

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katherine Hamilton Taylor

SYNOPSIS: The night before Marsha Moore has heard Geoffrey Tarleton, the man she thinks she loves, introduce her to the new Mrs. Tarleton. Earlier in the evening she had refused Bob Powers; after the blow she has suddenly accepted him. Marsha just has a week-end on her wedding day, more than a little frightened.

Chapter 13 MARRIAGE

MISS GERTRUDE, over poached eggs, was "amazed." She opened her lips, started to speak, closed them. Marsha regarded her with her chilly, quizzical eyes.

"Married at noon, you say?" asked Aunt Gertrude, after a gasp. "Yes."

"I wish I could be more certain, Marsha, that it is wise and kind for you to marry a good man—"

"Perhaps he isn't as good as he seems," Marsha answered. "We can always share that hope. No thank you, Alice, I'll take nothing, I think."

"Are you leaving town? Where are you going for your—ah—"

"Honey-moon, Aunt," put in Marsha; she added, "frightful word, isn't it, for a maiden lady who indulges in a certain sort of imagination?"

Miss Gertrude bridled; grew rigid. "I'll rather miss heaving you, dear," Marsha admitted. She rose then, with a murmured plea to be excused. She had her packing to do and she was quite through with her breakfast, which had consisted of two cups of black coffee. She was not nervous, nor excited, she assured herself, but the thought of food and trying to eat it had made her feel "odd."

"Jean will help you," said Miss Gertrude.

"Why, thank you," said Marsha. She looked her surprise. Alone, Miss Gertrude, who usually ate methodically and steadily her substantial first meal, sat motionless for some long minutes.

She wished, for the first time, that her relation with her niece had differed. "I am not to blame! I was never to blame!" she said aloud, to the amazement of Alice who entered the room at that moment. She had had, Miss Gertrude reasoned on, and as her friends agreed, a momentous task in the rearing of her niece. "No one could have done more!" she thought. "No one!"

YET the strange feeling of hollowness that filled her prevailed, and despite her strong certainty that she had never for one second been at fault in any difference that had been between her and her niece.

Alice watched her covertly and anxiously; she knew her mistress' obedience to hour and to the conduct it required.

Marsha, in her room decided to wear the Poiret gray; Jean was packing her trunks and over-night bag. She had always hated her sleeping room, which had been inflexibly and awkwardly arranged by Miss Gertrude, who had said, "No arrangement that I make in my house, of my furniture, shall ever, while I live, be varied!"

But looking around the room, Marsha had from it a sense of safety for, even though you started disillusioned, marriage was a voyage which took you—no one knew where!

She did not even know where she was going physically with Bob, when he was her husband. He had said, the night before: "You want Doctor James to marry us?"

And she had said, "If you don't mind," at which he had laughed that full, short laugh which tells of a heart over-brimming with happiness and to which he had said, "I don't think, my dear, I shall mind marrying you very much!"

Then, to his question of where she wanted to go she had answered she didn't care and he had offered to arrange the matter entirely, if she would like.

Dressed, she stood before a long mirror. She looked as well as she ever had in spite of the long, wakeful night; pallor and shadowed eyes heightened her beauty rather than diminished it.

Well, she was ready for it; the definite step she was taking. And again the stiff, untired wings of her new soul stretched. "I must keep it from hurting him!" she thought fervently. "It must not hurt him!"

Miss Gertrude appeared at the door. "It is time we leave," she said.

DOCTOR JAMES said, "But of course you want to be married in the church!" Marsha found it

strange to be following him; clutched by the seriousness of a matter at which she had expected to laugh.

The day that had dawned so sultry was cold and crisp and bright; the sunlight, sifting through a stained-glass window, laid a pattern of softened color upon the chancel floor.

Marsha had said, "I will," and she felt Bob's hand beneath her arm and his pressing it close against him. "I must have away," she thought, and in the dimmed, remote manner



of thought which sifts through a numbing pain; "how quite absurd of me!"

And it was over. She was Mrs. Robert T. Powers. Her husband was by her side; his mother was moving toward her. Bob kissed her; his mother kissed her; Miss Gertrude gave her a peck on the cheek.

Doctor James laid aside his stole to join them; he kissed her soundly on the cheek and then he turned to grip Bob's hand. "You have done



well," he said to Bob; "I have known her long and I know."

"That is nonsense and like you!" said Marsha.

"You must never imply that your clergyman lies," Doctor James protested. "And I didn't happen to, this time!"

Then the sunlight and the open, and Bob's car—with her bags in the hold. And saying goodbye to his mother and to Miss Gertrude who seemed very angry because she wanted to cry without knowing why, or how. And then the start.

She hoped he wouldn't even try to touch her hand; thank heaven he was driving; she shrank in her corner of the car.

He said, after an understanding side glance at her. "Rather decent day—"

She nodded. "I like your Doctor James."

"Isn't he—dear?" she answered; she was feeling a little better.

(Copyright, 1934, by K. Hamilton Taylor)

Tomorrow, Bob has a surprise for Marsha.

ARGENTINE FACES FINAL SHOWDOWN ON WHEAT TREATY

WASHINGTON, July 18.—(AP)—Three nations which are parties to the international wheat agreement moved today to decide the fate of the compact which seeks to limit world wheat production and raise world prices.

The United States, Australia and Canada, principal exporters of the bread grain, requested that a meeting be held August 14 at London to attempt to reach "a complete understanding" on the agreement for next year. They left the intimation that they would seek a showdown on the position of Argentina, fourth principal signatory.

Evidence to support this belief came in the guarded statement of department of agriculture officials that they were withholding final decision on domestic wheat curtailment plans for next year pending outcome of the August meeting.

They had previously announced they would ask American farmers for a continuation of the reduction of 15 per cent in acreage, thus meeting the terms of the international agreement.

Should the international agreement fall of continuation, it was said, the restriction might be partially or entirely lifted to allow all wheat production possible, with the surplus over domestic needs to be exported under a subsidy.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

RHEINLANDER MAKERS WILL DOUBLE AGING STORAGE FACILITIES

Plans for expansion of the facilities of the Century Brewing association of Seattle, manufacturers of Rheinlander beer, by doubling its aging capacity to give it one of the largest storage warehouses on the Pacific Coast, were announced yesterday by Emil Sick, president of the corporation.

Plans are being prepared for an addition to the aging cellar which will double the present 20,000-barrel capacity. It is expected that the new construction will entail an expenditure of approximately \$100,000 and require employment of an additional 25 workers, bringing the staff to about 150 with a monthly payroll exceeding \$22,000. Likewise, according to Sick, the present monthly outlay of \$40,000 for supplies, including malt, hops, grists, bottles, cases and other requisites, will be materially increased.

The new construction will be under the supervision of J. C. Donnelly, general manager of the brewery, and Carl Heigenmooser, plant superintendent.

Sick, who was born at Tacoma and studied at Stanford university, lived in Calgary for ten years where he became interested in a number of Canadian brewery companies, his company, Associated Breweries, being the second largest operators in Canada. It is in no wise connected with the distilling business, Sick pointed out.

The Century company now distributes its products in the northwest

through 24 distributors and 28 wholesale.

FORESTRY OKES WAREHOUSE PLAN

Full approval of the forest service warehouse project buildings, which will be erected on the McAndrews road, one block east of the Pacific highway, has been received by the local office from the regional office in Portland; it was announced by Karl Janouch, Rogue River national forest superintendent.

Cost of construction is estimated at \$18,000. No date has been set for the beginning of the work, as local officials are awaiting information from the regional office, but the site has been purchased. It will probably be a contract job, Janouch stated.

Prairie Provinces Need Rain Badly

OTTAWA, July 18.—(AP)—Graphic advice on the condition of the crops in the prairie provinces "are pessimistic almost without exception and immediate rains are needed to prevent further declines in crop prospects." The Dominion bureau of statistics reported today, summing up the advice it received during the past week.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

TICKET TROUBLE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



7-18 (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POP—



7-13-34

By C. M. Payne



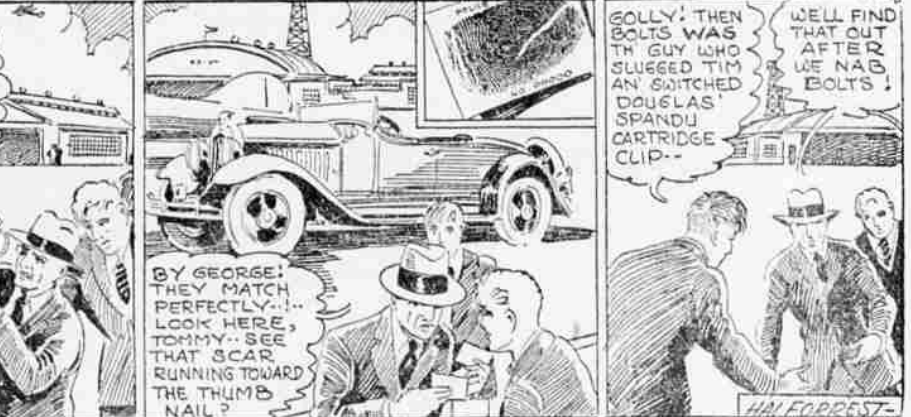
(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Convincing Proof!



1927

By Hal Forrest



HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Luke's Despair!



EDWIN ALGER

By EDWIN ALGER



EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—A Rose for You



7-18

By Sol Hess



SOL HESS

BRINGING UP FATHER



7-78

ENJOY WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT PERFECT GUM 5¢ AND WORTH IT!