

Marian Gordon

by JEANNE BOWMAN

Chapter 29
THE MEETING

WAKI appeared the next morning, face wreathed in smiles. He had delivered the letter through Hashya, and the Gentleman Attorney had hurried over to talk to him.

"I tell him something," Waki said earnestly. "I tell him, man McSwain make bother, he send him Kanaka boy alla same watch, alla same hide in bush, I stink Gentleman Attorney he very much excite. He say, I come two clock before."

Marian informed Lon that night that she intended driving to town with Waki the following day to shop for shrubs.

"You're an optimist," Lon informed her. "Do you think his freighting chariot will make the hill grade?"

Marian wondered that afternoon if it would, it seemed doubtful until a powerful car pulled up behind and offered to help it over the bump, much to Waki's embarrassment.

During the drive into the city Marian was conscious of a truck which trailed them at a conservative distance, and which parked across the street when they pulled up before the forist's.

With Waki and one of the clerks she wended her way through the shrub-dense gardens until she had lost sight of the waiting truck, then by a rear entrance approached the forist's office.

"Well young lady, what kind of a mess are you in now?" The District Attorney rose as she entered.

"A Jim-dandy," she admitted, and plunged into a detailed account of everything that had happened since the night she had gone to Reno to see Silver Hodon.

"Why in the name of Heaven didn't you bring that letter to me?" he interrupted as she told of finding the letter in her pocket and learning of the un-read page which connected McSwain with the bribery of William Brown.

"McSwain's in so deep he has to take the same road out he took in," her friend informed her, then, "go on."

Marian continued with her account of their connection with the McSwains. When she told of confronting him with her knowledge of the letter, the District Attorney stood up. "Good Heavens," he said shaking his head, "I don't know whether you're brave or foolish."

"Foolish," Marian informed him, "however at the time I was so angry at him I didn't realize what I was doing."

"Little Red Pepper," remarked the attorney. However he did not interrupt her again, and after she had finished he sat for a few moments thinking.

"Without that evidence I can't come out in an open charge against McSwain. If you try to, he'll close in on Lon and you will be a felon's wife, whose testimony would be looked upon as an attempt to gain vengeance for his prosecution of your husband."

"Then what can I do?" asked Marian. "I can't let Lon go on this way. I know it would be practically impossible for Lon to defend himself by saying he was drugged because he himself doesn't believe it."

"THE only thing you can do," remarked the District Attorney, thoughtfully, "is to produce the evidence of McSwain's bribery and charge him before he has a chance to touch your husband." He paused to look in astonishment at Marian who was laughing hysterically.

"What is so funny?" he inquired. "I am," she answered. "I'm the funniest girl that ever lived."

"And why?"

"Because, Cliff Hodon is the only man who can produce that evidence and I—"

"Yes, go on."

"I spoiled any chance of his doing that. I lied, thinking it might save his life. I fought Silver in order to reach the telephone and send a message to him to fight to live. I let Hodon and the world believe that it was Silver who sent the message and now he feels he owes his life to her, and he will never do anything to hurt her."

"Little old Don Quixote," murmured her friend, "so you were the

message. I remember the still at the Emergency Hospital talking about it. Marian," he said suddenly, "why not go to Hodon and tell him the truth?"

"Do you think he'd believe me?" she asked bitterly. "I wasn't satisfied with telephoning; I accompanied Silver to the hospital and prompted her on what she should say to him."

"Isn't there any way of proving this? Isn't there anyone who knows the truth?"

Marian shook her head in the negative, then stopped. Max Hamlin, of course, "Yes, there is," she answered, "there was a man there; he held Silver's arms while I telephoned. He was the one, I'm sure, who slipped that letter into my coat pocket. You see, Silver liked Lon as soon as she saw him. She's since threatened to take him from me. Hamlin realized I might have to fight for him, because Lon knows only the Silver I created with my lie and thinks she's a grand little sport."

"But," she concluded, "I don't know where to reach Hamlin."

"There is only one course for you to take," the District Attorney told Marian. "It's up to you to find Hamlin, let him give you the evidence you need, then go to Hodon and tell him you were the one who saved his life."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," protested Marian. "I told that lie, it's up to me to take my punishment."

"You think it wouldn't be honorable, eh?" he questioned.

Marian thought a moment . . .

thought back to the night she had flown to Reno, to the scene in the courtroom while the crowd waited for the verdict in the Brown bribery trial.

"It wouldn't be honorable," she conceded in a faltering voice. "And you'd sooner let your husband go to the penitentiary, either for cashing a check, or as the case now stands, taking the fall for the Maddern Construction company when I insist upon a State inspection."

"What do you mean?" she asked, startled.

"I mean that I shall demand an inspection before the city accepts the East Brazos High school. I firmly believe that McSwain intends to hold that check as a threat over your husband, forcing him to take the responsibility of the school's construction. When it is discovered that faulty material is used, your husband will be held responsible."

"You would do that?" she asked.

"Can I do anything else, knowing what I know?" he countered kindly.

"Marian, on your way home, do this. Drive by Telephone and 42nd, arrive there at 'three o'clock, you'll just have time. Get in touch with me later on and tell me what you intend to do."

He shook hands with her, gave her a sturdy pat on the shoulder, then went back to wait until she and her shadow had left.

Marian joined Waki in the garden, found he had accumulated the shrubs they were to take back with them, then went with him to the car and told him where to place them, conscious she was being watched from the truck down the street.

She told Waki where to drive and fortunately for them they were caught and held in a traffic jam on the corner, until she had seen what her friend had wanted her to see.

There was a high school there, the building and grounds covering two blocks. Classes had just been dismissed and the streets were thronged with girls. On the parade grounds the khaki clad boys of the R. O. T. C. were drilling.

At their head was a slim, sun-browned boy in officer's uniform. He looked like Lon must have looked at that age. She saw him wheel to face his company, shout an order, heard it repeated by his lieutenants, saw him wheel back, hand "ome to his cap in a smart salute.

"Howdy, Miss Marian," he called. She recognized him now. He had been captain of a Boy Scout troop she had accompanied to summer camp for a story and she had been adopted by his group of boys. She responded to the salute, found it ruined by the sudden forward lurch of the Waki car, and half laughing, half crying, took one backward glance at the school grounds.

Of course the District Attorney could do nothing else. She could do nothing else.

"I'll fight," she thought, as the car continued its lurching progress. "I'll reach Hamlin somehow."

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Tomorrow, Lon once again blanks Marian's plans.

OREGON FARMERS ARE GIVEN AID IN ADJUSTING DEBTS

PORTLAND, Nov. 14.—(AP)—Over 2600 heavily indebted Oregon farmers have obtained voluntary settlements with their creditors during the past year and a half, largely through the work of the county farm debt adjustment committees, according to a statement made here by Secretary L. B. Breithaupt of the Agricultural Advisory Council of Oregon. Mr. Breithaupt is now in Washington consulting with officials of the Farm Credit administration. The 36 county farm debt adjustment committees in Oregon have been instrumental in settling over 75 per cent of the cases of excessive farm indebtedness brought to them, Mr. Breithaupt said. Each county committee is composed of about 5 representative farmers and business men appointed by the state governor.

The settling of most of the excessive debt cases, Mr. Breithaupt said, has been a result of personal contact work of county committee members. The more difficult cases are handled before a regular meeting of the full committee, the interests of the farmer and his creditors being presented and the recommendations arrived at by the committee submitted to each party concerned. Mr. Breithaupt stressed the fact that only meritorious cases are being considered by the county committees

RADIO RESTRAINED FROM USING NEWS

SEATTLE, Nov. 14.—(AP)—Federal Judge John C. Bowen, acting upon the petition of the Associated Press, today issued a temporary order restraining radio station KVOG at Bellingham from using Associated Press news until a hearing November 19.

in federal court upon an application for a temporary injunction against KVOG. Attorneys B. W. Howard and J. W. Kendall of Bellingham filed the complaint. The defendant was ordered to appear November 19 and show cause why an injunction should not be issued against it. The radio station was ordered in the temporary restraining order to "publish, appropriate, use or disseminate" any of the news gathered by the Associated Press, or its members, during a period, not less than 24 hours, in which the news has commercial value. It was also forbidden to use excerpts of the news or to retransmit it.

Kissed After Divorce
ST. LOUIS (UP)—Mrs. Hase F. Holkamp was granted a divorce from her husband, Irvin, in a routine suit. The court attaches stated in its opinion at the end of the trial when Irvin smiled broadly, handed his former wife \$150, kissed her and they strolled out of the courthouse, arm in arm.

The Leader
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

THE TABLE LEG

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

SITS DOWN FOR DINNER IN BUSY RESTAURANT, WHILE STUDYING MENU, NOTICES THAT TABLE WARBLES

AFTER CONSIDERABLE FINGER SNAPPING GETS ATTENTION OF WAITER, AND ASKS HIM TO PUT SOMETHING UNDER LEG OF TABLE

REALIZES THAT WAITER HAVING FOLDED THE MENU AS A WEDGE, HE NOW HAS NOTHING TO ORDER FROM

LONG WHILE LATER GETS ANOTHER MENU, AND EVENTUALLY SOME SOUP. REALIZES THAT TABLE STILL WARBLES

DECIDES THE WEDGE SHOULD HAVE BEEN PUT UNDER OTHER LEG AND SHIFTS IT

WHILE DOING SO, BUS BOY THINKING HE HAS FINISHED TAKES HIS SOUP. FINDS, TOO, THAT TABLE IS UNSTEADY THAN EVER

FEELS THE ROOT OF THE TROUBLE MUST BE ONE OF THE OTHER LEGS, AND CRAWLS UNDER TO FIX IT

COMES UP AT LAST TO FIND LARGE MAN SITTING IN HIS PLACE. DECIDES IT WOULD BE SIMPLER TO GO OUT AND EAT AT A LUNCH COUNTER.

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S MATTER POP—

EAT YOUR SOUP!

POP, I CAN'T EAT MY SOUP, I—

NO ARGUMENT! SOUP IS GOOD FOR YOU! NO CHICKEN OR PIE UNLESS YOU EAT YOUR SOUP!

BUT—

WELL OF ALL THE STUBBORN YOUNG ONES! SAY!

I HAVE NO SPOON!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Has His Hands Filled!

BOY, THAT PLACE IS BLAZING LIKE AN INFERNO NOW—

DON'T BOTHER ABOUT ME—GET MISS BARON—

GOLLY, I ALMOST FORGOT—SHE FANDED—AND I LEFT HER—

MISS BARON! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?—SNAP OUT OF IT!—ERR—I MEAN—OPEN YOUR EYES—

OOH—FRED—

GOSH! SHE MUST BE DELIRIOUS!

KEEP-HOLDING ME—IN-YOUR ARMS— I— I— LOVE—IT!

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Lord Will Provide

THIS IS A NEAT AND TIDY PLACE TO HOVE TO FOR THE NIGHT—

SIZZLING SUSIE! BRIAR'S A GREAT ONE FOR EXERCISE, AIN'T HE?

HE SURE IS—GUESS HE'S LIKE ME THAT WAY—

AND DEAR OLD GWEN IS JUST LIKE ME—WE SORTA FIT TOGETHER, SONNY—WHAT I AIN'T, GWEN HAS—I AIN'T A LEFT LEG, BUT I HAS A RIGHT ONE—

—GWEN AIN'T A RIGHT ONE, BUT SHE HAS A LEFT ONE—THE LORD WILL PROVIDE—HE ALWAYS HAS / HE GAVE ME TO GWEN AND GWEN TO ME!

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THE NEBBS—Rudolph, the Unlucky

THERE YOU ARE, OLD BOOTS—WHEN I HEAR THE DEAD LEAVES CRACKLING UNDER YOU AND I'M SNIFFING THAT CRISP COOL AIR, I JUST WANT TO GO ON FOREVER—WELL, TOMORROW'S THE DAY!

RUDY, YOU'RE WANTED ON THE PHONE

WHO? THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY? WHAT DID YOU SAY?—THE CASE COMES UP ON MONDAY? WHAT? I HAVE TO BE ON DECK TO TESTIFY—

YOU JUST WHEN I'M ALL SET FOR A HAPPY HOLIDAY, THIS DARN TRIAL HAS TO COME UP! I CAN FALL HEIR TO MORE GRIEF THAN ANYBODY UNDER THE CANOPY OF HEAVEN

YOU BROUGHT THIS ALL ON YOURSELF—MAYBE IF YOU MINDED YOUR OWN BUSINESS AND DIDN'T TAKE IN SO MUCH TERRITORY, YOUR GRIEF WOULDN'T BE SO GREAT

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BRINGING UP FATHER

YOU MAKE ME SICK TO TELL ME YOU COULDN'T FIND MY BROTHER AT THE DEPOT? I'LL BET YOU DIDN'T EVEN LOOK FOR HIM—

IF THE POLICE COULDN'T FIND HIM, HOW DID YOU EXPECT ME TO FIND HIM?

OH MAGGIE! HERE HE COMES NOW—

IS HE IN A LINGO SINE AND IS ANYONE WITH HIM?

HE'S ON A GARBAGE WAGON AN' I THINK THERES A POLICEMAN FOLLOWIN' HIM!

OH, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU, BROTHER.

O-KAY—BUT WHEN DO WE EAT?

JUDGIN' FROM THE LOOKS OF THAT CRIP THE BANKS IN THIS TOWN ARE GOIN TO SUFFER—

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PRINCESS BERTHA WEDS KENTUCKIAN

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—(AP)—Mrs. Cantacuzene-Grant, mother of Princess Bertha Cantacuzene, formally announced today the marriage of her daughter to Charles Siebern in Louisville Sunday.

the Cantacuzene family, which belonged to the royalty of old Russia. A few weeks ago, Princess Cantacuzene (grand-daughter of President Grant) took back her American citizenship, her father, Grant, and went to Florida, where she obtained a divorce from her husband.

RADIO SERVICE WITH JAPAN INAUGURATED

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 14.—(AP)—Mackay Radio and Telegraph company announced inauguration of a direct high-speed radio telegraph service between San Francisco and Japan, effective tomorrow. In Tokyo there will be a relay arrangement with the Japanese government telegraph system.

A request to curtail the noise of milkmen who deliver at night has been received by Brookline, Mass. officials.

By C. N. Payne

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By EDWIN ALGER

By Sol Hess

By George McManus