

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Harland Taylor

SYNOPSIS: Marsha Moore's home, since the death of her parents, has been with her sister Aunt Gertrude. Her aunt's unbending, harsh regimen has made Marsha into a young woman who cares only for the excitement of the moment, and nothing for any of the men who are attracted by her beauty. Bob Powers, at home on vacation from Mexico, has given Marsha a ring. She has determined to break off with Bob, but for the first time she finds it difficult. They are on their way to a night club.

Chapter 11 GEOFFREY

"I might marry you yet," Marsha said. "You'd better be careful! Anything to change his mood. Anything! It was 'killing' her.

"No," Bob answered slowly, "you won't. Instead I shall go back to Mexico and there, after I've worked all day, and after the sun has set, and after I've eaten dinner, I'll find over the old magazines, and I'll find one story I've read only twice, and I'll read that."

"Don't you have things sent you?"

"They don't follow us to camp; can't. The mules have all they can manage with food. Then after I finish that I'll lay it down, and I'll begin to think of you, because—well, a man can't help thinking of a woman he has loved, in a place like that."

"And I'll wonder, if I had done this or that, whether it would have made any difference, and then because it is still, and stillness breeds dreams even in the minds of the practical, I'll imagine that you did care, and think of some of the things you never did, and never could do, and I'll be in Heaven until a lizard scuttles through my papers, or a peon down in the valley beats his woman until her howls rise to carry up the slope to me.

"Then I'll think, I've been dreaming lies. She was only capable of summer stuff with anyone. And I'll wonder whose cigaret you're lighting, whose hand touches yours, who thinks he is slipping into Heaven only to wake up in Hell."

She made no answer and after a few moments had passed he said a short "Sorry," that rasped.

The taxicab slowed behind a car Marsha knew; Geoffrey Tarleton's car. As they waited their turn to halt before the canopy, she saw Geoffrey Tarleton step from his car, help a pretty youngster from it, speak to his chauffeur and, with a debonair swing of shoulders that Marsha knew well, turn toward the door beyond which was a polished floor and forgetfulness for such as can find it in din.

Marsha, tense, forgot Bob. She was to see Geoffrey. And seeing him she knew she could bring him to heel. His only freedom from her, he had admitted, lay in his keeping beyond her reach. The girl who was with him did not "really matter," Marsha was quite certain.

But her life's pattern was made, as was Bob's, by her meeting "the insane girl who did not 'really matter.'"

WHEN Marsha and Bob entered the heavy-sired room where tables were crowded and a stretch of gleaming floor said, "dance," a bit of something that should have been young was rolling her eyes and wriggling suggestively as she voiced through tiny song her need of "Mammy."

After the head waiter had bowed low to Marsha, whom he knew well, Marsha selected her place with a cool nod, and she and Bob settled on a padded bench against the wall and behind one of the fragile, small tables.

She scanned the space eagerly. Evidently Geoffrey and the child had lingered in some corridor to talk and smoke, and they would be along. She sagged back and tried to relax; she must guard against showing Geoffrey her need to see him.

The song died in a nasal whine; obese men with lac-wrinkled necks applauded furiously. Bob felt, through the sudden-dullness which had gripped him ever since he had been certain that he understood the nauses that was usually put in him by such a place and such inept "entertainment."

"Doubtless the poor, small thing needs mammy," he commented in a level, heavy undertone, "but the return would be rather hard on mammy, I would say."

The hostess, crowded into a glittering sequin-spangled gown and bulging from it, stepped to the small raised dais by the piano; she

led a girl whose smile was iron and whose eyes were a chart of fur-coal greed.

"Thanks awfully for liking my last; she's a good kid—" the hostess-owner sang out; "and now, give this little girl a hand. Just off the farm, aren't you, honey? Say hello to the big boys and their babies, dearie. Don't be afraid, nobody eats anything up here; we haven't time!"

She raised a phantom glass to drink from it. Loud laughter; the girl, who could have cut a window pane more easily than could a diamond, rolled her eyes, said, in a high, near-baby lisping voice, "Hello, everybody—!"

Marsha turned to Bob to see his quizzical eyes and to know that his lips would have curled if he had let them. "A good time," he murmured, "that is what you call this, isn't it? I would not so resent it, if you were built for it. But you're not."

"Lectures have always bored me, Bob, and I get plenty at home—," she stated. She was watching the entrances. They had not yet appeared. What—her heart caught—if Geoffrey had decided to go elsewhere, as he often did after having entered a place to survey it with lazy, insolent eyes?

"I put my memories in tins for use in Mexico," said Bob. "I shall bring this out when I feel a hunger for 'civilization.' Odd, most of this group would dodge a subway, thinking it contaminated them."

"Do you smell the bay rum, Marsha? And that delicious scent called 'lila' that is so loved by the barbers and their patrons who wear what they call 'flashy patterns.'"

HE was at ease now; more at ease than he had ever been with her. It was over; nothing he could say or do would change her mind; so nothing mattered. He sat back heavily.

"I don't quite like you tonight, I think, Bob," she murmured.

"Sorry, I'll try to be less of the beast, Beauty. I hope you have plans for food. My gastronomic imagination seems to be over-shadowed by another variety. One world and one hunger at a time, hum?"

"If you'll give me a cigaret, Bob, I'll try to ferret out something we can do. But I must smoke with serious thinking. And I'd like a Manhattan, please."

He ordered the cocktail from a hovering waiter who was rude to certain patrons and too servile to others. Bob stiffened at his fawning. "Hate it," he said brusquely, close to violently, "and you should; this synthetic tenderness of the 'hostess' while dealing with her 'children'—Lord! And behind the scenes she teaches them how to strip the butter-and-egg Rajah. I don't know what we're coming to—it is so perniciouly and assaultingly vulgar."

"You should have been born in Diraal's time; you would have gathered a mean primrose—," drawled Marsha. She looked, then, quickly toward the piano where the child of the farm told a risque tale in what was called a song. They were entering; Geoffrey; the girl. Geoffrey must not see her once glance his way. How her heart pounded!

A man who had been bitterly hurt by Marsha had said, "The devil gave her her beauty; the homage of her lovers has given her her enchanting arrogance; an iceberg has lent a chunk of itself for the space that is usually reserved for a heart, and heartlessness has put into her steady hands, a two-edged sword."

And perhaps, Bob thought, something in it. Of course he had forced her; he must be just to her. Heavens, for the chance to get away from her and to be alone in the dark. But she had said she had wanted to dance and with him, and thus, for him, the matter was inflexibly arranged.

The amber-colored glasses had come; Marsha downed her cocktail quickly, and quickly she rose. "I want to dance," she said, smiling at Bob who did not answer her smile. Geoffrey and the girl were dancing. Bob danced unusually well; Marsha had admitted that she would rather dance with him than with anyone else and that their steps were suited.

"Can't you smile a little on mammy, I would say?"

"I don't think I can," she answered, with some effort.

Tomorrow, Marsha is shocked out of her wits, for once.

FEDERAL FORCES NOT REQUESTED FOR STRIKE DUTY

Secretary of War Says if California Governor Asks Help Matter Will Be Placed Before President

WASHINGTON, July 16.—(AP)—Acting Secretary of War Harry H. Woodring said today the war department had received no request from Governor Frank F. Merriam of California to send federal troops into the San Francisco area, and that the department had no plans to order any troops there.

White House officials also said there had been no request for any federal assistance in the situation. War department officials indicated if a request for aid did come from Merriam it would be transmitted immediately to President Roosevelt for his instructions.

No Need Indicated. Major General Malin Craig, commander of the ninth corps area at San Francisco, has transmitted no report to the war department indicating that federal forces were needed.

General Craig has 13,117 men under his command, including more than 8000 stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco.

Federal troops could be used, it is understood, to avert emergency protection in the event of urgent necessity.

POP BOTTLE GIVES ROYALTY SCARE

EDINBURGH, July 16.—(AP)—A bottle of a large glass landed with a loud pop behind the automobile in which King George and Queen Mary motored into Edinburgh late Saturday.

Authorities, who described the occurrence as a "sensational incident," seized a man who stood at the rear of the crowd watching the royal couple pass. He was taken to the Harthill police station, and it was understood he will appear in court today.

The king and queen were returning from Hamilton race course to Holyrood house here. A large force of police lined both sides of the highway from the race track to the city.

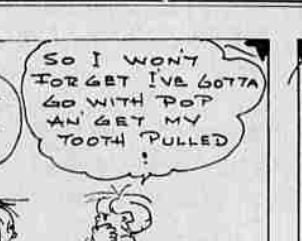
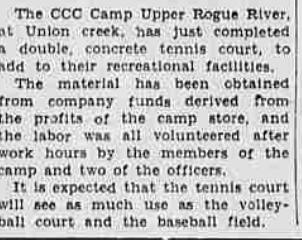
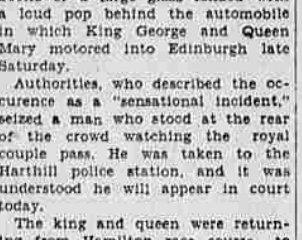
UPPER ROGUE CAMP HAS TENNIS COURT

The CCG Camp Upper Rogue River, at Union creek, has just completed a double, concrete tennis court, to add to their recreational facilities. The material has been obtained from company funds derived from the profits of the camp store, and the labor was all volunteered after work hours by the members of the camp and two of the officers.

It is expected that the tennis court will see as much use as the volleyball court and the baseball field.

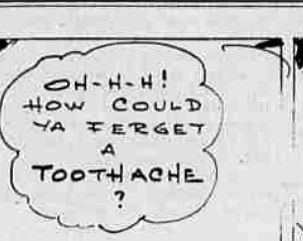
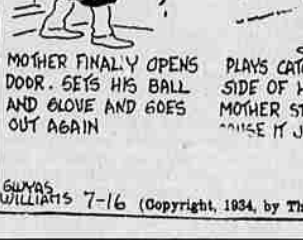
KEEPING THE HOUSE QUIET

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



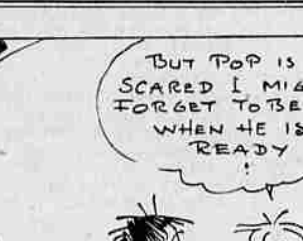
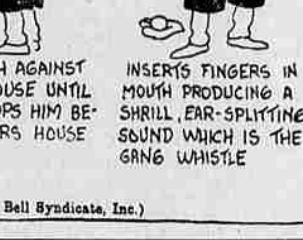
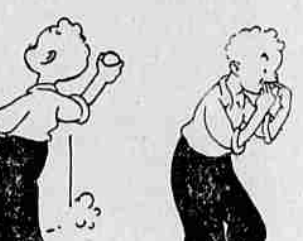
S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



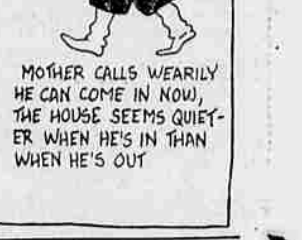
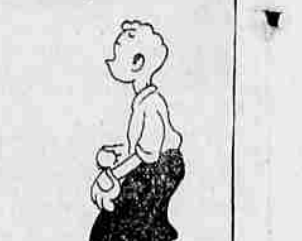
TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Mysterious Mechanic

By Hal Forrest



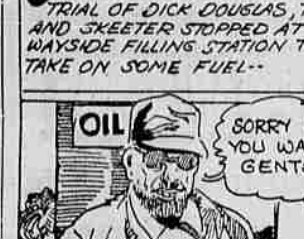
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—At It Again!

By Edwin Alger



THE NEBBES—The Strictest Confidence

By Sol Hess



TALENT LADIES' AID WILL PRESENT PLAY

TALENT, July 16.—(Sp.)—The Talent Ladies' Aid will give a comedy play, "The Minister's New Car,"

at Bellevue community club house July 18 at 8:15 p. m. Home made ice cream, cake and lemonade will be sold after the play. The music will be by "The Colonial Dames" orchestra of Ashland.

The city of Louisville, Ky., has established the J. B. Speed Memorial of Fine Arts in memory of James Speed, friend of Abraham Lincoln and attorney-general of the United States from 1864 to 1866.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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