

# Marian Gordon

by JEANNE BOWMAN

**SYNOPSIS:** Marian Casad's Aunt Lon, just has been put in charge of the East Branch high school building, which structure his employer, the contractor McSwain, plans to occupy. Lon is being made the post, and Marian's proof of McSwain's treachery has been lost to her through Lon's stupidity. Now Lon has focused out of the house because Marian has objected to his taking the school job, and also to McSwain's arrangement to replace Waki, her friend and gardener, with his own head gardener.

Again Marian laid the letter aside. She had worn a tan and white sports suit. Lon's car had a silver V hood. It was easy enough to duplicate the colors of a sports suit, easy enough to duplicate the silver V on the hood and easy enough to find a police dog, but how clever. They could have sent this message without the trouble of the masquerade, but, by producing her double, they made proof that she did not send it in possible.

She read on:

I checked the first message. The relay mentioned by the operator who talked to you, was included in the message. It came from a pay station at the main stage depot. I checked two other calls from that same depot into the city. They were received at this end at a pay station in the Union Depot. So there you are and where are you?

You spoke of paying me as soon as you were in touch with your father. Forget it. You've given me enough free publicity in the past to more than pay for this. Besides I'm interested and with your permission I'll watch this end. I'll communicate with you through Mister Waki. Hoping to be of more assistance in the future. I am, John King.

Marian gave an unnecessarily brilliant smile in response. Interpreted, Waki's message meant that last night Lon had driven down to do as she asked and she was free of the Hondon gardener.

"Alla same come in postman," Waki was saying.



Marian folded the letter and put it back in its envelope. She called Waki in, asked him to take the letter home and put it in a safe place, and then turned halfheartedly to a pretense of interest in her garden.

Days passed like long grey ribbons slowly rolled onto a spool. Monotonous days devoid of any high lights. Lon was sulky. He would come in, touch her cheek with his lips, clean up for dinner, and with the new paper folded to the page, go on with his meal without a word to her. Dinner over he would retire to the seclusion of a book, and read until long after she had retired.

Even the weather became grey. Mt. Diablo disappeared behind a gauze veil, only the pinnacle piercing the fog. The wind blew and dust from the valley whirled about the house.

Down in the orchard the pickers were shaking the trees, the fruit falling with soft plops onto the maulin spread beneath, to be packed in trays and rushed to the drier.

Marian made futile gestures to fill the day, canned fruit, pickled walnuts, made more jam than the two of them would use in a lifetime. And she read, read all of the books she had been wanting to read, trying to find momentary release from her worries.

By Friday she was ready to declare a truce. She felt that even the presence of the Hondon gardener was preferable to this misunderstanding with Lon which persisted like the dull ache of a wound. She made a few overtures that evening, only to be met with monosyllabic answers from Lon.

The next morning, gloomy with a storm brooding in the hills, he stopped at the door. "I'll probably be late tonight," he said, "don't wait dinner for me. I'll eat with the boys—we're having a little get-together."

Marian nodded, afraid to trust her voice. After Lon had left she went to the hilltop. The mountain stood out black against the storm clouds; the valley lay below like a chalice awaiting the rain.

Lon's return, tomorrow, brings terror to Marian.

Dear Marian: Sorry to send you this report but it is the best I could do. I'm afraid McSwain is too clever a man for a girl like you to fight single-handed. I'd advise you to talk to your father as soon as possible.

Now about the telegram. I started here, learning the telegram had actually been sent from Sacramento. The wording follows: To Lonnie Casad, Construction Office, East Branch High school, Lonnie Casad please go to safety deposit box and letter written by Cliff to Silver Hondon stop address and mail to me Congressional Hotel, Sacramento stop send alternate special delivery stop vitally urgent, Marian.

## HORT. SOCIETY TO MEET HOOD RIVER

CORVALLIS, Nov. 8.—(Sp.)—Dates for the 48th annual meeting of the Oregon State Horticultural society at Hood River have been announced for December 10 and 11, and detailed programs are being prepared for distribution by O. T. McWhorter, secretary-treasurer of the society and extension specialist at Oregon State college.

A program in keeping with the past history of this old organization is promised by John H. Mohr, Hood River, president and chairman of the program committee. As usual, it is planned to make the meeting a center for the announcement of the latest developments in horticultural science during the year.

Other officers this year are Fred Chambers, Eugene; Elmer Chastain, Milton; and Col. Luther Voorhees, Medford, vice-presidents; Glen B. Marsh, Hood River; Raymond W. Reiter, Medford; and Howard S. Merriam, Coheon, trustees.

**VEGETABLE SHORT COURSE PLANNED**

CORVALLIS, Nov. 8.—(Sp.)—A three-day short course for vegetable growers of Oregon has been arranged at Oregon State college from November 21 to 23 inclusive. Fifteen speakers in various fields of agriculture at the college, commercial truck growers, and others are cooperating with A. G. B. Bouquet, professor of vegetable crops, in the educational program arranged.

The course will be divided into three parts. Soils, fertilizer and irrigation matters will be dealt with throughout the first day. Greenhouse crops, frames and plants will be discussed the second day while on the third day attention will be confined to insect and disease control, and marketing.

Demonstrations and exhibits of latest vegetable gardening equipment will be an important part of the short course, says Professor Bouquet. These will include showings of soil fertilization and irrigation equipment, greenhouse and hotbed materials, and insect and disease control supplies.

Registration is open without charge to all interested in vegetable growing, and they may attend the entire course or any part of it.

**Mushroom Method Failed**

BOSTON.—(UP)—It will be a long time before Louis Marino eats any more mushrooms. He tested them in his usual way by dropping a nickel in the pan. If the coin turned black they were bad; if not, they were edible. The nickel kept its usual color. Marino ate mushrooms. He was taken to a hospital as the method failed.

**State May Sell Gasoline**

OLYMPIA, Wash.—(UP)—The state of Washington may enter the wholesale gasoline business if major companies do not reduce prices. Governor Clarence D. Martin threatened. He told the association of independent service operators: "We are overcharged several million dollars annually."

Be correctly corrected in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

## OSC HOMECOMING IS NOVEMBER 17

CORVALLIS.—(Sp.)—Homecoming festivities at Oregon State college, combined with the annual business meeting of the Oregon State Dad's club, are being arranged by committees of students and alumni under the general direction of Lewis Richers of Portland, general chairman Saturday, November 17, is the day when most events are scheduled, including the varsity football game with Montana university.

Organization of a large "home chapter" of the Oregon State Mother's club has resulted in more arrangements for the convenience and entertainment of visiting mothers and other women than ever before. Committees of Corvallis mothers are arranging a Saturday luncheon and looking after transportation, reservations and housing for women visitors.

Alumni registration will start Friday afternoon, with evening attractions including illuminated house signs, the big annual Hook bonfire and rally dance. A crew race on the Willamette river and the Dad's club meeting will be Saturday forenoon. The second Hort show since that colorful display was revived by the Horticultural club, will be open to visitors over the week-end.

Following the game Saturday will be a combined alumni and dad's banquet in the Memorial Union building, with the annual ball following.

**Pear Tree's Seasons Mixed**

SEATTLE.—(UP)—A pear tree at home of Ludwig Metzger got its seasons mixed this year. Metzger discovered blossoms and ripe fruit on the same branches.

## THE FAMILY ALBUM—TOWEL SERVICE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

WHILE TAKING HOT BATH ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKS TOWEL OFF RIG INTO WATER

WRINGS IT OUT

SPREADS IT OUT TO DRY AND CALLS FOR SOMEONE TO BRING HIM A BATH TOWEL

FINISHES BATH WHILE MESSAGE IS RELAYED AROUND FAMILY THAT FATHER WANTS A BATH TOWEL

SHOUTS FOR PITA'S SAKE TO HURRY UP THE WATER IS GETTING COLD

HEARS MILDRED REPORT TO MOTHER THERE AREN'T ANY TOWELS IN THE LINEN CLOSET.

MOTHER DECIDES THEY'RE WITH THE CLEAN WASH IN LAUNDRY. BEGINS TO SHIVER AND TURNS ON HOT WATER

REALIZES THAT WATER IS GETTING STILL COLDER BECAUSE ALL THE HOT WATER MUST HAVE BEEN USED UP IN KITCHEN

WIFE ARRIVES FROM LAUNDRY WITH TOWEL JUST IN TIME TO KEEP HIM FROM FREEZING

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## S MATTER POP

By C. M. P. U. O

THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN IT HURTS YOU!

THEN, HOW COME YA DO IT?

—HM, THERE MUST BE A WAY!

SMATTER, POP?

LISSEN-IF THAT WUL ME ID YELL TO BEAT THE BAND!

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Shirley Takes a Chance!

By Hal Forrest

THAT LOOKS LIKE A GIRL!

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO RUN FORWARD—OR—BACKWARD—HE MIGHT BE A FRIEND—STILL HE—

HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANY OF THOSE MEN WHO KIDNAPPED ME—I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE—

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The "Sawdust Queen"

By Edwin Alger

BUT WHAT WILL WE HAVE TO DO?

PATIENCE, MY LAD, PATIENCE! WE ARE NEARING THE "SAWDUST QUEEN"

## THE NEBBS—It Looks Bad

WELL, FANNY, AFTER MY TERRIBLE ORDEAL I FEEL THE NEED OF A LITTLE VACATION

OH, THAT'S GRAND—I NEED ONE TOO—I'VE NOT BEEN OUT OF THIS PLACE FOR MONTHS—WHERE SHALL WE GO?

WELL, OH, ER... THIS IS A HUNTING AND FISHING PARTY—YOU KNOW THAT LITTLE FELLOW, WELLS, WHO'S HERE—WELL, HE'S SO GRATEFUL FOR WHAT THIS HEALTH-GIVING WATER HAS DONE FOR HIM THAT HE'S INVITED SLIDER AND ME UP TO HIS LODGE

## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

I'LL HAVE TO GIT SOMEONE TO PRETEND HE IS A COUNT—I'LL GIT A FRIEND OF MINE—I'LL TAKE HIM HOME AND USE HIM AS AN EXCUSE TO GIT OUT.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO ACT STYLISH AND DRINK TEA, JERRY—

NOW I'LL GIT YOU ALL DRESSED UP—AN' CALL YOU—COUNT UPTOTEN!

THAT'S GOOD—THAT'S JUST ABOUT AS FAR AS I'LL GIT!

NO—YOU WONT DO—I NEVER THOUGHT MUCH OF COUNTS, BUT NONE OF EM LOOKED AS BAD AS YOU LOOK NOW!

## BEEKEEPERS WILL MEET IN PORTLAND

CORVALLIS, Nov. 8.—(Sp.)—Honey producers of this state will meet in Portland Friday and Saturday, November 9 and 10, for the annual business and educational session of the Oregon State Beekeepers' association. The sessions will be held in the Portland Civic temple on Southwest Fourth avenue.

Featured on the program will be reports on production, disease control, and marketing problems, announcements by Dr. H. A. Scullien, secretary, and bee specialists at Oregon State college. Speakers will include Frank E. Todd of the federal experiment station at Davis, Cal.; Chas. A. Cole,

state department of agriculture, Salem; W. D. Haskell, Multnomah county inspector, and Dr. Scullien.

Other officers of the association are A. J. Sanford, Redmond, president; S. D. Williams, Portland, vice-president. Departmental chairmen to report are Colbie Osgood, Newberg, education; W. Skovrod, Hermiston, inspection; W. G. Rodin, Hermiston, organization; S. D. Williams, Portland, marketing; E. D. Mossie, Pilot Rock, fairs and exhibits, and L. J. Dame, Portland, research.

**Died After Writing Obituary.**

MAHANOCY CITY, Pa.—(UP)—Less than a month after he had written his own obituary, Alfred G. Mellon, 65, died at his farm near here. Mellon, 45 years a fireman, continued his obituary to 84 words, which was published verbatim by local newspapers.

Better times by less it will pay you to climb any stairway. Klein 125 Taylor, 128 East Main, upstairs.