

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Howland Taylor

SYNOPSIS: The death of Marsha Moore's parents has sent her to live with her spinster Aunt Gertrude. Two years with Aunt Gertrude and her harsh regimen have made Marsha into a hard, pleasure-loving young woman who has striven the town with her discarded suitors. Then Bob Powers arrives from Mexico, and Marsha finds she can not drop him so easily. Unable to give her a ring, and now she is colling on his old-fashioned, charming mother.

Chapter Nine PASSAGE AT ARMS

"I WISH," said Marsha "that I were nice enough to belong in this house." She realized it had been long since she had done more than to laugh at the word "nice," and now she had said it seriously and her eyes had brimmed.

"But, dear, you do belong in this house and to us!" Bob's mother assured her. She added in an aside to Bob, "A little nervous," and she added to that, and more loudly, "Bob," will you be so good as to ring for tea?"

Marsha had caught it all. Bob laid a hand on her shoulder as he moved toward the bell. They were both anxious that she should be happily at ease with them and beyond feeling nervous while within their reach.

"Oh, don't!" she thought "don't be so kind!"

The tea was, patently, a gala affair; the best of all the good porcelain was upon a huge, gleaming silver tray which Bartholomew brought to set on a solid table before Mrs. Powers. Mrs. Powers measured from a caddy tea that had come from China. Bob sat staring at Marsha. Marsha tried to speak easily, naturally, but she could not.

At dinner that night Miss Gertrude was rarely loquacious. She had the curiosity that thrives in persons without imagination to reveal spiritual toes upon which questions may tread.

"I am, frankly, eager," she admitted with an acid smile, "to hear of your adventure of this afternoon; I could not conceive the—let us say—melange."

"It was a bit strange," Marsha answered. She stared a little tragically at the silver which, having come from such proudly respectable ancestors, had always made her feel more than ever the Pariah she knew she was.

"How did Mrs. Powers impress you?" Miss Gertrude probed on.

"She impressed me as a woman who had gone into caps at twenty-seven," Marsha answered pertly, "and I know she knits those scratchy wash-cloths that are wrapped around the soap that smells like a dog being treated for mange, and I could see her giving the amalgamation to the servants—with advice. Is my description adequate, or do you require more?"

That was Marsha's old manner, but she had lost her way to the music and she could not chant the words with a new bitterness. Even Miss Gertrude who saw little beside her own righteousness, noticed the change.

"I presume you will break it off," she queried.

"I presume I shall," Marsha agreed. She added, "It has been done before."

"I think perhaps," Miss Gertrude commented, "that it will be the most heartless and wicked thing that even you have ever done."

"We'll not quarrel about that," Marsha stated. "I feel as do you. No, thank you, Alice, I don't care for any sweet."

She rose then; "If you'll be good enough to excuse me, Aunt—"

"WELL!" Miss Gertrude murmured as Marsha left the room. She had never thought anything could touch Marsha and Marsha was obviously touched. "But it won't last. It can't last!" she thought triumphantly.

Marsha, nervous in the drawing room, wanting to move this, that, knowing she dared not as each object had its sacred spot—wondered whether Geoffrey had telephoned while she was out, perhaps.

She wanted to see him, needed to see him.

She wanted to be taken back by him to the ground where one stood, careless of others' hurts; to the ground where one thought only of "killing" one's own drearily stretching time.

She moved toward the dining room. "Alice," she said, her voice quick and sharpened by strain, "did Mr. Tarleton telephone this afternoon?"

Alice answered with, "No, Miss Marsha."

Miss Gertrude smiled without raising her eyes from her plate; her smugness sang, "The way of the transgressor is hard," and Marsha saw, through her, that Pharisee who

thanked his God that he was not as other men.

She could not stand much more, she felt, as she stood by a window of the drawing room to trace the cars, by their gleaming lights that followed the avenue. Years, it had been since she had suffered thus from her aunt's smile and its implication.

Why must she turn back to the younger heart that could suffer! What had made her turn?

What could she do about Bob? It was Geoffrey she wanted. Geoffrey, close to three weeks he had been in town now, and without sending a word to her.

She puffed deep on her cigarette to see, in the blue, floating smoke, Mrs. Powers, saying, "But, dear, you do belong in this house and to us."

She belonging in that house! Why couldn't she laugh at it? She had sneered at nervous breakdowns. Was she to suffer one? She mustn't cry, and she wanted to cry all the time.

"Doubtless Mrs. Powers will be relieved," said Miss Gertrude who appeared to pursue the theme, "but it will seem hard to the young man for a time... although I presume he will live to thank you."

That stopped Marsha's impulse to tears.

"But you're simply too fond of me, Aunt," Marsha replied, "you think everyone must love me as you do!"

It silenced Miss Gertrude. She glared, and making her angry helped a little. Alice appeared to say, "The telephone, Miss Marsha."

Marsha's heart beat hard, but it was not Geoffrey who had called her. It was only Bob.

"Yes," she said wearily after his short, heavily-charged and eager, "dear," she could not keep it up much longer, she knew. It was, actually, making her ill.

NOVEMBER had frozen and thawed again and again; the last of its weeks was held, for the most part, in a fog which turned the river and harbor craft clamorous and that made old scenes strangely and eerily new.

Miss Gertrude was loud in her descriptions of the deaths from influenza, which was "creeping over the city to paralyze it"; she shook her head and gloated, a blue-blooded ghoul, who called her fascination for the morbid, "my ready sympathy."

Marsha forced her smile and dwelt upon those lines of Housman's which have to do with dressing and washing and eating and thinking and "God knows why." She tried to think. She thought a great deal and she could not fill her time.

"You're so strangely and unhelpfully restless!" Miss Gertrude complained over her solitaire cards and her never-ending games.

It was a relief when Marsha realized Bob knew. He came the last evening of November. Alice admitted him in her grim and silent way; Marsha looked up from the book, which was with all the rest she'd read lately, "so dull!" to see him standing in the doorway that led to the hall and seeming to fill it. She appreciated his silent entrance; it was novel and like him.

"I didn't hear you," she said. "Come in—"

He moved across the room without speaking and with the long stride of a tall man whose waist has been thinned by work outdoors and whose shoulders have been broadened by it.

Marsha looked up at him testily. "I think you're not very glad to see me," she said.

"God help me, I am!" he answered; his voice was roughened and he breathed a bit unevenly.

She rose to stand by him; he had evidently been walking, coat open and blowing. Little beads of mist were on his waistcoat; his stiff shirt was pock-marked.

He looked more ruffled than she had dreamed he, who was so contented, could look.

"Why the Paavo Nurmi feat on a night like this?" she asked; she knew well enough; but anything to get it over! "There's a lovely dew on your shaggy fierce eyebrows."

"I do like them, Bob! You really are as gentle as a lamb and as impudent as those old maids who serve on committees for the suppression of vice, but you can look so alarming!"

He said nothing, staring down on her.

"Well," she went on, "the day has been dull! Get at it! You're going to ask me whether it's all been a game, aren't you?"

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Marsha goes through a bitter scene, tomorrow.

NEW SCIENCE IS SUGGESTION OF NOTED SAVANT

Cosmology Would Bind Together Sciences Governing Earth Says Dr. Stetson of Harvard.

By Alfred Berthelot
United Press Staff Correspondent
NEW YORK (UP)—Cosmology—a new science—has been suggested by Dr. Harlan True Stetson, research associate in geophysics at Harvard university.

More than merely adding a new word to scientific dictionaries, this recent acquisition to the terminology of science would, according to its author, bind together the sciences governing our earth, its lithosphere, hydrosphere and atmosphere with those dealing with interstellar space such as astronomy and astrophysics.

Co-ordinate Allied Sciences
Dr. Stetson in his book, "Earth, Radio and the Stars," just published by Whittlesey House, claims that coordination of these allied sciences should be effected. Practically every science would be enrolled under the banner of this new and all-embracing one. All the representatives of the various sciences would correlate their findings toward a common end, the

relation between man and his astronomical neighbors.
To substantiate one of his theories, Dr. Stetson, who has been director of Perkins Observatory and Professor of Astronomy at Ohio Wesleyan university for the past five years, presents a series of graphs. Research has illustrated that the levels of certain African lakes correspond closely with sun-spot cycles.

Sun Spot Frequency
Biological and biophysical reactions have been linked with sun-spot frequency; variations in the number of rabbit, lynx and fox pelts approximated quite closely the increase and decrease of sun-spots. As the spots increase, so did the pelts, and vice-versa.

Business, too, if affected by the sun-spots. Indices of various business, correlated with sun-spots graphs indicates tentatively that when the solar constant decreases business takes an upswing. Four or five of the last business depressions followed a sun-spot maximum.

Dr. Stetson declares that the emergence of the modern generation largely will be synthetic in character in contrast to that of the past which was analytical.

PENDLETON RESIDENT IS BITTEN BY SPIDER
PENDLETON, July 13.—(AP)—Cal Hanlon, former fire chief of Pendleton, was bitten by a spider, believed to have been a venomous black widow, yesterday while repairing an electric meter in an Athena flour mill. Hanlon drove to Weston for medical attention and collapsed at the physician's door, but was soon revived.

MILTON, Ore., July 13.—(AP)—Bishop James Cannon, Jr., famous prohibition advocate, arrived today to preside over the 69th annual session of the northwest conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, south.

FRUIT INDUSTRIES NAME SUCCESSOR TO PAUL SCHERER

PORTLAND, Ore., July 13.—(AP)—Fred Plath of Yakima was elected president of the Northwest Tree Fruits Industries at a meeting of the control committee here Thursday. He succeeds Paul Scherer of Medford.

Jack Rogers of Wenatchee was elected first vice-president, and Glenn Marsh of Hood River was elected second vice-president and treasurer.

Asked whether the committee had decided whether any control should be exercised over the apple deal this year, Scherer said no action had been taken, but the committee had expressed the wish to give the control authority to commodity commissions which would regulate prices and shipments. No action had yet been taken on the question of establishing a minimum f. o. b. price.

PIONEER ROSEBURG MERCHANT PASSES
ROSEBURG, Ore., July 13.—(AP) Isaac Abraham, 64, engaged in merchandising at Roseburg for the past 42 years, died last night as the result of a sudden heart attack. Born in Germany, May 8, 1870, he came to the United States at the age of 15 years, and was engaged in business for a short time with a brother at Bellingham, Wash.

American colonists carried on a thriving trade with the Creek Indians of Georgia as early as 1690.



FRED PERLEY SERIOUSLY CONSIDERED MOVING TO THE HOUSE ON THE CORNER, UNTIL HE DID SOME MEASURING AND DISCOVERED THAT, COME WINTER, HE WOULD HAVE 325 FEET OF SIDEWALK TO SHOVEL, INSTEAD OF 50 FEET AS AT PRESENT

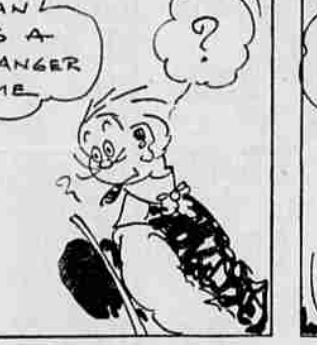
600VRS
7-13 WILLIAMS

S'MATTER POP—



7-9-34

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Guilty!



1923

BY O. M. PAYNE



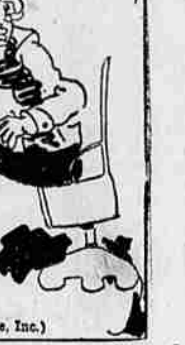
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BY HAL FORREST



7-9-34

BY EDWIN ALGER



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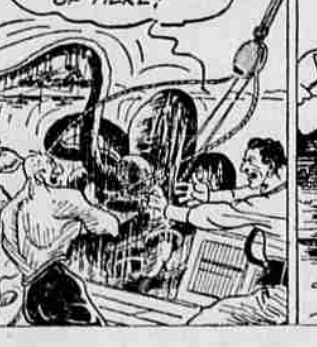
1923

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Rescued!



7-9-34

THE NEBBS—Somebody's Coming to Northville



7-13

BRINGING UP FATHER



7-13

BY GEORGE MCMANUS



7-13

BY SOL HESS



7-13

Wrigley's Spearmint Gum
THE PERFECT GUM
SWEETENS THE BREATH
AND WORTH IT!
5¢

May Register Criminals
PHILADELPHIA—(UP) Registration of all criminals within 24 hours after they arrive in Philadelphia was suggested by Police Superintendent Joseph Le Strange as a method of checking their activities while in the city.

Pups Played With Rattler
THE DALLES, Ore.—(UP)—Mrs. Walter Wason was horrified to find her three-year-old son, Jerry, with his two pups, playing with a rattlesnake in the yard. The snake was striking at the suspicious pups, with the little boy encouraging them.

WELL, I HAD BETTER SNEAK OUT WHILE MAGGIE IS TAKIN' HER NAP OR I'LL NOT GET OUT.

WHERE'S ME HAT? I PUT IT RIGHT THERE NEAR THE DOOR SO'S IT WOULD BE HANDBY.

I WONDER IF MAGGIE HID IT SOME PLACE? IT WOULD BE JUST LIKE HER TO DO IT.