

Marian Gordon

by JEANNE BOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Marian's husband, Lon Cassid, will not believe Marian when she tells him that his employer, McSwain, is a crook. She will not believe his wife when she says that she had proof of her assertion, and through Lon's stupidity McSwain was able to steal it. In addition, although McSwain's daughter, the green widow Sister Houdon, is obviously in league with her father, Lon refuses to see that Marian is striving to get a detective's help when she sees a man lurking nearby.

Chapter 31 HELP SECURED

MARIAN'S first impulse was slight, anything to place distance between herself and the man who had trespassed on their property and hidden when he realized he was being observed.

She measured the distance between the house and her hill top. For the first time it seemed miles away. In reality it was only a few yards. There was a revolver at her house.

Marian was not confused by her present trouble. After the first fright her mind worked with clear precision. That person behind the house was a Kanaka boy dressed in the foppish town clothes they affected.

McSwain had Kanaka boys working for him... that was it. He had seen her leaving the house, probably thought she was

to a bunch of splanch he's got his eye on you."

"Probably," returned Marian calmly.

"Then listen, while you're about it, write me a little squib about the valley and if there's any questions asked I can say you were doing a yarn for me."

"Fine," Marian agreed, and did as he suggested.

"I hope you'll be run in here again," said Sanderson when he read it. "I'll feature this next edition."

"And be sure no one sees you mail this," she begged as she left the letter with him.

The Waki's were delighted to see her. While the little woman dressed, Waki took her about his garden, then showed her with great pride the car in which he would drive her back to the lodge.

They stopped in town again for Marian to do some shopping, and Sanderson, casually meeting her at the green grocer's, told her the Kanaka had stopped in soon after she left, supposedly to ask for the most recent copy of the newspaper.

"I made him wait," Sanderson said, "while I raved about the story you'd written for us. I talked to the



"Be sure no one sees you mail this," said Marian.

taking some short cut over the hill, and had started to follow. It didn't mean that she was in any immediate danger, it meant she was being followed.

She must go on some place now; do something to throw him off the track. She would walk into town, that would lead McSwain to believe she was merely going shopping. Once in there she would go to Waki's house, and see if his wife May wouldn't return with her, presumably to clean house. The two Japanese, man and wife had worked for her folks before they moved to the ranch and now had a small place of their own.

Some way she would get word to John King... telephones... no, she would write him, but where... she was going down the hill, taking a short cut she had never before thought of taking. She could hear Hero bark; her pursuer had evidently passed the house.

ALL the way into town she pondered on how to reach King without letting McSwain know. Among the cars which swished passed her, was one neat station wagon. Marian, only glancing at it, believed the man who was trailing her, was in it. She saw it parked on the roadside a little further along, the man bending over the engine, as if having trouble with it. It passed her again as she neared town.

And then as she reached the main street she knew what she would do. Sanderson, her former city editor, had a brother who had recently purchased the valley's weekly paper. She would go in there, write a letter to John King and have Sanderson mail it.

She found Sanderson in his office, explained that she had been having prowlers around her house and wanted to reach this detective friend of hers without anyone's knowing what she was doing.

He was eager to help her, took her into an inner cubby-hole he used as an office and left her there to write her letter. He returned with excitement in his manner.

"Say, Mrs. Cassid, there's a Kanaka boy outside and I'll bet a dollar

counter girl and talked loud enough so he could hear without trying to... and the letter's off. I slipped it in with a bunch of office mail and dropped it through the slot myself."

With many starts the Waki car went into action, plunging through the traffic like a balky horse which has suddenly made up its mind to go. Waki crouched behind the wheel smiling his beatific smile, May beaming with pride.

No fear of re-entering the house with those two at her side. Here were two she could trust with any secret. She decided suddenly she would trust them, tell them something she couldn't tell Lon. She would ask Lon to hire Waki to handle the prune crop, the trees were already dropping their fruit, and Waki, knowing would watch the house at the same time.

After they had made friends with Hero by letting him sniff them to his heart's content before they appeared to notice him, and after they had admired the house and Waki had cast a professional eye over the garden, she told them that an enemy, a very bad man, was having her bothered. She told of the man she had seen, behind the pile of timber.

Waki nodded, went out and returned with a crumpled bit of paper and tobacco in his hand, and with a half-burned cigarette—"I sink he alla same Kanaka boy, alla... alla same smoke roll em, sink he use em, use em holder," he showed her the pinched end of the half-smoked cigarette, "I sink I say here. Fix garden."

They stayed until Lon appeared and accepted the explanation Marian gave. "Now that you're earning, Lon," she said, "I did want the fall garden tended so we'd have a world of blossoms in the spring."

After they had left, Lon loitered about the kitchen while she prepared dinner, quieter than usual, troubled about something.

"Jan," he said at length, "McSwain want us to spend Sunday with them, how about it?"

Tomorrow, a new plot is begun.

Bishops Filled
SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 5.—(AP)—Archbishop Leopoldo Ruiz y Flores, exiled Mexican Apostolic delegate, said today the Mexican government not only was expelling bishops and clergy from the country but was taking images from the churches and burning them in the streets.

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FRENCH RENIG ON SHARING EXPENSE A.E.F. MONUMENT

MESCHERS LE VERDON, France.—(AP)—France's monument to the American Expeditionary Force stands unfinished and dilapidated through lack of funds to finish the work.

The 250-foot shaft, built at Pointe de Grave at the mouth of the Gironde river near Bordeaux, where the first doughboys landed in France and whence Lafayette sailed for America in 1777, was to have been dedicated October 22. It was first proposed in parliament July 4, 1919, and the cornerstone was laid by President Raymond Poincare on Lafayette day, September 8, the same year.

Plans called for construction funds of about 1,000,000 francs, (\$65,000), to be shared by America and France. The United States raised its share, but France raised only part of hers and at length asked the American embassy at Paris to induce Americans to give the rest. The embassy refused, and the monument stands unfinished, in a badly neglected state.

The shaft, a pyramid, was to have been surmounted by a light, but port authorities of Bordeaux objected that it would prove a menace to navigation by being mistaken for a lighthouse.

At the base of the monument were to have been medallions representing Lafayette's departure and doughboy's arrival, but they never arrived. A statue of La France, with sword in hand, was carved by the

sculptor Bourdelle but never left Paris. In a chamber, reached by stairway inside the shaft, plans called for a plaque with the inscription, "To the Glory of the Americans. To General Pershing's soldiers, defenders of the same ideal of light and liberty which sent Lafayette's volunteers to America." The inscription has never appeared.

CCC EDUCATIONAL OFFICERS SHIFTED IN LOCAL REGION

Recent orders issued by district headquarters of the Civilian Conservation Corps reassign a number of education advisers throughout the district.

D. L. Wiedman, who has been educational adviser at Camp Humboldt Mountain will be stationed at district headquarters as educational coordinator for the district. Kenneth Fibush will go from Camp Clear Creek to Camp Kern and is also to act as adviser for Camp Gasquet in northern California.

Howard M. Settles will act as educational adviser for Camp Humboldt Mountain and Cape San Sebastian cape instead of Devil's Flat and Wolf Creek camps as previously assigned.

Henry Peetz will go from Camp Applegate to Camp Oregon Caves. Camp Evans Creek and Camp Elk Creek will have Celia Ufford as adviser, while Lawrence Berger will go from Oak Knoll camp in California to Camp Spring Flat and Camp

Yreka, both in California. The educational adviser at Camp Applegate, Kenneth H. Baker, is to also act in that capacity for Camp Carberry Creek.

Arlon Y. Eliason will be adviser at Camp Selma, Clarence T. Brickell at Camp Shikun, Eugene G. Golden at Camp Clear Creek, Eugene E. Laird at Camp Bradford and Eugene A. Marshall to Dell's Flat camp from Camp Yreka.

Mr. Richardson, scheduled to report for duty in this district, will be adviser at Camp Wolf Creek, and Mr. Hensler, also coming into the district, will report at Camp Oak Knoll as educational adviser.

ROOSEVELT SCHOOL HONOR ROLL SHOWN

The following pupils of the Roosevelt school were on the honor roll for the first six weeks' period, it was announced Saturday:

- 1B—Floyd Jones, Virgil Gillette, 1A—Elaine Winkle, 2B—Madeline Heath, Dolores Ray, 2A—Norman Arthur, Betty Johnston, 3B—Joan Elliott, 3A—Lila Anne Hubbard, 5B—Harris Jones, 5A—Lois Pringle, 6A—Lillian Lynum.

LINCOLN SCHOOL HONOR ROLL GIVEN

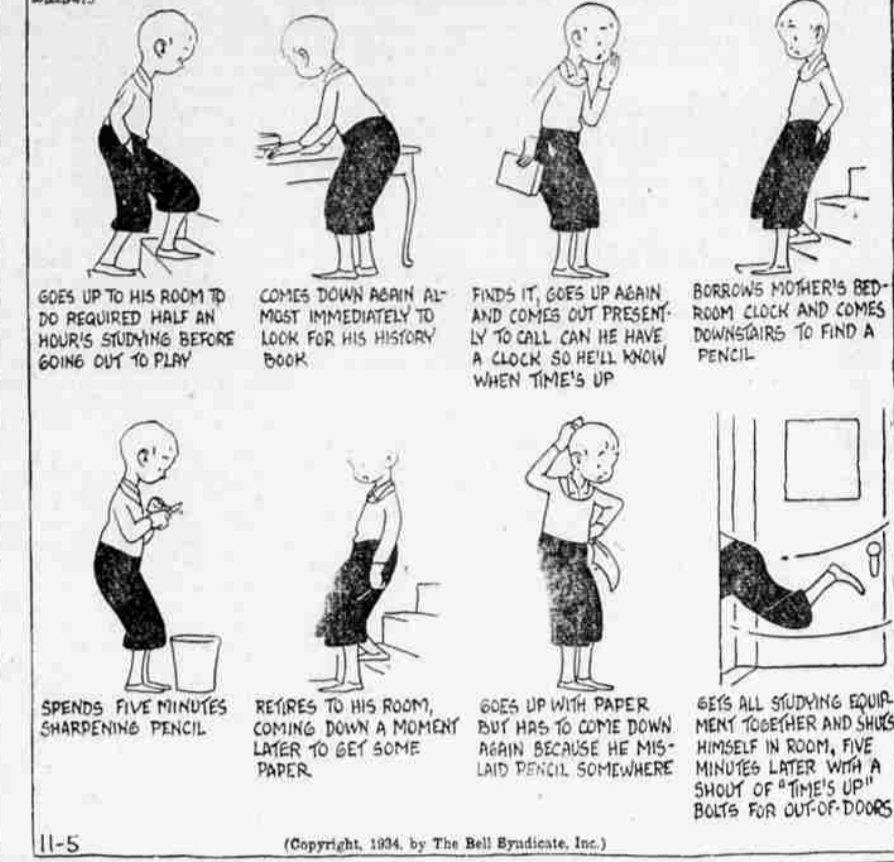
Honor roll for the Lincoln school, as announced Saturday is:

- 1B—Prushia Newton, 2B—Peggy Hess, Vera Stearns, 3B—Ada Nakagiri, 6B—Helen Cox, Peggy Daley.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

SNAPSHOTS OF A BOY GETTING READY TO STUDY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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