

Marian Gordon

by JEANNE BOWMAN

Chapter 49 NEW DAY DAWNS

MARIAN waited restlessly for his return. "Dad, have you seen Lon?" she begged as he came in.

"Yes, she had that husband of yours. Game as they make them."

"Is he... is he still in... in jail?"

"No, he hasn't been in jail since ten o'clock. I wired his bail down to him and the District Attorney was waiting to take him down to his office as soon as that arrived. He had a little conference on there that kept him from coming out here. I chartered a plane and flew down, and the minute I landed he sent me out here after you. Ready to go on in?"

"Just wait until I get my hat and coat. And, Dad, we can take Hero, can't we?"

"You bet we can; he used to go fishing with me and Lon, you remember... hello old fellow, still kind of shabby, aren't you?"

Hero showed him scant attention. Growing deep in his throat he made a round of the room and stood before the door.

"Go for a ride in the automobile!" suggested Marian. "Go find your leash."

His attention distracted, he went for his leash, but not in his former joyous manner. He walked sedately, and as they went down hill to the car in which Gordon had driven from town, he circled her constantly, as if still intent upon guarding her from unseen enemies.

"Dad," said Marian, as they started off, "you said Mrs. McSwain was going to need Silver. What did you mean?"

"McSwain just did what he forced his son-in-law to do, only he made a thorough job of it. He's dead."

Marian stared at the hill they were ascending, started at the millions of lights below, as they topped the grade and skirted the sky-line boulevard, then dipped down on the other side.

"How did it happen, Dad?" she asked at length.

"I don't know, Ian," he answered. "We came out by the way of Dublin canyon. There was another car with us, with some of the District Attorney's men in it going after McSwain. At the cross roads we met some servants whose car had broken down going some place for Silver. They refused to tell where, but they told us McSwain had received a telephone message and had then gone into the garden... a summer house, I believe and... finished off."

That summer house. With Diabolo looming up behind it, undisturbed in its tranquility.

A few moments later they were driving up before the court house. Marian hadn't seen it since the Brown bribery trial. She blinked her eyes as they came in from the darkness outside, then stared in surprise.

Seated about the big room were friends and strangers. Hamlin, Cliff Hondon, Nora Hondon, Anne and Doctor Steele, William Brown, a few strange men, and Lon.

Marian went straight to Lon, restrained an almost overwhelming desire to throw her arms about him and cry, but satisfied herself with sitting beside him, his arm about her, one hand gripping hers tightly.

"We waited for you, Marian," the District Attorney said in greeting. "Thought you'd like to hear the whole story."

"I—I would," she faltered, then, "Will Lon have to go to trial?"

"No," her friend answered. "There's no one to charge him."

"But, Lon, what were you doing in Mister McSwain's office?" she begged.

"Digging up black and white proof of the material he was using in the construction of the school. I figured I'd have to take a chance on robbing him before he sent me to the pen and I couldn't stand by and let that building go on the way it was going."

Marian looked at Clifford Hondon. "When did you arrive in town?" she questioned.

"Yesterday. Came in on the Malala, docked at noon and found half the east bay waiting for me."

"The reason I didn't call you, Hamlin interposed, "was because I went back to the Steele apartment. I remembered that on our way into Reno that day you had talked about your room-mate Anne and her fiancé, a Doctor Steele. I figured these were the same people."

"I told them about our interrupted interview, said I wanted to help you and didn't know how, and Doctor Steele told me the facts that Mr. Casad had confided to him."

"That's where you went that night," Marian said, turning to him.

"Yes, I wanted to talk to someone I could trust who wouldn't be prejudiced one way or the other."

"After what they told me," Hamlin continued, "I figured I'd better check out, and start for Honolulu to see Mr. Hondon, personally. I crossed the bay and the next morning I chanced to read in the morning paper a list of passengers on the boat due in, and found Hondon's name there, so I went down to meet him."

"But how did you happen to be coming to the States?" Marian asked Hondon.

"I came because the District Attorney called me to."

"Well," the District Attorney took up the tale, "in the meantime, I had had my office check up on the two men with whom your husband had been out the night the check was cashed. I brought them in. They confessed they had switched checks on Mr. Casad, at McSwain's orders."

"We couldn't do a thing," broke in a husky voice, "he had it on us, it was that or taking a trip to the island."

"I believe that," said the District Attorney, "but I still can't see why you'd let him place another man in the same position."

They talked amongst themselves for a few minutes, then left the court house for home some time later, the faint grey of a new day tinging the sky above them. Marian and Lon and Mr. Gordon drove out to Lonian Lodge, but while Mr. Gordon was ready to rest the moment he arrived, the two younger people were restless.

"Put on a heavy coat and let's go to the hill top," suggested Lon.

With rugs over their arms, they walked out to watch the day break. Hero stretched out beside them, his nose nuzzled into Marian's free hand.

"They talked for many moments over what had happened in the past, why she had acted as she had, why he had acted as he had. Marian told Lon a little of what had happened at the lodge that night. She told him because she wanted Hero to receive full credit.

And then silently they sat and watched a golden line creep along the horizon, edge the pyramid of Mount Diabolo's peak, then break into golden glory over the valley.

"Guess we'd better go back to the house," Lon suggested.

They gathered rugs and coats, covered with the warmth of the late fall sun, then paused a moment on the opposite side of the hill to look down on the lodge, and beyond to the deserted development project.

"Ian," said Lon, "the Hondons are coming out tomorrow. Cliff Hondon says he'd like to look our place over."

"Lon, you're not going to sell?"

"Sell this? Sell our home? I should say not. No, it seems that Hamlin had Hondon talk to the Steeles. Doc told him all about my dream of little homes, and how it had been busted up by Lansing making off with my money. Hondon said he figured he owed a lot to you and he'd like to repay it somehow, and Anne told him anything he did for me, he'd be doing for you."

"And so, Ian, he's going to back me. I'll have to go slowly, and things may be a little strained financially for awhile, but—"

"Oh Lon, I'm so happy. You know I don't care for money for anything but for you, don't you?"

"I do, Ian," he answered softly. They stopped outside the lodge, looked at the shadows of bare limbs on the house, at tawny chrysanthemums which lined the path, then went in, closing the door gently on the new day.

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THE END

POOL PURCHASING SAVES BIG SUMS EUROPEAN TOWNS

CHICAGO.—(UP)—Huge savings in the purchase of supplies could be effected by American cities if they were to take a lesson from European cities with their highly developed methods of co-operative buying.

Paul V. Betters, executive director of the American Municipal Association and the United States conference of mayors, reported this to the association after a summer's study of municipal problems abroad.

Amazing advancement in pool purchasing has been made in countries all over Europe and especially in Britain, Belgium and Denmark he reported.

"In these three countries," Betters said, "the cities have banded together to operate their own insurance companies. As a result, insurance rates have decreased tremendously."

Cities in Holland and Belgium operate their own co-operative banks and loans are secured at low interest rates, he said.

The co-operative purchasing movement in this country has gained momentum in Michigan, Wisconsin, Virginia and New York. State leagues of municipalities are responsible for the action.

The Michigan State League has contracted for fire hose for a large number of its city members. In Wisconsin a similar plan has been started. In New York and Virginia, the state leagues have undertaken a purchasing information service which

GRID ACE EATS BUG TO BACK UP BOAST

PORT WORTH, Tex.—(UP)—Jimmy Lawrence, star Texas Christian University halfback took the cognomen of such literal application that he went so far as to eat a bug one afternoon after practice.

Some of the boys shied from it. Lawrence disdainfully reproached their timidity.

"Why, I'd eat the thing for a quarter," he bragged.

Within ten seconds someone had produced a 25-cent piece, and Lawrence, after turning a bit pale and gulping once or twice, thrust the devil's horse into his mouth and swallowed it.

Lawrence said he would eat a quarter for a quarter.

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HIGH SCHOOL TO HOLD OPEN HOUSE

Dances of Spain, Russia, England and Japan in costume will be the feature at open house at Medford senior high school Monday, December 7, at 8 o'clock in the evening. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Beside the dances, songs will be sung by the girl's octette and the boys' octette.

Open house at the high school has become a regular annual feature. Medford citizens who are interested in reviewing the equipment and the work done by the high school students should by all means attend. The program will probably take about 45 minutes.

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

The Leader
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

THE CLEAN SHIRT

1. IS PLAYING UPSTAIRS WHEN MOTHER CALLS HE HAD BETTER PUT ON A CLEAN SHIRT FOR SUPPER

2. ABANDONS PLAY TO LEAN OVER HALL RAILING AND ARGUE THAT HE DOESN'T NEED TO CHANGE, THIS SHIRT IS PERFECTLY CLEAN

3. COMES DOWNSTAIRS TO SUBMIT SHIRT TO FAMILY INSPECTION

4. GOES UP AGAIN, MUTTERING THAT ANYWAY HE DOESN'T SEE HOW HE HAS TIME TO CHANGE

5. STOPS HALFWAY UP TO ASK WOULDNT IT BE ENOUGH JUST TO PUT A NECKTIE ON?

6. EMERGES FROM ROOM PRESENTLY TO CALL IN TRIUMPH THAT HE HASN'T GOT A CLEAN SHIRT

7. MOTHER DIRECTS HIM WHERE TO FIND ONE ASKS COULDN'T HE INSTEAD PUT A COAT ON THEN THIS SHIRT, WOULDNT SHOW SO MUCH

8. LISTENS TO REMARKS BY FATHER, SIGHS AND CHANGES SHIRT

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SMATTER POP—

1. BAW-W! FAW DOWN

2. AW, LOOK AT THE LUMP! AT'S TOO BAD

3. HERE'S A NICKEL. THAT WILL MAKE IT FEEL BETTER

4. TANKS

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By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—One Crime Leads to Another

1. PORTER PROMISED ME HE'D COVER MY SHORTAGE AT THE BANK AND GIVE ME FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IF I WOULD—

2. KIDNAP HIS NIECE MISS BARON—LEARNED LATER THAT HE HAD USED HER MONEY TO PLAY THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND LOST—HE WANTED TO COVER UP BEFORE SHE CAME INTO HER INHERITANCE

3. BUT, MR. PORTER—KIDNAPPING IN THESE DAYS IS SERIOUS BUSINESS—

4. SO IS STEALING MONEY FROM A BANK, RATHER—I DID NOT EXACTLY SAY TO KIDNAP HER—JUST KEEP HER IN—ERD—SECUSION FOR TWO WEEKS—THEN LET HER GO FREE—AND YOU ARE ALSO FREE

HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The proposition

1. SPOSE YOU KNOW CHIRPS BEEN IN THE CIRCUS BUSINESS BEFORE, DONT YOU?

2. YES I DO—

3. WELL, KID, I'LL CUT CORNERS AND GET TO BUSINESS—YOU LOOK PRETTY WISE SO I RECKON YOU KNOW THAT WITHOUT THEM DOGS, CHIRPS AINT WORTH A CENT—

4. HOW'D YOU LIKE TO TAKE THEM DOGS AND JOIN UP WITH A REAL CIRCUS? JUST YOU AND THE DOGS—PLENTY OF GRAY IN IT FOR YOU BOY—

5. BUT I ONLY OWN ONE OF THE DOGS—

6. SAY YOU'VE BEEN AROUND—YOU GET WHAT I'M DRIVIN' AT, DONT YOU?

THE NEBBS—Good Advice

1. THE VERDICT, GUILTY OF ATTEMPTED KIDNAPING, HAS BEEN RETURNED AND THE SENTENCE WAS 30 YEARS. RUDY IS PRETTY HAPPY—HE FEELS THAT IF HE LIVES THAT LONG HE WONT MIND WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM.

2. 30 YEARS—AND 365 DAYS IN EACH—WELL, THE BOYS WONT HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT A PLACE TO EAT AND SLEEP!

3. THEY WONT HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT WHAT TO DO TONIGHT—THEIR FUTURE IS ASSURED AND THEY CAN THANK ME

4. NOW THAT THOSE CROOKS ARE IN JAIL AND YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, LETS SEE IF YOU CAN KEEP IT UP—THINK THREE TIMES BEFORE YOU ACT OR TALK—THATS HOW FAR YOUR MOUTH IS AHEAD OF YOUR BRAINS!

BRINGING UP FATHER

1. YOUR WIFE'S BROTHER SENT ME TO GET \$20 FROM YOU

2. IS THAT SO? TELL HIM NOT A CENT!

3. THE NERVE OF THAT FELLOW!

4. MY BROTHER IS COMING AND HE SAID HE HAD SOMETHING TO TELL ME—YOU WAIT HERE!!

5. HUH?

6. I WONDER WHAT HE KNOWS? GOT TO STOP HIM IF IT COSTS ME \$50

WATER SUBDUES ONION'S POTENCY

SPRINGFIELD, Mo.—(UP)—Scientific knowledge, enabling one to engage in a forthright, two-faced struggle with even the most potent onion, has been made available to a waiting world by a high school English class here.

Required to write a composition one of the students selected for his subject the theory and practice of onion-skinning. He declared the proper technique was to submerge the onion in water before beginning the operation, thereby eliminating the pungent mist which customarily arises from the onion and starts a flow of tears from the eyes of the operator.

Unconvinced, a classmate decided to refer this thesis to a recognized expert in onion peeling. She wrote K. L. Devereaux, chief of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, and was answered as follows:

"In reply to your recent letter regarding our method of peeling onions would say that we have found the submerging the onion in ice water while removing the skins eliminates the objectionable results on the tear glands. We sincerely hope this information will assist you in the unpleasant task of peeling onions."

ELKS PLAN DANCE THANKSGIVING EVE

On Wednesday, the night preceding Thanksgiving, the Elks club is giving a dance for its members and their invited guests, at the Elks temple. This is the second of a series of dancing parties planned for the winter season, and it is expected that a large number will be in attendance.

Robert Strang, chairman of the dance committee for the lodge, has announced that arrangements are being made for good music and that special decorations in keeping with the Thanksgiving season are being put up.

SCIENTISTS TO HOLD THANKSGIVING RITES

First Church of Christ, Scientist of Medford, authorized branch of the Mother Church The First Church of Christ, Scientist in Boston, Mass., will hold a Thanksgiving service Thursday morning, Nov. 29, at 11 o'clock in the church edifice, 312 N. Oakdale avenue. The public is cordially invited to attend.

The proof is in the year. Buy your HUSBAND at Elizabeth D. Hoffmann's.