

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katherine Hamilton Taylor

SYNOPSIS: After the death of her son but little parents, Marsha Moore has more to live with her Aunt Gertrude. Aunt Gertrude's apathy toward her and Marsha has led the girl into a life of hard partying, broken only by the desire to see a young man who she meets as one admiring after another falls by the wayside. But Bob Powers, on vacation from his Mexican job, is different. Suddenly, Marsha decides she does not want to live with Aunt Gertrude.

Chapter Six MAN FROM MEXICO

AN HOUR later Marsha made ready to dress for dinner; Jean ran her bath. Marsha said, "Thank you, Jean—" to receive no answer beyond a short sniff. Once again she had felt that life might be much more bearable if there were only a servant in Miss Gertrude's menage who would answer pleasantly.

She lay in the tub relaxing, and stepping from it, she saw herself in a long mirror. Lovely she was, she knew. But if she had been plain she might have been very good and "beautiful—in all the ways that count most." That had echoed.

She dressed slowly and carefully; Bob was coming after dinner, and they would doubtless go somewhere to dance. She chose a black dress that was not so black as her hair, coiled the hair low, snapped

She had been, considering her undestanding of life, strangely innocent of the true form of the Church School affair with Mr. Craven. She had felt only her hunger for affection; the fact that she, who was starved for it, had found it, and she was at the point when she had come to the feeling that she could not "stand it any more"—living with her aunt.

Alice, another maid who had been for years with Miss Moore, left the room stiffly with the salad plates; then Marsha, who had grown a protective shell since that day when she knew she would die unless "some one liked her a little," said crisply, "No sweet—"

She did not care for sweets of any sort now. She preferred the raw and biting; men who blurted out harsh truths, foods that made the eyes smart. How smug, the proud old silver on the Sheraton sideboard. It had never been anything but dull to eat at home. No, once it had been more than dull; it had been a rack. Well, that was over! She knew her way around and she was so hard that no one could hurt her.

"I AM going to a committee meeting," said Miss Gertrude; "we are to discuss plans for the Community House—"



"Can you see them as my ancestors?" asked Marsha.

around her white throat the string of pearls that had been her mother's.

She could see her mother playing with them, the while she teased some man by turning upon him the softest eyes. Marsha had come by her habits straight enough, she knew; it was odd that they sometimes troubled her.

She died, for the most part in silence, with her aunt. Miss Moore broke it once to say, "And what do you do tonight?" Her question was asked in a manner that implied deceit would be useless; in a manner that had, to be just to Marsha, been used long before Marsha had considered the weaving of the tangled web.

"Bob," Marsha answered, "but you should have said who, or is it whom? I always get mixed on those. We're packing the time with 'beautiful memories'; he goes back to his bridges in two or three months—" "I am indeed glad to hear it!" Miss Moore commented.

"Better," Marsha agreed. "The affair, by then, will have about run its course. You do dislike my trapping methods, don't you, Aunt?"

MISS GERTRUDE made no reply and Marsha smiled a trifle wearily at the heavy quiet that ensued; she understood its quality so well! Such unbroken stretches had once seemed almost unbearable.

Marsha remembered, with a rise of hot indignation, the injustices that had been done her, as a child, through them; of how she had struggled to please her aunt, to make talk that would please her aunt.

After her tangle with the music teacher, she had tried no more. Miss Moore had made her understand very clearly that she was "lost," that there was "no possible redemption" for her. Her understanding had made Marsha lie wide-eyed in the dark, small after night, seeing herself as ruined, people as shunning her, her life a thing to be lived apologetically, in shadow; seeing God as a stern-faced replica of the hardest Puritan marking her for his wrath.

It was amazing how arid and loveless those could be, who "served humanity," Marsha reflected. She wondered, drinking her tea, how it would be to spend an evening at home with some man. She might try it with Bob. Doubtless Jean and Alice would keep watch, ears glued to key holes, and so be ready to report. But they wouldn't get much from Bob!

When he appeared at nine, Marsha, herself, opened the door to him. For a moment he hesitated; then quickly he stepped within the hall. "This is about the pleasantest thing that ever happened to me," he said.

"Your flowers are lovely, Bob—" "Not lovely enough," he faltered in answer.

"I so appreciate your sending me the same sort of what you sent your mother." And she did; she felt her eyes smart to turn quickly from him. "It was all wrong," she added, "but I liked it. And do you think you could stand an evening of domestic turn?"

"Rather!" he answered eagerly. He laid his hat and gloves on a table; slipped from his coat to follow her into the small, prim drawing room that was depressed by stern portraits of very God-fearing folk; genteel folk of repressed instincts and an unyielding sense of the proper.

"Can you see them as my ancestors?" Marsha asked, after a short glance around the walls. She laughed; he smiled. "Your ancestors," he stated, "were gods and goddesses but unusually kind ones. I think you are descended from Nobbs who bragged that her children were the most beautiful in the world. One child must have escaped death. The others, you know were killed because they were so beautiful!"

"It works that way sometimes, but let's not brood on it—" she said "Sit down, Bob—"

She had dropped to a small old sofa; he looked longingly at the space that was by her. Again she laughed. "You may," she said gently. (Copyright, 1934, by K. Hamilton-Taylor)

Bob spends a difficult evening, Monday.

NEW POSTAL LAWS PUT MORE COIN IN UNCLE SAM'S TILL

Money Orders May Now Be Cashed at Towns Other Than One to Which Sent by Paying Additional Fee

By FRANK B. HARPER, Associated Press Staff Writer. WASHINGTON, July 10.—(AP)—Postmasters are having big memory workouts these days, learning new answers necessitated by the activity of the 73rd congress in passing new postal laws.

Some of the regulations will jingle a bit more money in Uncle Sam's pockets. Beginning yesterday for instance, an additional dime is charged when a registered, insured or "collect on delivery" piece of mail is delivered to a restricted address or person.

That is, if such a letter or parcel is marked for delivery only to John Smith at such and such an address, instead of being addressed merely to a street or office number, the added charge will be collected. Considerable revenue is expected from this source.

Another fresh wrinkle that will bring in more nickels and pennies are the new regulations permitting cashing of money orders at post-

ices other than the one to which the order is sent. In such cases the postmaster cashing the money order will deduct a fee equal to that charged by the office from which it was sent. In other words, if a person sends a money order for which he was charged 15 cents, and it is cashed at some other office than the one named in the order, 15 cents will be collected by the cashing office.

Another money-producing innovation, but one that will not profit the postoffice department itself, is the so-called "duck stamp." Hereafter, hunters going after ducks and other migratory fowl must buy from the postoffice a \$1 migratory bird stamp and put it on their license.

Regulations for the postmasters to handle this routine have just been issued. The money will go into the treasury for the support of bird refuges and breeding grounds. Then there is the new airmail rate that means more changes in the postmasters' routine—6 cents instead of 8—to say nothing of a combined airmail and special delivery stamp which they will have to start worrying with shortly.

NARCOTIC CONTROL GROWING TIGHTER

NEW YORK, July 10.—(AP)—Cordell Hull, secretary of state in the Roosevelt cabinet, said today "Improvement in control of the distribution of dangerous habit forming drugs is becoming apparent throughout the world."

In a message broadcast at the World Narcotic Defense Association's celebration on the first anniversary of the narcotics limitation conven-

tion, Hull also paid tribute to Turkey for its "effective steps" to suppress illicit exports.

The United States was the principal victim of this traffic and the action taken by the Turkish government to put an end to it has been of the greatest assistance to the American government in its efforts to combat the evil of narcotic drug addiction," Hull added.

Forty-five nations have either ratified or acceded to the narcotics limitation agreement.

OREGON RELIEF COIN ALLOTTED

PORTLAND, July 10.—(AP)—The Oregon state relief committee today approved two well-drilling projects for the drought area of Jefferson county. A well will be drilled at Pony Butte, 30 miles northwest of Madras, and another will be sunk 8 miles south of Madras. Another large project approved today was for portable cannery work at Albany, Lebanon, Sweet Home, Scio, Harrisburg, Brownsville, Lacombe, Crawfordville, Crabtree and Lyons.

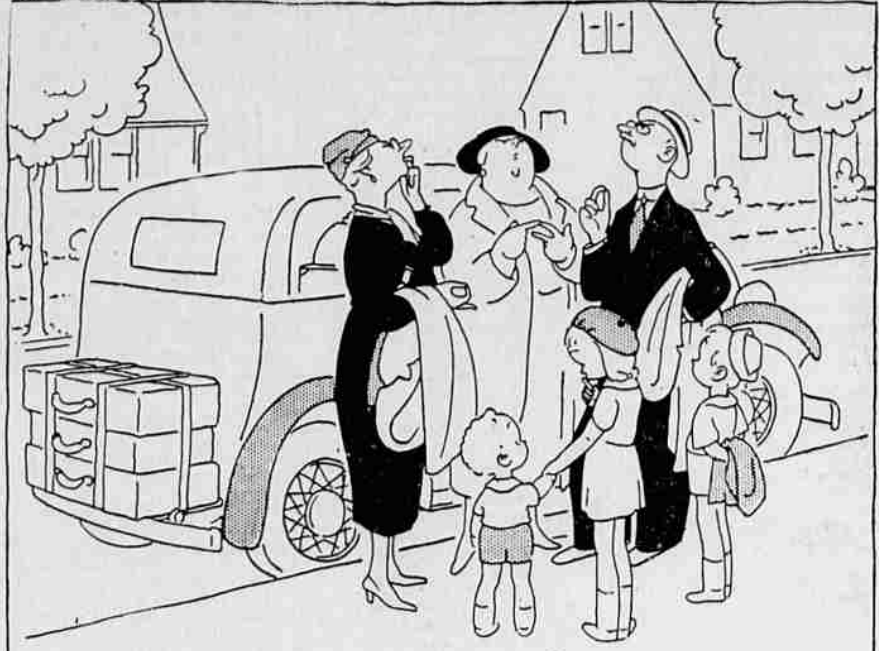
A total of \$38,000 has been allotted throughout the state for July expenditure in transient centers, stations and camps.

SALEM, July 10.—(AP)—Mrs. Jennie Bennet Thielson, 82, widow of the late Henry B. Thielson, died at the family residence here Sunday after an illness of a month. Mrs. Thielson had been resident of Salem for 36 years.

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THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE MINUTE OF SILENT CONCENTRATION IN WHICH A FAMILY INDULGES BEFORE TAKING TO THE ROAD, ALTHOUGH THEY KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT THEY WON'T REMEMBER THE THINGS THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN UNTIL THEY ARE AT LEAST TEN MILES ALONG ON THEIR JOURNEY

7-10

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

S'MATTER POP—



By C. M. Payne

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Douglas Puts Himself On The Spot



By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Exploring The Hatchway



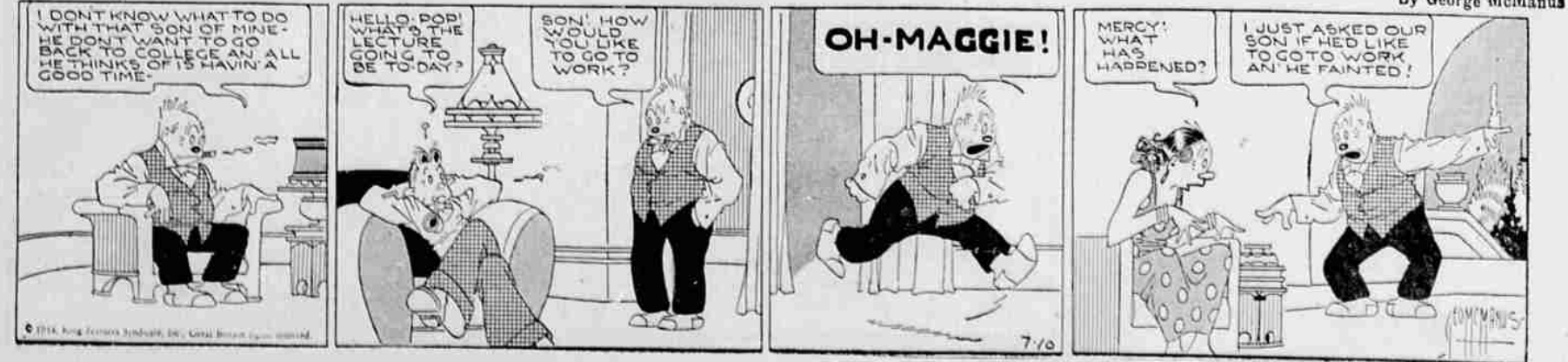
By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—I Hope You Told Him



By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

ICKES CALLS CONFABS ON NEW GRAZING ACT

WASHINGTON, July 10.—(AP)—Secretary Ickes announced today the first of a number of preliminary conferences to lay plans for administration of the Taylor grazing act will be held in Salt Lake City July 23. Assistant Secretary of the Interior Oscar L. Chapman will head the group of interior department experts who will confer with stockmen.

Record Flax Crop. SALEM, July 10.—(AP)—A record flax crop will be handled by the state penitentiary plant this year, William Erving, state purchasing agent, said today when he estimated 4500 tons of flax would be delivered by local farmers.

INSULL'S LAST BAR TO TRIAL ERASED

CHICAGO, July 10.—(AP)—The last technical obstacle of the trial of Samuel Insull for fraudulent use of the mails was wiped away today and Federal Judge James H. Wilkinson ordered the former utilities magnate to trial Sept. 18.

PENDLETON, July 10.—(AP)—J. O. Turner, Heppner attorney, was today elected president of the sixth judicial district bar association at a meeting here. H. I. Watts, Athena, was named vice-president; Fred Schmidt, Pendleton, secretary, and George Lewis, Pendleton, treasurer.

SALEM, July 10.—(AP)—The public utilities commission today received an application from the Natural Gas Corporation of Oregon to sell its gas plant to the Consumers' Gas Corporation of Bend.

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