

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Hawland-Taylor

Chapter 14 HONEYMOON

A SILENCE followed; Marsha broke it. "You'll think me a fool," she said, "I don't know why I'm so oddly nervous."

"I'd think you a fool if you weren't oddly nervous," Bob assured her. He added, with a smile, "I'm a little nervous myself. What we need, my dear, is one of those patent medicines; the sort that is advertised through letters that run:

"I was all run down and had no appetite. I had terrible dizzy spells. The Doctor said it was my nerves. And after six bottles of your wonderful medicine I felt a new person. I cannot thank you enough!" She laughed delightedly.

"And our letter," he said next, "will read, 'After eighteen bottles of your nerve cure, we had courage to start on our honeymoon!'"

"I have you a sense of humor, Bob?"

"My dear, I hope so. . . But then, have you ever met a man or woman who admitted they hadn't?"

"No," she admitted; she smiled for some moments over this, a thought new to her.

"Yes, Mrs. Powers," he answered, and was instantly sorry he had halloed her in that reminding way, but she did not seem to mind.

"Where are we going?"

"Mother, what's for dessert?" he replied.

"Aren't you going to tell me?"

"No, Mam!"

"Why, you brute!"

at your service, and a very serviceable shoulder you'll find it to be."

She did, after a little hesitation; he must have driven with painstaking care she knew, when he woke her with a touch and she looked up to find him smiling down on her, and a flurry of snow in the air, and the small doorway of a stone house seen through it and near.

"Home, my dear child!" he said. He stepped from the car then and picked her up to carry her over the threshold. "I have my superstitions," he admitted, as she found herself set by him and reluctantly, upon her feet; "this is one of them!"

A stooped old woman in black dress, white cap and apron appeared then from the rear of the low-ceilinged, old-fashioned hall. She curtseyed in a fashion that told of her having started as scullery maid in another land.

"I think you'll find everything in readiness for Mrs. Powers, Mr. Robert," she said, "and it's honored we are here to serve you both."

"Ella, one of my mother's oldest, most trusted servants," Bob said to Marsha. She murmured something gently kind to find surprise at herself. She had not known she could play this role that had been thrust upon her, so adroitly.

A moment more and she went with Bob up the few stairs and into a room with a sloping roof. The walls were covered with an old-fashioned, flowered paper, ruffled, dotted swiss curtains were at the windows, and two deep-hint-covered chairs and a few other old and good pieces gave the place peace.

"Sweet," she murmured, looking around.

"Thought you'd like it," he answered; he did not glance away from her. "I'll bring up our bags. We're without any men servants. I think I didn't want any rugged male thing to see how softly I shall gaze at you. Why don't you finish that nap before dinner? You have a long hour and a half."

"Perhaps," she admitted, "it would be a good idea." She could be alone thus, she reasoned; and perhaps, alone, she could think things through a little to get beyond the old, and disconcertingly uneasy feeling that had been hers ever since she had learned Geoffrey was lost to her and since what she had done because of the loss of Geoffrey.

He brought up their luggage, set hers on the waiting racks, and unstrapped each piece.

"All fixed!" he said. He moved toward the doorway; smiled at her from the doorway; then he left, closing the low door firmly after himself.

For some time she stood without moving. Suddenly she was physically, not mentally! Where had his car turned as she slept? If only things would become real; if only he would act as she had expected him to!

If she could feel solid ground, known ground through a normal man's actions, even the name of the village. Then perhaps this ghastly non-sensitiveness, which made deep crippling pressure, would slip away.

She descended the stairs at half after six; he was waiting for her at the foot of them.

DEATH'S APPROACH IS NOW FORETOLD BY SPECTROSCOPE

French Scientist Says Examination of Blood Gives Key to Coming of Grim Reaper — Case Is Cited as Proof

By HOWARD W. BLAKESLEE, Associated Press Science Editor.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., July 19.—(AP)—The spectroscopic method, which records the birth and the decay of stars, can also foretell the approaching death of man.

A spectroscopic death curve, which foretells a human death more accurately than the physicians, was described today to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology spectroscopic conference, which is meeting here this week to discuss both practical and scientific uses of this instrument.

The report was made by P. and M. Lecomte De Nouy, of the Pasteur Institute, France. M. De Nouy did not attend, but mailed his paper to Professor George R. Harrison, chairman of the conference.

The death curve was found in a spectroscopic examination of human blood. Spectroscopic curves are like city skylines, such as New York and London, which reveal wide architectural differences, which never would be mistaken for each other.

BEETLE BATTLE BRINGS RESULTS

CRATER LAKE, NATIONAL PARK, Ore.—(Special)—After having once threatened the entire stand of lodgepole pine timber in the Crater Lake area, forest destruction by pine beetle infestations has been eliminated as a result of systematic control work which began a number of years ago when the situation was serious.

The battle against the insects was carried on along the largest scale in 1929, when 23,544 lodgepole pines were cut down, followed by 14,747 in 1931 and almost as many in 1932. The number was materially reduced in 1933 but in 1934, only 13 lodgepoles were cut down, indicative of the vast progress pine beetle control work has experienced since control efforts were begun in 1925.

Before that time the beetles had killed thousands of trees within the park area, particularly so in the northwest section of the park where over 35,000 acres of forest were killed. F. P. Keen, head of the northwest division of the federal bureau of entomology, was at Crater Lake recently on an inspection trip, as a result of which he declared the beetle situation to be entirely under control.

AUTO ACCIDENTS TAKE INCREASING LIFE TOLL IN YEAR'S FIRST HALF

SALEM, July 19.—(AP)—An approximate 30 per cent increase in fatalities and injuries due to automobile accidents was reported for the first half of this year over the same period in 1933, the motor vehicle division of the state department announced today.

Automobile accidents have claimed the lives of 142 persons so far this year, with 2,273 injured, as compared to 106 killed last year and 1,730 injured. Last month 29 deaths and 397 injuries were reported, against a total of 18 killed and 338 injured in June, 1933.

Of the 29 fatalities last month, 10 were pedestrians and nine deaths were the result of non-collision accidents. The state department also reported 64 revocations and suspensions of automobile operators' licenses in June, of which 54 were revoked as a penalty for driving while intoxicated.

NEW YORK, July 19.—(AP)—Federal Judge Carroll C. Hincks today denied a defense motion for a directed verdict of acquittal in the small fraud trial of James C. McKay and William J. Curley, Graham, Reno, Nev., gamblers.

AMBITIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

STARTS FOR DRUG STORE ON ERRAND FOR MOTHER. WATCHES SIGN PAINTER AT CORNER.

DECIDES HE'D LIKE TO BE A SIGN PAINTER WHEN HE GROWS UP, BECAUSE IT MUST BE FUN TO PAINT AND ALWAYS A CROWD WATCHING.

STOPS TO PASS THE TIME OF DAY WITH HIS FRIEND, THE OFFICER ON THE BEAT.

DECIDES TO BE A POLICEMAN INSTEAD, BECAUSE THEY'RE SO FRIENDLY AND JUST WALK AROUND SEEING THINGS ALL DAY.

SEES SOME TELEPHONE MEN AT WORK. DECIDES IN FAVOR OF THAT JOB BECAUSE IT'S JUST LIKE CLIMBING TREES.

DOES HIS ERRAND DECIDING TO BE A SODA CLERK INSTEAD, SO HE COULD HAVE ICE CREAM SODAS WHENEVER HE WANTED THEM.

SWITCHES ONCE MORE TO BEING A BUS DRIVER. THEN HE COULD DRIVE AROUND SEEING THE WORLD.

GETS HOME AND FORGETS HIS PROBLEM IN THE EXCITEMENT OF BEING A PIRATE FOR THE TIME BEING.

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S'MATTER POP—

MY POP SAYS YOU COULD WEAR KILTS IN CASE OF TROUBLE.

TROUBLE?

IF YOU HAD TROUBLE GETTIN' YOUR FEET THROUGH YOUR PANTS!

7-19-34

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Headin' for a Round-Up!

TOMMY, CAN YOU DIRECT US TO THE FILLING STATION WHERE YOU MET BOLTS?

GLADLY, MR. BARLOW!

OKAY, MEN! PILE IN—AND OIL UP YOUR RODS—THIS BOLTS MAY BE A TOUGH EGG!

WE LIKE 'EM TOUGH, BOSS!

YOU FELLOWS IN THE REAR LIE DOWN—YOU LOOK TOO MUCH LIKE FLATTIES— HE MAY GET SUSPICIOUS!

SURE, BOSS, SURE! BUT IT WON'T DO HIM NO EGG!

7-19-34

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A New Peril!

MISTAH LUKE, YO' BETTAR SNAP ON DEM EARPHONES—DE FOLKS DOWNSTAIRS IN DE OCEAN MAY HAVE SOME CONFERENCEIN' TO DO WIT' YO'.

BE DAD, ALONZO, AN' THAT'S THE TRUTH!

LUKE, TELL DAVE I'VE FOUND THE STRONG ROOM, BUT IT'S LOCKED TIGHTER THAN A DRUM—THE DOOR TO THE ROOM IS JUST LIKE THE DOOR TO A SAFE—I CAN'T EVEN MOVE THE DIAL—IT'S RUSTED—

OKAY, LUKE—TELL BEN TO COME BACK ON DECK AND JOIN ME—I'LL WAIT FOR HIM—TELL HIM TO TAKE HIS TIME—

GOOD NIGHT! THAT'S A KILLER SHARK AFTER THE BODY OF OUR DEAD OCTOPUG—IF IT SPOTS BEN AND ME WE'LL BE IN FOR IT, GURE ENOUGH!

7-19-34

THE NEBBS—The Shadow

I'LL WALK DOWN TO THE STATION. I GOT LOTS OF TIME—THEN I CAN GET A TRAIN COMIN' BACK. IT WILL ONLY COST HALF AS MUCH—I DON'T HAVE TO BE IN ANY HURRY CAUSE I BEEN READY FOR TWO WEEKS.

STRAND BACK! AIN'T NONE OF YOU EVER SEEN ANYBODY GET OFF A TRAIN BEFORE?

HELLO, CONNIE—YOU LOOK DRAWN LIKE—I'D HARDLY KNOW YOU.

HELLO, AMBROSE—YES, I'M JUST A SHADOW OF MY OLD SELF.

IT WAS MIGHTY NICE AND NOBLE OF YOU TO DO THIS FOR ME—I'VE HAD NO A TERRIBLE SIEGE OF SICKNESS—YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE THAT YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED ANY.

YES, IT DON'T TAKE NO SHARP EYES TO SEE YOU'D HAD NO LITTLE SICKNESS—I'VE CHANGED TOO BUT THERE NEVER WAS NOBODY INTERESTED ENOUGH TO NOTICE IT.

7-19-34

BRINGING UP FATHER

DADDY, HOW DO YOU LIKE ME IN MY NEW BATHING-SUIT?

HUH? YOU DON'T LOOK AS IF YOU WOK IN IT!

WELL, I'LL HAVE TO DISCOURAGE THE IDEA OF GOIN' TO THE SEA-SHORE—I'LL HAVE ME DAUGHTER PARADISE AROUND AS A NEAR-NUDIST.

DAUGHTER—I WANT YOU TO SEE MY NEW HIKING-SUIT.

AN WE AN'T GOIN' TO NO MOUNTAINS EITHER—I'M GONNA GIT 'EM TO GO TO A GOOD PLACE FER TO SEND OUR VACATION.

7-19-34

INDIAN VETERAN FURNISHES DATA ON MODOC WAR

MODOC LAVA BEDS NATIONAL MONUMENT, Calif. (Sp.)—Efforts to gain more accurate information concerning the Modoc Indian war of 1872-73 was given fresh impetus with the return this week of Peter Schonchin, Indian veteran of the conflict to the battle scene located in the lava beds monument.

One of the biggest dances held during the killing of General F. H. & C. during a peace party, a short distance from the main Indian stronghold. Though his steps were feeble, Schonchin demonstrated a dance, holding aloft a stick on the top of which was an imaginary scalp. Indians danced in single file around the center in which usually a fire burned. Occasionally a dead soldier took the place of the fire.

Schonchin identified different small caves where Indians and their families made homes during the siege of the soldiers. He named the Indians and located their respective caves. He said that the most there were not more than 40 people in the stronghold. Of this number 40 were warriors of which only 20 were classed as good fighters. They were entirely dependent on beef for sustenance, having brought cattle with them into the stronghold.

In a short time, a complete system of signs will be installed on the battle-ground, enabling visitors to gain a complete story of the Modoc war without the services of a guide. The battlegrounds are less than 30 miles from Merrill, Ore., one of the principal gateways.