

Marian Gordon

by JEANNE BOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Marian Gordon has had one more proof of her conviction that McSwain, the contractor for whom her husband, Lon Gordon, works is a crook. Lon has gone out for a night with "the boys" and has come home drunk, and in his pocket there were \$100 when his pay check should have been for \$100. The next day McSwain shows up with the check, which has been raised, and declares Lon did it. Marian has put Lon to bed and is trying to think of a way out of the difficulty.

Chapter 23 WAR PATH

MARIAN stood up. Of course. Even though she no longer held the evidence she could see that a State inspection took place before the building was turned over to the city. She could give details on how McSwain had proposed to thwart the city's attempts to build the safest schools possible, so that the inspectors could go immediately to the weak points of the structure.

Then, how could he control her? He couldn't control her because she was unafraid. He didn't dare do her physical injury for fear of the effect upon himself. The only way he could handle her was by getting control of Lon, by holding some threat such as a penitentiary term, over his head.

He would not send Lon there because that would cause her to go into action with such bitterness she would force him to spend more than he had stolen on the building, but he would come to her to make terms. He would tell her he would be lenient if she kept out of his business. And . . . he would force Lon to close his eyes to the inferior material going into the building, by holding the threat of prosecution over his head.

"Oh, he will, will he?" Marian asked of the mountain. Her shoulders squared back, she felt her hair tingle at the roots as a red rage swept over her.

She strode back to the house like a young warrior, undressed, tumbled into bed, and slept like a top. The morning alarm aroused her and she found Lon was already awake and dressed and out pacing up and down in front of the house.

"Lon, come in here," she said. Clad in the gayest pyjamas she owned, she stood at the door. "Are you trying to wear the soles of your shoes, or the grass of the path?"

"I'm worried, lan," he answered, "just sick, lan." He tipped her chin up so she could look down into her eyes and her heart seemed to catch as she saw the suffering in his, "lan, do you hate me?"

"Umhuh," she laughed, "hate you so much, I'm going in and fix you a breakfast that will make Doctor Steele rear up on his heels to protest. Listen, big boy, forget the penitentiary and disgrace and all that stuff, it won't come to pass. I'm psychic . . . umhuh, I can tell you exactly what will happen this morning.

"You'll go in to see McSwain. He'll be stern, then gradually he'll soften until he becomes magnanimous. He'll tell you he won't do anything about it and, because he's a nice fatherly sort of a guy and likes you exceptionally well, he'll keep you on at the same salary. Oh, he may cut you a couple of dollars. And then he'll remind you that you have to travel the straight and narrow, because if you don't he has the check there and he'll prosecute."

"Do you think so, lan?" he asked eagerly.

"I know so," she answered with such assurance he was convinced. And she did know it. She went into the kitchen and soon from the gay little room came her voice in boisterous tones, singing, "Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf, the big, bad wolf." Lon looked in once to see her making imaginary stabs at the air with a bread knife, and had to laugh.

"I'm just practicing," she apologized, flushing.

As he left for town she went out to the car with him. "Chin up, shoulders back, toes out," she advised him, and added, "give him my love, like this," and she lifted a dainty mule, the pom pom executing an arc.

Lon left laughing and the moment he was out of sight she whirled about ready to start her own battle. McSwain was going to water and the house more closely than ever and at the first intimation of her getting in touch with the authorities was liable to close in on Lon. She was afraid of the telephone, he might be able to have that tapped. Waki was her only hope, he was counting up the drive now . . . trying to at-

least, Marian found herself hunched over trying to help the old car on its last lap. Then she turned to the letter she was writing, addressed to the District Attorney.

Marian nibbled the end of her pen for many moments. Where and how could she arrange to meet him without being seen? She couldn't go to the court house . . . she couldn't go to the Emergency Hospital because that was too near the court house . . . she couldn't meet him at the office of the Morning Dispatch, because McSwain would be suspicious of her visits to any of these places.

She looked out of the window. Waki was lifting some shrubs from the tonneau of his car . . . that was it. She could have him drive her into town and they'd visit a nursery. Waki had a relative who ran one of the finest in town. There was an office in connection with the display room. "He would meet him there."

Her letter was written hurriedly—"Please meet me Wednesday, 2 p. m., at Hasby's Floral shop, I'm being trailed; vitally important I'm not seen with you. Utmost secrecy necessary. Advise you to arrive there at least ten minutes before the hour." She hesitated over signing it, then, remembering a nickname the District Attorney had given her in childhood when he was a constant visitor at her father's home, signed it, "Red Pepper."

He would be there or he would send someone she could trust if he were due to appear in court. He knew her; knew she didn't become dramatic over trifles.

The letter doubled into a small envelope, she went into consultation with Waki.

"Sometimes you go to visit your cousin Hasby in town, don't you?" "Lot time. Alla same have much fun."

"WAKI, could you go to see him tonight? I have to meet a friend of my father's where no one will see us. Will Hasby let us use his office for about half an hour?" "Tonight?"

"No, Wednesday afternoon. Tonight I want you to take a note to Hasby and ask him to send it to this man."

"Sink very good," confirmed Waki, "stink Hasby say yes very good."

"And then Wednesday you will drive me in, Waki, and we'll pretend we're going to buy some shrubs. We'll buy the shrubs, but in the meantime I'll talk to the man, understand?"

"Yes, stink very fine good. I go." "And Waki, you'll keep the letter hidden while you're on the way in so if anyone stopped you and searched, you know looked all over you like this," she illustrated, "they wouldn't find it!"

He puzzled over this a moment, took his round hat from his head and scratched the thatched mop of greying hair.

Suddenly his wrinkled face broke into a radiant smile. "Take fish, mebbe put letter inside fish."

Marian nearly shouted in protest mingled with hysterical laughter. Oh, Waki, please, let's make it prunes or walnuts."

"Stink walnuts more dry," Waki agreed, laughing with her.

The rest of the day passed quickly. Lon came in, his face telling her she had been right in her surmise. "You are psychic, Marian," he said in greeting. "McSwain did exactly as you said. He was so darned nice about it all I felt . . . terrible. Of course he's convinced I did it when I was so far gone I didn't know what I was doing."

"Bah," said Marian, "you didn't do it and don't try to let anyone convince you that you did. If Doctor Steele hadn't been so fussy about your diet I'd try an experiment, next week end, I'd make you drink lots more than you drank last Saturday and then watch to see the effects."

"That reminds me. What did you have for lunch?" "Ham sandwich and a cup of coffee and a piece of banana cream pie. Why?"

"Would you be ashamed to carry your lunch if I put it up for you? I'd fix you a thermos of your kind of coffee, and some real sandwiches and fruit, and salad and things."

"I'd like it, lan, if it wouldn't be too much trouble. Most of the other men take theirs."

Marian sighed with relief. There would be no more food doctoring now.

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Marian meets the district attorney, Monday.

EDUCATION BOARD CLEARS PATH FOR NORMAL BUILDING

Defeat of 20% Tax Limit Removes Uncertainty — La Grande Hotels Offered For Use as Dormitories

PORTLAND, Nov. 13.—(AP)—Further legal details in connection with construction of the teacher training school at LaGrande as a PWA project were cleared by the state board of higher education in a brief special meeting here today. The meeting was called originally because of uncertainty at the last session regarding the fate of the 30-mill tax limitation measure. With its defeat some serious problems of the board failed to materialize, it was said today.

Seven of the nine board members were in session for less than an hour, acting mostly on minor matters deferred from former meetings. The next regular meeting is set for December 10.

Special committees on radio KOAC and conduct of the library setup in the system made brief reports. Request of radio station KGW to trade wave lengths with the state board station KOAC was laid on the table at the suggestion of KGW, representatives of that station having notified the board that other adjustments are now contemplated.

Library Report Later.

Mrs. Cornelia Marvin Pierce, chairman of the committee on libraries, reported that her committee had met to consider "matters brought before it" which were said later to involve a request by representatives of the University of Oregon library to be exempt from certain of the requirements under unified library control.

Shingle Quota Enforcing Near

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3. (AP)—Described by lumbermen here as the last step toward enforcement of the import quota of British Columbia red cedar shingles, the Dominion of Canada government has approved the establishment of the British Columbia Export association.

Through this association it is expected that Canadian exportation of shingles will be limited to 25 per cent of the demand within the United States, leaving to red shingle manufacturers of the Pacific Northwest 75 per cent.

Hart Named Mayor in Talent Election

TALENT, Nov. 13.—(Sp.)—In the city election held Tuesday, in connection with the state election, the following city officials were elected for 1935-36: Mayor, W. F. Hart; recorder, Edith Cochran; treasurer, E. V. Anderson; councilmen, Harry Hamilton, Clarence Homes, Claude Jones, Harry Lowe, Joe Spitzer and G. Witzrow.

May Still Alter Plans.

Possible minor alterations in plans for the LaGrande project were said by E. J. Snedecor, building attorney for the board, to be still possible if members of the board desire. Mrs. Pierce said this might be the case if a building offered the board in LaGrande is accepted.

This brought out the fact that owners of two major hotels in that city have offered to present the LaGrande hotel to the board as a dormitory if it will be used as a dormitory for the normal school. The board passed a resolution requesting that the offer be made in writing for final decision.

The board, on motion of Mr. Callister, changed the title of C. D. Byrne

THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



AFTER GIVING YOUR WIFE A LECTURE ON BEING BUSINESSLIKE IN SHOPPING, AND ALWAYS MAKING SURE OF THE PRICE AND VALUE BEFORE PURCHASING, YOU START OFF WITHOUT YOUR CHANGE

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S'MATTER POP—



By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Escape Cut Off By Fire!



By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Heading South



By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Fly High, Ducks



By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

PASTOR SCORES MAKERS OF WAR

Speaking from the local Church of the Nazarene Sunday night, Fred M. Weatherford, pastor-evangelist said in part: "This eleventh day of November marks the fifteenth anniversary since the signing of the armistice that ended the world war. In commemorating the event we do not feel like boasting over the American victories during that conflict of bloodshed. Rather we are humbled over the dead, and more, we are remorsefully chagrined over the bitter pangs brought on by the authorities of international state-

craft. Resorting to arms rather than arbitration, to settle international disputes is untenable.

"To lay hands on a known soldier compelling war that blows him into fragments, then by war-lust seize make of him a national memorial of the heroic dead, (the unknown soldier), is incompatible.

"We now have an unsettled account with the unknown soldier. But the debt we owe the known soldier is to renounce war. True patriotism protects life by renouncing bloodshed."

Brought Still Reigned
LENOX, Ia. (UPI)—Six weeks after most Iowa towns had begun to forget the summer's drought, this village still was obliged to ship in two tank cars of water daily from St. Joseph, Mo. Rain has fallen here but the parched ground soaked up the moisture.