

By the author of **Judith Lane** **Marian Gordon** by JEANNE BOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Marian Gordon is still unable to persuade Lon, her husband, to quit the employ of McSwain, the contractor, although she finally has managed to put Lon on his guard. Now his Marian has been able to get the evidence from Max Hamlin that will control McSwain. Now she and Lon are at the police station, where they had been called after a car had crashed into the front automobile, the Wakis being almost the only people Marian does trust. She believes the doctor was done deliberately by McSwain's Kanaka servant. She is telephoning Hamlin.

Chapter 45 MORE MYSTERY

"MR. HAMLIN, please," Marian said to the Oakmere hotel operator.

"Mr. Hamlin checked out about an hour ago," replied the operator.

"Did he leave a forwarding address?" asked Marian, a note of consternation in her voice.

"I'm sorry, he didn't," replied the operator.

Marian turned from the telephone. What could she do now? What chance had she of reaching Hodon, without Hamlin to confirm her story? And time was precious; she realized with growing anxiety that it had never been as precious.

"I telephoned Hamlin," she confessed to Lon as they drove home. "I intended making an engagement with him, but he has left his hotel and I did not leave a forwarding address."

"Thank you for telling me," returned Lon. "You seem pretty low about it. Did seeing him mean that much to you?"

"Yes," Marian answered. "It did. Without him to help me I can't do what I had hoped to do. I'm afraid I will be too late now, when and if I can locate him."

"Lon," she turned to him impulsively, "I'm so dreadfully afraid McSwain will strike at you now, I mean, within the next few hours. I've never asked anything of you before, and now I'm going to, Lon, will you quit McSwain, right away?"

"It may mean a penitentiary sentence, Ian," he answered.

"I don't believe it, not for a first offense with restitution and if you stay it may mean something far worse. Lon, won't you do this for me?"

Lon's answer surprised Marian. Eager as she was to have him free of the East Brazos High School building and what it had come to represent to her, she wasn't prepared for his ready consent.

"I'll quit tomorrow night, Ian," he promised. "If you'll promise to say nothing more about it tonight."

Marian said nothing more. Neither slept well and when Lon started away in the morning he seemed loath to go. After breakfast they sat before the fire, neither talking. Lon put his arms about her, as if he were convinced he was facing a long separation from her.

"I wish I could go with you, Lon," she said in reply to his request that she drive in to town and stay with Anne that day, "but I'm afraid if I leave the house Hamlin might telephone."

"Wouldn't he know enough to call the Steeles?" he asked, and she noticed the jealous note had entirely disappeared from his voice.

"I'm afraid not."

"And this information you're after is so important to you?" he continued.

"Yes."

"You don't feel you can tell me?" he persisted.

"I'll tell you tonight, after you've quit McSwain," she promised.

BUT she didn't tell him that night, simply because she didn't see him.

That day, the longest Marian had ever experienced, crawled along moment by moment. May Waki telephoned early to say that the head of Waki had many pains and would be mind if they stayed at home?

Marian eagerly assured her that she wanted Waki to take the best care possible of himself. As she had confided to Lon the previous night, "if Waki had been killed I would have felt like his murderer."

She was afraid to work in the garden for fear the telephone would ring and stop before she reached it; afraid to telephone Anne, or anyone whom she dared to talk with, for fear Hamlin, or John King might be trying to reach her.

And then, to top it all, was the gradually growing conviction that McSwain was planning some way of keeping her from reaching Hodon with the information if she got it. She wondered if he had reached

Hamlin, then decided he hadn't for the operator had said he had "checked out." Perhaps he had sensed the seriousness of the situation and decided to hide out where McSwain couldn't reach him, though that wasn't the way she would have thought he would act.

"I'll drive in to see King in the morning," she decided. "Lon won't be working and he can go with me. Perhaps now he'll listen to my explanation and believe me and together we can work for his protection."

Somewhat satisfied, she curled up on the divan with a book. She would read a page or two, then stop to think, "tomorrow we can start over again, Lon and I," or, "It would be nice to drive back to Cleveland, for the winter."

The day passed slowly, she gave up trying to read and tried to write letters, but she couldn't write of what was on her mind and nothing else seemed important.

She had dinner, preparations under way early in the afternoon, then sat watching the clock anxiously. Five, and then five-thirty; Lon stopped work at five-thirty. He might be a little late tonight, quilting. She wondered if McSwain was still in town after what he had learned the previous night, and whether he had appeared at the building.

At five-thirty the telephone rang and she flew to answer it. "Ian," came Lon's voice, "I'm going to be quite late. Will you promise me to lock all the doors and windows and pull the blinds?"

"They're already fixed," she answered. "You know it grows dark so early these days. Lon, can you tell me why you're going to be late?"

"Not over the telephone, dear, but don't worry. I'll be all right. It will probably be nine or ten before I arrive there, if it's later, don't let it bother you."

"Lon, did you do what you promised?" she asked, eagerly as though the answer would stifle her fears.

"Yes."

"How did they take it?"

"I don't know, yet," he answered. "Well honey, be a good girl until I come home. I wish there was someone around there you could call to come in and stay with you."

"I'll be all right Lon, be careful, yourself."

SHE barely tasted her dinner, tried to talk to Hero, who seemed restless and uneasy, but found her voice sounded hollow in the lonely house. Soon Anne and the doctor would live out there. But no, not until Lon could build a house for them. She turned on the radio, the music intensified her nervousness, with the blatant music going on she felt she could not listen to the night noises outside the house.

She shifted up the heart fire and sat shivering with nervousness before it. Had hours ever moved as slowly before? Would nine or ten never arrive? If she ever closed her arms about Lon again she was sure she would never let him go. She wondered if other women felt this fierce protectiveness for their men? Did little May Waki?

Eight-thirty. She began thinking of the Wakis, of the little man's love of his car. He was like a child with a treasured toy which couldn't be replaced by even a finer one.

She thought of her conversation with Lon. His understanding when he had said he would attempt to assemble parts of the old car.

Nine o'clock—what was it he had said about buying him a new one? She tried to recall his words . . . something about buying him a brand new one if it wasn't that he didn't want to. . . Marian sat up on the divan, alert. Why hadn't she realized what he was saying the previous night? He had said, "if it didn't mean leaving you without available cash."

What had he meant by that? Was he planning to go away?

The shrill bell of the telephone checked her questioning and she darted to answer.

"Red Pepper" came the familiar voice of the District Attorney, across the wire.

"What is it?" she cried in alarm.

"Is it Lon?"

"He's all right," her friend hastened to assure her, "perfectly safe. We were just worried about you, Ian, are you sure you have everything locked tight, around the house? And have you a gun handy?"

Tomorrow, Marian faces a gun.

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In the selection of health books, careful consideration was given to the inclusion of adequate treatment of the effects of alcohol on the human system, Howard said.

Better clothes for less. It will pay you to climb my stairway. Klein the Tailor, 128 East Main, upstairs.

St. Anne's Altar society is sponsoring a turkey dinner Wednesday evening at the Parish hall, Adults 50c; children 35c.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STATE ANNOUNCES OFFICIAL FIGURES IN GOVERNOR VOTE

SALEM, Nov. 21.—(AP)—Charles H. Martin, Democrat, received a plurality of 21,158 over Peter Zimmerman, Independent, for the office of governor at the recent general election, according to complete official returns in this contest tabulated by the secretary of state today.

The tabulation showed that Martin received a total of 116,677 votes as compared with 95,519 for Zimmerman, and 85,228 for Joe E. Dunne, the Republican nominee. Harry J. Correll, communist candidate, received 1,475 votes, while Asram M. Ellerman, Independent, polled 1,570 votes. Hank E. Wirth, Independent, who unofficially withdrew from the race a week prior to the election, received 836 votes.

In the first congressional district the vote was as follows: James W. Scott, Republican, 67,389; R. R. Turner, Democrat, 51,473; Emmett W. Guiley, Independent, 12,983; S. Richards, 3,255.

The vote for congressmen in the second district was: Walter M. Pierce, Democrat, 29,221; Jay H. Upton, Republican, 21,235; O. D. Teel, Socialist, 1,034.

Returns for other offices filed at the general election were being canvassed by the state department today, but it is not likely that the tabulation will be completed before Thursday or Friday.

YOUTHFUL CANDIDATE MAYOR OF VANCOUVER QUILTS IN FAVOR FOE

VANCOUVER, Wash., Nov. 21.—(AP)—In a sudden strategic move that surprised the city, Wes Brown, 26, Republican nominee for mayor, today announced he had withdrawn from the race to support the Democratic nominee.

Brown, an insurance agent who three years ago was graduated from the University of Washington, declared he had decided to withdraw in order to concentrate on opposition to John P. Kiggins, mayor for many years, who was defeated by Brown for the Republican nomination. Kiggins is now making an intensive campaign on a "write-in" basis.

Ed Hamilton is the Democratic nominee for mayor. The anti-Kiggins forces had expressed fear that with the field divided among Brown, Hamilton and Kiggins, the former mayor might be successful with his "write-in" campaign. This led to Brown removing himself from the race.

The city general election will be held December 1, and at the same time the voters will ballot on whether to establish a commission form of government. If this is done the mayor who is elected December 1 will serve only until another election has been held for the purpose of naming a mayor and three paid commissioners.

The Leader
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

WRECK BEER JOINT IN FAMILY QUARREL

SEATTLE, Nov. 21.—(UP)—H. J. Wilman and wife virtually wrecked their own beer parlor, hurling at each other steins, bottles, a peanut machine and other equipment, police charged. Both were taken to a hospital, seriously hurt.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

BOW TIE by GLUYAS WILLIAMS

DUI'S ON VERY NEW TUXEDO, CALLS NO. OF COURSE HE DOESN'T NEED TO HAVE MOTHER TIE HIS TIE

GETS BADLY ENTANGLED WITH HIS ARMS AND HANDS

STOPS AND TRIES TO FIGURE OUT JUST HOW IT IS HE TIES A BOW KNOT WITH SHOE LACES

AFTER TEN MINUTES MANAGES TO TIE A BOW TO HIS SATISFACTION

URNS AWAY TO GET COAT, THE IMMEDIATELY PIVOTING TO A QUEER ANGLE AND MORE OR LESS COMING APART

STARTS IN ALL OVER AGAIN

GETS COMPLETELY RATTLED WHEN MOTHER CALLS TO HURRY UP, HE'S GOING TO BE LATE

SIGHS HE SUPPOSES HE MIGHT AS WELL LET HER HAVE HER WAY, AND WEARILY LETS HER TIE IT

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S'MATTER POP—

MAW, HERE IS A CATERPILLAR.

EE-EEK!

IN THE BOOT?

How come ya are scared at a caterpillar, maw?

WOULD YA BE SCARED IF IT WAS ONLY A KITTENDILLAR?

WOULD YA?

TAR-R-R

S'MATTER, POP?

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—

"ANOTHER FLASH, FRIENDS FROM THE RESCUE PLANE—TAILSPIN TOMMY HAS JUST RADIOED THAT THE KIDNAPPER HAS REMAINED CONSCIOUSNESS AND—"

2035

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—

NOW, BOYS AND GIRLS, OLD AND YOUNG, SHORT AND TALL, LEAN AND FAT, BIG AND LITTLE, BLACK AND WHITE, STEP CLOSER FOR—

CHIRP'S CANINE CIRCUS! AT MY LEFT IS MISS GWENDOLYN CHIRP, THE ONLY COUNTING DOS IN THE WORLD AND—

AT MY RIGHT IS MR. BRIAR WEBSTER, THE FAMOUS SINGING AIREDALE AND—

AT WHERE IM AT IS NONE OTHER THAN GUPPY, THE ONE AND ONLY ONE-LEGGED CLOWN IN EXISTENCE! ARE YOU READY? LET'S GO!

THE NEBBS—

DEFENSE ATTORNEY: ISN'T IT TRUE THAT NO ONE MENTIONED ANYTHING ABOUT KIDNAPPING AND NO RANSOM WAS ASKED?

NEBB: I I I!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY: I OBJECT!

JUDGE: OBJECTION SUSTAINED.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY: TELL THE JURY WHAT THE REASON WAS FOR YOUR GOING TO THE FARM—WHY THEY ASKED YOU THESE NEBB: I SUPPOSE THEY WANTED A FOURTH MAN FOR A BRIDGE GAME? DEFENSE ATTORNEY: NOW, DON'T GET FRESH, AND ANSWER MY QUESTIONS—THE LIBERTY OF THESE MEN IS AT STAKE— ETC.—

BRINGING UP FATHER

I WISH MAGGIE WOULD STOP INVITING THESE DUKES AND COUNTS TO THE HOUSE—NINE OUT OF TEN TURN OUT TO BE FAKES—I WONDER WHO THIS GUY IS THAT SHE'S INVITED TO DINE WITH US TO-NIGHT?

DADDY! I JUST DROPPED IN TO ASK YOU IF YOU KNOW THIS COUNT DE LA CATSBN THAT MOTHER INTRODUCED ME TO? HE IS TO DINE WITH US TO-NIGHT.

NO, DAUGHTER! I DON'T—I WISH THERE WUZ SOME WAY FER US TO FIND OUT—

HE'S SIMPLY TERRIBLE—I THINK HE IS A NOTORIOUS CROOK.

WELL—NOW, IF HE'S A CROOK, WELL SOON FIND OUT—I'LL HAVE MAGGIE'S BROTHER MEET HIM—HE KNOWS ALL THE CROOKS.

TEXTBOOK TO TEACH EFFECT OF ALCOHOL

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GEN. BUTLER REJECTS DICTATORSHIP OFFER

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—(AP)—The New York Post says in a copyrighted story today that Gen. Bradley D. Butler has disclosed that he has been asked by a group of wealthy New York brokers to lead a fascist movement to set up a dictatorship in the United States.

The paper says that General Butler, ranking general of the marine corps until his retirement three years ago, has been subpoenaed by the congressional committee on un-American activities and that he has said he is ready to testify.

If your garment needs a new touch for Thanksgiving, see the Style Kwik! Dressing Hospital, 222 1/2 E. Main, Tel. 1202.

Phone 342. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

By George McManis

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