

# SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Hawland Taylor

**SYNOPSIS:** Marsha Moore remembers her parents only as gay and jolly people; she has lived many years with her sinister Aunt Gertrude, whose harsh regimen has gradually made Marsha a hard and heartless hunter of men. But now she has met Bob Powers, home on vacation from his job in Mexico, and she finds that she does not want to hurt him, even though she finds it impossible not to do so sometimes. Bob is colling.

## Chapter Seven MARSHA PERTURBED

BOB murmured, "Thanks awfully" as he settled by her. "And you can hold my hand," Marsha added. He took it and for some moments he sat staring down at it; and again she had the curious and now impulsive to tears that had lately descended her. Suddenly he held her hand against his cheek. "I love you very much, Marsha," he said in a whisper. "What are you going to do about it? I know I'm not—half the man you should have but—" (his voice thickened) "If caring counts—" "But I don't know whether it does," she answered coolly as she drew her hand away. "I don't mean to bother you," he said. "Then don't, dear," she answered lightly. He was staring down on her as he did so often; adoringly, yet problemly. "You won't like it much where

resolve not to trouble her. Never had she known such control. He held her close, for her, but his hands did not linger on her shoulders as some men's did. He said, smiling a little, and mirthlessly, "I would not want to do that too often!"

IN the street he signalled a taxicab and in it he sat away from her. She had known so many men who found excuse to edge closer with every jolt. Some day he would find the right woman of course, some very good woman who would not be afraid of domestic evenings and of what silence might bring forth. "Are you tired?" he asked anxiously. "I don't think so."

"You are unusually silent, Marsha."

"If you want me to chatter sweet nothing, I'll—"

He interrupted. "I want you to do, while with me, exactly what you want to do, Marsha."

She moved suddenly to rest her cheek against his muscular upper arm. She heard him draw a sharp breath. "It means nothing," she explained, "but you said I was to do as I wanted to do."

"It means more than you think," he said; "I know it does, if my arms mean rest to you." His voice trembled, broke. He moved, slipped his

arm around her, drew her close; held her gently. "Do you mind?" he whispered.

"Oh, no!" she answered quite steadily, a little wearily.

"I love you so much; I want as much to kiss you," he said and he was proud of the steadiness with which he had managed to speak.

"Why not?" she answered. It might help him, she thought, to kiss before he rode away. And of course it would make no difference to her. Nothing much could make any difference to her.

He took off his hat before he bent his face to hers; then very gently he touched her lips with his.

"I am quite mad about you," she heard. She raised a hand to touch his cheek and the touch made him show a little of the madness, a very little, she thought. But he said, breathlessly, "Dearest, tell me, I didn't frighten you? It would kill me to hurt you."

He seemed quite himself, dancing. "Please be brotherly," she had begged, "the other—rather bore me!"

His arm that encircled her did not once tighten, although his effort to keep it from doing so more than once made him flush darkly and the veins on his forehead thicken. But he seemed quite himself and brotherly, and Marsha told him at two that she had had "an enchanting evening."

For once in her life, Marsha felt a slight sense of escape at returning to her aunt's straight-laced, prim house. She felt with Bob as an actress might feel who had played the same role too many times, and suddenly found the man playing opposite her had dropped several cues in a row.

She did not sleep soon. She lay thinking of Geoffrey Tarleton who never dreamed asleep or awake and who knew her measure and whom, in her way, she loved. She would feel better after an evening or two with him. And meantime, she hoped she would not really hurt Bob Powers.

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Something very impulsive to Marsha, tomorrow.

# WHEAT AND CORN EXPECTATION FAR BENEATH AVERAGE

## Agriculture Department Figures Show Pear Crop of 22,400,000 Bushels in Offing—Tops Last Year

WASHINGTON, July 11.—(AP)—Conditions on July 1 indicated wheat production this year would aggregate 483,662,000 bushels and corn 2,113,000,000 bushels.

This estimate, for the United States only, was made today by the department of agriculture.

The devastating drought had intensified interest in the report.

The corn figure compared with 2,330,237,000 bushels in 1933 and the 1927-31 average of 2,143,500,000.

Wheat averaged 886,000,000 bushels in the 1927-31 period and was 527,413,000 last year.

Production of other important crops for the current year, also as indicated July 1, were estimated:

Pears, 22,400,000 bushels, compared with 21,400,000 a month ago, 21,192,000 last year and 22,800,000 the 5-year average.

Winter wheat, 394,000,000 bushels, compared with 400,357,000 a month ago, 351,030,000 last year and 632,061,000 the 1927-31 average.

All spring wheat, 89,400,000 bushels, compared with 176,383,000 last year and 254,000,000 the 5-year average.

The Durum wheat, 6,500,000 bushels, compared with 16,109,000 last year and 61,000,000 the 5-year average.

Other spring wheat, 82,900,000 bushels, compared with 160,274,000 last year and 193,000,000 the 5-year average.

Oats, 668,000,000 bushels, compared with 722,485,000 last year, and 1,187,000,000 the 5-year average.

Barley, 125,000,000 bushels compared with 155,104,000 last year and 270,000,000 the 5-year average.

Rye, 17,300,000 bushels, compared with 18,759,000 a month ago, 21,184,000 last year and 40,950,000 the 5-year average.

Flaxseed, 5,600,000 bushels, compared with 6,785,000 last year, and 18,700,000 the 5-year average.

Hay (tame), 52,000,000 tons, compared with 65,852,000 last year and 72,300,000 the 5-year average.

Beans (dry edible), 10,400,000 bushels compared with 11,808,584 last year and 2,280,000 the 5-year average.

Potatoes, 348,000,000 bushels, compared with 317,143,000 last year, and 366,000,000 the 5-year average.

The condition of the various crops on July 1 was reported as follows:

Corn, 71.8 per cent of a normal; all wheat, 52.4; winter wheat, 57.2; all spring wheat, 39.4; Durum wheat, 29.4; other spring wheat, 39.3; oats, 40; barley, 45.9; pasture 48.9; flaxseed 40; rye, 45.9; rye 40.2; flaxseed 47.9; hay (tame) 48.9; pasture 48.9; beans

# YOUNG TRAVELER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

STARTS AUTOMOBILE TRIP IN MOTHER'S LAP. IS TOLD HOPEFULLY TO BE A GOOD BOY AND TAKE A NICE LONG NAP

DOESN'T WANT TO SLEEP WHEN THERE IS SO MUCH TO SEE. SQUIRMS, TRYING TO GET ROUND SO HE CAN LOOK OUT BETTER

MOTHER FIRMLY PUTS HIM BACK WHERE HE WAS BECAUSE SHE'S AFRAID HE'LL LEAN OUT TOO FAR

LET'S THEM KNOW HE DOESN'T LIKE IT. IS TOLD TO HUSH AND GO TO SLEEP, BECAUSE HIS CRYING MAKES DADDY NERVOUS

MOTHER COMPROMISES BY GIVING IN

IS SHIFTED, CAUSING AN ARGUMENT BECAUSE MOTHER SAYS AUNT JANE ISN'T HOLDING HIM RIGHT, AND HE'LL FALL

AUNT JANE HAVING FINALLY SHIFTED HER GRIP, DECIDES HE WANTS TO GO BACK TO MOTHER'S LAP

JUST AS FAMILY GETS HUNGRY, GOES TO SLEEP, SO THAT THEY DON'T DARE STOP TO EAT FOR FEAR OF WAKING HIM

# SEATTLE PORT CASHIER GIVEN 15-YEAR TERM

SEATTLE, July 11.—(AP)—Allan L. Bickell, former port of Seattle cashier, was sentenced here today to serve from five to 15 years in the state penitentiary at Walla Walla on his plea of guilty to four counts of grand larceny charging theft of \$21,474 from port funds.

Beginner's Luck. CLINTON, Conn.—(UP)—Edward Fitzpatrick is a firm believer in beginner's luck. While seasoned fishermen complained of small catches, Fitzpatrick, casting a line for the first time, landed a 14-pound striped bass. It took him an hour to pull it into the boat.



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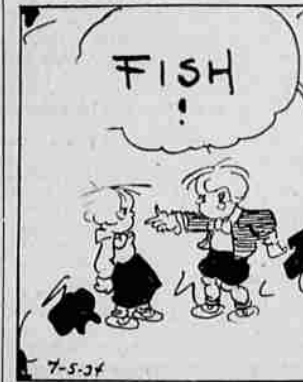
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# S'MATER POP



7-5-34

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Meat for the Prosecution!



1921

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Battle!



1921

# THE NEBBS—Telegraph—Telephone—Tell Fanny



7-11

# BRINGING UP FATHER



7-11

# ENJOY WRIGHT'S SPEARMINT GUM



5¢ AND WORTH IT!

Many Homes Have Electricity. HARRISBURG, Pa.—(UP)—One-third of Pennsylvania's farm homes have electricity, the state department of agriculture reported. The number of farms electrified in the state increased from 23,354 in 1924 to 53,630 in 1934.

Kittens and Rats Friends. BRAINTREE, Mass.—(UP)—John P. Tolson has a cat and two kittens that play, in friendly fashion, with his pet white rats. Mickey and Minnie. He also has an Italian bulldog that capers with the cat and kittens.

ER—I MEAN DEE-YEWTFUL GOLDFISH WITH SILVER FINS AN' DIAMOND EYES

YEP!—I CAN SEE TH ANSWER WRITTEN IN THEIR FACES!

MARG—YOU DID THIS FOR ME!—AND I THOUGHT YOU LOVED BRUCE—

I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED YOU, DICK, WITHOUT YOU LIFE DOESN'T MATTER!

—AND IT SHOULD BE THE CONVINCING PROOF, GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY—THIS YOUNG WOMAN CLAIMS THAT BRUCE WILKINS DECEIVED HER—SO SHE CONSPIRED WITH THE DEFENDANT TO KILL HIM!

THEY'RE BOTH INNOCENT AS LAMBS—BUT THAT ISN'T GOING TO HELP THEM LOOK AT THAT JURY!

YEP!—I CAN SEE TH ANSWER WRITTEN IN THEIR FACES!

WHAT THE DICKENS IS THAT? GAV, I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO FOUL MY LINES—DAVE WOULD THINK ME A SWELL DIVER IF I DID THAT—

BUT AS THE GIANT DEVILFISH WHIPPED A SECOND AND THEN A THIRD TENTACLE ABOUT HIM, BEN TURNED AND GAVE HIM HORROR WHAT WAS ATTACKING HIM!

HEY! SOMEBODY GET DAVE JONES AT ONCE! BEN'S IN TROUBLE DOWN THERE! HE WON'T ANSWER ME ON THIS TELEPHONE, BUT I CAN HEAR HIM BREATHIN' HEAVY LIKE! QUICK! HURRY!

I WAS SO GLAD TO GET THE NEWS THAT CONNIE WAS ON THE SQUARE I FORGOT TO TELL RUDY ABOUT BLABBING ABOUT MY AFFAIRS

SAY BIG GAB, WHY DID YOU GO AND TELL SYLVIA ALL ABOUT CONNIE WRITIN' ME AND ME SENDIN' HER MONEY?

I DIDN'T TELL HER, FANNY MUST HAVE TOLD HER—I TELL YOUR COUSIN FANNY, MY WIFE, EVERYTHING.

YOU TELL HER EVERYTHIN' WELL, I KNOW A FEW THINGS YOU DIDN'T TELL HER, SO HEREAFTER I'LL TELL HER THE THINGS YOU DON'T 'CAUSE NOW I KNOW YOU WANT HER TO KNOW EVERYTHIN'!

I TOLD MY SON NOT TO LEAVE THE HOUSE TO-DAY SO I'LL JUST RUN HOME AN' SEE IF HE HAS OBEYED ME—

FER HEAVEN'S SAKE! WHAT IN THE WORLD IS ALL THAT RACKET ABOUT?

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

WELL, YOU SAID NOT TO GO OUT, SO I INVITED A FEW OF THE BOYS OVER—

BAU-BAU-RAH-RAH-RAH!

I SHOOT A DIME—

YOU'RE FADED—

AW! SHOOT IT ALL!

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