

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Haerland Taylor

SYNOPSIS: Marsha Moore tells her story about her problem, which is that, although she is wildly in love with Bob Powers now, she married him in the first place because she believed Geoffrey Tarrleton had married another girl—and Marsha had thought Geoff the ideal man for herself. The vector tells her to go on in silence, and Marsha does. But she feels a slight constraint in her attitude toward

other! Rather a relief that; not having to play up.

She stepped in the shelter of a tiny arbor to light a cigaret. Her hands were shaking. She surveyed her own tremors quizzically and with some scorn. She knew what made them, Geoff did not; Geoff's knowing her so entirely, and forcing her old real self upon herself, did. If she reflected, Bob knew her and still cared—

But those things didn't happen, except perhaps in heaven or in books. She heard the crunch of gravel under a leisurely step and did not turn.

"Well, Princess?" she heard, in Geoffrey's bantering tone. "Well, Geoff?" "How is it going?" "Beautifully!"

"God!" (He laughed after he spoke.) "To think that I should live to see this day! How did he do it?" "Really you don't want a description—" she questioned.

His eyes narrowed. "No," he answered. "I think I don't." Again he

UNWELCOME CALLER

WELL, she had turned over several new pages, Marsha thought. She rose; he too rose, but unwillingly.

"Ella summons us; she's wig-wagging from a window. Dinner, I suppose."

They were both very happy that night at dinner, they each remembered later, and bitterly. The vague storm-clouds which had muted other hours did not appear. They were as close as they had ever been, with a realization now of what closeness meant.

"Great dinner, you dear thing!" he said; and with absurd intensity; then, "Good heavens, I'm happy!"

Ah, she realized, she loved him, loved him! And he loved her best when he did not know quite how much she loved him. Why did she, well insured to the world and its wounding ways, expect perfection? But she did; she cried for it, inside.

His eyes, quick to note change in her made him say, "Headache?" "No," she assured him.

"You looked a little done-in just then. You're certain?"

He was almost too gentle with her when he felt she suffered in any way. It thawed her.

"I'll tell you about it some day," she promised, "some day when you are bored. I believe confessions all gaps admirably. Betty Forsythe concocts the most amazing tales. She says her husband sleeps, otherwise, and that she would rather listen to his shocked remonstrances than to his synopated snores. Perhaps I'll come to that!"

"YOU'D better not!" he answered. "I suppose I'm a fog, but I hate that sort of thing. Bad enough for a man to bleat out a lot of repentant guff."

"But if a woman has it to bleat! And some secret that keeps bothering her by bobbing up from, well—say a tall past like mine?"

He smiled.

"I wonder how many men did care for you?" he questioned idly. "Ever count 'em? Heavens, when I think! Lucky for me you didn't care enough for any one of them." He reached for a mint, and after a nibble, complained, "Stale," he said, "where did you get them? Don't you think they're stale?"

Marsha sampled the condemned, considered carefully, and then said she thought the mints were stale. And she looked all the evening as if she had a headache.

Walking in the pale thin sunlight the next morning, Marsha looked up and over the low, stone wall. A motor, which had been purring up the lane, had come to a standstill.

Quiet has its own arresting quality; often it is more ominous than the loudest din. It was the quiet that made Marsha turn in the path; and it was Geoffrey Tarrleton's quiet that led her to say, "Why, Geoff? What are you doing here?"

He answered with "Happened along."

"Wonderful!" she said in the way she felt to be school-girlishly enthusiastic. "You're you come in? Bob is in the village, I believe."

"Well, in such case I might," Geoffrey responded, as he raised his brows and smiled.

"I meant he'll be sorry to miss you."

"Oh, I see. How do I reach your delectable retreat? Ladder or air plane? Oh, gates; I see. A bit along, isn't it?"

"Better park in front," she called, "the tradesmen come rushing around the corner and never seem to think—" The rest of her warning was absorbed in the sound of changing gears.

She frowned as she turned to pace toward the lower end of the garden. She wished Geoff had not come. Geoff who smiled at her and with his smile made her feel an idiot; Geoff, who awoke questions in her. Among them a wonder about whether she wasn't drugged.

SHE walked the length of the path three times, and smiled tolerantly over Geoff's method, which was to heighten interest with suspense. How they understood each



7-25-34

WARD'S GREATEST FURNITURE SALE OPENS TOMORROW

Montgomery Ward's semi-annual furniture sale, with companion sales of rugs, stoves, housewares, curtains, woollens and blankets, begins tomorrow in the 500 Ward stores located in 46 states of the union.

Preparations for this event have been intensively carried on covering a period of several months. Most of the orders were placed with manufacturers as early as last March. These orders were so tremendous that 67 factories have been kept busy since then turning out furniture especially for this event. Ward officials say that a single purchase of a carload proportion is a common thing in supplying quantities to meet the demand which has been built up in this extraordinary sale.

The general tendency in depression days the last few years has been to curtail buying of home furnishings. This curtailment has been lifted to the extent that Wards feel that thousands of families believe now is the time to buy new furniture and all that goes with their homes more attractive. It is that urge to beautify the home and make it more comfortable as well as the extraordinary preparation advantages that Wards have made, which leads C. D. Bean, manager of the local Ward store to believe that this August will witness one of the greatest furniture buying demonstrations that America has witnessed in many years.

Heads Educators



Dr. Henry Lester Smith, dean of the school of education at Indiana University, is the new president of the National Education association. (Associated Press Photo)

LICENSE LOST DURING APPEAL OF AUTOIST

SALEM, July 25.—(AP)—Revocation of a motor vehicle operator's license becomes effective when the court decision is received at the state department, regardless of any appeal

made subsequently to the higher courts, Attorney General I. H. Van Winkle held in an opinion today. Receipt of letters from a Portland attorney claiming that the license revocation would not be effective as long as the case was on appeal in the higher court, prompted the request for the opinion, by P. J. Stadelman, secretary of state.

COPCO BUYS NEW CAR OF RANGES

Word has just been received by local officials of the California Oregon Power company that in response to popular demand another carload of special Westinghouse automatic electric ranges has just been purchased from the factory. When this big range offer was first advertised in the newspapers a short time ago the response exceeded all expectations and the entire shipment was completely sold out in a few days. The California Oregon Power company immediately wired the Westinghouse factory for another carload and it is now on the way. Many of these ranges are already sold and local residents are advised that any additional orders will have to be placed at once, as a policy of first come, first served, will have to prevail.

This is said to be the first time a fully automatic, completely equipped electric range has ever been offered to the public at such a remarkably low price and on such easy terms. After present stocks are sold out, the offer will be withdrawn, as this purchase was a factory close-out order and no more of these ranges will be available. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

BEING CHEERED UP

GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WISHES THEY'D GO AWAY AND NOT TRY TO CHEER HIM UP



WORSE AND WORSE, AUNT ELLA HAS PICKED HIM UP IN HER LAP. CAN'T SHE SEE HE JUST WANTS TO BE LEFT ALONE



GOOD GRIEF, SHE'S ACTUALLY BOUNCING



WELL, HE HOPES HE'S CONVEYING THE IDEA THAT HE DOESN'T LIKE IT



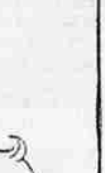
MERCY, SHE THINKS HE IS CRYING FOR MORE. THIS IS WHAT SHE CALLS "UPSY-DRAISY" AND IS IT TERRIBLE!



AND NOW "RIDE A COCK-HORSE? DOESN'T KNOW WHICH HE MINDS MORE, BEING JIGGLED UP AND DOWN, OR HER SINGING



WELL, AT LAST SHE'S TRYING HIM DOWN, SAYING THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO CHEER HIM UP, THEY'D BETTER LEAVE HIM ALONE



SUCKS THUMB CHEERFULLY, REFLECTING THAT SOMETIMES FAMILIES ARE PRETTY SLOW TO UNDERSTAND WHAT A BABY WANTS

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S'MATTER POP—



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Bill Bolts' Story



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Break For Luke!



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THE NEBBS—When Your Love Grows Cold



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BRINGING UP FATHER



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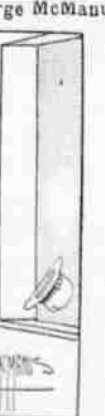
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ENJOY

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM 5¢ AND WORTH IT!

THE PERFECT GUM SWEETENS THE BREATH

Salvage for Needy. SANTA BARBARA.—(AP)—Neighborhood House, operated by a benevolent organization, maintains a salvage shop to reclaim discarded articles to supply the needs of unemployed. Discarded articles in greatest demand, but requests range from wood stoves to glass eyes, one of which was listed as wanted recently.

"Cranes" and "Antelopes" sued THOMAS, Okla. (AP)—The Howling Cranes and the Antelope family have been named defendants in a federal court suit seeking condemnation of an acre of land as a site for a municipal sewage disposal plant. So, for that matter, have the Red Birds and the Crazydules. All are Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians.