

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Haviland Taylor

SYNOPSIS: When Marsha Moore's gay, but not too helpful parents died, Marsha was sent to live with her Aunt Gertrude. She arrived a worldly-wise little girl anxious to be loved and to please. In ten years her unending spinner quilt had made her a hard and calculating, pleasure-loving young woman. Men adored her and she sneered at them. But now Bob Powers has come for a vacation from his Mexican job—and Marsha finds she does not want to hurt Bob.

Chapter Eight THE RING

MARSHA, who believed with Miss Millay that there is no wine like thirst, had expected Bob Powers to kiss her hotly, to grow a little languid and to go his way, but the affair had not followed this form.

He had kissed her not hotly, but humbly and gently and timidly, and he revealed no evidence of wanting to go any way but hers.

For two strained, unhappy weeks she had "played around" with Bob. Geoffrey Tarleton, her one anesthetic that usually took hold, was in town, she knew, and he had not looked her up.

He was a sly-eyed old young man, of an unhappily full and slack underlip, and his life had taught him to know women. His drawn motto was "Keep 'em longing," and he understood the art of doing so.

Marsha could see him in his rooms, smiling over the thought of her knowing he was in town and wondering why she did not see him. She heard, through a feline friend, that Geoffrey was paying court to a Spanish dancer who was turning New York mad.

Geoffrey, she had realized early, would always "do that sort of thing," yet two weeks at home without even calling her by telephone was rather brutal, even for Geoffrey.

Bob Powers' attitude had also complicated life. His simplicity made him see a kiss as a pledge, and she had kissed him rather thoroughly, wondering whether she could make him lose his head.

She had not; she had had instead, made him lose to her the last corner of his liberating untroubled heart. He had drawn away after her kisses to stare at a portrait of the Moore who had been an Ambassador in the Henry Adams era. The tropic moment had occurred in Miss Gertrude's arctic drawing-room.

"You are heavenly sweet," he said, when he could manage to speak; "generous! Perhaps after twenty or thirty years together, and my trying during all that time to show you what I think and feel of you, you will understand a little of my gratitude and worship."

She had thought, "Oh, heavens!" But she did not tell him brutally that there would be no twenty or thirty years together. Such affairs sometimes "worked out," she reasoned, without help and quite satisfactorily.

She reckoned the women who "let things slide" and who "managed nicely"; their number reassured her, who heretofore had had no hesitation in dealing a death blow with a smile. But she did not sleep well.

Bob brought her the ring; she let him slip it on her finger, and looking on it, alone, she cried. She did not cry easily. But three times she had cried since "growing up."

But it might work out. She, who had offered so many poisoned cups, in the manner of Lucretia Borgia, and with as little feeling—she didn't want to hurt him.

ONE afternoon at the start of November she went with Bob to see his mother and, heading toward the old residence street that had been so little touched by the new, she knew herself to be as tremulous and uncertain as she had been at ten.

He understood it, who understood sundry things so well and others not at all, and smiling down on her, he put his hand over hers.

"There isn't any dragon for you, dearest," he said, "Don't you know that I'm the Knight who slays them?"

She tried to smile, and seeing that she must try to smile, he was touched deeply by her perturbation. "Darling," he said, "my mother will—does—love you. Otherwise sound in taste, she cares rather amazingly for me and she knows what you have done for me. How happy you have made me, by—" (he hesitated) "stooping to me."

She murmured a stifled, "Don't!" He did not understand that, but feeling her need for comfort without understanding it, he tightened his hand on hers and he spoke quickly of matters he hoped might divert her.

She sat, small, pointed chin rather stiff, staring at the stocky neck of Mrs. Powers' chauffeur. The moment would start Geoffrey's loudest mirth, she realized. She could not see why she must be so tragic about a matter that, six weeks before, would have made her laugh.

She moistened her lips. There must be something amusing about her going, with this tawny, fatuously blind giant to meet his mother. But she could not, with all her reasoning, make the matter seem amusing.

At least twenty times before she had been "engaged" without once seriously considering marriage, or the disappointment that would be another's through her breaking the engagement. Getting engaged she had found to be "rather diverting"; getting disengaged, an easy matter that did not touch her. But now—

"Are you warm enough, dear?" she heard him ask very gently. She answered with a muted, strained, "Quite, Bob, thank you."

Then the street, the house; brown stone steps, of course. They would be, it would probably smell queer and old; and the door would be opened by a stooped servant who would call Bob "Mr. Bob," a servant who remembered New Year's calls and young and slightly hilarious blades who crowded in chaises on one another's laps and stopped here and there for a toddy and to exchange the wishes of the day.

Such a house, and its inmates, would know a great deal of order and of the things gentle-folk could do. Regard for law and the following of such conduct as keeps a chin above the timber line was written on the solid structure before which the motor stopped.

BOB opened the door before the chauffeur could leave his post. "Home," said Bob a little breathlessly; and his eyes troubled Marsha as she had often and because they were filled with confidence, happiness, humble gratitude and adoration.

Bartholomew, a stooped old servant, admitted them to the house; he said, "Mr. Bob," and he bowed low to Marsha.

A good many people would be hurt, she realized, when the truth was told.

She liked the hall, which she saw through confusion and a bit hastily. The furniture was old, good, solid; the rugs, which had been bought before people generally turned toward the East with their need to cover floors, would mean a fortune to such as reckoned in that manner, and the utmost satisfaction to another group who required gentle, warming color in their daily fare.

No one who lived in a house with such a sort of hall, could shout with anger, or punish with cold silence.

Bob's hand on her arm, Marsha moved with him toward the drawing room. As they reached the threshold of the broad doorway, Mrs. Powers rose, a small, faded symphony in gray with gentleness written upon her as Modernity was etched on Marsha's face and in her garb.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Powers; she moved toward Marsha, both rather tremulous hands outstretched. Marsha felt dry lips on hers... odd moment, and how Geoffrey would smile over it! And why had she let the affair go thus far?

"That is a very stiff chair for you, dear," said Mrs. Powers, after she had settled, and after Marsha, as close to awkward as she could be, had followed the lead.

"I'm feeling stiff," Marsha admitted ruefully. "When I am a bit less frightened I'll move to a slumplier chair!"

They laughed, Mrs. Powers and Bob. "That will probably become one of the family jokes," said Mrs. Powers. "Family jokes," echoed in Marsha. Did families really have them? She'd been certain that all that stuff about family jokes and closeness was the rottenest poppycock! But Mrs. Powers didn't look as if she could lie.

"I meant," Mrs. Powers amplified, "that when you are very much at home here, we shall look back to smile over this visit and your having felt restrained." She leaned forward then to lay her hand upon Marsha's. "I understood from my son," she said, "you were rarely beautiful, but it is more than that which he and I see; your eyes, dear child, are signposts of your fitness."

Definitely, Marsha shook her head. "She is a very humble small person, mother," said Bob. He was staring at Marsha in a way that further disconcerted her; she could almost hear his inner chant, "You're here! You're here!"

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Tomorrow, Marsha is drawn farther into a difficult situation.

ZIMMERMAN PATH TO GOVERNORSHIP BESET BY STONES

Party Chieftains Trying to Figure Possible Loss to Regular Candidates — Funds a Large Problem

By VIRGIL PINKLEY
United Press Staff Correspondent
STATEHOUSE, Salem, Ore.—(UP)—Republican and Democratic chieftains publicly scoff at the entry of Peter Zimmerman into the gubernatorial race.

Privately, however, they go into frequent serious sessions in an attempt to estimate possible loss of votes from the candidacies of Joe E. Dunne or Congressman Charles H. Martin.

Dunne's supporters believe Zimmerman will receive votes which might have been cast for Martin. Martin's advisors, however, are confident that the Yamhill dirt farmer will take votes away from Dunne with his "socialistic, progressive or radical" program.

Obstacles in Path
Zimmerman's path, if it leads to victory, is beset with many serious obstacles, most observers agree.

The biggest problem is securing adequate finances. Zimmerman's chieftains, principally Grange leaders, point to the surpris-

ing race made in the primaries by Sam Brown with his "840 and a Ford" slogan. They believe Zimmerman can tour every hamlet of the state at small cost. Support of the country press is relied upon to a great extent.

Members of the independent candidate recall the success of Julius Meier in 1930 as an independent. The political situation has changed usually support a regular Republican or Democratic nominee broke ranks and joined the Meier parade.

Meier used the radio, billboards, and newspaper advertising extensively. His mailed literature was done in two and three colors. His campaign, in brief, reflected the touch of political mastery.

Zimmerman has honesty and sincerity on his side, but few of the other assets possessed by Meier, prognosticators argue.

Independent Unwarranted
Prior to Zimmerman's selection as candidate of the "true progressives," there was little editorial demand for an independent. Some country weeklies even advised against such a movement, pointing out that only one independent, Meier, has ever been elected governor of Oregon.

Dunne advisors, including Henry

Hansen, say Zimmerman's entry will take radical votes away from Martin. Close friends of the Democratic nominee reply that Dunne's legislative record admittedly would have drawn Grange votes which Zimmerman may not be expected to receive.

Actual result of Zimmerman's nomination probably will not be known for a number of weeks.

There is still sufficient time for any of the three nominees to make foolish statements or to have their advisors make political blunders.

Meier Had Money
Then, Meier had almost unlimited funds to pour into his campaign. His expenses of \$60,000. Actual outgo probably was three or four times the personally listed Meier expenditure.

Meier's name was known throughout the state. He ran as a business man who would give an economical administration. His stand on financial matters was well known.

Many agencies and groups which usually support a regular Republican or Democratic nominee broke ranks and joined the Meier parade.

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Dunne advisors, including Henry

ICE CREAM SODA
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

RECEIVES CHOCOLATE ICE-CREAM SODA. WONDERING A LITTLE IF HE'D RATHER HAVE HAD STRAW-BERRY!

EXAMINES CONTENTS TO MAKE SURE HE RECEIVED FULL QUOTA OF ICE CREAM!

DEBATES WHETHER TO EAT ALL THE ICE CREAM FIRST, DRINK THE SODA FIRST, OR MIX THEM

CAREFULLY SCOOPS UP SOME THAT HAS DRIBBLED DOWN SIDE OF GLASS

REACHES THE END WITH A LOUD GURGLE THROUGH THE STRAW

LEANS HEAD ON FISTS AND GIVES HIMSELF OVER TO COMPLETE ENJOYMENT OF FIRST TASTE THROUGH THE STRAW

GETS SERIOUSLY TO WORK STOPPING FROM TIME TO TIME TO SEE HOW MUCH THERE IS LEFT

TILTS GLASS UP AND HOLDS IT THERE TILL HE'S SURE HE HAS DRAINED EVERY DROP

WIPE MOUTH, SADLY CONTEMPLATES EMPTY GLASS, AND ADES OUT

Black Fallow Deer Born.
KANSAS CITY, Mo.—(UP)—The birth of a black fallow deer to a white fallow doe in the Swope Park Zoo here has increased the number of recent births to ten and turned attendants into nursemaids for the new arrivals.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—(UP)—The interstate commerce commission today granted authority to railroads to establish rates on livestock in carloads between points in western trunk line territory without observing the long and short haul provision of the interstate commerce act.

The order provides that relief from that provision will apply where the distance over the short route is 150 miles or less and where the circuitous route is more than 70 per cent longer than the shortest route.

It also would apply where the distance over the shortest tariff route exceeds 150 miles and the circuitous route is more than 50 per cent longer than the shortest route.

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S'MATTER POP—

WHEN YOU ARE IN TROUBLE OR DISTRESS JUST WHISTLE—TRY TO REMEMBER THAT!

LATER

TAKE THIS!

I DON'T WANNA!

YESSIR!

Bartholomew, a stooped old servant, admitted them to the house; he said, "Mr. Bob," and he bowed low to Marsha.

AWK!

WHAT THE SAM HILL DID YOU BLOW THAT IN MY EYE FOR?

OH! I DIDN'T BLOW! I JUST WHISTLED!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Jury Returns!

IT IS THE CLOSING DAY IN THE TRIAL OF DICK DOUGLAS CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF HIS PAI, BRUCE WILKINS, TOMMY AND SKEETER, CONVICTED THAT DOG IS INNOCENT HAVE TESTIFIED IN HIS DEFENSE—THE JURY IS RETURNING—

SENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, HAVE YOU REACHED YOUR VERDICT?

WE HAVE, JUDGE—ERR—YOUR HONOR

I'M AFRAID MARJORIE DIDN'T HELP DOUG'S CASE ANY BY TRYING TO CONVINC THE JURY SHE KILLED WILK—

THE FOREMAN LOOKS GLOOMIER THAN ANY JURY FOREMAN I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Fight For Life!

FIGHTING DESPERATELY FOR HIS LIFE, BEN HACKED AT THE GLIMY FEELERS WHICH ENCIRCLED HIM WITH VICE LIKE GRIPS! HE REALIZED THE HORROR AND PERIL OF THE SITUATION!

IF I C-C-CAN GET OUT ON DECK, MY LINES WILL BE CLEAR AND THEY CAN PULL ME TO THE SURFACE

HURRY, DAVE! HURRY! I CAN'T GET A WORD OUT O' HIM! SOMETHIN' TERRIBLE IS GOIN' ON DOWN THERE!

LUKE! PULL ME UP! PULL ME UP!

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THE NEBBS—Love, Sweet Love

WELL, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE CONNIE'S COMIN DOWN HERE - I LOVE HER - SHE'S THE ONLY WOMAN THAT NO MATTER WHAT SHE DONE, I ALWAYS HAD AN ARGUMENT IN HER BEHALF

THERE, CONNIE, I'LL PUT YOU BACK IN YOUR OLD PLACE - I KEPT YOUR PICTURE ALL THE TIME WHEN IT SEEMED LIKE YOU BETRAYED ME - THERE AINT NO REAL BAD THOUGHTS COULD BE BACK OF SUCH TRUSTING EYES

WHEN YOU'RE VERY SICK YOU ALWAYS THINK OF FOLKS YOU LOVE AND RIGHT AWAY SHE THINKS OF ME - THAT'S PROOF AND NEBB COULDN'T TALK ME OUT OF IT NEITHER

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SNAKE RIVER SURVEY MONEY IS SET ASIDE

WASHINGTON, July 12.—(AP)—The war department announced today allotment of \$77,000 for examinations and surveys of proposed improvements on the Snake river in Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

The board of engineers for rivers and harbors already has made a preliminary examination and now finds that further extensive surveys should be made between the mouth and the Oregon-Washington line, on which to formulate detailed plans and estimates for improvement.

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

STUDENTS OF OREGON ATTAIN RICH AWARDS

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—Students at Oregon State higher institutions of learning received \$11,800 in scholarships, prizes and awards during the past year, the audit of the board of higher education showed today.

The prizes were given for speaking, essays, research and other accomplishments by various individuals and organizations. They included \$2221 at Oregon State college, \$9592 at University of Oregon, \$30 at the medical school, \$37.37 at Monmouth normal.

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

BRINGING UP FATHER

FOR GOODNESS SAKE WILL YOU STOP THAT COUGHING? IT'S VERY ANNOYING TO ME!

HOW KIN I HELD IT! I'VE CAUGHT A COLD!

WHY, SONNY, IS THAT YOU COUGHING?

YES, GEE! I THINK I'M CATCHING A COLD!

NOW, WHAT HAS HE DONE?

PHONE QUICK! GET THE DOCTOR OUR SON IS CATCHING A COLD—HE IS COUGHING!

I WONDER IF MAGGIE WOULD HAVE ANY OBJECTIONS WHEN THE DOCTOR CALLS IF I ASK HIM ABOUT MY COUGH?

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