Marian Gordon

By the author of Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN

Marian Cassel has in her possession evidence that will send McSwain, the contractor, to jail. McSwain fails to persuade her to give up the evidence, but goes at the problem a different way by hiring Lon, Marian's husband, as foreman on the job he plans to scamp. Lon's own business is on the rocks; he takes the job. The day he goes to work, Marian receives a wire that her mother is seriously ill and leaves at once for home.

Chapter 28

THE RUSE

MARIAN stopped for gas at the little station where they always cashed their checks. Murphy, the attendant, finding she was heading on a fast drive to a point beyond Sacramento, insisted upon going over the car, and the delay seemed endless.

And then she was speeding out through the valley, over the hump to the Sacramento River, across the high Antioch bridge, along the dyke road. An hour and a half winged along and she was in Sacramento, a stop for gas and to give Hero a drink, then on again.

Another hour. She looked up to the hill on which her home was situated. The place seemed ominously quiet, no cars, no figures moving. The gate was closed. It took four trembling minutes to open it, then

Marian found the gate closed.

make the last lap with her motor quieted.

She drove into the kitchen runway and turned off the motor. It was terribly quiet. The trucks were in their sheds. The family car was gone, even Jack's dilapidated touring car. Had they taken her mother to the hospital?

She dashed into the house. "Hoo hoo," she called softly. No answer. There was no note left to tell her of where she might find them.

Fear clutched her heart like a physical pain. She ran through the rooms. Everthing was in perfect order. She ran back down to the yard. She would drive to the nearest neighbor. She jumped into the car, reached for the motor key, then heard her name called . . . her mother's voice.

She looked around. "You weren't going to leave without saying goodbye, were you?" inquired the pleasant voice of Mrs. Gordon.

And then Marian saw her; she was walking down hill from the barn, a checkered apron doubled back. She'd been gathering eggs.

"Land sakes, child, you look as if you were seeing a ghost."

"MOTHER," sobbed Marian, and ran to her arms.

"Now, now, dearie, you'll break the eggs, it can't be as bad as that. Had a little tiff with Lonnie? Those things do happen." Arm about the astounded girl, she was leading her to the house.

"Mother, you're not sick?" Marian insisted.

"Never felt fitter in all my born days," came the reassuring reply and she looked it. Her sandy hair, threaded with grey, was glowing with life. Her sunbrowned cheeks were touched with rose. "Now let me put these eggs in the bin, then you tell mother all about it."

Marian waited until the precious eggs were stowed safely away. "Mother, I couldn't imagine what had happened. There wasn't even a dog around the place."

"Dad and the boys took them along on a fishing trip to Strawberry Lake, drove up in Jack's car. And the girls took the other to go to town to see a picture; now what brings you here?"

"I received a wire telling me that you were dangerously ill."

"Must have made a mistake in the person."

"No mother, there's only one Valley View, at least there's only one family of Gordons there, and the wire was signed with Dad's name."

"Hm," mused Mrs. Gordon, "that's queer. You don't suppose anything's happened to father?"

Marian, relieved at finding her mother safe, answered "no," then a moment later, "I know what it is. Someone wanted to get me out of the house, a long way away from the house while they went through it."

"What do you mean, Ian?"

"I let a man know that I had a letter in my possession which would send him to the penitentiary if I turned it over to the law. He thinks it's at the house. Well, it isn't."

"And of course you wouldn't use a letter like that against a man?" questioned her mother anxiously.

"Not while he was living right," Marian answered. "I tried to give it back a long time ago, but couldn't find the person to whom it belonged. It was put into my pocket by mistake."

"THEY won't bother other things in the house, Ian? Hadn't you better telephone the police?"

"No, they might steal a piece of Lon's birthday cake, that's all . . . no mummy, and all my bureau drawers are in perfect order, so even my reputation as a housewife is safe."

"Then you can spend a few moments with me, better rest up before going back. Had your lunch? Neither have I."

Seated at the kitchen table before a fresh-baked loaf of bread, a pat of home-churned butter, a bowl of jam and a pitcher of milk, Marian told her mother much of what had happened during the previous months. It was funny now that it was all over. To her mother's often repeated "Why didn't you let us know," she answered.

"We had to go through it mother, to appreciate money when it came to us. Lon had grand ideas of helping the fellow with a little salary."

"But we could have helped," her mother insisted. "Your father has a comfortable sum salted away in the bank for just such emergencies."

"Lon wouldn't let me ask," she insisted.

"I'm sorry," said her mother, then with Marian's trick of tossing her chin up defiantly, "I'm not sorry. I'm glad my daughter has that kind of a man."

It was late afternoon before Marian left for Lonian Lodge. Her mother had packed the back of the car with as much farm produce as it would hold and Marian drove off feeling very housewively conscious of its contents, and not a little triumphant over winning her first bout with McSwain.

She would call Lon from Sacramento, she decided, then make her way back slowly.

She reached Sacramento at six-thirty. Lon should be home. But he wasn't. Perhaps, knowing she wouldn't be home, he had stopped for dinner elsewhere.

She drove on through the warm twilight of the river country, and at last sighted the river, Mt. Diablo and her twinkling beacon beyond.

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Tomorrow Marian again is the victim of a dastardly trick.

DECLARES BILL WOULD INCREASE USING OF DRUGS

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 1.—According to one of the foremost supporters of the healing arts amendment, to be voted on November 6, drugless healing differs from ordinary healing and has curative powers unknown to physicians who have been trained to use either drug or drugless methods, as circumstances indicate; but in competition with the practice of regular medicine drugless healing will be submerged and ultimately disappear, according to this advocate, unless it is saved from extinction by the adoption of this amendment. To save it, it is alleged, is the prime purpose of the amendment.

In the face of such a statement, said Dr. William C. Woodward of Chicago, director of a bureau of legal medicine and legislation of the American Medical association, Oregon practitioners of medicine cannot understand why the drugless healers—as chiropractors and naturopaths have chosen to designate themselves in the amendment—who initiated this amendment, worded it so as to provide a way for the unlimited use of drugs by drugless healers. The amendment proposes that chiropractors and naturopaths shall have the right to advise or prescribe family or domestic remedies for their patients, free from legislative interference. Obviously this would give them the right to prescribe not only such potent and, in case of serious illness, dangerous remedies as castor oil, epsom salts, and some of the cold tar preparations, but also all manner of patent and proprietary remedies that are placed on the market for family or domestic use. Why such remedies should be needed in the practice of physicians whose only excuse to existence is that they do not use drugs is not clear. The amendment seems to be designed, not to perpetuate drugless healers, but to convert them all into healers who use drugs.

FILM PROJECTION INVENTOR SUICIDE

BRAWLEY, Cal., Nov. 1.—(AP)—Don Bell, 65, one of the pioneer inventors of the motion picture industry, died on his citrus ranch here this morning by inhaling monoxide gas from a hose connected with the exhaust pipe of his automobile.

Bell's body was found in a shed near his residence. He is said to have been in poor health for some time and to have brooded over heavy property losses in the Long Beach earthquake.

Thirty years ago Bell, in association with A. F. Howell, invented the motion picture projection machine now in wide use all over the world. Howell previously had invented a motion picture camera. As a tribute to Bell, the company manufacturing the camera and other picture equipment was called Bell & Howell.

The county relief board reported 40 per cent of the population of Eagle Pass, Texas, living on funds supplied by state relief this summer.

MEDFORD PUPILS WIN RECOGNITION AT M'MINNVILLE

LINFIELD COLLEGE, McMinnville, Ore.—(Spl.)—The three Medford students at Linfield college have already won for themselves places of prominence among he activities of the school. George Harrington, a sophomore, holds two major offices. He was recently elected president of the sophomore class and was already president of the Triple O's, a sophomore traditional organization for keeping the Frosh in line. In addition to this, George was last year one of the best men on the basketball team, though he was then only a freshman. He is well liked by all on the Linfield campus.

Bill Walker, a first year man, was recently elected prexy of the freshman class, giving Medford the leadership over the two lower classes.

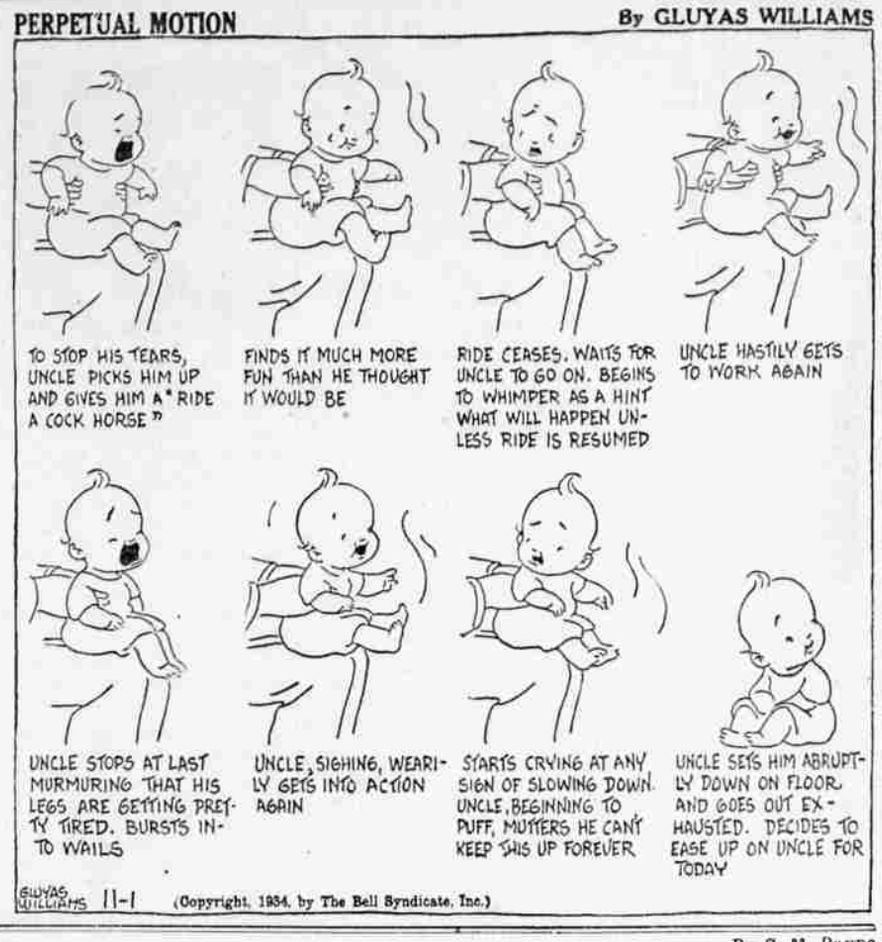
Bill is out for football and is already made a name for himself on the frosh team.

Roan Green, another frosh, has made for himself a place at guard on the varsity football club, which thus far has had a quite successful schedule. He is a good man in the line, fighting all the time, always inspiring the team.

The college has reached a peak of 514 in net registration, a new record for Linfield. The record enrollment of the yearling class totals over 245.

Linfield college is a Baptist denominational college. It is a member of the Northwest conference in athletics.

PERPETUAL MOTION By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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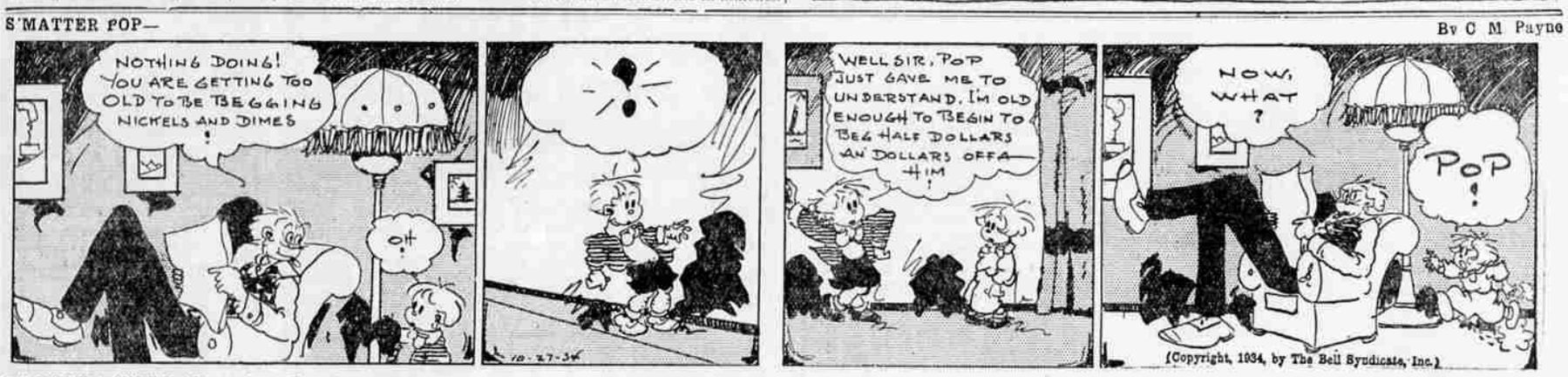
S'MATTER POP— By C M Payne



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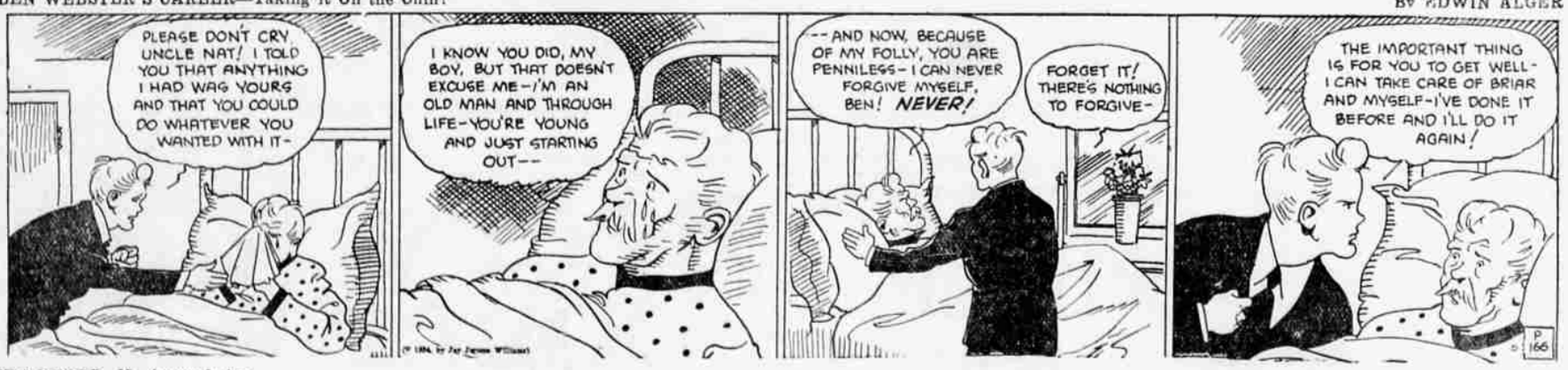
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Mysterious Shots! By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Taking it On the Chin! By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—No Appreciation By Sol Ress

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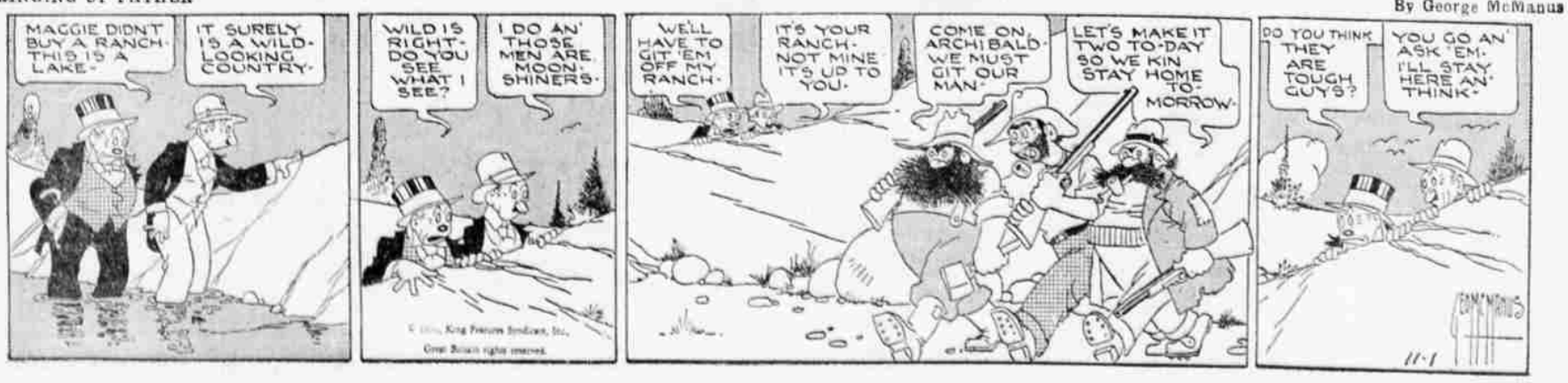
BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManus



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NATIONAL BANKS MAY UP INDUSTRY LOANS

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1. — (AP) — A ruling that will permit national banks to increase loans to industry was issued today by the comptroller of the currency.

Under it, the banks may make loans to industry greater than the statutory 10 per cent of capital and surplus where they have received commitments from a Federal Reserve bank or the Reconstruction Finance corporation for the difference.

French railroads are making intensive efforts to effect economies in operation and reduce the time between more important stations by increased use of motorized equipment.

REAL ESTATE DEALERS ORGANIZE COMMITTEE

A real estate committee has been organized by the Jackson County Chamber of Commerce, following the meeting of real estate brokers held this week. Earl Tumy was elected chairman and it will be the purpose of the committee to follow up inquiries received by the Chamber of Commerce and in every way to see that desirable settlers are placed on lands in Jackson county.

Although a definite program for future activities has not yet been announced by Mr. Tumy, it is believed that this committee can do a constructive service not only for those who desire farms, but those who would build summer homes, or locate in the city of Medford.