

# Marian Gordon

by JEANNE HOWMAN

Chapter 44  
BAD SMASH

Lon looked at her and nodded. "I see what you mean, but I didn't know you were going to do that. When I reached the house, Silver met me and told me McSwain was in San Francisco and she was to drive me over. I preferred using my own car."

"She wanted to go by the way of the peninsula and I had no legitimate reason for refusing, so I took that route. We had dinner with McSwain. At the ferry building, we had to wait for a boat and I telephoned the house. May told me you were in town at the Steeles, that you'd left in a hurry. I called there, received no answer, so drove by and stopped in. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly," Marian answered, "and I believe every word of it."

"Then suppose you give as honest an explanation."

"All right, I received word that Hamlin was in town. He had some information I had to have. I went to Anne's apartment, telephoned him and asked him to come over. He had been there only a few moments when you arrived."

"Is that all?" asked Lon. "Can't you tell me what the information you wanted was about?"

Marian hesitated. "Lon, I want to be truthful, but I can't until you trust me fully."

"I trust you, but I don't trust that Hamlin fellow; he's got a bad reputation."

"If he's a Silver gave it to him this evening after you two had left me," flashed Marian, "and she had reason to do so. Lon, tell me, is McSwain still in San Francisco?"

"He was leaving on a late train, why?"

Marian didn't have time to answer. The telephone rang with a sharp insistent ring. Lon went to it and answered.

"For you," he said.

"Mrs. Casad, this is the police department of Walnut Creek. We have a couple here by the name of Waki. The man has been injured in an automobile crash and the woman insisted I telephone you."

"Yes," Marian cried, "please be seriously injured, and how did it happen?"

"No, he isn't badly hurt but his car is surely smashed to the dickens. How he ever got out of it alive I can't figure. His wife was thrown clear and lit in some brush. Wait, he says he wants to talk to you."

"Miss Casad, Waki. My automobile is dead," he paused a moment. "On head is mountain with cut. Arm make pain. May, she very fine good."

"Waki, I'll buy you a car, you know who did it, don't you? Tell me what happened."

"I go for home. Car she come behind me very much fast. She see me. Come to me, go on me, go way very fast."

"You wait there; I'll be right down," she assured him and turned to Lon, eyes blazing. "Your good friend McSwain just tried to kill the Waki."

"My good friend McSwain," Lon repeated after her and laughed, then sobered quickly. "What do you mean he tried to kill the Waki?"

"He set that Kanaka boy to watch me. When Waki came back to the house from the depot without me tonight, the boy must have investigated and it dawned on him that Waki was my medium for getting news to and from the people with whom I've been in communication. He reported back to McSwain, and McSwain ordered him to wreck their car."

"How do you know it was McSwain's Kanaka boy who did it?"

"I don't know, Lon." She turned to him as she donned coat and hat. "But I'd be willing to bet everything I own that if the police went to McSwain's garage right now they'd find a light truck with smashed fenders."

"That's a pretty serious charge, Ian," he insisted, reaching for his coat and hat.

"We're in a pretty serious mess, both of us, Lon," she answered, "and

now that Silver has seen me with Hamlin, McSwain is going to strike at me through you. Lon, won't you leave him now while there's time?"

Lon came close, took her in his arms, smoothed the red wings of hair jutting out onto her cheeks back under her hat. "Poor little bread," he said, sadly.

"Lon," she whispered, "won't you trust me? Won't you believe that I know what I'm talking about and get away from McSwain before it's too late?"

"Ian," he answered, "won't you trust me? Won't you believe that I know what I'm doing?"

Marian gave a great shuddering sigh, rested her head for a moment on his shoulder, then squared away. "Come on," she said, and they locked the house, took Hero with them, and went to the garage.

On the drive in Marian was silent. She longed to tell Lon everything, and yet her telling might be the means of taking from him his only chance to free himself of McSwain. A chance word dropped to Silver, or one of McSwain's men at the building, would destroy everything. She felt, too, that she should warn Hamlin, but how to reach him?

"Poor, Waki," she said, "he referred to his car as being dead. Its loss meant as much as a death to him. I wonder how many lawn clipper, window washings, and hours of labor went into buying that old wreck? He loved it like a person."

"Shame," agreed Lon. "If it didn't mean leaving you without available cash, I'd use the money that came from the wreck to replace it."

"I don't need any money," Marian remonstrated, "and surely he deserves it. He's been so faithful."

At the police station they found Waki looking very oriental, his head swathed in bandages which completely hid the "mountain with cut." The arm that "made pain" was in a sling, and various plasters showed where cuts and abrasions had been suffered.

It was plain to Marian however, that Waki's physical injuries were nothing compared to his grief over the loss of the car. Lon's offer to replace the car brought no response, and not until he thought of trying to salvage some of the old car, did the little man brighten.

"Sink mebbe find him mota, very fine," he suggested hopefully.

"I'm sure we can find the motor, we'll assemble all the parts that can be used and build a new car around these," Lon promised. Waki, pacified, departed for home in a police car.

"I doubt if you can find enough to start anything," said the officer who had brought May and Waki in from the wreck. "I talked to the farmer who saw the crash and telephoned in to us. He said it was the most deliberate thing he'd ever seen."

"Said Waki was driving a little to the middle of the road as he always does, we know him around here, when rom behind him came this truck driving like mad. He gave Waki the horn and Waki began moving over to his side of the road. Had his wheels turned that way and was about on the edge when the truck driver shot into him and sent him flying into the ditch."

"The crash sent the truck over to the other side but the driver straightened her out. He had to stop of course, but he didn't stop long. One fender had crumpled so it rubbed the wheel. He got out and didn't look towards the car in the ditch, had some tools handy, straightened the fender, turned off his lights and went sailing down the highway."

"The farmer didn't get his number because he was more interested in finding out if the people in the other car were killed, but believe me we're looking for that truck."

"Would you like to find it?" inquired Marian, cheeks flushed, eyes bright with anger. "Then take a run over to McSwain's, the Honda place I mean, and look for a Kanaka boy driver."

"Hondson, eh, and a Kanaka boy? Okay," he was on his feet. "I only wish it had been that Honda girl; she ran over my kid's dog the other day, looked back to see the poor little fellow in the road and drove on."

Marian noticed the officer go to a telephone booth. She waited until he had left, then went into the booth and called the Oakmers Hotel.

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Lon stays out late again, Monday.

## LOCAL HEN'S RECORD WILL GO INTO WORLD BOOKS AS OFFICIAL

J. A. Hanson, well known poultry raiser from Corvallis, was in Medford Monday to make the records official, by affidavit, that the white leghorn hen belonging to Mrs. E. E. Carley of the North Pacific Highway had laid a total of 359 eggs within the past year, which total surpasses the world's record. The egg from which the prize-winning hen was hatched was purchased by Mrs. Carley from Mr. Hanson.

R. B. Henderson of the News Advertising Agency was here Sunday to photograph the bird.

Additional publicity was given Medford and the hen on the front page of the Pacific Rural Press, published in San Francisco, when a photograph made by J. Verne Shangle was shown.

Under the heading "Give This Little Hen a Hand," was the following story:

"No remarks about her untidy clothes, please, because this mation has been busy—these are her work clothes—and you can see from her glance that she knows she is somebody and will stand for no nonsense. It is claimed for her that she laid 359 eggs in a year at her home on a Medford, Ore., poultry farm. Too bad the record was not official and officially verified, because missing an egg only six days a year would be a world's record—the record being 358 eggs. However, this hen is a good example of what a hard working leghorn matron should look like and we present her with a bow toward Medford."

Mrs. Weston and her committee announce one of those famous Turkey Dinners at Pariah Hall, Wednesday at 5:30. Adults 50c. Children 25c.

## Steel Operations Continue Increase

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—(AP)—Steel operations for the current week were today estimated by the American Iron and Steel Institute at 27.5 per cent of capacity against 27.3 per cent a week ago.

The gain, amounting to 3 of a point or 1.10 per cent, lifts the average operating rate to the highest level reported by the institute since the last week in July. Each week since early September when the industry reached low for the year at 18.4 per cent a small gain has been shown.

## Power Firm Cuts Consumers' Cost

SALEM, Ore., Nov. 20.—(AP)—The Hermiston Light & Power Company filed a notice with the public utilities commission today of a voluntary reduction in rates for residential and commercial service. The reduction was said to represent a yearly saving of \$2700 to customers of the company.

The Hermiston company serves Hermiston, Umatilla, Stantfield and Echo, in Umatilla county.

## McNARY ASKS AID FOR GROWERS OF WALNUTS

PORTLAND, Nov. 20.—(AP)—The Journal today quoted Senator McNary as having suggested to the federal department of agriculture that an official of the AAA be sent here from Washington, D. C. to hear the complaints of Oregon walnut growers that provisions of the walnut code are strangling the operations of producers in this state.

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Music for any occasion. Phone 788

## KINGFISH AND WIFE COMING TO WEST IN BELATED HONEYMOON

BATON ROUGE, La., Nov. 20.—(AP)—United States Senator Huey P. Long, Louisiana's political dictator who plans to run for president in 1936 on a third party ticket, announced today he was leaving for the west on a honeymoon that will be 21 years and seven months late.

"I'm going so far," the "Kingfish" said, "it will take a \$10 postage stamp to reach me. We're going west."

Indicating he was through for a while with lawmaking and campaigning, which have kept him on the go since he returned to Louisiana from congress last summer, the "Kingfish" declared he and Mrs. Long would leave tomorrow.

"Mrs. Long and I never had a honeymoon and we're going to have one now," Long said. "I'm fulfilling a promise I made."

"I'm getting out of Louisiana," said the state's political dictator winking. "to show whether it can get on without me."

But politics was in the air, with the "Kingfish" making no secret of his plans to run for president on the strength of his creation of a model state of Louisiana with the powers of his dictatorship.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—(UP)—William Miller, 22, quarreled with his wife Saturday. Today his body was found in the kitchen of a nearby restaurant, slumped in front of the oven of a gas stove, the gas turned on.

Music for any occasion. Phone 788

## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

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By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY HASN'T FULLY RECOVERED YET FROM FINDING HIMSELF ONE CARD SHORT, ON THE 8:15, JUST AS HE WAS ON THE POINT OF MAKING A BID GRAND SLAM, VULNERABLE. LATER IN THE DAY THE MISSING CARD TURNED UP IN THE POCKET WHERE HE KEEPS HIS TICKET, THE CONDUCTOR HAVING COME ROUND JUST AS FRED WAS TAKING A FINESSE

11-20

By C. N. Payne

## S' MATTER POP



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

By Hal Forrest

## TAILSPIN TOMMY

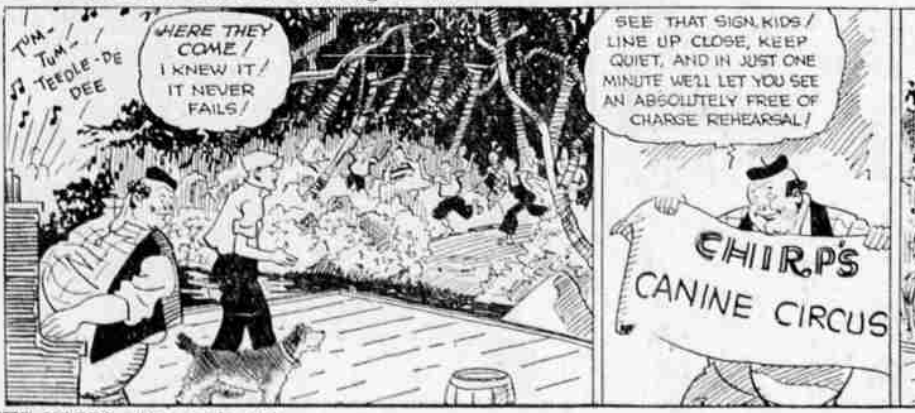
—Skeets Knows Something!



MR. PORTER SEEMS TO REACT STRANGELY TO THE NEWS OF HIS NIECE'S RECOVERY—TUNE IN AGAIN AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER

—Sounding the Call!



OH, LOOK, HE'S A CLOWN, TOO! SEE HOW THE DOGS DRESSED! IS THIS SWEET OR IS THIS SWEET!

## THE NEBBS

—This Is the Life



"DEAR NUMBSKULL! I DON'T THINK I'LL STAY HERE LONG—EVERYTHING IS SO EASY—FISH TAKE A BARE HOOK AND DUCKS COME INTO YOUR KITCHEN AND TRY TO NEST IN YOUR OVEN I'M SENDING YOU SOME NICE FAT DUCKS—NO FRIEND OF MINE WILL GO DUCKLESS WHEN ONE IS HUNTING—ETC."

I HATE THAT LITTLE GUY—IF I HAD ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD, ALL THE COMFORT IN THE WORLD, ALL THE HEALTH IN THE WORLD, ALL THE AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD THAT LITTLE SHRIMP COULD COME ALONG, AND MAKE ME MAD!!

## BRINGING UP FATHER



WHY, WHAT IS THE MATTER MR. JIGGS? I THINK I HAVE THE SAME AILMENT THAT MAGGIE'S BROTHER HAS AN I'LL NEED THE SAME TREATMENT.

By George McManus

## FOX WEST COAST SALE AUTHORIZED

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 20.—(AP)—Earl E. Moss, referee in bankruptcy, today authorized the sale of the Fox West Coast Theaters Corp., controlling more than 135 motion picture houses on the Pacific coast, to the National Theaters Corp. for \$17,000,000, believed to be one of the largest sums ever involved in federal bankruptcy proceedings.

## JAPANESE REJECT NAVY COMPROMISE

LONDON, Nov. 20.—(AP)—Ambassador Tsuchiro Maeda said today on behalf of his nation, rejected the British suggestion for a compromise in the proposed naval treaty.

## Multnomah Remits

SALEM, Nov. 20.—(AP)—Multnomah county today sent \$42,500 to the state treasurer in part payment of its fourth quarter 1934 state taxes.

## WARM SPRINGS, Oa., Nov. 20

(AP)—President Roosevelt today appointed Charles George Fries inspector of the U.S. Geological Survey of the department of commerce.

Plan to attend the Home-Cooked Turkey Dinner at Catwold Pariah Hall Wednesday evening, 5:30 until 7:30. Invitations extended to all.