing showing so far this year, heavy industry has almost fulfilled its plan so far and special effort is being made to finish the twelve-months with a perfect record. Copper, lead and brass have fallen far behind pig iron, steel and other branches of heavy industry. Crude oil has also lagged.
The Russian communist party apparently is in good condition. There are no evidences of any quarrels among important leaders. Rakovsky, Kamenev and other associates of Trotsky who confessed their errors, have been forgiven. Rakovsky is now in Japan at the head of the Russian delegation to the International Red Cross.
Fear of attack by other powers which existed in Lenin's declining days no longer has the paralyzing effect it did then. While the bolsheviks are active in diplomatic efforts to avoid war, their great army in Eastern Siberia and new industries with an output far in excess of wartime days have given them confidence that they can take care of themselves.
Furthermore they feel the example of a strong workers' government which Moscow has given to the masses, has stirred up opposition to war which will deter imperialistic governments from hostile action.
Estimates of veteran dealers there less wool would be worn in west Texas this fall than ever in the history of the industry.

MUDDY HOG PEN BRINGS \$5 FINE

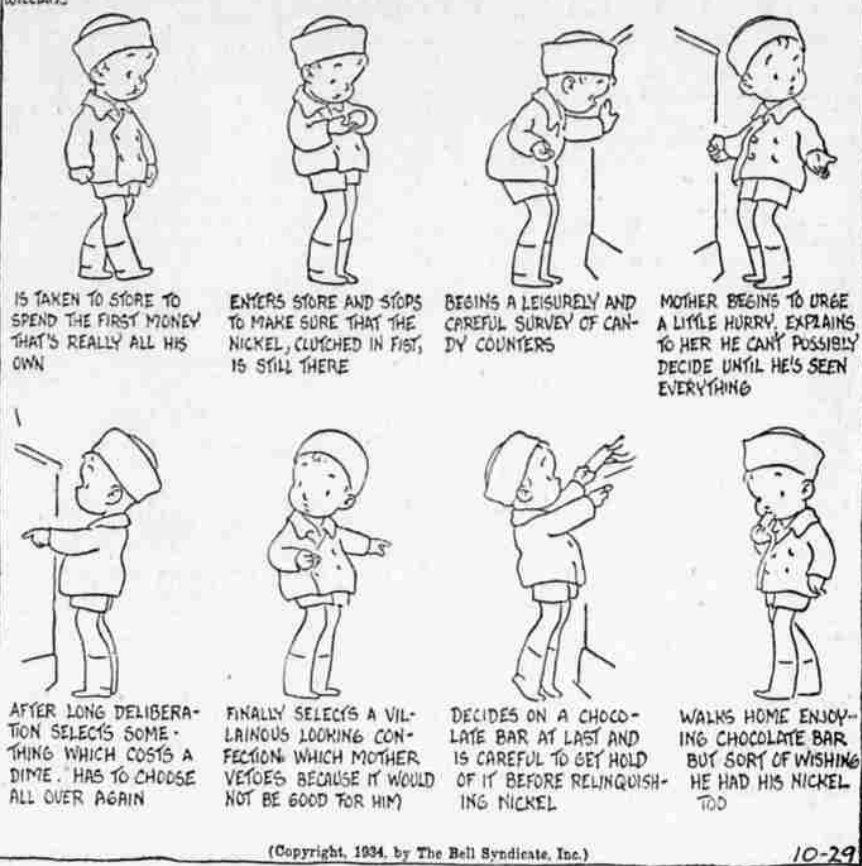
In the case of Fred Foster, 404 Crater Lake avenue, confining a pig in a small pen in the mud, with no shelter or opportunity to get out of the mire, the Humane society's contention that this was cruelty to animals was sustained by the justice court.
Mr. Foster was fined \$5, plus the costs of court, and ordered by the court to remedy the situation immediately.
"The Humane society gave Mr. Foster ample time to correct the situation before taking him into court, as it is not the policy of the society to take cases into court unless forced to," said a spokesman today.

REV. PETTY PREACHES AT BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev. A. M. Petty of Los Angeles preached at the Baptist church here on Wednesday night. His sermon was along the line of a preparation for the special meetings that began at the church today.
Rev. Petty was a pioneer worker among the Baptists of Oregon and along the coast. While here he was the guest of Rev. W. H. Eaton and family. He was on his way to Portland and expected to make stops at Grants Pass and other points along the route.

THE PURCHASE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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'MATTER POP-



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Shirley Is Found!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Good Wishes



THE NEBBS—The Hero



BRINGING UP FATHER



By C. M. Payne



By Hal Forrest



By EDWIN ALGER



By Sol Hess



By George McManis



WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE #1 TO QUALITY GUM