

# SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Haviland Taylor

SYDNEY. Miss Moore's mother has been too pleasure-loving to make her daughter happy; Admiral Moore, Marsha's father, had taught her not to care deeply for anyone but herself. And when they died, Marsha went to live with her aunt Gertrude, whose arid life drove her to curious small eccentricities—once an almost successful elopement. She was saved from the elopement by Dr. James, Aunt Gertrude's friend, and Marsha's one sincere friend.

## Chapter Three MAN FROM MEXICO

MARSHA wanted to please Dr. James. She "adored him! worshipped him!" But Miss Gertrude nagged so constantly that when a chance for "a good time" came she grasped it; it drugged her, although it rarely was "a good time," even though it drugged.

And as time went on she avoided him who would cling to his faith in her, who would think she wanted to be good. And at twenty-six, having learned to manage very well, she rarely saw him for more than a space that was built for a nod, and a "Good afternoon."

Miss Moore, by that hour when Marsha was twenty-six, was entirely disintegrated, and between battles she and Marsha lived in a state of armed truce.

Marsha was not the fabric for a successful martyr and shocking

of moisture upon the rough tread of her coat; a twined that would have turned a less graceful woman stiff.

Miss Gertrude, whom she was to meet, had not yet appeared and Marsha, looking for her, came upon a group of acquaintances—she had no friends of either sex—and as she appeared their sudden silence and conscious faces confessed that she had been under the knife.

"I presume," she thought, as she studied the group, "I presume it is the case of Bobby Powers, and I am the murderer!"

She said, too sweetly, "But please don't let me interrupt! I know something thrilling was being told, and who was doing the dissecting?"

Some one moistened orange-tinted lips with a small pointed tongue; another said simply, "But what were we speaking about?" and a vague murmur, "I can't think—odd, isn't it?" answered this.

Marsha let her large, deep-gray, heavily fringed eyes rest upon Letitia Powers, the cousin of the man who had come up from Mexico on one of his rare vacations; "A viking sort of person," who was "amusingly serious," and who, having come and met Marsha, remained to plead.

He was making upon Marsha an impression that made her smile frequently. Of course it couldn't last, that she knew; but, with him gone

from her presence, she kept seeing him, staring at her as if she were something on an altar.

He had taken a cocktail glass from her hand; he had said, simply, "Do you mind not drinking that? I think you've had enough, you see—"

And that was "amusing," "enchantingly new!"

He made her think, for some reason she could not define, of Doctor James. Doctor James was fat, squat, physically lazy, and his round, bland face was as smooth as a harvest moon.

Bob Powers was lean, arrestingly tall, hard; his tanned cheeks were sunken, while Doctor James' cheeks made one think of pin cushions. Yet—for some reason, Bob Powers continued to make her remember Doctor James.

"JUST left your cousin," said Marsha, eyes still on Letitia Powers. She spoke in perhaps the prettiest voice for her to wear; a languid, gentle sweet one.

"He is a trifle serious, but enchanting. No, thank you. I can't sit down, but it is so sweet of you all to want me so very much!" (The group stiffened at her "horrid mockery.")

"What is it about the outdoors that keeps men seeming so young? I'm fearfully attracted. How would you like me for a cousin, Letitia? We could have such jolly times together—"

Letitia bridled, flushed, lost color; her fiancé, Jim Deane, had wandered a bit, and Marsha's way. He had returned to Letitia only because Marsha had grown "bored" with him.

Marsha smiled. "Don't worry," she said, and too kindly, "I shan't marry your rugged cousin; I like to play too well. I expect to do a lot more—"

(she looked around the group and they felt her appraisals and weighing their makes) "before I settle down to anything so dull as marriage. And what are you all doing, and aren't you rather cruel not to let any of your eager admirers share their luncheon hour with you?"

Again her tone was too sweet and when response came in a voice made brittle by resentment, she listened carelessly as her eyes swept the lounge. Stupid trumps, she reflected; no man would leave an office to waste time on them. Even the permanently unemployed, she judged, could be lured their way only by some real bait such as the fortune that would be Letitia's. No wonder they hated her!

"I must move on," she said rudely in the middle of some one's description of a new hat and a morning spent in finding it, "So 'nice' to have seen you all!" she drawled, ending.

(Copyright, 1934, by K. Haviland-Taylor)

Tomorrow, a slight complication comes into Marsha's life.

# GRANGERS ENJOY FOURTH OF JULY EVENTS, ASHLAND

ASHLAND, July 6.—(Sp.)—It may not have been 4000 Grangers that came to Ashland for the Fourth, but the number that did come made a decided difference in the population of the park, Twin Plunges and picnic grounds. From 10:30 in the morning until midnight, the visiting members of the State Grange entertained themselves with contests, a band concert, speeches, a beauty contest, dancing and swimming.

Two of the speakers scheduled for the program failed to make an appearance, but Ray Gill, State Grange master, and H. E. Wirth, liberal party candidate for governor, spoke.

Miss Beulah Tingelaf, small, black-eyed and brunet, took first place in the beauty contest held at the Twin Plunges. She represented the Eagle Point Grange, and so charmed the judges that they voted unanimously to make Miss Tingelaf the prettiest of the pretty Grangers.

Eriene Taylor, also a brunette, from Applegate Grange, was given second prize.

Gwendolyn Weaver, a blonde—gentlemen prefer 'em—of Myrtle Creek Grange and a student at Southern Oregon Normal, was given third prize. Prizes in the order of their award were a black silk dressing gown, a beach cape and a season ticket to the Plunges.

Following the bathing beauty contest, a diving exhibition was put on by Bob Clifton, who at present is training for the 1936 Olympics. Many persons witnessing the event declared that he was an excellent diver. He did 10 dives from the low board and five from the high platform. The act was well received.

The entire event was well organized. Those winning prizes in the park contests were Charles Warren, Amelia Ogden, Jack Reed, Otis Hill, Geraldine Wenner, Gwen Durham, Donald Warren, June Andrews, Eugene Hill, Geraldine Wenner, Stanford Davis, Jack Ross, Jean Hill and Jack Casebeer.

"Hangers" Back Out. AUSTIN, Tex.—(AP)—Several persons holding special Texas Ranger commissions as souvenirs hastened to surrender them when a report gained currency that all holders might be called out to help run down desperadoes operating in the state recently.

# PIONEER PLANS REVISIT CRATER

CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK, Ore.—(Sp.)—Long before the days of good roads and era of gasoline buggies, Thomas D. Ross, well-known southern Oregon pioneer of Central Point, came to Crater Lake. He was a member of a party which arrived in 1881 when the scenic wonder was little known and much misunderstood.

Mr. Ross is planning to come back this summer. He is planning to retrace his footsteps of 53 years ago up Wizard Island and into its crater. As a young man he made his first visit and now recalls how a stone mason carved the names of the entire party on a rock. He is the last survivor of this pioneer visit and is anxious to locate the rock again to more vividly recall memories of long ago.

While the inscriptions have never been seen by the hundreds of others who have visited the crater since and while the rock may have toppled from its original position, Mr. Ross expects to have no trouble in finding it.

All kinds of logs, blanks for sale for rent, no hunting, no trespassing and other cards for sale at Commercial Printing Dept. of Mail Tribune.

# PARK STAMP SERIES GOING ON SALE HERE WITHIN NEAR FUTURE

Ranging in denomination from 1 cent to 10 cents, a special series of United States postage stamps depicting scenic views of the national parks will be placed on sale in the near future, it was announced here today.

The 1-cent stamps, which will picture the famous El Capitan of Yosemite park, will be issued at Yosemite, Cal., postoffice July 16, and at other postoffices on July 17. Two-cent stamps, picturing various temples in the Grand Canyon, will be issued July 24 at Grand Canyon, Ariz., postoffice and at other postoffices July 25. Dates for the sale of the other denominations will be announced later, according to a bulletin issued from Washington, D. C.

Stamp collectors interested in obtaining some of the new series may arrange to have not to exceed 10 letters: a Grand Canyon and Yosemite postoffices on the date of the first sale. Packets may be sent containing addressed envelopes and sufficient money to cover the value of the stamps which are to be affixed. Only cash or money orders

will be accepted, it was announced at the local postoffice. The Crater Lake 6-cent airmail stamp is a part of the new national park series, and will soon be placed on sale at the Medford postoffice. Postmaster Frank DeSouza has not yet received advice as to the date the stamps will be available.

Licenses for Bikes. OGDEN, Utah.—(AP)—In an effort to cut down bicycle thefts, riders of this city have to buy licenses now and register them with police. The cost is 25 cents for a small white plate engraved with blue numerals. There's a \$10 fine penalty for riding an unlicensed bike.

Bathing caps from 10c to 50c at Medford Pharmacy. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

# REFUSE SIAMESE TWIN LICENSE FOR WEDDING TO ORCHESTRA LEADER

NEWARK, N. J., July 6.—(AP)—City Clerk Harry Reichenstein today rejected the application of Violet Hilton, Siamese twin, for a marriage license because the answers to the usual routine questions were in the plural. Miss Hilton later told reporters she would apply for a license at Elkton, Md.

The twins—the other one is Daisy—came here after Violet's application to wed had been denied in New York. The prospective bridegroom is Austin L. Lambert, 29, an orchestra leader of New York. Officials later gave a more complete explanation of their refusal to grant the license. Assistant Corporation Counsel Russell Tarbox said the application was denied because "one applicant was a Siamese twin," and because such a marriage would be "immoral and indecent."

William C. Chanler, acting corporation counsel, said authorities felt that a publicity stunt was involved in the proposed union, and the city would not be a party to such an affair.

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



"And who was doing the dissecting!"

from her presence, she kept seeing him, staring at her as if she were something on an altar.

He had taken a cocktail glass from her hand; he had said, simply, "Do you mind not drinking that? I think you've had enough, you see—"

And that was "amusing," "enchantingly new!"

He made her think, for some reason she could not define, of Doctor James. Doctor James was fat, squat, physically lazy, and his round, bland face was as smooth as a harvest moon.

Bob Powers was lean, arrestingly tall, hard; his tanned cheeks were sunken, while Doctor James' cheeks made one think of pin cushions. Yet—for some reason, Bob Powers continued to make her remember Doctor James.

"JUST left your cousin," said Marsha, eyes still on Letitia Powers. She spoke in perhaps the prettiest voice for her to wear; a languid, gentle sweet one.

"He is a trifle serious, but enchanting. No, thank you. I can't sit down, but it is so sweet of you all to want me so very much!" (The group stiffened at her "horrid mockery.")

"What is it about the outdoors that keeps men seeming so young? I'm fearfully attracted. How would you like me for a cousin, Letitia? We could have such jolly times together—"

Letitia bridled, flushed, lost color; her fiancé, Jim Deane, had wandered a bit, and Marsha's way. He had returned to Letitia only because Marsha had grown "bored" with him.

Marsha smiled. "Don't worry," she said, and too kindly, "I shan't marry your rugged cousin; I like to play too well. I expect to do a lot more—"

(she looked around the group and they felt her appraisals and weighing their makes) "before I settle down to anything so dull as marriage. And what are you all doing, and aren't you rather cruel not to let any of your eager admirers share their luncheon hour with you?"

Again her tone was too sweet and when response came in a voice made brittle by resentment, she listened carelessly as her eyes swept the lounge. Stupid trumps, she reflected; no man would leave an office to waste time on them. Even the permanently unemployed, she judged, could be lured their way only by some real bait such as the fortune that would be Letitia's. No wonder they hated her!

"I must move on," she said rudely in the middle of some one's description of a new hat and a morning spent in finding it, "So 'nice' to have seen you all!" she drawled, ending.

(Copyright, 1934, by K. Haviland-Taylor)

Tomorrow, a slight complication comes into Marsha's life.



7-6

# SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



7-6

EVERYONE IS GLAD TO HAVE NEW CONSTRUCTION GETTING UNDER WAY AGAIN, BECAUSE WALKING THROUGH AN UNFINISHED HOUSE, CRITICIZING AND SEEING HOW THINGS ARE GETTING ON, MAKES A PLEASANT SUNDAY AFTERNOON DIVERSION FOR THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD.

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

# 'MATTER POP—



7-6-34



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

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Trial of Dick Douglas



1917



HAL FORREST

# THE NEBBS—The Doubter

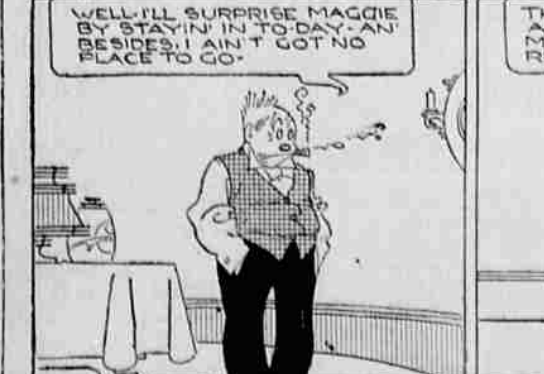


7-6



(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

# BRINGING UP FATHER



7-6

By George McManus

Big Reservoir Low. SANTA FE, N. M.—(AP)—Elephant Butte, largest reservoir yet constructed in the west, faces the prospect of being drained before the year ends due to drought. With a capacity of two million acre feet, it recently was less than half full.

Lemon Pie Burglar. SEATTLE.—(AP)—Three times within six weeks a bakery here has had its cash register robbed at night, and each time the burglar also took one or more lemon pies, leaving berry pie, chocolate pie and other pastries untouched.

ENJOY WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM 5¢ AND WORTH IT! THE PERFECT GUM SWEETENS THE BREATH