

By the author of Judith Lane Marian Gordon

by JEANNE BOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: The crooked conductor McSwain holds Lon Casad in his power and furthermore, has stolen from Lon's wife, Marian, the evidence necessary to prove the additional evidence necessary to convict McSwain in Max Hamilton, and has slipped away from McSwain's spies to meet Hamlin.

Chapter 42

DISTURBED RENDEZ-VOUS

THE Steele apartment was dark. Marian hadn't expected that. After a moment she called the manager.

"Of course, you can go in, Miss Marian," he said. "I know Mrs. Steele would wait for you."

That was even better, Marian decided, and as soon as they had finished gossiping about tennis she had known when she lived there she hurried to the telephone and called the Oakmere.

"Mr. Hamlin?" Marian felt a sense of relief from her nervous tension in the calm, easy tone of his voice.

"I'll be right over," he assured her.

While Marian waited for him, she went into the little mirrored cubicle, and assumed the privileges of an old friend.

She brushed her hair vigorously, then patted it into smooth waves, powdered her nose, dabbed at her lips, straightened the frock she wore, looked down in surprise to find the lilac angora she had worn the night she flew to Reno. She had grabbed at the first warm dress in her wardrobe, scarcely realizing what she chose. And then she heard the buzzer.

She waited at the door for Hamlin to come up, saw him step from the elevator and walk down the hall towards her and for the first time realized what a handsome man he was.

Some of the wonder of it was in her eyes as she greeted him. She had been so blinded by her love of Lon, in Reno, that she had scarcely seen Hamlin.

"It's nice to see you again," she said in greeting, gripping her hand in a firm clasp, "even if you did have to wait until you were in trouble to call on me."

"That wasn't nice of me, was it," agreed Marian, "I really would like to have seen you before—but—"

"I know," he said, "your husband sensed the admiration I had for you, and didn't want to put me to a test." Marian's cheeks flushed scarlet.

"I—I really didn't know... I think you're being kind."

"Don't feel badly about it, I don't. But you see, Miss Marian, or Mrs. Casad, I should say, one rarely meets a girl nowadays with such a fine sense of honor."

"That's just it," Marian interposed eagerly. "I've lost that sense of honor. I intend to be thoroughly dishonorable, and I want you to help me. I have to convince Cliff Hondon that it was me who saved his life, and not Silver."

"And I suppose you're doing that just to throw a little glory on yourself," he suggested whimsically.

"NO, oh no," and then realizing she was laughing kindly, she added, "It's for some other reason. It seems to be for many people, but to be honest it is for my husband."

"Has Silver carried out her threat to win him away from you?" he asked, interested.

"Did you know about that?" she asked in surprise.

"Oh yes, she confided in me. Told me she was the only man she could ever love. I told her that was because he was probably the only man she'd ever wanted and couldn't have."

"But it isn't that," Marian insisted. "I wouldn't fight to try to hold a man's love. It's more serious, oh so much more serious."

"Mr. Hamlin, did you realize there was one page of the letter that I believe you slipped into my pocket, that we didn't read, that contained?"

"No I didn't, what did it contain?"

"Evidence that would have put Silver's father, Mr. McSwain, in the penitentiary."

"You say, 'would have.' Did you lose the letter?"

"It was stolen from me, and the only way I can replace the evidence is through Cliff Hondon and until he knows he doesn't owe his life to Silver, he won't talk."

"That should be easy to do, I mean convince Mr. Hondon that he is wrong. Can we call him here?"

"No, he is in the islands and my time is limited."

"Limited?"

"McSwain is trying to strike at me through my husband. Wait... there's the buzzer." Marian lifted a hand for silence and listened. The buzzer gave the code signal the Casads and Steeles had adopted, three short and one long ring.

Anne must have noticed the light, perhaps she had forgotten her key. She released the hall door, then stood at the apartment door waiting for the elevator. She would have to explain Hamlin's presence.

The elevator clanged to a stop and from it stepped Lon Casad, in two strides he had reached her, drawn her into his arms. "Had me worried," he was saying, "thought you might be sick, coming here to see Doc." He stopped. He was looking over her shoulder, into the room where Hamlin stood waiting.

"Oh," he dropped his arms, then said to Marian, "I see you didn't need the address."

"Lon," Marian looked with pleading at her husband, "don't jump to conclusions."

"I asked Mrs. Casad to meet me in some convenient place to discuss a business matter," Hamlin said in an easy manner. "I hope you don't object."

"I probably wouldn't matter if I did," Lon returned ungraciously, then to Marian, "I thought you didn't want to come into town."

"I didn't when you asked me, but I... I learned later that Mr. Hamlin was here and I wanted to talk to him."

"At least it seems to be mutual," Lon said, then laughing, "been playing the tables lately, Mr. Hamlin?"

"No," answered Hamlin bewildered.

"I didn't imagine you were, you'd be losing, you know. You said in Reno you only won when you were unlucky in love."

"I ONEL CASAD," Marian's temper had flashed into action, "you act like a silly school boy. Mr. Hamlin is ready to do us both a great service and you're trying to insult him."

She closed the hall door and turned to face the two men.

"Now sit down and let's talk this over," she said to Mr. Hamlin. "I haven't been able to discuss it with Lon. Wait" as she heard a noise in the hall.

She went to the door, opened it and stepped back. Silver Hondon was there.

"I didn't know you intended spending the evening," she began, then, seeing Marian, she added, "well, well, so you're the reason he had to drop in here for a minute... and, if it isn't old Max Hamlin in person. Well Max, I didn't know you were in town."

"Neither did I," Lon blurted.

"Oh—oh," murmured Silver in a laughing tone. "Well Max, as I told you in Reno, you can have the gal if you really want her... come on, Lon, let's ramble."

"Come on, Marian, we're starting home."

Marian gave Hamlin a despairing look. What on earth could she do in such a situation?

If she stayed after what Silver had said, Lon would never forgive her. If she left with him, how and when would she be able to reach Hamlin? Besides she couldn't leave him in Anne's apartment.

Hamlin sensed the situation and the sardonic gleam in his dark eyes deepened.

"Run along, children," he said, "and, by the way, Silver, as I said to you in Reno, you can't have that man no matter how much you want him, while he has a wife like this one."

"Is that so," flashed Silver, and dounced from the room in anger, linking her arm in Lon's and dragging him with her.

Hamlin took this opportunity of speaking to Marian. "I'll get in touch with you," he promised, and added, "don't worry."

Lon and Silver waited for Marian in the hall, and when she joined them the three went silently down to the car.

"And a good time was had by all," laughed Silver, as Lon helped her into the car first.

Marian said nothing. She sat on the outside, her mind a chaotic whirlwind of worry, jealousy and anger. She turned once to wave at Hamlin, who had followed her from the apartment, then turning back, was conscious that Silver was snuggling close to Lon.

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Explanations are in order, tomorrow.

KIDNAP VICTIM'S FACE MUTILATED BY DASH OF ACID

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 17.—(UP)—The face of Dorothy Ann Distelhurst, six-year old girl found slain



this week, was mutilated with acid shortly after she was kidnaped nearly two months ago, it was revealed today.

Dr. Herman Spitz, coroner's physician, said his examination indicated

SCOTT'S RECOVERY PERMITS REMOVAL TO PORTLAND SOON

ROSEBURG, Ore., Nov. 17.—(AP)—Alvin H. Scott of Medford, charged with conspiracy in connection with the Urschel abduction, will be in condition for removal from the local hospital to Portland within the next few days according to a report by his physician, Dr. E. J. Waincott.

AUTHOR CHARGES BLACKMAIL PLOT

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 17.—(AP)—Ernest Vajda, playwright and scenarist who recently was named in a \$250,000 breach of promise suit by Vilma Aknay, Hungarian actress, offered charges to the court grand jury today that a well organized blackmail racket exists in Hollywood.

Vajda and his attorney appeared before Deputy District Attorney Grant Cooper, grand jury prosecutor, who told them to submit briefs of their charges, promising to place them before the jury if the evidence warranted.

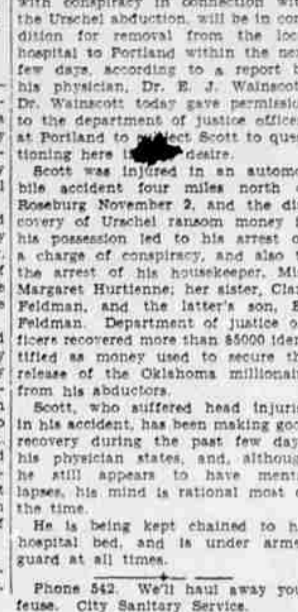
At the same time it was disclosed Miss Aknay appeared before the jury last week with charges of perjury against an unnamed person associated with Vajda's defense in the blackmail case. The jury reportedly refused to act while her case still was in court.

The actress last Thursday moved for a dismissal of the suit, but Vajda's counsel said they would not agree unless the dismissal was with prejudice, to forestall any renewal of the action.

St. Anne's Altar Society is sponsoring a turkey dinner Wednesday evening at Parish hall. Price 50c.

EVERY ONE HIS OWN UMPIRE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS 11-17



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S'MATTER POP—



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—"My Kingdom for an Airplane!"



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Mr. Chirp's Philosophy



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THE WEBBS—Ingratitude



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BRINGING UP FATHER



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BLAMES GAMBLING RESTAURANT MEN WILL MEET HERE FOR DEPRESSION

CLEVELAND, Nov. 17.—(UP)—Gambling started depression, lowered the national valuation \$150,000,000,000, closed 10,000 banks and put more men in charge of doctors and undertakers than the World War, Henry M. Pringle, Washington, D. C. superintendent of the International Reform Bureau, told closing sessions of the national W. C. T. U. today.

RESTAURANT MEN WILL MEET HERE

Restaurant owners of the county are to meet here on Wednesday, November 21, at the Chamber of Commerce for an eight o'clock meeting. It was announced Saturday. The gathering has been called by O. V. Martin, chairman of the county board of restaurateurs, for the purpose of perfecting an organization under the new restaurant law.

Members of the county board include O. V. Martin, chairman; W. A. Gates, Pete Demson, Mrs. W. M. Clemenson, W. M. Walls, Mr. Felix Bobby Burns and Herman Burgoyne.