

Marian Gordon

by JEANNE BOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Lon Casad, Marian's husband, is working for McSwain, a man Marian knows to be a crook. Lon has been put in charge of a job McSwain places to stamp; worse, Lon is completely under McSwain's influence, and has ignored Marian for days because she has tried to break the spell. After Gordon, McSwain's sly daughter, also is in the tangle because she has made no secret of her desire to alienate Lon from Marian. Lon has gone to a "get-together" with "the boys."

Chapter 35 LON'S RETURN

HERO whined unreasonably, sensing the storm. He chased a wisp of paper and rushed back to her with his trophy, then walked sedately as she returned to the house.

The house was immaculately clean, but Marian went over it thoroughly. The storm broke as she worked and she paused to listen to the music of wind and rain. She had a sketchy lunch; Lon had said they would drive out for dinner on the morrow so there was no shopping to do. Then, with a book, she sought to pass the time.

Slowly the hours passed. When the tick-tock of the mantel clock became unbearable, she went into the bedroom and tried to sleep, dozed fitfully and awakened to find a scant hour had passed.

"I won't depend upon Lon for my happiness," she insisted as she arose, "it's foolish. I'll go into town, visit Anne, go to a theater, visit the office and gossip . . . anything but this . . . this terrible waiting for something to happen."

Hero listened, head to one side. He had understood the word go, now he went to the closet where his leash was kept, and returned with it dangling from his mouth. "I can't leave you alone, old fellow," she confessed, "and I dread leaving the house for fear Lon might need me. We'll compromise, we'll go for a walk."

They went into the storm, braced against the wind and the rain, ran downhill, panted uphill, returned at twilight breathless and hungry. Marian built a fire on the hearth, made toast and tea and wheeled it in on the tea wagon. Then, Hero beside her drowsing in the warmth, she nibbled and sipped and read, but really listened and waited for the sound of a motor.

Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock . . . what if Lon had casted his check and someone, knowing he was to be paid, had jumped his car in the tunnel and . . . oh she was foolish, but supposing on these wet pavements the car had skidded. There were so many dark canyons and with little traffic on a stormy night she wouldn't know until next morning. Maybe at that very moment he was lying under his car . . . she arose, paced restlessly around the room.

"I have to do something," she said aloud. She'd telephoned . . . telephone . . . whom could she telephone? Murphy at the gas station, maybe he had an extra car. If she met Lon along the road she would pretend she hadn't seen him and let him wait for her as she had waited for him . . . and as she drove . . . slowly . . . she would look for skid marks on the pavement, and into the canyons.

SHE called the Walnut Creek exchange and asked for Murphy's Service Station.

"Mr. Murphy," she began, "this is Mrs. Casad, I—" "I expect you're worried aren't you," he exclaimed solicitously. "I meant to call you but I've been busy as the deuce. I'll bring Mr. Casad home as soon as I close shop—"

"Bring him home," cried Marian. "Is he hurt?" "No, no, Mrs. Casad, he's just a . . . well, you know how it is, he's been out with the boys and he's a bit under the weather. I'm closing in half an hour. I'll look your car up in the garage here and bring him along in mine."

Marian turned back to the room, too bewildered to think coherently. Lon was "under the weather." He had been "out with the boys." But that wasn't like Lon. He might be sullen, and willing to misunderstand her, prejudiced by McSwain, but he didn't drink to excess, ever.

Of course there was that night he had come from McSwain's barbecue . . . ut he had refused to touch anything since. He'd said, "If I can't take it I won't touch it." The telephone rang again. Marian hastened to answer. "Mrs. Casad," came Murphy's voice, "I've just been in to see your husband, he's in a pretty bad condition. I'd advise you to call a doctor."

Marian scarcely waited for Mur-

phy to hang up before she was calling the Steeles. Thank goodness, she thought, this is Saturday night and Doctor and Anne will be in.

"Marian speaking," she said when the connection was made. "Doctor Steele, Lon has been drinking. The man at the gas station down the road from here just telephoned and said he would bring him home and I'd better have a doctor here. Will you come?"

"Of course, Ian, Anne and I'll both be there, but that isn't like Lon," he insisted. "I know," she answered, "please hurry."

A lifetime seemed to pass as Marian stood at the gate waiting for headlights to turn off the highway into their drive. She felt herself turning from girl into woman; every maternal instinct of apprehension, protection, yearning to assume the other's suffering, was awakened.

She would watch the glimmer of light appear on the bushes which lined the highway, see two yellow-white eyes appear, then hear a far-away wisp as they passed on towards the city. And then, when she was on the verge of going down the highway on foot, headlights turned left.

She waited for Murphy to stop, jumped on the running board and rode to the house. Lon was lying, an inert figure on the back seat of the sedan. Together they carried him in and laid him on the bed, and with Murphy's assistance she loosened his clothing, and covered him.

"So sick, honey," he murmured once as he opened glazed eyes, "so sick."

"Doc's on his way here," she assured him and lay a cool palm on his moist forehead.

"What happened, Mr. Murphy, do you know?" she asked him, as Lon seemed to lapse back into unconsciousness.

"No, I really don't," he said. "Mr. Casad drove in about eight o'clock with a couple of men. He cashed his pay check and they cashed theirs, all from the Madden Construction Company they were. Then they drove on."

"About an hour later they came back, and one of the men was driving the car. He asked me if I knew where Casad lived and I told him. He said he wasn't going to take the 'fall' by taking him home to his wife in that condition and said he'd leave him there in the garage until he sobered up."

"I was busy, Saturday night, you know, and I didn't pay much attention to him. I thought I'd wait and see how he felt at closing time, then bring him up if he wasn't able to drive. After you telephoned, I went in to take a look at him and figured we'd better do something."

He stopped to look at Marian. She was standing at the open window, as though listening, and then he heard the wail of a siren. A moment later they heard the roar of a racing engine, and then the sound of brakes on the driveway outside.

Small Anne appeared, dimpled and dainty in a gingham house frock, and never had Marian been so glad to see anyone. Doctor Steele, black bag in hand, followed. Doctor asked a few questions, Anne a few more, then they busied themselves with Lon, Marian remaining in the background, a white faced, frightened figure.

Doctor Steele barked a few orders and Anne flew to the car. A return with a larger bag. "Outside with you, Ian," she said, cheerfully, "and don't let your eyes pop out so, or they'll fall off and then what'll you do? Your Lanny's going to be all right."

"Are you sure?" insisted Marian. "Have I ever lied to you?" countered Anne. "Here," delving into her pocket and bringing out a packet, "go out in the front yard and see how many of these you can smoke before I call you."

Marian slipped into a coat, leaving Murphy to help the others if he was needed and, with fiero, she paced back and forth, back and forth. And then, "Ian," called Anne. "Whom," called Anne as she passed, "the lad's sleeping. Let him rest. What's the chance of a cup of coffee for a couple of hard working medicals?"

"Of . . . of course," said Marian. "You mean he's all right? He isn't suffering?"

"Not a bit," said Doctor Steele. The coffee consumed, Doctor Steele turned to Marian.

"Lon wasn't drunk," he said. "He was poisoned."

(Copyright, 1934, by Jeanne Bowman)

Tomorrow, the Casads have a snoring visitor.

NEW AIR SERVICE CARRIES EXPRESS PASSENGERS, MAIL

The initial flight of the Oregon Air Service's air express route between Medford and Klamath Falls was made yesterday, when the first plane load of passengers, freight and correspondence from eastern Oregon landed at the municipal airport at 1:30 p. m. The return trip was made on schedule at 3 o'clock.

The service includes regular daily flights between Medford, Klamath Falls and Lakeview, and return trips. Mail and express will be received here each day up to 12 p. m., the closing hour. Persons desiring pick-up service telephone Medford 693.

The service was inaugurated with an agreement between the Air Service and business men of Medford, Klamath Falls and Lakeview, for the purpose of subsidizing and promoting the service until such time as air mail from the government can be secured. Agreements between the service and individuals or business concerns are made for the transportation of passengers, freight and correspondence, in monthly terms.

Passenger reservations, if possible, should be made the day preceding the trip, according to information from William B. Randall, manager. The postage rate for correspondence between Medford, Klamath Falls, and Lakeview is the ordinary three cents, but mail sent through the Oregon Air Service which is destined for east, south, or north air

mail routes, must bear the required mail must bear, besides the receiver's name and address, the following: Oregon Air Service, P. O. Box 658, Medford, Oregon. Express must be addressed plainly and must have its weight marked upon it, with the sender required to keep a duplicate of its weight, and the date each package was sent.

HEART AILMENT TAKES FATHER FRANCES DEE

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 9.—(AP)—Frank M. Dee, U. S. army retired, 50, father of Frances Dee, motion picture actress, died at his home here today from a heart ailment.

For the past two months Dee had served as personnel director for the Pacific coast regional home owners loan corporation.

Boys Study Cooking.

ROCHESTER, Minn.—(P)—This notion of women invading the field of men's endeavors received a set-back at Rochester high school. Eighty-eight boys enrolled in cooking classes, while just three girls signed up for automobile mechanics instruction.

His plays have been translated into many languages.

Last year's prize was awarded to the Russian author Ivan Alexeyevich Bunin, poet and novelist.

LITERARY PRIZE GOES TO ITALIAN

STOCKHOLM, Nov. 9.—(AP)—The Nobel prize in literature was awarded yesterday to the Italian author Luigi Pirandello.

Luigi Pirandello, 67 year old dramatist and novelist, was born on a country estate in Sicily. His first novel was "The Outcast," in which bitter realism found expression. One of his most celebrated novels appeared in 1904, "The Late Matti Pascal," the story of a man who shammed death and tried in vain to begin life anew in a different atmosphere.

Great numbers of short stories followed and finally dramas and comedies.

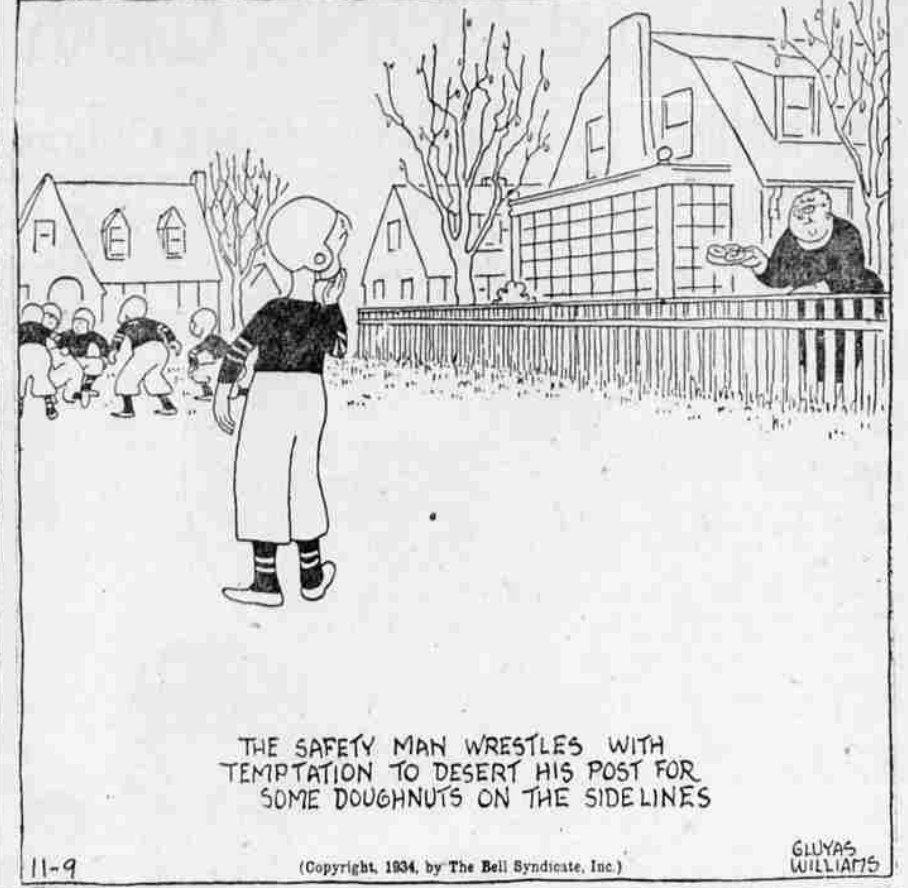
His plays have been translated into many languages.

Last year's prize was awarded to the Russian author Ivan Alexeyevich Bunin, poet and novelist.



DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



11-9

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S'MATTER POP—

WHERE DID YOU GET THE NICKEL?

FROM MAN! HE SAID I WAS THE PICTURE OF HEALTH

SO YOU TOLD HIM?

HE SAID HE'D GIVE A NICKEL TO KNOW WHAT MY FOLKS FED ME ON

I MADE HIM GIMME THE NICKEL FIRST

WELL, THEN, WHAT DID YOU TELL HIM WE FED YOU ON?

YEA, TABLE!

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

11-9

By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—What To Do?

OH—THANK HEAVENS YOU HAVE COME. I KNOW YOU MUST BE A FRIEND

YOU ARE MISS BARON?

YES—YOUR FRIEND SKEETER HELPED ME ESCAPE—HE IS BACK THERE—

WHERE ARE YOUR KIDNAPPERS?

I DON'T KNOW—WE HEARD TWO SHOTS—SKEETER LEFT ME TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED—

YOU MEAN HE'S STILL IN THAT HOUSE?

GOOD GOSH! SHE'S PAINTED WHAT'LL I DO?

BUT TOMMY DOESN'T KNOW THAT HIS PAUL IS UNCONSCIOUS IN THE OLD HACIENDA—AND THAT THE BUILDING HAS BEEN SET AFIRE BY SKEETER'S ASSAILANT—

11-9

By Edwin Alger

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's Indecision

SENSING BEN'S INDECISION, ARCHIBALD CHIRP INVITED HIM ABOARD THE HOUSEBOAT "SAWDUST QUEEN"—THERE BEN TOLD THE OLD CLOWN HIS ENTIRE STORY—

YOU'VE A ROUGH ROW TO HOE, GONNY, BUT IF YOU JOIN UP WITH ARCHIBALD CHIRP, YOU'LL HAVE SMOOTH SAILING—

WHY, THINK OF IT! TWO SINGING DOGS, OWEN AND BRIAR—MYSELF IN MY OLD CLOWN'S COSTUME TO MAKE THEM LAUGH—YOU TO MANAGE THE SHOW—

SEE? GWEN AND I DID IT ALL LAST SUMMER, AND MADE A FINE LIVING—WE'D HAVE GREAT TIMES TOGETHER—WHY, BEN, WHEN WE TIE UP THE "SAWDUST QUEEN" AND START THE MUSIC—

—BOYS AND GIRLS AND MEN AND WOMEN FOR MILES AROUND COME ON THE RUN! WE'LL BE GREEDING GUNSHINE AND LAUGHTER, THE FOUR OF US WILL, AND MAKING THE WHOLE WORLD A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN!

CHIRP'S CANINE CIRCUS

11-9

By Sol Hess

THE NEBBES—Friendly Enemies

DID THE WIFE CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT GOING ON THIS FISHING AND HUNTING TRIP?

NO, ON THE CONTRARY SHE WAS MORE ENTHUSIASTIC THAN I AM. I SUPPOSE YOUR BOSS LAUGHED HERSELF TO DEATH WHEN YOU TOLD HER ABOUT IT.

SHE SAID TO ME, "GIE, THERE IS NO ONE ON EARTH WHO IS MORE DESERVING OF AN OUTING THAN YOU—YOU'VE HAD YOUR NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE FOR THE LONGEST TIME."

AND THEN I SUPPOSE SHE SAID, "GIE, GO AWAY AND DON'T WEAR OUT THAT GRINDSTONE—YOUR NOSE IS TOO MUCH FOR IT."

11-9

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER

NOW LISTEN, I HIRED YOU TO ACT LIKE A COUNT AN I MUST SAY YOU'RE DOING PRETTY WELL UP TO NOW

YEH! BUT I WISH BIGGER CUPS OF COFFEE! SHE ALLOWED TWO OF THEM SMALL CUPS LAST NIGHT

OH, HELLO! YES! WE HAVE A COUNT STAYING HERE WITH US. WHY, YES, I'D LOVE TO HAVE YOU MEET HIM! WHAT'S THAT?

THE CHIEF OF POLICE. YES—BRING HIM ALONG WITH YOU COME RIGHT OVER

STAY IN THERE UNTIL THEY GO I'LL TELL YOU WIFE YOU HAD TO GO DOWN-TOWN

LISTEN! DON'T LET YOUR WIFE PLAY WHILE I'M IN HERE! I HEARD HER PLAY ONCE

11-9

By George McManus

INSECTS TRAVEL EAST ON PLANES

Ranked as some of the most content air travelers out of the Pacific northwest, swarms of live insects are making regular trips from here to the east coast aboard planes of United Air Lines.

Known as Tipha popillivora, the parasites are imported from the Orient for the express purpose of battling Japanese beetles which have been damaging fruit, leaves, lawns and golf courses in sections of the east.

The insects are shipped by a United States laboratory near Yokohama, travel across the Pacific by

fast steamer, are placed on United's planes at Vancouver or Seattle, and are delivered to a government laboratory near Milwaukee, N. J. Speed is required in their handling as there is only a short period during which they can be shipped.

Five crates of the parasites made the coast-to-coast journey by air express in October with more booked for this month, according to government officials.

Convert Headquarters. NEWARK, N. J.—The work of Baptist missionaries in educating and Christianizing headhunting tribesmen of the Ogo Hills, Assam, India, was praised here by Dr. J. C. Robbins, secretary of the Baptist foreign mission board.

Liquor Store Near College. WILLIAMSBURG, Va.—A liquor store has been opened a few doors from the entrance of William and Mary college.