

# SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Hamilton Taylor

**SYNOPSIS:** Marsha Moore hits Bob Powers, because she believes that Geoffrey Torleton is "more her type." But she discovers that Torleton apparently is married, and falls for Bob after all. Now they are awaiting dinner in the charming house Bob has chosen for their honeymoon—Marsha finds that Bob is very dear to her.

## Chapter 15 THE DINNER

MARSHA moved to stand by him before the hearth; he slipped an arm around her.

"Dear," Bob said, "I've seen how you have felt all day. I want you to know and to remember that there is nothing you need fear, because, you see, no need of mine is so great as having you unafraid, content, as happy as I can make you. Do you understand?"

A hand on her shoulder, he turned her to him.

"Yes," she answered.

"I love you very much," he said next; "You don't at all sense what that means now . . . you will some day. It means that I don't want to take from you, but that I want to give to you. Do I make myself at all clear?"

"Yes," she answered again.

"You are not afraid of my taking your hand now?" he questioned.

"You were this morning at about ten minutes past eleven when you thought 'I'm alone with him and I'm married to him!' You were a pitifully frightened child—and it would kill me to hurt you in any way."

She moved closer to him; he felt her hands clinging to his. And looking down, he saw her lean forward to kiss the shoulder of his coat.

He held her close; "Thank you," he said, "and I shall hope that with time you'll aim a little higher."

She raised her face to his; "You don't need to pretend safety, lightness," she said, "What I want is to have you happy. I have never wanted anything so much."

She had never spoken so much of truth, she knew. She must, deficient thing though she was, make him happy. He must never be hurt by her; his fineness must never be lessened by her. His arms tightened.

"Are you certain?" he whispered, after a sharp intake of breath.

"Yes!"

He bent his face to hers.

Later, they drank to the future, after Ella had appeared, with a discreetly practicing count to announce dinner.

The wind howled around the cottage as they ate their first dinner together; a very gay meal that was punctuated by odd, shaken silences when he stared at her, tried to smile and could not.

"Where are we, Bob?" she asked once.

"Paradise," he answered.

"Oh, I know that—(She was going to be able to do it easily after all, she decided) "but the name that others call it?"

"Easthampton, dear."

"Really? It has been so odd not knowing where I stood in any way!"

"You're going to learn. No thank you, Ella. Oh, Ella, I will. I didn't see what was on your tray."

HE TOOK a generous serving of the candied sweet potatoes which he liked usually, Ella knew, but he hardly ate anything. She blinked.

She remembered him so clearly as a boy, and his bravery after his father died in that "cruel, quick way" . . . hit in one of the old "light buggies" on the railroad tracks. And how he had helped his mother by his bravery.

None finer, and young Mrs. Powers, Ella knew, was worthy of him . . . a beautiful, beautiful young lady with eyes that looked as if they must cry, while turned on him. And "gentlespoken and seeming rather why-like."

"She asked me to tell you," said Ella later and in the pantry, "how she enjoyed the dinner."

The cook waited by the table.

"Well, go on—" she ordered.

"I never saw two more in love," said Ella. "She liked my serving, she said. 'It was a delightful dinner, Ella, and so beautifully served,' and he stood, as she spoke, his hand on her arm. She wore the dress he liked best. I heard him thank her . . . and she says to him, at that, she says, 'I always want to do what you want me to,' she says, and she choked says 'it.'"

"It seemed like they'd both been a bit lonely, to me, serving them. I

never saw two more in love, nor needing of each other!"

By the end of a week, Marsha realized that marriage was more serious than she had dreamed it, or anything, could be. It awoke her and it filled her with discomfort. "Do be less tragic about this, Bob!" she begged once. "The solemnity is dreadful! I find it getting on my nerves!"

"Anything you order or want, my dearest," he answered; but he could not change. He was carried upon a current that was stronger even than his strong restraints.

And Marsha found herself frightened; never by him, but by the way she mattered to him. Her enduring of his love was equivalent to the facing of a mid-day sun by one who has long been confined in a prison where light is ever gray and muted.

If only, she thought, again and again, he would not see her as a perfect blend of all that was most beautiful in spirit and flesh. Life would have been simpler if he said, as would Geoffrey, "You're Susan's little sister, Marsha; don't think I don't know that! But I have the bad taste to love you! And, that's that!" Instead, Bob, being Bob, said, "I can't believe it even yet, your having stooped to me!"

The words disconcerted her, but not so greatly as the adoration that was in his eyes.

SHE knew herself, she was certain. She was no good. But up to this point she had not lied. She had not had to, with her aunt, Miss Gertrude, who from almost the first had classified her niece, in a Grand Central Station train-announcing tone, as "A moral irresponsible."

Now she had to lie; to pretend to be all she felt she was not and never could be; she must pose as a gentle loving woman who was not given to free gestures; who considered others, their comfort and who thought nothing of self.

She prayed, in her manner, to be able to hold the posture. "It would kill me to hurt him in any way," she thought intensely, at least a hundred times that first week; a week when she knew she was "really happy," that she had never been happy before and that happiness could ache within a heart.

If, she had heard, a month earlier of the activities that filled that week, she would have murmured, "But how woefully dreary!" And yet it was not "woefully dreary." The simple days were so satisfying, so lovely, that they, too, hurt.

People did have family jokes. "They really do!" she reflected wondering. Theirs had begun. Fragile jokes that would have amused no one else; wrought from such sketchy material as Bob's whistling of "Old Man River" as he always did, while he splashed in the tub; or, when she had, with a few days of hearing this, burlesqued the performance; the next morning, scrubbing, he had whistled something of Brahms, calling loudly and triumphantly, above the running water, "That'll set you!"

And it almost did, for she didn't whistle very well. It went on, with Bob scowling as he tried to remember melodies that would "stump" her.

He said one morning across the table: "You follow everything I whistle amazingly."

She thought, and again the prayer without her seeing it, "I hope I'll never falter, following you!"

"Do you play the piano?" he asked her.

"A little," she answered.

"And holding out on me, weren't you? Hum? Nice thing to do, and me, I'm crazy about music!"

"I didn't know whether you'd like my playing," she explained. "Aunt Gertrude never did and I feared you might feel you must be polite and pretend to like it, you see?"

"I don't feel that your aunt's meter registers correctly," he said with a frown.

Marsha considered that long; her heart beat swiftly, thickly.

"What is it, dear?" he asked.

"Bob."

"Yes, darling?"

"You know I sometimes do lie, don't you?"

"What's your latest lie?" he asked. She looked cautiously toward the swinging door that led to the pantry.

"I told Ella that she looked charming in caps," she answered in a whisper. Bob roared.

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Tomorrow, Bob and Marsha continue their love life.

# SURVIVOR OF WILD MAN TRIBE SCARES CANADIAN WOMAN

VANCOUVER, B. C. (UP)—Reports that survivors of the tribe of wild men known as "Sasquatch," a race of ferocious hairy giants who dwelt in caves in British Columbia years ago, are still roaming the rocky wilds near Vancouver, have been revived here.

The tribe was believed to have become extinct 30 years ago, but during the last year it frequently has been reported that survivors have been seen prowling near scattered settlements around Vancouver. The wild men are described as "hairy giants, nine feet tall, with a ferocious appearance and demeanor."

## Storm Troops Chief



This is a new picture of Victor Lutze, new chief of staff of Adolf Hitler's storm troops. He succeeded Ernst Roehm, who was executed in the abortive German revolt. (Associated Press Photo)

Mrs. James Caulfield, living on a farm near Harrison, B. C. is the latest to report seeing one of the giants. Mrs. Caulfield relates that she was washing clothes in a river when she heard a buzzing sound similar to that made by a humming bird.

"I turned my head," she said, "but instead of a bird there stood the most terrible thing I ever saw in my life. I thought I'd die for the thing that made the funny noise was a big man covered with hair from head to foot. He was looking at me and I couldn't help looking at him. I guessed he was a Sasquatch so I covered my eyes with my hand, for the Indians say that if a Sasquatch catches your eye you are in his power. They hypnotize you. I felt faint and as I backed away to get to the

# 281 ARRESTS BY OREGON POLICE IN JUNE REPORT

SALEM, July 20.—(AP)—Two hundred and eighty-one arrests, including one for murder and one for manslaughter, were reported by the state police department in general law enforcement activities for the month of June, resulting in jail sentences totaling 64 years and \$2,401.60 in fines. Acquittals totaled 29, and 50 cases were still pending in the courts.

Disorderly conduct brought about the most arrests with 28; drunkenness the Greensprings Highway Junction case second with 24 and 23.

In the fish and game law division 59 persons were sentenced to a total of six months in jail and paid \$1,812 in fines. Thirty were acquitted.

In the motor vehicle department state police traveled 301,112 miles and spent a combined total of 3,271 days in the field in arresting 339 erring motorists, and issuing 12,942 warnings. Fines totaled \$6,569.55, with no arrests reported for motor law violations. Approximately 16 per cent of the fines were suspended.

The greatest number of arrests in the latter division were occasioned by failure to procure operators' licenses, as 108 automobile drivers were haled before the court for this negligence. Seventy-five truck drivers were apprehended for failure to display public utilities commission permit tags.

## THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE EFFECT OF TELLING YOUR FAMILY NOT TO LOOK BACK BECAUSE THERE'S A MOTOR CYCLE COP BEHIND AND YOU WANT TO SLOW DOWN WITHOUT LETTING HIM KNOW THAT YOU KNOW YOU'RE BEING FOLLOWED

GLUYAS WILLIAMS (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 7-20

## S'MATTER POP—



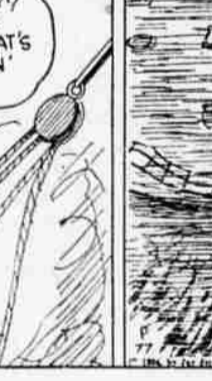
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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—



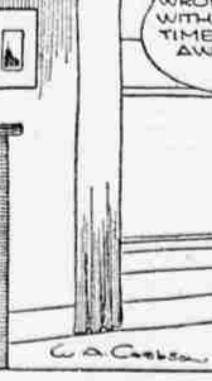
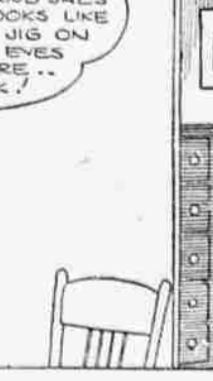
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## BRINGING UP FATHER



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# MEDFORD YOUTH HAS SCHOLARSHIP CHANCE

Seven Oregon youths, including one from Medford, have been recommended by school authorities or recognized boys' activity leaders, and are building model Napoleonic coaches for entry in the 1934 Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild competition. It was learned here today.

Carson Thatcher, 16 years old, 632 N. Central street, is the local entrant. He is being sponsored by A. H. Pisch, industrial instructor, and G. C. Smith, principal of the Senior high school. As a consequence, the youth has the opportunity of winning a complete college education.

University scholarships valued at \$31,000 are being offered this year.