

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Haviland Taylor

SYNOPSIS: The Marsha Moore's son but she has left her to the "usual" living of her Aunt Gertrude, whose sinister life comprehends "daily" but not "Sunday." Marsha comes out a hard, bitter existence for herself, and stresses her path with discarded gamblers. Now she has met Bob Powers, an aviator from his job in Mexico, and discovers to her surprise that she does not want to hurt him.

You can put them in vases if you el like it, Jean," she murmured. "Then she hesitated. "I think I'll arrange these myself," she added, and take them to my room."

They were Bob Powers' flowers of which she spoke, a bouquet which looked as if it had been plucked from an old-fashioned garden by some one who loved flowers more ardently than do most florist's clerks.

His note lay atop the sweet mixture; a note addressed in a bold, steady hand which told pleasant things to those who read the manner of writing as well as the words which writing writes.

In her room she set Bob's offering to Eros upon a pie-crust table and then she dropped to a chaise longue with the messages to be read. Geoffrey Tarleton had cabled from Havana, "HOME TO THE OLD LOVE; WEAK IN THE HINGES BUT READY TO GET HOT."

SHE had always admired his bonesty and she had always felt that she could get along better with him than with any one else whom she knew. But his message rather annoyed her and she knew it would not have annoyed her a month past. Of course one changed—

She opened Bob Powers' note.

Chapter Five GOEFFREY TARLETON

MARSHA accepted Bob's flowers, the books he sent (she liked his taste in books), his candies; and she thanked him prettily as she acted the role into which he had cast her, the young woman who could do nothing that was not fine.

At moments the old Marsha had risen from the new surface; she had said one day with him, "Are the Mexican women pretty?" thinking he might confess some entanglement; prove himself as were the rest; make her feel better.

But he said only, "They might be if they ever bathed; I mean the peasants we see, working in the wilds."

Then he had gone on to tell her that sometimes for months they saw no women save a few old crones who did their laundry by beating it to nothing on the stones at some tur-



They were Bob's flowers.

bulent river's edge. Her question had not set upon this thin, browned face a trace of consciousness, and she had learned that he could not do.

She did not want to hurt him. She really liked him, and she had never before liked any man save Doctor James; and liking again made her long to hide.

"Are you going to guard against making a tragedy for this young man?" Miss Gertrude questioned as she finished her coffee.

Marsha did not reply and Miss Gertrude gave it up. "I suppose," she said coldly, "that there is no appealing to you, who think only of self and nothing of the havoc that you wreck. I have fought your serious consideration of Geoffrey Tarleton, but I have come to the decision that such alliance may be entirely suitable. He is equally depraved."

"I thank you so much, dear," said Marsha, but without her usual spirit. She was entirely used to her aunt's estimate of her character, but somehow, this day it hurt as it had hurt her when she was still young and really trying to please.

Her aunt paid the check and they rose; she'd hunt up something to do Marsha decided, something by way of diversion . . . this was one of the hours when she did not dare think and when activity must be the antidote.

THEY rode silently toward Miss Gertrude's chill apartment, which was so faultlessly furnished with pieces that had been handed down by early Vermont Moors, an apartment in which Marsha had never been able to welcome her friends, a place where suspicion thrived, and where wrong conjectures were reached too easily, and where a few acid-faced women sewing for the box that was to go to Doctor James' favorite mission, made "a stimulating afternoon."

Jean let them in; the Scotch maid who disapproved of everything, save the rigid heaven for which she hoped, and of everyone, save Miss Gertrude. There were flowers, letters, and a cablegram for Miss Marsha, Jean said. Marsha looked at the flowers.

More than 35 residents of Catalina Island, Cal., playground, participated in the first annual island tennis championships.

Farmers of western Kentucky were paid \$730,000 for their strawberry crop this season.

The 18 mountain counties of North Carolina have a population of 390,359, or 32.7 persons per square mile.

BRITISH MOVIES GIVEN PRAISE BY DOUG FAIRBANKS

Films As Good As Any Made in U. S. A. Can Be Turned Out in Britain—But There Is Only One Hollywood

By HENRY T. RUSSELL, United Press Staff Correspondent.
LONDON.—(UP)—Pictures as good as the U. S. produced variety can be made in Britain, but Eistree never will replace Hollywood, according to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Fairbanks talked between tiresome posing for still pictures at British and Dominion studios, Eistree, where Alexander Korda's team of film stars led by Fairbanks, is at work producing "Don Juan."

"Eistree never will replace Hollywood," Fairbanks said emphatically, "but there is no reason why it should not be possible to produce pictures in Britain which are every bit as good as the Hollywood productions. Of course, for the moment, production is not so easy here as it would be there. Hollywood can call upon thousands of motion picture minded people as extras. Here the numbers are restricted."

"In some ways the cost of producing a picture at Eistree is bound to be much lower than at Hollywood.

Labor is cheaper, for instance. But in Hollywood any extra can get to work for a dime carfare whereas to get extras from London to Eistree we have to charter automobiles.

"There are at least ten actors or actresses, to choose from for any important film part to be acted in Hollywood. Here the choice is nearly always restricted between two or three."

Film Quota.

The main reason for Fairbanks' choice of Eistree for the production of "Don Juan," he said, was the British film quota. According to existing regulations, at least 25 per cent of the pictures shown at British picture houses must be British. This led a number of foreign companies to produce a certain number of small pictures in Britain for the express purpose of complying with the quota. Many of them, once registered with the authorities, never were shown. They were simply "quota" films, and, as such, straight losses.

They were, in other words, the price which motion picture producers of foreign extraction had to pay for the privilege of selling their big films.

"United Artists now is going to try to produce its quota films at Eistree," "Don Juan" is the first one, explained Fairbanks, adding that others would follow if he found suitable stories.

"Moonshiners" in the southern mountains are said to fire rhododendron roots excellent fuel for their liquor distilleries because they make no titillate smoke for revenue officers to see.

Four large tents were erected at the Longacre racing plant near Seattle, Wash., to accommodate the overflow of horses shipped in to race in the second legalized meeting of the track. Stable space was exhausted when approximately 700 thoroughbreds were entered in the meet.

FIRE NEAR TOWN OF ROGUE RIVER PUT IN CONTROL

GRANTS PASS, July 9.—(Sp.)—After burning over 600 acres of pine timber in Dead Horse canyon of Evans creek valley in Jackson county, southwestern Oregon's largest fire of this season, to date, was brought under control Saturday.

For a time a shift in the wind might have endangered the town of Rogue River.

The word was brought here in a telephonic conversation between the two district fire wardens, A. L. McCarty of Josephine county and Dwight Phipps of Jackson county.

Phipps told McCarty the blaze was probably started by a cigarette at about 2:30 Friday afternoon. A strong wind fanned the flames into a fire that defied efforts to halt it for several hours. Sixty men, mustered from CCC camps and from the transient camp at Talent were rushed to the scene and directed by Phipps and his assistants.

The fire started about two miles from the town of Rogue River, Phipps told McCarty.

It raged up Ward's creek canyon but a short distance north of the town they said. The blaze started on a small hill near the town, away from roads or buildings, they said.

Oregon Weather.

Fair tonight and Tuesday but cloudy northwest portion; no change in temperature; gentle to moderate northwest wind offshore.

THE ROOKIE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP—



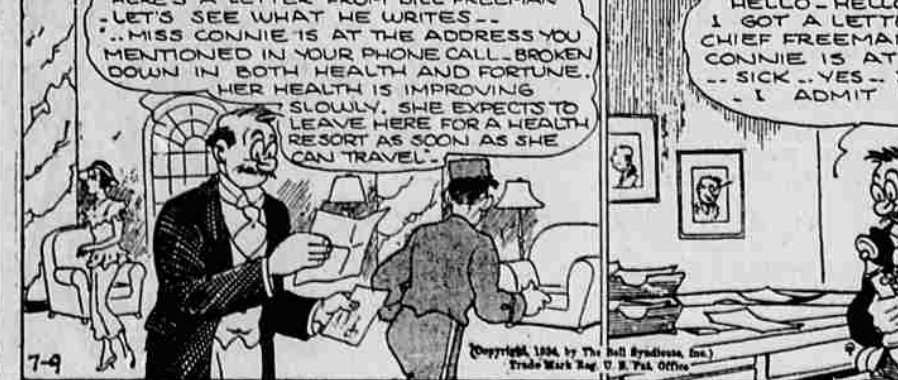
TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Unexpected Development!



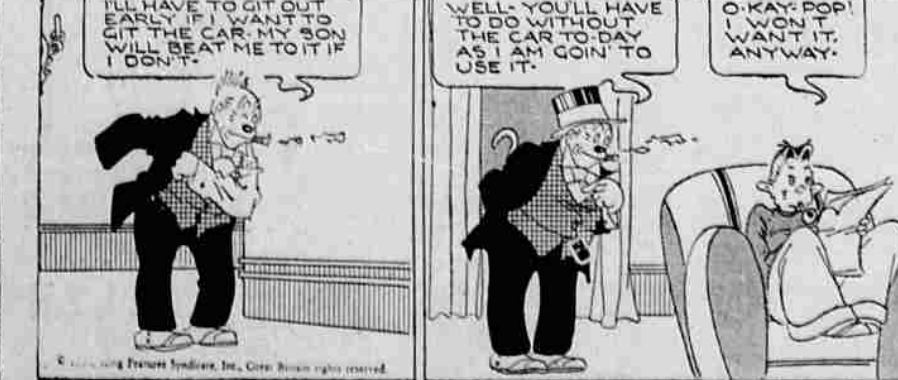
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—First Down!



THE NEBBS—Good News



BRINGING UP FATHER



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

By C. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By EDWIN ALGER

By Sol Hess

By George McManus