

Marian Gordon

by JEANNE BOWMAN

FIGHT
"EXCEPTING the night I met Hamlin," Marian interposed with a wry laugh, "and of course I realized I was being watched; so I didn't try anything."

"Then you'll do this?" Silver arose and looked around the room. "Where do you keep your writing materials?"

"You should know," retorted Marian, also arising. "I went through this house thoroughly, didn't you?"

Silver flashed her a quick smile, walked across the room and into the bedroom. She returned with paper, pen and ink and motioned Marian to start writing.

But Marian didn't move.

"I'd advise you to hurry," ordered Silver in a hard, dry voice.

"And if I don't?" questioned Marian, sparring for time, trying to hear above their voices the sound of an approaching motor which didn't come.

"You will," again the hard assured voice. "You're not going to take a chance on Lon's spending years in the penitentiary while you dry up into a scrawny, freckled old woman like your mother."

Marian felt a flush of red creep up from her neck to her cheeks. "If Lon goes to the penitentiary he won't go alone," she warned, "not while I live."

"You," cried Silver, blithely, "what do you think you could do?"

"Plenty," retorted Marian. "I could go to court and prove that Lon was not drunk the night he was supposed to have raised that check, but drugged, I could put the doctor who attended him that night on the stand. I could have Murphy, the gas station man, tell of his condition when he came in to cash the check and how the three of them, Lon and your father's two henchmen, went into a huddle, so that Lon, dazed with the drug, wouldn't know when one of the henchmen changed checks on him, substituting one ready for additional figures to be made by Lon's fountain pen which he borrowed."

Silver's eyes had dilated until they looked like jet black pools. "And you think Lon, loving me, would let you do this?"

"Lon doesn't love you," replied Marian with scorn. "If he had, would he have called me at two in the morning to escape you in Nevada? Would he have come to my apartment to show me the wire you sent and beg me to come along? Would he have laughed and called you 'Miss Cherris' and 'Miss Hopeful'?"

"Yes, but since then," Silver was angry; ridicule of her belief that Lon cared for her burned more deeply than any other factor.

"Since then," Marian continued, "he's played up to you for a purpose and forewarned me of his intentions."

"He did, did he?" Silver was trembling with anger. "And I tried to save him—"

"He doesn't need to be saved by you."

"Then you think you'll go on with your plan to ruin me and my father?"

"I will," returned Marian.

"Oh no you won't," countered Silver. She glanced toward the divan and Marian following her gaze saw the silver handle of the revolver protruding from among the cushions. "Oh, no," continued Silver, "if you're not here to testify, there won't be any wrecking of the Hondons and the McSwains."

"You wouldn't dare," Marian declared, "your fingerprints are on that gun."

"There are ways of removing them. . . ." Silver was making a stealthy way towards the divan, "easy enough to make it look like suicide. . . reasons. . . disgrace of your husband."

"Silver," warned Marian, and then as the other woman made a sudden dash for the divan she screamed.

Fast on her scream came the crash of a door, a tumbling chair and Hero buried his huge body through the room, teeth bared, straight at Silver.

Paralyzed with terror, Marian watched as the dog cleared everything between them, Silver wheeling, gun in hand to meet him.

"Guard," screamed Marian, as she saw the white tusks burrow into the left arm Silver had thrown up in terror. "Guard," she repeated.

Reluctantly the dog obeyed. Panting, quivering, he straddled the prostrate form of Silver, head hung

low, his hot breath playing on Silver's bare arm.

Crawling, then stumbling, Marian retrieved the gun, held it, then—"Release," she ordered. The dog looked at her. "Release," she snapped and slowly he backed away.

"Get him out of here," Silver begged, "he'll kill me. He hates me. . . he'll!"

"Shut up, or I won't be able to handle him," Marian ordered, "and thank your lucky stars he's police trained or I couldn't have called him off."

Backing, she called Hero to her side, ordered him into the bedroom and closed the door securely. "Now get up."

Silver sat up dazed—"I wasn't going to hurt you," she insisted, breathlessly, "just. . . just frighten you. Thought I could force you to write that. . . that note."

"I'm not a mind reader," Marian replied, "and after what your father ordered the Kanaka boy to do to the Wakis I wouldn't put anything past you."

Slowly Silver arose, went to the divan and sank into it. "Now what?" she asked in the docile manner which had followed her storm that night in Nevada.

"I don't know," Marian answered honestly, "I'm waiting for the District Attorney, he telephoned that he was coming out after me. I don't know what has detained him."

"Are you. . . you going to tell him that I. . . ."

"Threatened to kill me?" asked Marian, and thought a moment.

"No," she answered, "because I don't honestly believe you would have done that."

SHE sat a moment thinking, then spoke again, "Silver, now I'm going to bargain. Why don't you marry Blaine Kelly? Your beauty isn't going to last forever, right now you look forty, instead of thirty."

"Do I, Ian?" There was incredulous fright in Silver's voice.

"Go look in the mirror over the mantel and see for yourself."

"And you won't prosecute father?" Marian looked at her sadly. "I won't, Silver, but it's out of my hands."

"What do you mean?"

"I offered your father a chance to play straight. He answered by drugging my husband and framing him with a raised check. I went to the District Attorney and told him everything I knew. . . so you see even had you used that gun, it wouldn't have checked an investigation."

"And now what?" asked Silver, wearily.

"I. . . wait, there's a car coming now, we'll both know shortly."

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Marian looked at the gun in her hand stupidly. "I was just. . . just holding it in case anything. . ."

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"What do you mean?" began the elder Gordon.

"She told a magnificent lie to get me out of one scrape. And now this. The reason the dog crashed through after me was because I used that gun, threatening to kill her if she wouldn't do what I wanted her to do. She screamed and the dog came in. I tried to kill the dog but she grabbed my arm and the gun went wild. Then she called the dog off."

"But she didn't really mean it, Dad," Marian hastened, "she was only trying to frighten me, you won't do anything about it, will you?"

"No," answered Mr. Gordon, "if she's gone enough to admit the truth, we'll let her off. Mrs. Hondon, I believe your car is down in the lower driveway; do you feel strong enough to drive on home alone?"

"Yes, why?"

"I believe your mother is going to need you."

(Copyright, 1934, by Jeanne Bowman)

Lon and Marian come to a final understanding, tomorrow.

RUSSIAN FACTORY MACHINES BUILT IN MODERN PLANT

Nucleus of Vast Industrial Field Established by Russ Soviet Union at Kramatorsk Now in Operation

KRAMATORSK, U.S.S.R. (UP)—One of the most important parts of the vast industrial structure being built by the Soviet union, the Stalin-Kramatorsk Machine building plant, has just been officially opened here.

This plant occupies a fundamental position in Soviet industry, for here are being built the machines for hundreds of other factories producing everything from lace to locomotives. Its vastness may be judged from the fact that it has 13 departments, occupies 400 acres and employs 15,000 workers and 1,377 technicians.

When the Soviet regime was experiencing the first flush of success of building up industry, the mistake was made of opening plants officially long before they were ready to function. Embarrassment often followed. But this mistake was avoided at Kramatorsk. Actually this plant began production last year. But officials waited until it was functioning well in every respect before bringing on bands, banners and speeches.

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ROOSEVELT STUDIES EXTENSION OF POWER PLANS OVER COUNTRY

WARREN SPRINGS, GOS., Nov. 24—(AP)—President Roosevelt today studied plans for extension of cheaper power throughout the country on the scale of the Tennessee valley development.

Frank H. McNinch, chairman of the federal power commission, and Basil Manly, vice chairman, arrived here late last night in response to a presidential invitation and were closeted with him today. Rexford G. Tugwell, undersecretary of agriculture, also continued his visit here.

Rural electrification is receiving considerable administration attention. Secretary Ickes, public works administrator, has proposed an agreement between private power companies and farmers for a broad rural electrification development.

Although mixing it with pleasure, the president is obviously doing some serious studying about future action.

Card of Thanks

We desire to express our sincere thanks to our many friends for the many kind acts and for their sympathy during the illness and death of our mother and sister. We also thank all for the beautiful floral offerings.

Gertrude May Moore, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Fredenburg, Mr. and Mrs. M. K. Fredenburg, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Jain, Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Pomeroy, Bertha Fredenburg, and Essie Fredenburg.

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"NAMES AND NUMBERS OF ALL THE PLAYERS"

Panel 1: BUYS AN OFFICIAL PROGRAM SO HE CAN LOOK UP NAMES AND NUMBERS OF ALL THE PLAYERS

Panel 2: FINDS PRESENTLY THAT WIFE HAS TAKEN POSSESSION OF IT AND IS READING ARTICLE ON FASHION NOTES OF THE GAME

Panel 3: GAME BEGINS. ASKS HER QUICK TO LOOK UP AND SEE WHO 59 IS. HE THINKS IT'S THE OPPONENT'S GREAT TRIPLE THREAT

Panel 4: WIFE BEGINS FLUMBERING PAGES BUT CAN'T FIND PLACE. REFUSES HUSBAND'S SUGGESTION TO LET HIM FIND IT

Panel 5: LOCATES THE LIST OF PLAYERS AT LAST AND ASKS WHAT NUMBER WAS IT, BY WHICH TIME HE HIMSELF HAS FORGOTTEN

Panel 6: SCANS FIELD AND SPOTS THE PLAYER AT LAST, LEAVING THE GAME. TELLS HER TO LOOK UP 22, WHO IS TAKING 59'S PLACE

Panel 7: WIFE HAS MEANWHILE LOST THE PLACE IN THE PROGRAM AGAIN, HAVING BEEN OVERTAKEN BY A FUR COAT ADVERTISEMENT

Panel 8: RETURNS TO PLAYER LIST AGAIN AND PROUDLY READS OUT FACTS ABOUT 22, UNFORTUNATELY MIXING HIM UP WITH 22 OF THE HOME TEAM

Panel 9: HUSBAND SIGHS AND SAYS NEVER MIND, HE'LL JUST WATCH THE GAME

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S'MATTER POP

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Panel 15: "Yes, why?"

Panel 16: "I believe your mother is going to need you."

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TAILSPUR TOMMY—A Startling Proposition!

Panel 1: RATHBURN, CHIEF KIDNAPPER OF SHIRLEY BEARON, WOUNDED BY A CONFEDERATE, IS NOW BEING BROUGHT BACK TO DALLAS BY TOMMY AND SKEETER, WHO SUCCEEDED IN RESCUING SHIRLEY BEARON FROM HER ABDUCTORS. RATHBURN CLAIMS THAT SHIRLEY'S UNCLE WAS THE BRAINS OF THE KIDNAPPING—AND CONTINUES HIS STORY. 2038

Panel 2: "MR. PORTER, GIVE ME A CHANCE AND I'LL—"

Panel 3: PERHAPS A JURY IN COURT WOULD NOT CONSIDER THIS AS AN ERROR—BUT—ERR—PERHAPS—THEFT—NOW—I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU—

Panel 4: I'VE GOT A WIFE AND TWO KIDS— I'M NOT TRYING TO HIDE BEHIND THEM— BUT I DON'T WANT TO DISGRACE THEM BY GOING TO JAIL— WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

Panel 5: RATHBURN, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS—AND FORGET ABOUT THE DISCREPANCY AT THE BANK?

Panel 6: WHAT?

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—At Cornpone Point

Panel 1: POLKS, YOU'VE SEEN THE WORKS! MY GENERAL MANAGER WILL PASS THROUGH THE CROWD AND PASS THE HAT, AND IF YOU FEEL—

Panel 2: YOU CAN PASS SOMETHING INTO THE HAT FOR THIS LITTLE ENTERTAINMENT, WE'LL BE VERY HAPPY AND WE'LL THANK YOU VERY MUCH—

Panel 3: HERE'S A DOLLAR, BOY— THAT'S A GOOD SHOW YOU PUT ON— YOU BEEN WITH CHIRP LONG?

Panel 4: NO SIR, I HAVEN'T—

Panel 5: AFTER YOU TURN YOUR MONEY IN, COME BACK HERE, AND I'LL HAVE A LITTLE CHAT WITH YOU—OKAY?

Panel 6: ALL RIGHT, SIR—

THE NEBBS—Anxious Moments

Panel 1: THE CASE WENT INTO THE HANDS OF THE JURY THIS MORNING— NEBBS IS AWAITING WORD FROM THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WHO PROMISED TO CALL HIM AS SOON AS A VERDICT IS RETURNED— THIS IS GIVING HIM NO LITTLE CONCERN.

Panel 2: NOW, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? HE'S GOT ME SO FIDGETY I'LL BE WALKING WITH HIM THE FIRST THING I KNOW!!

Panel 3: NOW WHAT?

Panel 4: WELL, I'M WAITING FOR THE JURY'S VERDICT— IF THEY LET THOSE BIRDS OUT, I'VE GOT TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE, IF I WANT LIFE, KEEPING AWAY FROM THEM.

Panel 5: AND JUST TO THINK— YOU PRIED YOURSELF INTO ALL THIS GRIEF— YOU, WHO COULD HAVE A FINE LIFE IF YOU DIDN'T TRY TO LIVE EVERYBODY ELSE'S!!

BRINGING UP FATHER

Panel 1: YEAH! I WENT TO THE DOCTOR AND ALL HE DID WUZ ASK ME A LOT OF QUESTIONS— DO I HAVE TO PAY HIM FER DAT?

Panel 2: WHAT DID HE SAY WAS THE TROUBLE?

Panel 3: OH, I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT MY BROTHER—

Panel 4: I'D BE WORRIED, TOO, IF HE WUZ MY BROTHER—

Panel 5: HOW IS HE FEELIN' TO-DAY?

Panel 6: NOT SO GOOD— HE WENT TO SEE MY DOCTOR AND THE DOCTOR SAID HE HAD SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH HIS HEAD—

Panel 7: FER HEAVEN'S SAKE! YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO SEND HIM TO A DOCTOR TO KNOW THAT—

Panel 8: ?

COAST LUMBERING PRESIDENT QUILTS

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 24.—(AP)—The resignation of F. W. Demorest, president of the West Coast Lumbermen's association, a staunch defender of NRA price-fixing, was revealed today. An announcement said the action was taken at an executive session of the board of trustees yesterday. Demorest is president of the Pacific National Lumber company of Tacoma and has headed the West Coast association for a trying 18 months. F. B. Tibbott, manager of the Weyerhaeuser Timber company of Tacoma, will succeed him. His resignation followed months of

PENDLETON PUBLISHER'S ESTATE VALUED \$38,150

PENDLETON, Nov. 24.—(AP)—A petition was filed with the county court here today to have E. B. Aldrich, editor of the East Oregonian, named administrator of the estate of the late F. W. Lampton who was shot to death while on a hunting trip Nov. 9 in Union county. The estate, valued at \$38,150, includes interests in the East Oregonian and the Astorian-Budget at Astoria. Mrs. Dorothy Engle, a sister living in San Francisco, is the only heir.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Telephone 288.