

# Marian Gordon

by JEANNE BOWMAN

**SYNOPSIS:** Lon Casad, Marian's husband, has had to abandon his real estate development because his money has been stolen and look for work. Marian has been told that she must leave town to get a job. Marian returns a hot day preparing a birthday dinner for him. When Lon looks again for work, he is hired as foreman for the Casads. Marian faints.

## CHAPTER 27 COMPROMISE

"Marian, Ian dear... open your eyes."  
Lon was heading over her. He had carried her to the patio, dashed water over her face and now was smoothing her hair back from her brow.  
Slowly Marian opened her eyes. She saw the table in all of its birthday glory, the four-tiered cake with its pink roses... she laughed hysterically.

"It's that hot kitchen," Lon declared savagely. "You've worked in there all day. Wouldn't be surprised if you walked home from town... good heavens, no, you didn't do that, did you? No wonder you fainted."  
"We'll get that electric stove back in running order tomorrow... you'll still finish dinner... poor kid."  
Satisfied she had regained consciousness, he left her in the cool of the patio, while he went to the kitchen.

Marian heard dishes rattling, heard one crash, winced... wondered why she couldn't gather her wits about her. McSwain had told Brown that he had a man in mind for foreman; "Just the fellow," he had said. Could he have been thinking of Lon?  
Silver hadn't had time to see McSwain after they reached the house. But the valley was small, perhaps she had heard the tradespeople talking. She might have learned from them that Lon was looking for work.

Perhaps learning these things, Silver had bided her time until she met Lon alone.  
Lon came in from the kitchen with a tray. "Feel better, honey?"  
Marian sat up, swung her slippers to the floor, ran a hand through her rumpled hair and grinned like a rufled child. "So ashamed, Lon," she said.

"You ought to be," he teased. "Here I come home bursting with good news and you faint when you hear it."  
Marian tried to smile, but it was a pathetic attempt. How could she tell him his good news was bad news to her? Could she tell him what she knew about McSwain? Could she spoil his joy after these weeks of hopeless job hunting? She couldn't just yet... she must have time, and he must enjoy his dinner, his birthday gifts. Later, perhaps she might break it gently.

Lon's generosity with the water had used to bring her out of the faint necessitated another change of dress. She looked in the mirror, her cheeks were like tiger lilies, freckles standing pale gold against their pallor. She dabbed on some rouge, slipped the orange organdy over her head, it was cheerful, daintily ruffled, a party frock for a birthday dinner.

Lon enjoyed his dinner. The steaks were burned on one side, but he'd burned them, the potatoes were lumpy, the lettuce had wilted, having been set on the warming oven while Lon rescued the steaks. Marian pretended to eat, pretended to laugh, slipped the sauterne, and nibbled at the cake.

With the twilight came a cool breeze. Marian sat in the circle of Lon's arm while he talked. The presents had been opened. There was a book on wood staining and carving, Lon's hobby, from her brother; a cigarette case of sandalwood from one sister, a hand knit tie from the other, and from her mother and father a check for fifty dollars.

"That will tide us over until I get my first pay check," Lon said.  
Marian didn't answer. Lon turned on the radio, tuned into an orchestra program and dimly they listened to Mendelssohn's "Fingals Cave." Listening, Marian thought her mind was like the melody, the ceaseless quest of waves washing up on a rock bound coast. Would she continue beating herself against a destiny that seemed as unrelenting as rock? Or had her habit of battling for principles not related to her become so much a part of her life that she would soon cease to regard it as anything but the monotony of living.

"Ian," Lon confided as the overture ceased, "you haven't lived up to my expectations."  
"What?" she asked, startled.  
"I expected you to fight my work for McSwain."  
"Why?" she asked, alarmed.  
"I was forewarned I might expect it."  
"Silver?" she questioned.  
"No, McSwain. He said you'd been reared to believe that everything his particular political faction sponsored was necessarily wrong; that you couldn't believe him capable of carrying on with honor."  
Marian was silent. Did this mean McSwain had taken her warning and was seeking to tell her so through Lon? But if so, why had he mentioned it.  
"How about it, Ian?"  
"Lon, I believe that you will be completely honorable, no matter for whom you work."  
"Thanks, dear, but you haven't answered my question. Is that how you feel about McSwain?"  
"I feel that McSwain is like the thieves you mentioned that night in the court room. If he is honorable, it's because he's afraid he'll be put on the spot if he isn't."  
"Do you think it's right to let your father's political prejudices sway your judgment like that?"  
"My father has nothing to do with this," she answered quietly. "I know, and because you are going to work for him, I will tell you this, McSwain did bribe Brown to pass his work."  
"Oh now Ian," Lon laughed easily, "you don't think the District Attorney would have let him get off without a conviction if he had been guilty, do you?"  
"I don't think the District Attorney's desires had anything to do with it. He knew, but he was hampered by lack of evidence."  
"And I suppose my little red-head has this evidence," he returned lightly.  
"I have," she answered, "Lon will you drive me in town with you in the morning?"  
"Sorry dear, McSwain's picking me up, will the next day?"  
Marian decided it would. She had promised McSwain she would hold her hand until there was reason to do otherwise, and with Lon as foreman he would be forced to build according to specification. Perhaps, she thought, as she lay in bed watching the curtains billow in like sails; perhaps that is why McSwain gave him the work, to prove to me that he can be honest.

Reassured, she saw Lon off in the morning, then turned back to the house. It seemed lonely without Lon. She wondered what it would be like having a husband come in to dinner in the evening, going off to work in the morning like millions of men in the world. He'd be happier.  
She spent some time in the garden, and was working there when Hero's bark brought her to a realization that the telephone was ringing insistently.  
"Telegram," came the voice, "I want to speak to Mrs. Lionel Casad."  
"Speaking."  
"I will read this wire relayed to Sacramento from Valley View. 'Mother dangerously ill, come at once.—Ed. Gordon.'"  
Marian turned from the telephone with a confused memory of having given an answer that she would leave at once. The car was there. She blessed McSwain for taking Lon with him. She'd call the East Bronx, there would be a telephone in the construction office.  
She succeeded in reaching Lionel almost immediately.  
"Lon," she said, "I've just received word that mother is dangerously ill, for me to come at once. Do you mind if I drive up?"  
"Of course not, Ian, I only wish I were there to take you."  
"I'll call you tonight if I can reach a telephone. Lon, you'll take good care of yourself for me, won't you?"  
"Why certainly, Ian, don't you worry about me. Just a minute," he turned from the telephone, talked to someone, then turned back. "You'd better take Hero with you. I'll feel better, there are so many men on the roads nowadays, and they won't try to board the car if he's in sight... and Ian, don't drive too fast... when you're tempted remember, you want to get there without having to stop for repairs."  
"I'll be careful, good-bye dear."  
In ten minutes, with Hero at her side, she was driving out of the tract. Thank heaven, her mother had sent her that money, and she hadn't given the change to Lon. It would carry her home.

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Marian is the victim of a trick, tomorrow.

## CCC EDUCATIONAL ADVISERS RECEIVE NEW ASSIGNMENTS

Millard L. Gilbreath, educational adviser at the China Flats camp for the past several months, is being transferred to the Medford district CCC headquarters where he will serve as district educational co-ordinator.  
Gilbreath's assignment followed the visit last week of Dr. J. B. Griffing, civil educational adviser of the ninth corps area. With the movement of camps for the winter the educational advisers of the district are being re-assigned to camps.  
Kenneth H. Baker, formerly with the Dog Lake camp, will handle the Applegate and Carberry camps. W. W. Belcher will continue at Band Lawrence Berger, a newcomer from Oakland, Calif., will be assigned to the Spring Flats and Yreka camps.  
Clarence T. Brickell will handle the educational programs of Camps Sitkum and McKinley. Atton Y. Ellison, who came here with the new company at Seiad, will handle that camp and Oak Knoll camp.  
Kenneth Fibush, another newcomer, has been assigned to Oregon Caves and Kerby. Eugene C. Golden will have charge of Indian Creek and Clear Creek camps. Chester B. Kennedy will continue at Hill and Eugene E. Laird will be assigned to Bradford.

## COHAN STAGES SHOW IN OLD HOME TOWN

NORTH BROOKFIELD, Mass., Oct. 31.—(AP)—George M. Cohan has added Main street to his conquests. There were 850-odd packed into the 70-year-old town hall, and outside in a cold, biting wind, a thousand more heard "Georgie" through amplifiers.  
It was the fulfillment of a promise Cohan made to himself a long time ago. He said that some day he would "go back home" and put on a show for "the folks."  
PORTLAND, Oct. 31.—(AP)—Killed by a skull fracture, the body of John Rawley, 52, a rooming house janitor, was found today at the bottom of a flight of stairs. He was believed to have slipped on the stairway last night.  
Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

## MORE RECREATION AREAS OPENED IN SISKIYOU FOREST

GRANTS PASS, Oct. 31.—(Sp.)—Road building in the Siskiyou national forest is opening up the lower Rogue river wilderness and affording new vacation spots. It was shown at the chamber of commerce forum luncheon in a talk by Glenn Mitchell, supervisor.  
Mitchell's statistics revealed that since the organization of the Civilian Conservation Corps, which began to function in southern Oregon in July, 1933, 141.75 miles of roads have been built in the Siskiyou national forest at a cost of approximately \$33,239.40. The value of the CCC workers to the national forest road program was pointed out by Mitchell when he quoted the cost of building 21 miles of roads under NIRA and FRD funds as being about \$41,564.53, which included salaries for workers, board, transportation and all other items.  
"We feel that our worst pieces of road have been built," Mitchell said. "And this year we are concentrating more than ever before upon recreational development, which includes improving the forest camps on the Redwood highway."  
The Siskiyou national forest officials are planning stretches of road in the lower Rogue river country, which will have the town of Agness as a hub. Although protection against fire is sought principally the new roads will lead into scenic mountain areas heretofore unseen except by occasional visitors on foot or horseback. It was shown.

## CAR SOUNDS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS  
(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)  
TAKES FAMILY FOR SUNDAY AFTERNOON RIDE. CRIES SUDDENLY "HARK! THAT SOUNDS LIKE AIR COMING OUT OF A TIRE!"  
DISCOVERS IT WAS ONLY JUNIOR ON THE BACK SEAT, MAKING A HISSING SOUND BETWEEN HIS TEETH TO AMUSE HIMSELF  
A FEW MINUTES LATER AGAIN CRIES HARK, HE HASN'T HEARD THE CAR MAKE THAT SOUND BEFORE  
FAMILY IMMEDIATELY BREAKS INTO A BABEL OF CHATTER MAKING LISTENING IMPOSSIBLE. GETS THEM QUIET AT LAST  
IS SURE IN TURN THAT IT'S THE HOOD RATTLING, A LOOSE LUG ON A WHEEL, IN THE ENGINE, AND THAT THE CAR IS SHAKING APART  
SOURCE OF THE NOISE PROVES TO BE IN ANOTHER CAR WHICH EVENTUALLY RATTLES PAST  
PRESENTLY IS ALARMED BY A REGULAR THUMPING WHICH DEFINITELY COMES FROM THE CAR ITSELF  
FINDS IT'S JUNIOR PLAYING WITH THE FOOT REST, BY RAISING IT WITH HIS TOES AND DROPPING IT ON FLOOR  
DECIDES HE'D ENJOY DRIVING BETTER IF HE WORE EAR-MUFFS  
10-31

## 'MATTER POP-

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'LL SOON BE BROADCASTING PICTURES!  
10-26-34

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Rescue  
WE LEFT TOMMY TRYING TO LAND HIS SHIP IN A STORM NEAR THE OLD HACIENDA WHERE SKEETER IS TRYING TO RESCUE SHIRL BARRON FROM HER ABDUCTOR.  
NOW LET'S RETURN TO SKEETER  
HIST!—SKEED

WHO TIED YOU UP LIKE THIS?  
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING?  
HOW COULD I SAY ANYTHING WITH A GAS IN MY MOUTH?  
O-OH! WHAT WAS THAT?  
S-H-H... SOUNDS LIKE SOME BODY COMING UPSTAIRS!  
HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER  
BRIARGIE, YOU'RE HERE—THEY WON'T LET DOGS IN A HOSPITAL—YOU WATCH MY GUITARCASE—  
OH, I JUST KNOW YOU'RE BEN WEBSTER—YOU MAY GO RIGHT INTO COLONEL BARNES' ROOM!  
BEN! MY BOY, MY BOY!  
I'M HERE, UNCLE NAT—BRIAR AND I CAME AS FAST AS WE COULD—  
BEN, I'M DONE FOR! I'M A RUINED MAN FINANCIALLY AND NOW HAS COME THIS BREAKDOWN PHYSICALLY—BUT BEN, THE LITTLE PROPERTY AND MONEY YOU HAD, AND WHICH YOU LEFT IN MY CARE, IS GONE, TOO!

THE NEBBS—The Bait  
WELL, YOU'RE IN TROUBLE AGAIN, DIDN'T YOU? JUST CAN'T START MINDING YOUR OWN BUSINESS. WELL, I SUPPOSE IF YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO AND YOU'RE SO AMBITIOUS  
IF YOU WERE A FLY, YOU'D GO OUT AND BUY YOUR OWN FLY PAPER AND JUMP ON IT  
WELL, THOSE DANGEROUS CROOKS ARE LOCKED UP. SOCIETY NEED FEAR THEM NO MORE—WE GOT THEM  
"WE"? IF A HOOK CATCHES THE FISH THEN IT'S "WE"

BRINGING UP FATHER  
WELL, I GUESS MY LAWYER HAS CONVINCED MAGGIE SHE SHOULDN'T BUY THAT DUDE RANCH SO I'LL GO HOME NOW  
OH, HELLO! YOUR LAWYER JUST LEFT. HE'S A NICE MAN—HE CONVINCED ME THAT THAT RANCH WAS NO GOOD AND TOO SMALL  
YOU CAN ALWAYS RELY ON WHAT HE SAYS.  
THAT'S WHAT I THINK. HE SAID HERE IS THE RANCH I SHOULD BUY, SO I BOUGHT IT  
HUH?  
IF THAT GUY DIDN'T KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT ME, I'D GIVE HIM A PUNCH IN THE EYE—I WONDER WHERE THE RANCH IS?  
10-31

Wrigley's Spearmint Gum  
THE KEY TO QUALITY GUM

BEND, Ore., Oct. 31.—(AP)—Geo. H. Harrison, 71, who in 1869 escaped an Indian massacre in Texas in which his father, mother and a brother were slain, died at his home here Monday.

EAST LIVERPOOL, O., Oct. 31.—(AP)—A father, his four children and a housekeeper, were burned to death before daybreak today when fire destroyed a five room shack on the outskirts of the city.