

Marian Gordon

by JEANNE BOWMAN

Chapter 29
LOW TRICK

HERO jumped from the car and ran sniffling toward the house. Marian followed, watching the dog's peculiar actions.

He reached the house, waited for her to unlock the door, then entered with low growls rumbling in his throat. Marian nodded. There was little likelihood that anyone would be here now, but some one had been here, someone whose scent Hero disliked.

She switched on the lights and followed the dog from room to room. Still the low growling, the uneasy pacing from bureau to chest, from chest to secretary, from secretary to Lon's workshop.

Nothing seemed disturbed. But where was Lon?

A car was coming up the drive. She heard Lon's "Good-night, thanks for bringing me over—and say, the barbecue was fine."

He came running towards the house now. "Jan," he called, "well, this is a surprise; I didn't expect you back tonight. I'm glad your mother's better."

"What makes you think mother's better?" she asked.

"You wired me she was . . . say what's the matter with Hero . . . look he's actually growling at me."

"He probably doesn't approve of your dancing with Silver," she hazarded.

Lon looked at her in astonishment. "How did you know?" he asked.

"I don't know, but Hero does. He's found the same scent on you that he found here in the house."

"Lon, listen. My mother wasn't ill. Neither she nor Dad sent the wire. It was sent by the same person who saw that I had the car here at the house to use, in order to give them a chance to go to Sacramento this house without fear of interruption."

"Jan, what are you saying?"

"This, McSwain sent me word that my mother was ill. After I left Silver came here . . . look at Hero if you can't take my word . . . she went through everything . . . watch him go from place to place . . . he associates something unpleasant with that scent. She frightened him that night in Nevada and you scolded him for snarling at her. He smells her scent on you, now . . . bold out your hand, the one you used in holding her hand while you were dancing."

"Jan, for Pat's sake, be yourself. I suppose that next thing you'll be telling me you didn't send me a wire from Sacramento asking me to get that letter out of the safe deposit box and mail it."

"Lon!" Marian screamed his name as realization of what had happened came upon her. "What have you done?"

"Well, for the love of Heaven, what's going on? You wire me to do something, then yell at me for doing it."

"Forget me, Lon, listen, tell me everything. You say you got a letter out of the safe deposit box. What did you do with it?"

"Mailed it to Sacramento like you told me to . . . I guess it was the right one; it was the only one there in a plain envelope. It had Silver's name on it. Marian, what's the matter?"

"Tell me, Lon, you say you mailed that to me. To what address, and at what time?" She looked at her wrist watch. Could she reach Sacramento in time to intercept the letter?

WITH a look of offended dignity, Lon walked to the divan, sat down, selected a cigarette and lighted it.

Marian watched him, breathlessly. He wasn't acting natural. His hand seemed a little uncertain as he held the flame to the white cylinder; his cheeks were overflushed. How much did he know of McSwain's actions? Under normal circumstances he should be as upset as she.

"Please, Lon," she begged patiently, going over to sit beside him, "what time did you mail that letter and to whom?"

"I followed your instructions," he retorted bluntly.

"Lon," she reached for his coat sleeve, tugged it as though she could force him to give her his full attention. "Listen, Lon, I didn't send that

wire. . . . matter is of vital importance. I must intercept it before it's delivered, if it is physically possible. Tell me, how did you address it?"

"I addressed it to Mrs. Lionel Casad, Congressional Hotel, Sacramento, California, U. S. A."

"At what time did you mail it, and where?"

"McSwain, who took the time from his work to drive me to the bank, was kind enough to carry it clear out to the Oakland airport so it would be . . . what's the matter . . . do you want me to drive you to Sacramento?" He seemed roused from his lethargy as Marian jumped from the divan.

"No," she answered, and after a moment's restless pacing of the room, "here's my use now. The letter didn't go to Sacramento any more than McSwain went to the airport."

"Oh, Lon," she turned to him again. "don't you see what's happened?"

"All I can see," he returned with a shrug, "is that the girl I married is carrying on like a prima donna."

Marian sat in a chair, head in her hands. Well, that was that. While she was sitting with her mother, chuckling over winning the first round with McSwain, he was taking her only weapon away from her. But how had he known where to find the letter?

She arose and went into her room and delved into the desk in which she kept all receipts. There on top of one pile lay a receipt from the bank for rent on safe deposit box, held by Marian and Lionel Casad, jointly.

McSwain was clever, as clever as a fox. Had the letter been mailed, delivered and accepted by someone else, she might have charged them with intercepting the mails. However, he had read Lon rightly. Lon was too honest to conceive of anyone else's being false.

SHE went back into the living room. Lon was still sitting on the divan, dark head resting on the pillow, a fresh cigarette between his lips.

"Lon," she sat beside him, took one hand in both of hers. Instead of curling about hers it lay passive. "Try to listen to what I want to say."

"I was called away from here by a telegram supposedly coming from Sacramento. I telephoned you. You told me to take the car, then you turned me from the telephone and talked to someone. That person suggested to you that I take Hero with me. With him out of the way, they knew whoever was coming through this house would be un molested."

"Lon, whom do you know that's afraid of Hero? Who wired you to meet them and suggested in the wire that you leave Pat at home?"

"Oh, now listen, Jan," protested Lon, "if you mean Silver, put her out of your mind. She was down at the East Brazer all day . . . had lunch with us there."

"Has she ever done that before? And how long after I left did she arrive?"

"She was there before that wire came from Sacramento, asking me to send the letter on to you."

"Of course she was, Look," she handed him the receipt, "she found that here, tipped off the person working with them in Sacramento what to wire, and then proceeded to arrange an alibi for herself."

"Lon, why won't you be convinced that Silver and McSwain are guilty of actually robbing me?"

"Why?" he repeated, and withdrawing his hand, faced her. "Because I happen to know what is behind this whole affair."

"You do? Would you mind telling me?"

"When McSwain and I started off this morning, he asked me if you had kicked up a fuss over my working for him. I replied that you hadn't. He said he was surprised. I asked him why, and this is what he told me."

"He said that he and your father had been enemies for years. He told me a lot about your girlhood that I had never before known; how you used to be taken around to all sorts of places with crowds of rough men, so your father could use his pretty daughter for political purposes."

"He said it got to such a place your father's sister realized you were being spoiled for any normal womanhood and she stepped in and paid your way through this exclusive girl school, but that as soon as you left school, he forced the newspaper-bac'ing his faction into giving you a job as a reporter so you could further his interests there."

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Tomorrow, Marian sleeps under the stars.

His House Was Stolen.
SALT LAKE CITY, Utah.—(UP)—F. C. Morgan owned a house. For two years it was unoccupied. He went to get it repaired. He went to look at the house. It wasn't there. The police

turned seven neighborhood boys over to juvenile authorities, alleging they moved the house to a vacant lot and transformed it into a shack.

UMBRELLAS repaired and recovered—Medford Cylinders, 23 N. Fir.

HEAVY SPENDING BY FRIENDS, FOES OF 2 MEASURES

SALEM, Ore., Nov. 2.—(AP)—The progressive constitutional amendment committee spent \$3200 in behalf of the healing arts amendment to appear on the general election ballot. It was shown by the committee's expense statement filed at the state department. It expected to spend \$350 more in support of the proposed amendment.

The joint committee for preservation of Oregon hospital standards and the workers' compensation law expended \$547.75 in attempt to prevent the passing of the healing arts measure, and estimated an additional expenditure of \$1000. Contributions totaled \$5909.34. The Oregon Association of Hospitals and the Oregon State Federation of Professional Societies spent \$104.25 and \$625.85 respectively in working against the same measure.

A statement filed by the Tax Limitation League of Oregon showed that this organization expended \$7523.35 in support of the 20-mill tax limitation measure, with additional expenditures between now and November 6 estimated at \$1659.18. Contributions totaled \$6645.31, of which \$1-000 came from the Corbett Investment Co. of Portland.

The Northwestern Electric Co. expended \$647.34 in opposing the Grange power bill and will spend an additional \$60 prior to election. Expenditures of the Pacific Light & Power Co. against the same bill totaled \$556.96, with an additional \$50 to be spent.

Army of Crickets Forces Sams Vale Family From Home

SAMS VALLEY, Nov. 2.—(Sp.) The crickets are becoming a menace here. An army of them moved into one home and ousted its occupants this week. They ate the paper off the walls and invaded beds, clothes closets and every corner, inside and out walls of the house, also filled the well and generally took possession. Other families have been pestered greatly with them, too, but not in such horde.

ROOSEVELT URGES RED CROSS GIVING

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—(AP) Generous support of the American Red Cross was urged today by President Roosevelt.

Opening the annual membership roll call, the president received a Red Cross button from 3-year-old Phyllis Smith of Washington, who was taken to the White House by James I. Feller, acting chairman of the Red Cross.

Claims Handmaster Title.
KIEL, Wis.—(UP)—Edgar P. Thiesen, 20, director of the 30-piece Kiel community band, lays claim to the title of Wisconsin's youngest handmaster. He has been a musician since he was seven years old.

POISON ELEMENT IN IVY ISOLATED BY CHEMIC PROF

MIDDLETOWN, Conn. (UP)—Dr. G. Albert Hill, professor of chemistry at Wesleyan university, came home from a picnic one day with a severe case of poison ivy. He was curious to know what made the ivy poisonous and hunted up numerous books at the library only to find apparently no one else knew either.

During the ensuing three years he made it the subject of intensive research and experiment. He collected thousands of pounds of leaves and bark, went through several more poisonous doses and, after considerable difficulty and discomfort, succeeded in extracting and identifying the poisonous element.

It was urushiol, the same as found by a prominent Japanese scientist in 1907 in the poisonous Japanese Rhus, a plant. Persons with open skin pores, he found, were highly susceptible and once infected, unless immediate remedies were applied, suffered patiently until the poison had run its course.

Interested in isolating the toxic element, he naturally was interested in a remedy. He found that after handling the plant, if the affected parts were immediately washed with a cheap laundry soap several times thoroughly, the possibility of severe infection was remote. Potassium permanganate and hypochlorite solutions, alkaline and oxidizing, also helped.

THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AFTER HAMMERING ON THE BATHROOM DOOR AND SHOUTING TO JUNIOR FOR PITY'S SAKE TO HURRY UP YOU WANT TO GET CLEANED UP FOR SUPPER, JUNIOR STROLLS OUT OF HIS ROOM TO SAY THAT MAYBE IT'S THAT FRIEND OF MOTHER'S IN THERE WHO ARRIVED UNEXPECTEDLY TO SPEND THE NIGHT

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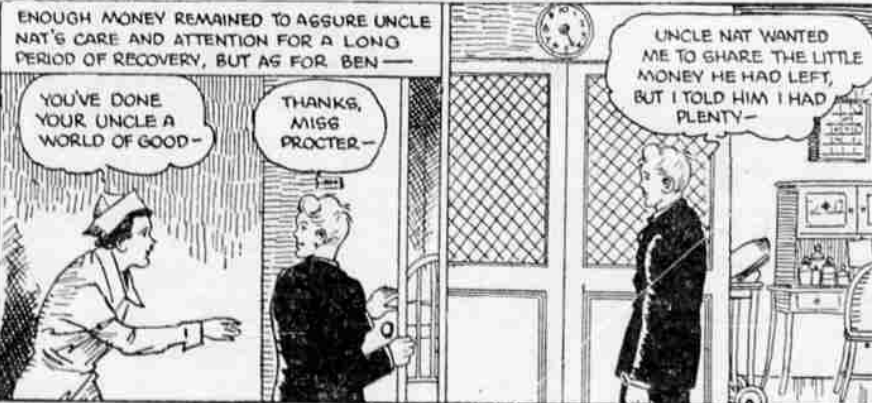
S'MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Investigates!



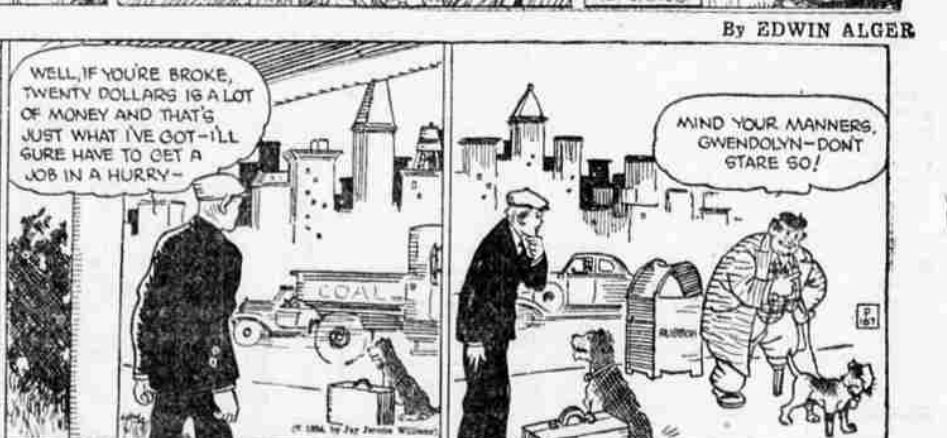
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Strange Man, Strange Dog



THE NEBBS—Big House



BRINGING UP FATHER



The Leader

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM