

Marian Gordon

By the author of *Judith Lane*
by JEANNE ROWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Marian Gordon's husband Lon is worried almost beyond endurance. His boss, the crooked contractor McSwain, holds a check over Lon's head which he says Lon has raised, and plans to use it to force his employees to pass defective material in a high school building. Marian wants to free Lon, and to do it she must find Mrs. Hamilton, who is the only man who can furnish the evidence necessary to control McSwain.

Chapter 41 MESSAGE FROM KING

THE District Attorney had said that he believed McSwain would force Lon to bear the responsibility of the high school. Perhaps Lon was realizing this; perhaps this was what was worrying him. Marian wondered if he would have to choose between McSwain's orders and prosecution . . . persecution.

Choosing wouldn't be an easy matter for he would have her to consider.

She must hurry her counter attack. King should have an answer to her query before very long.

Lon stirred, awakened and Marian thought she detected a new attitude as he arose and prepared for the day. It was as though he had made a decision that night and his mind was at rest.

"Lon," he said at breakfast, "I'm going to be late again tonight, only, and he gave a wry smile, "I won't be out with the boys."

"Oh, Lon." She couldn't help the fears which arose like a host about her.

"Tell you what, Lon, you come in on the five forty-five and we'll have dinner together; then I'll take you to a theater and call for you."

Marian hesitated a moment. She felt that after his vigil of the night before he was going to someone, either for advice, or with his decision.

"Lon," she said, "you don't want me to go with you, or know where you are going . . . no, don't misunderstand, I don't need to know . . . but, would you want anyone else to follow you?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean this, and don't laugh or be bitter. This house is being watched and I am being trailed. Wherever I go, one of McSwain's Kanaka boys follows."

"Lon!" He was shocked, she saw that, but she saw something deeper. He believed her.

"That's why I didn't want his gardener here. That is why I keep Waki here. He understands and will protect me."

He was silent a few moments. Marian saw the steeling of the grim lines about his mouth, then he spoke, "Can you find someone to come out and stay with you?"

"No, this is the Steeles' Saturday night on duty. I'm not afraid. Hero will give the alarm; I have my revolver and as I said, I know how to use it."

"Maybe we'd better take an apartment in town," he said in a worried voice.

"No, I'd rather not leave here." She didn't say she considered it inadvisable to frighten McSwain into action before she had the evidence she needed. "There's really no danger, aside from having someone know every step I take."

"I won't be out late," he promised.

HE wasn't, but until he was well within the gates of home Marian stood guard at the window. As he approached the house from the garage she noticed that his arms were filled with bundles.

"Ran into Tony Gasetti, and he sent these things out to you," he explained, handing her a box which she found contained Mrs. Gasetti's famous chicken ravioli, "and this," he handed her an armful of shaggy asters in rose and purple, pink and mauve.

"These, I brought," and Marian accepting the two small cornucopias flashed him a smile of understanding. Violets and marigolds. It proved that by some alchemy of thought, his understanding of her and belief in her had been restored.

"Lon," he said, after she had arranged the flowers in bowls and joined him at the fireside, "I'd like to have a serious talk with you. To begin with, do you trust me?"

"Trust you? In what way?"

"I mean, if in the future I were to do things that looked mighty strange to you, would you and could you overlook them, knowing I did them with a purpose?"

"Now that you've forewarned me I could and would."

"I am going to spend tomorrow with McSwain."

"Ob, Lon," the words flashed out of their own volition, "be careful."

"Don't worry," he smiled at her.

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DIVORCE IN MICHIGAN GROWN TOO EASY SAYS CIRCUIT COURT JUDGE

DETROIT—(UP)—Reno soon will be crowded out of the divorce picture in favor of Michigan. Judge Theodore J. Richter of the Wayne Circuit court believes.

"Divorces have become as easy to obtain here as in Reno and Michigan will soon be the divorce center of the United States as well as a large portion of Canada."

"Children are the innocent victims of these divorces," he said. "Ninety per cent of the cases tried in Juvenile Court concern the children of divorced parents. They have been robbed of their homes and left with none to guide them."

"If you study the background of most criminals, you will find they never had a home in the real sense of the word. They are of divorced parents, or there was no religious training in their homes."

Judge Richter suggests that the church takes its part. He listed three things the church might do:

Work for uniform divorce laws. For the establishment of a court of domestic relations.

Set up domestic relations committees to go into families which face a break up, follow the case through the divorce courts if the divorce cannot be prevented, and see that the children are properly cared for.

One bucketful of water may breed enough mosquitoes to infest a community.

OHIO MASONS WAR ON PROPAGANDA

AKRON, O.—(UP)—Ohio's 35,000 Masons are going to battle "insidious propaganda" which they believe largely responsible for "lawlessness and lowering tone of morality" throughout the country.

A resolution to that effect won unanimous support of the 1934 annual grand assembly of the grand council of Royal and Select Masters held here.

"We declare our unalterable opposition to communism, socialism, bolshevism and fascism, or any other administrative system opposing our representative and constitutional form of government."

The motto of Minnesota is "Etoile du Nord," meaning "the Star of the North."

The huge lake formed by Boulder dam in Nevada is expected to be 115 miles long and 8 miles wide.

QUINTUPLETS GET CHRISTMAS GIFTS

CALENDAR, Ont., Nov. 16.—(UP)—Christmas gifts have started coming early to the Dionne quintuplets and today five tiny girl babies all had new mittens to keep their hands warm during their daily open air naps and new preambulators for their outdoor naps.

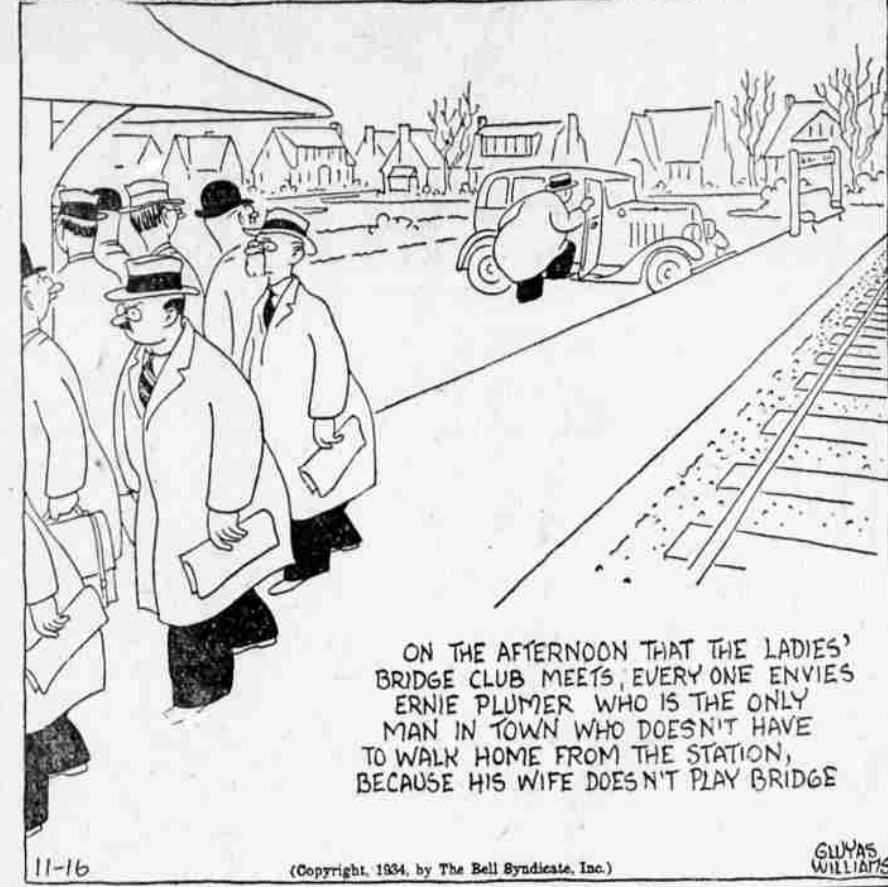
Sleeping bags were given them some days ago. Identification necklaces from the North Bay Old Home Week committee, will be presented shortly.

The only additional present the babies need now, Dr. A. R. Dufour, said, is an ultra violet ray lamp for their sun baths.

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SUBURBAN HEIGHTS



ON THE AFTERNOON THAT THE LADIES' BRIDGE CLUB MEETS, EVERY ONE ENVIES ERNIE PLUMER WHO IS THE ONLY MAN IN TOWN WHO DOESN'T HAVE TO WALK HOME FROM THE STATION, BECAUSE HIS WIFE DOESN'T PLAY BRIDGE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

The Leader
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

S'MATTER POP—

S'MATTER POP—
S-HUCKS! NOTHING WILL REMOVE THIS PAINT SPOT FROM MY TROUSERS!
I CAN GET YA SUMTHIN', POP! WHY DIDNCHA ASK ME?
HERE YA ARE, POP!
SCRAM!
S'MATTER, POP?

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Chief Kidnapper Is Smoked Out!

LOOK! THERE'S A MAN RUNNING OUT OF THAT BURNING HOUSE!
GET YOUR GUN OUT, TOMMY—HE MAY BE FAKIN'
WHY HE'S WOUNDED—HIS SHOULDER IS ALL—
THAT'S THE MAN WHO KIDNAPPED ME!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Mr. Chirp to the Rescue!

WAS GIVEN CONNECTED WITH THE CIRCUS YOU OWNED, ARCHIE?
AH NO, MY BOY—THE GOOD LORD SAVED GWEN TO COMFORT ME IN MY MISFORTUNE—
YOU SEE, I WAS DOWN TO ONE LEG MYSELF WHEN I BUMPED INTO GWEN—SURE YOU'D LIKE TO HEAR THE STORY? IT'S SHORT AND SIMPLE—THREE YEARS AGO—
WHAT'S THE RUMPUSS UP THERE?
STRAY DOG RUN DOWN BY CAR—LOST ITS LEG—POLICEMAN GOING TO SHOOT THE POOR THING!
HOLD ON, OFFICER! WHEN I LOST MY LEG, THEY DIDN'T SHOOT ME! I'LL CARE FOR THIS PUPPY! YOU SAVE THAT BULLET FOR BANDITS!
FINE! GOOD! THAT'S THE STUFF!

THE NEBBS—Rubbing It In

WELL, KING GLOOM, WHAT NOW? DO YOU TAKE ON SOME BODY ELSE'S WORRIES AND DISCONTENTS?
WHEN I THINK OF OBIE GOING OUT ON THAT HUNTING AND FISHING TRIP (AND HE ONLY GOT THE ACQUITTION THROUGH ME) AND I CAN'T GO AWAY IT MAKES ME FRANTIC!
I MAY HAVE A HEART THAT'S TOO BIG FOR MY BRAIN BUT WHY SHOULD I BE PUNISHED FOR THAT?
WHO'S PUNISHING YOU? IT'S JUST A CONDITION BROUGHT ON BY YOURSELF!
WHEN YOU FEEL YOUR HEART SWELLING WITH KINDNESS AND CONSIDERATION, WILL YOU DASH HOME SOME TIME?

TURTLE EGGS HATCH AND THUMP ON PIANO

HOUSTON, Texas.—(UP)—Two months ago Mrs. Ethel Reich of Houston and her husband went fishing on a creek near Sugarland, Tex., where they found a soft-shelled turtle's nest and took from it nine eggs.

Against the advice of her husband, Mrs. Reich washed and polished the eggs and took them home where they were adorned the piano top as decorations.

Several nights later Reich was awakened by noise emanating from the piano similar to those which might be expected from an unskilled pianist. He found the eggs had hatched nine hunking, but very much alive turtles. They were slowly walking along the keyboard.

ZIMMERMAN EXPENSE \$3,158 IN CAMPAIGN

SALEM, Nov. 15.—(AP)—Peter Zimmerman, who placed second in the contest for the governorship of the state, as an independent candidate, spent \$3,158 in his campaign, he reported to the State Department today.

Bruce Spaulding, Democratic candidate for district attorney of Polk county, spent \$158 and Charles M. Crandall, republican candidate for district attorney of Malheur county spent \$60.

CLEVELAND—(UP)—Hot dogs numbering 45,000, 18 barrels of sauerkraut, 1000 loaves of bread, 300 pounds of coffee, were fed 8000 persons at a Republican political rally here.

BRINGING UP FATHER

DID YOU RING, SIR?
YES! GO AN UNLOCK MY DRESSER AND GIT SHIRT COLLAR AN' TIE OUT FER ME—HERE'S THE KEY.
THE VERY IDEA HE IS INSULTING MY BROTHER RIGHT BEFORE THE SERVANTS—
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY LOCKING UP ALL YOUR THINGS? DO YOU MEAN TO INSINUATE THAT MY DEAR BROTHER TAKES YOUR THINGS?
IF YOU DON'T THINK SO, TAKE NOTICE OF THE SHIRT AN' TIE HE'S WEARIN'—WHEN HE COMES IN—
PARDON, SIR—BUT THE DRESSER IS GONE!