

# Marian Gordon

by JEANNE ROWMAN

**SYNOPSIS:** Work on Lon's and a beautiful new development...  
"You need protection," repeated Lon. "Don't you think I can protect you?"  
Marian hesitated a long moment, then—"You can if you recognize the danger."  
She recognized the danger now that it was too late. Looking down into the bowl of shadows, beneath the mountain, she picked out the cluster of lights that marked the village in which McSwain lived. Whatever had possessed her to talk as she had? She needed the counsel of a wise, older head than her own to deal with a man like that.  
"But the more I see of other women," Lon was saying, "the more I love my wife."  
"Do you, Lon?" she asked eagerly.  
"Um-huh," he answered. "You should see the two of you together as I do. You're like the sun, vital and warm, and she's like the moon, mysterious and... perhaps white like you, but I prefer sunlight."  
"She's very beautiful," Marian said.

Chapter 26  
**NEW SWAIN**  
McSwain stood, head to one side as if listening. In a moment Marian also caught faint voices calling. "Daddy," called Silver, then, "Jan."  
A white-garbed servant came softly down the path, saw the two of them and turned to go back. Still McSwain didn't answer. Marian heard footsteps and the voices of Silver and of Lon, coming toward them.  
"Haven't time to say much," began McSwain, "I'm mighty thankful my fate fell into the hands of a girl of honor, like yourself. Give me a little time; this has been a shock, a tremendous shock."  
"Daddy, you old sheik," cried Silver, rounding the shrubbery at the corner, "the idea of your being out in the garden mooning with that red-headed gal, Marian, shame on you—" her laughter rippled out, covering her silence—"been looking all over for you. If you don't come in and drag mother and Wylie apart there's going to be another bridge murder."

Lon stopped to Marian's side and as the other two preceded them down the garden path, slipped one arm about Marian and found her trembling. "Honey, what's wrong?"  
"Oh, Lon," she whispered, "I wish we could go home right now."  
"We can't very well, it's only half past nine."  
"Only half past nine?" she repeated. She had left the card room at nine. Had that whole episode taken only half an hour? To her it had seemed hours.  
The group cut for partners. Marian found she had drawn Blaine Kelly, McSwain, Mrs. Wylie, Lon, Silver, Mr. Wylie and Mrs. McSwain were at the other table.  
Marian, who played with brilliance at some times, and stupidly at others, found this was one of her worst nights. She could not forget that McSwain was sitting near her, watching her covertly with his heavily lidded eyes.

Midnight came with trays of sandwiches and tall, lead lined cups, and after these were consumed, the Casads left. Escaped, Marian felt, as she sat beside Lon, heard the purr of the motor and the clang of the gates behind the car.  
They drove in silence for a while, then Lon spoke, "Silver has certainly changed; she's evidently decided to act her age."  
"Either that or she's been taking lessons from Mae West."  
"Pr-meow!" trilled Lon, chuckling. "I like her a lot better this way."  
"So does Blaine Kelly."  
"Silver says he's a new kind of porous plaster, sticks so close she doesn't know how to get rid of him."  
"She might try marrying him," came in ironical tones from Marian.  
Lon looked at her. "Night cap up set you?" he asked solicitously.  
"Sorry," she answered softly, "did you enjoy yourself?"  
"I'll say I did. It's like getting a fresh grip on life, stepping out with that crowd. I feel, oh I don't know, all confident again. I was going to take the car down and sell it tomorrow; now I'm going down and beat one of those fellows into giving me a job."

Marian felt crushed. Her weeks of yearning to help had meant nothing, this one evening with those people, had inspired him with fresh confidence in himself. She should be glad, should rejoice in it, but somehow she felt that coming away with this renewed assurance, he would go back there whenever the opportunity presented itself, and that was the last thing in the world she wanted him to do.  
Here greeted them hysterically as they drove in. He seemed in a good spirit as Lon.  
"Let's go sit on the hill," suggested Lon, "I'm too pepped up to sleep. I'll bring a rug and we'll have a nice powwow before we turn in, eh?"  
Here, tired of chasing shadows, came close, settled down at Marian's side, nuzzled his soft nose into her hand. She looked down and thought of the night in the Nevada cabin. Here was a creature who wouldn't desert her for Silver.  
"I believe that dog likes you better than he does me," declared Lon, arrested in his talk of Silver.  
"No," countered Marian, softly,

"I need protection, he says you don't."  
"You need protection?" repeated Lon. "Don't you think I can protect you?"  
Marian hesitated a long moment, then—"You can if you recognize the danger."  
She recognized the danger now that it was too late. Looking down into the bowl of shadows, beneath the mountain, she picked out the cluster of lights that marked the village in which McSwain lived. Whatever had possessed her to talk as she had? She needed the counsel of a wise, older head than her own to deal with a man like that.  
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"WHEN she's all dolled up, but I wonder if she'd be as sweet as you are in the mornings, when you're frying around a hot kitchen cooking for your worthless old man. I'll bet she wouldn't."  
"My old man isn't worthless," Marian reminded him, but, comforted, went back to the house, grateful at least that Lon was roused into belief in himself.  
She watched him leave in the morning, assurance in the firm line of his chin, confidence in the warm hazel eyes. The stamp of the unemployed had been sloughed off during the night. He was the Lon Casad she had married.

She waved from the hilltop, then raced to the house; there was much to be done before Lon returned. It was Lon's birthday.  
After taking a shower and donning a cool, green linen dress she walked down to the highway to the mall box and found a handful of mail, and a package.  
A letter to her from her mother and a ten dollar bill. "Just remembered it was Lionel's birthday, wondered if you had change on hand, am sending this for you to use for him as you please."  
There was a letter from her father to Lon, a very thin letter. She held it up to the light, it was a check. And the box, addressed to Lon in her brother Jack's scrawling writing. Bless them. What a birthday party they would have! She would use some of the ten dollars, take a bus to Walnut Creek and buy groceries for a dinner royal.

Late that afternoon she tolled back up the hill. No trace of the car yet. Another shower, a fresh frock. The heat was searing the hillside; Lon would be tired, hot. She went into the kitchen and started the fire. A salad of avocado, cream-whipped potatoes, flet mignon steaks with mushrooms, hearts of artichokes browned in butter, fresh sliced peaches and Sauterne. She would compete with the McSwains.  
She laid the table in the patio, after hosing the stones until they were cool. There was a car coming, she dashed into her room, snuffed a powder puff over her nose, patted her hair, sprayed perfume over her shoulder, and dashed back.  
It was Lon, alone, his face as radiant as the western sun. She rushed into his arms. "Happy birthday, Lon."  
"Birthday?" he asked in surprise. "Well, by George, it is... and what a birthday. Jan, I've got a job."  
"I know it," she answered, wringing her nose.  
"Who told you?" he asked in surprise.  
"Your face... and Lon, you've got a package and a couple of letters and mother and dad sent you some money and I used part of it to build you a grand birthday dinner." She paused for lack of breath.  
"Hurrah for the Casads," chortled Lon, walking towards the house, here nibbling daintily at one hand, the other arm about Marian. "Looks like winter's over, doesn't it?"  
The cake was duly admired, then Marian started dinner while Lon showered and changed to cool linens. Coming in sleek, immaculate, he smiled at her.

"You haven't asked about my job," he chided, "don't bother, I'll tell you. I'm the new foreman for the Madiera Construction Company, building the East Brazos high school."  
Marian gave one gasp, then plopped in a heap on the kitchen floor.  
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One more complication entangles Marian, Monday.

## IRRIGATION RFC FUNDS DUE SOON

CORVALLIS, Oct. 30.—(AP)—Re-financing of at least four Oregon irrigation districts with RFC funds within a month is assured, according to word received from Washington, D. C., today by Dr. W. L. Powers, secretary of the Oregon reclamation congress and professor of soils at Oregon State college.

Dr. Powers was notified that Chairman Jesse Jones has informed Congressman Martin that the Medford, Ochoco, Gold Hill and Hood River districts are the farthest advanced and it is believed money for the first two will be available this month if details are handled promptly.

Special arrangements have been made to purchase the old securities instead of requiring a release, Jones indicated.

## ERIE, PA., SHAKEN BY SUPPOSED TEBLOR

ERIE, Pa., Oct. 30.—(AP)—Buildings were shaken in downtown Erie and in the residential districts Monday by what residents believed to be an earthquake. No damage was reported.

SALEM, Oct. 30.—(AP)—The Home Owners Tax Exemption League filed an expense account in the state department here today, in connection with a proposed initiative measure and constitutional amendment, launched in 1933 but later abandoned.

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## Wholesale Poison Plot Charged To 22-Year Old Girl

ZAGRES, Yugoslavia, Oct. 30.—(AP)—Charged with poisoning 15 persons, seven of whom died, Milka Pavlevitch, a 22-year-old Croatian girl, was taken to a hospital today for a sanity test.

## CAMPUS SLUGGER STILL IN ACTION

BOULDER, Colo., Oct. 30.—(UP)—The "Phantom Slugger of the Campus" who has clubbed at least nine University of Colorado co-eds is still in Boulder, Chief of Police Rolla C. Prater announced today, and revealed that another co-ed had been slugged late yesterday in the shadow of the university.

Information regarding the latest attack was guarded as closely by mirrors of the dormitory as those of last week, and Chief Prater was not given the name of the victim.

The terror has spread anew across the campus and the force of armed guards patrolling the dark campus was doubled in an effort to put a stop to the fiendish slugging mystery.

Chief Prater said that although they were unable to question the victim of yesterday's attack, they had obtained the most complete description of the slugger yet furnished.

## TREE CRUSHES TOT BEFORE DAD'S EYES

SALEM, Oct. 30.—(AP)—"Hello, daddy." These words from the lips of a proud youngster attending school for the first time this fall, proved a greeting and a farewell this morning, for within a few seconds after they were spoken Tommy Judd, 6, lay dead in the roadway, crushed by the heavy limb of a felled tree.

With his sister Jacqueline, Tommy had passed where his father, Frank Judd, and a neighbor were starting to fell an immense oak tree near the road, in the Liberty district a few miles south of here.

The men had sawed only a few inches into the tree, which proved to be rotted through, when without warning it fell, crushing the boy to the ground. His sister was knocked down by the branches and her back slightly injured.

## OLDEST PIONEER OF ECHO REGION PASSES

PENDLETON, Oct. 30.—(AP)—Mrs. O. P. Thompson, 84, oldest pioneer of the Echo region, died at her home on Butler creek last night.

Mrs. Thompson, born in New York state in 1852, came across the plains in 1863 to settle on what is now the Stanfield ranch.

PORTLAND, Oct. 30.—(AP)—Miss Susan E. Kuter, 62, one of the best known Oregon Methodist deaconesses, died Saturday night in Sycamore, Ill., at the home of her sister. Word of the sudden death was received here today. The funeral will be tomorrow in that city.

## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WHEN YOU DON'T DARE LET GO OF A SWING DOOR FOR FEAR IT WILL CATCH SOMEBODY A NASTY CRACK, AND FIND YOURSELF ANCHORED THERE HOLDING IT OPEN WHILE THE REST OF THE AUDIENCE FILES OUT.  
(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 10-30

By C. M. Payne

## SMATTER POP—



## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Storm Breaks!



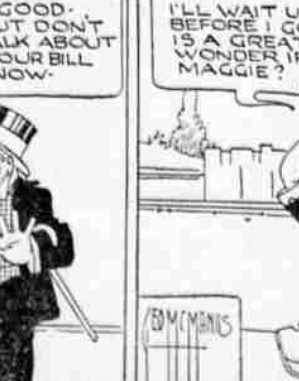
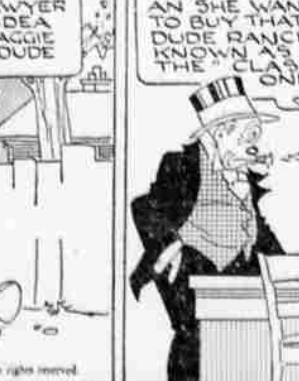
## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—In the Hospital



## THE NEBBS—It's All Right Now



## BRINGING UP FATHER



## BAR REMOVAL OF KIDNAPERS FATHER

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 30.—(AP)—U. S. Commissioner Julian Campbell ruled today that Thomas H. Robinson, Sr., may not be removed to Louisville for trial on charges linking him with the kidnaping of Mrs. Alice Speed Stoll.  
"From all the facts before me," Commissioner Campbell said in a prepared opinion, "I find not only that there is no probable cause to believe Thomas Henry Robinson, Sr., guilty, but no fact to reasonably believe a suspicion of his guilt."

## PENDLETON HOSPITAL WARD GETS APPROVAL

SALEM, Oct. 30.—(AP)—Construction of a new receiving ward for the Eastern Oregon State Hospital at Pendleton at a cost of \$281,000 to provide additional room for 150 to 200 patients was approved by the state board of control here today for inclusion in the 1935-36 budget of that institution.  
The budget now goes to the state budget director and the funds if approved will be left to the legislature for appropriation or rejection. The total budget for the next two years for the institution will be \$763,418.

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