

# Marian Gordon

by JEANNE BOWMAN

**SYNOPSIS:** Marian Gordon is in the deepest trouble of her life. Her husband, Lon Gordon, is working for a man who is known to a crowd. She had the proof, but McSwain, Lon's employer, tricked him into giving it up. Now, with guests in the house, McSwain's daughter, Silver Houdon calls to say that she is keeping Lon for dinner—and it is Silver who told Marian that she would get Lon if it was the last thing she ever did.

## Chapter 33 LON'S BIG NEWS

MARIAN WAS SERVING the dessert when Lon drove in, hailed them all with a laugh, kissed Marian's unresponsive cheek, quickly turned so the car was landed on the tip of her ear, and asked for food.

"Talk about starved," he said, "I dashed out of here this morning with nothing but a cup of coffee and a slab of bread and butter under my belt, played eighteen holes, and then had to sit in on a business conference."

"Do you call dining with Silver Houdon a business conference?" asked Marian, making no move towards the kitchen.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Silver telephoned here half an hour ago. Told us to go ahead with dinner as you were staying there."

"Oh did she?" asked Lon with interest, "well they did try to make me stay but I balked. I would have called you myself only Silver said McSwain was expecting a long distance call and they were keeping the wires cleared."

The thin veil of suspicion which had been spun the previous week was again dropped between them. Lon went to the patio with the Sunday papers and his pipe and did not offer to help Marian with the dishes, a Sunday custom. And Marian, carefully dousing the precursors were in sudsy waters, scalding the foam from each piece and polishing it carefully, stretched her task to the limit of its time.

At length she joined Lon, sitting quietly looking out into the dusk, wonder and worry in her mind. What was McSwain planning to do with Lon? What would she do if she were in his place?

"By the way, Ian," Lon looked up from the sporting sheet, "I stopped by Waki's and told him not to come up tomorrow. McSwain's sending a broker down to see me. He'll bring the crop right on the tree and send his own pickers to take care of it."

Marian caught the retort which rushed to her lips by pressing them firmly together. She waited a few moments, then, sure she had her voice under control, "I don't suppose you'll mind if I have him here to help me in the garden."

"Won't need him," answered Lon, turning back to his newspaper. "Mrs. Houdon's head gardener will be over in the morning to give you all the help necessary. He's really McSwain's gardener in case you object." He stopped to look at his wife in surprise.

"LON," Marian was on her feet, a white anger searing her mind, her heart beating in thumps which seemed to shake her entire body. "I will not have a servant of McSwain's on these grounds while I am here."

"He's coming in the morning," "Lon," she went over to him, "if he comes I leave that final."

"You mean you'll stay away while he's here? Oh, Ian, why can't you be sensible."

Marian hesitated a moment. Should she tell him she was having Waki there to protect her from McSwain's servants? No, he'd tell McSwain. It was better that he think she didn't know she was being watched.

"Lon I mean this. This is our home. You have your work, I have mine. Mine is here in the house and in the garden. I'm not trying to hire the men with whom you work. I demand the privilege of hiring the servants with whom I work. If you can't allow me this right, then I'm through."

"I don't suppose it occurs to you that I own this place."

"You don't," she retorted, "you're in California. We own this place. There is a community property law which gives us the right to half of it and I'm telling you this. As long as I live here no McSwain servant sets his foot on this property. I have a revolver. Captain Lane of the pistol squad taught me how to use it. I won't hesitate to use it."

"Oh for the love of Mike!" Disgust, beneath which was a fully aroused fury, coated the light slang expression. "Imagine coming home to this."

He stalked into the house, grabbed sweater and cap, stalked out, whistled to the dog, jumped into the car and drove off.

Marian, her temper checked, watched him go, longing frantically to reach out and clutch at his arm, his sweater, anything to hold him there where they could talk... could reason. And then the sound of the motor died away in the distance. She was there alone, completely alone.

Why hadn't she controlled her tongue? Why couldn't she have talked to him reasonably, told him she preferred Waki because she'd known him for so many years? She knew why she had been able to do neither. It was because she could see Lon responding to McSwain's advice like a tautly strung harp to a master hand; because McSwain had now succeeded in having a close watch placed over her movements under the guise of generosity in loaning Lon the Houdon's head gardener.

And then her mind reverted to the question that had been worrying her before Lon spoke. Why was McSwain placing him in charge of the building? She doubted that he was going out of town on business... but how could she impress Lon with his danger?

She went in to bed, and lay staring at the opaque oblong of the window. Would Lon go to Silver's house? Was he sitting there now with her?

(Copyright, 1934, by Jeanne Bowman)  
Tomorrow, Marian sees how clever her antagonist is.

## CLERK AT POLLS SLAPPED BY LADY

OAKLAND, Calif., Nov. 7. — (AP) — Police on the quiet vove for election violence raced to answer a polling place alarm Tuesday to be told Mrs. Jessie Habener, election clerk, had got slapped.

It seems Mrs. Eugene Van Noy, wife of a one-time candidate for school director, got pretty angry when her vote was challenged by Precinct Inspector W. C. Crouch. The argument raged around whether the Van Noy's lived in the same apartment they were registered from, and a good deal was said.

Anyway Mrs. Habener said Mrs. Van Noy couldn't vote. Mrs. Van Noy said she could and would. Then came the slap, and witnesses reported a swing or two on both sides, while the determined voter tried to stuff her own ballot into the box.

All was calm when the officers arrived.

## \$12,000,000 FOR AIR CONDITIONING

CHICAGO, Nov. 7. — (AP) — Railroads of the western territory will spend more than \$12,000,000 for air conditioning to lure passengers next summer.

H. G. Taylor, chairman of the Western Association of Railway Execu-

## \$115,432 FOREST COIN TO COUNTIES

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 7. — (AP) — A total of \$115,432 was received by the 56 forest counties of Oregon and Washington in 1933 as their share of national forest receipts.

C. J. Buck, regional forester, said this was \$30,422 increase over the allotment for the fiscal year of 1932. Oregon has 31 forest counties. Washington has 25.

Since 1908, when the payment of forest money started, Oregon counties have received \$2,840,755.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## PUGILISTS OBEY WOMAN REFEREE

MANCHESTER, Eng.—(UP)—Even the toughest pug toed the mark like perfect gentlemen when Gladys Watson, diminutive blonde and 20, made her ring debut as Britain's first woman referee, at Ardwick Stadium here.

By day, Gladys sets waves and administrators manures in a Manchester hairdresser's shop. Recently she has been putting in a lot of her spare time in the evenings on the quiet getting the professional lowdown on the boxing game.

There isn't much about the way to detect an ankle-tap, or a kidney-punch that Gladys couldn't tell any male referee now.

Her first appearance in the ring here was a sensation. The biggest brutes marched straight out of a clinch without her so much as raising her voice.

Gladys said she felt a bit nervous at first but got over that pretty quickly.

## STORY TELLING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

UNCLE IS FLATTERED TO HAVE JUNIOR CLIMB UP IN HIS LAP AND ASK FOR A STORY. BEGINS "ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A MAN

"WHO LIVED IN A COUNTRY RULED BY A VERY WICKED KING WHO HAD A BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, AND ONE DAY THIS MAN—"

JUNIOR INTERRUPTS TO ASK "WHAT MAN?"

BEGINS STORY ALL OVER AGAIN, JUNIOR BREAKING IN PRESENTLY TO ASK WHAT THESE THINGS ON HIS WATCH CHAIN ARE FOR?

TELLS JUNIOR A LITTLE SHARPLY HE MUSTN'T KEEP INTERRUPTING BECAUSE IT SORT OF MIXES UNCLE UP

GOES ON WITH STORY, JUNIOR KEEPING SILENT BUT BEGINNING TO WRIGGLE IN EFFORT TO PICK SOMETHING UP OFF FLOOR

JUNIOR LOSES BALANCE, UNCLE, IN SAYING HIM FROM FALLING, GIVING A SHARP KICK IN THE STOMACH

TAKES A LONG BREATH, BATHERS SCATTERED WITS AND GETS STORY UNDER WAY AGAIN

IS WORKING UP TO WHAT HE CONSIDERS A SPELL-BINDING CLIMAX, WHEN JUNIOR MURMURS HE THINKS HE'LL GO PLAY WITH HIS BLOCKS NOW

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The Leader  
WRIGLEY'S  
SPEARMINT  
THE PERFECT GUM

## 'MATTER POP—

HAS ANYBODY HERE GOT THE MEASLES?

HAS ANYBODY GOT WHOOPIN' COUGH OR FEVER?

OH, MY! NO!

THAT'S TOO BAD! I'M MAD AT MY MAW-W!

SO!

WANTA GET EVEN! I'LL GO SOME PLACE WHERE SOMEBODDY'S GOT SUMTHIN'

OO-OO!

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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—a Rough Landing!

"I don't suppose it occurs to you that I own this place."

"You don't," she retorted, "you're in California. We own this place. There is a community property law which gives us the right to half of it and I'm telling you this. As long as I live here no McSwain servant sets his foot on this property. I have a revolver. Captain Lane of the pistol squad taught me how to use it. I won't hesitate to use it."

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## By C. M. Payne

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## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Invitation!

WAIT A MINUTE, MR. CHIRP—ARE YOU GOING TO OFFER ME A JOB?

A JOB NOTHING! ANY TOM, DICK AND HARRY CAN GET A JOB—WHAT I SHALL OFFER YOU WILL BE—

—ADVENTURE WITH A SPICE OF DANGER, TRAVEL AND ROMANCE, NEW FACES AND NEW PLACES WITH A BIT OF A THRILL OF THE UNKNOWN—

IN BRIEF, BEN, I SHALL OFFER YOU AND BRIAR A FULL-FLEDGED PARTNERSHIP WITH ARCHIBALD CHIRP AND GWYNOLYN CHIRP.

## By Hal Forrest

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## THE NEBES—Fish and Fowl

I WANT YOU TWO FELLOWES TO COME TO MY LODGE NEXT WEEK—DUCKS ARE SO THICK THAT WHEN YOU SHOOT 'EM YOU DON'T HAVE TO PICK 'EM—THEY WEAR OFF THEIR FEATHERS RUBBING AGAINST EACH OTHER.

AND FISH!—ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS ROW OUT INTO THE LAKE, HANG A FISH LADDER OVER THE SIDE OF THE BOAT SO THAT THEY CAN CLIMB IN, READ A BOOK AND WHEN THE BOATS FULL, ROW IN.

GEE, THAT SOUNDS FINE—EVEN IF THERE ISN'T A DUCK IN THE SKY OR A FISH IN YOUR LAKE, I LOVE YOUR STORY.

ME TO—I'VE LISTENED TO FISH AND DUCK STORIES FOR THIRTY YEARS AND I'VE YET TO HEAR ONE THAT DID NOT MAKE ME ITCHY.

GENTLEMEN, I'VE BEEN GIVING YOU SOUND FACTS AND EVEN IF I LIED A LITTLE, WHAT CAN YOU LOSE? IT'S NOT GOING TO COST YOU A PLUGGED YEN.

## By EDWIN ALGER

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## BRINGING UP FATHER

COUNT DE BENTURE JUST PHONED AND SAID HE WOULD BE HERE IN ONE HOUR.

WELL! WHEN HE CALLS YOU JUST TELL HIM WE ARE OUT.

BY GOLLY! JARVIS WONT HAVE TO LIE FER ME—I'M GONNA BE OUT—I'LL GO TO A RESTAURANT AN' EAT.

WELL! WHAT A RELIEF IT IS TO GET AWAY FROM THAT RESTAURANT! HE'S LOOKIN' FER IS A SQUARE MEAL.

AH! I CALLED AT YOUR HOME, BUT YOU WERE OUT—NOW I JUST DROPPED IN—HERE BY CHANCE AND THERE YOU ARE—AM I NOT LUCKY?

SOME PEOPLE HAVE NOTHIN' BUT LUCK.

## By George McManus

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## OHIOAN SHOT, KILLED IN ELECTION QUARREL

WEST UNION, Ohio, Nov. 7. — (AP) — Lon Haylip, 61, was shot and killed at Cedar Mill near here Tuesday after an election quarrel. Sheriff H. E. Ogle at once formed a posse to search for Floyd Covert, 48, who fled after the shooting.

The shooting took place at Thompson's general store not far from a polling booth.

Atley Cat's Portrait Won.

PUYALLI, Wash.—(UP)—A reformed alley cat won fame at the Western Washington state fair when her portrait took first prize in the photography division. The picture, snapped by the cat's master, Harry A. Kirwin of Seattle, showed her resting on a pillow, gazing intently at something.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## AMERICANS TO URGE WHEAT AGREACE CUT

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7. — (AP) — Continued reduction of wheat acreages to prevent recurrence of world surpluses will be urged by the American delegates to the meeting of the international wheat committee at Budapest, November 20.

Making this announcement today, Secretary Wallace said Boyd V. Stearns, agricultural attaché at Berlin, and John V. A. McMurray, American minister to Latvia, will represent the United States at the meeting.

Dead Fisherman Guided Boat.

SOUTH BEND, Wash.—(UP)—Dead three hours, John Rasmussen, fisherman, guided his trolling boat to shore and beached it without shipping any water. The man's rigid hand held onto the tiller, steering a straight course. He apparently died from a heart attack.