

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Haviland Taylor

SYNOPSIS: Marsha Moore had thought herself in love with Geoffrey Tarleton. But he introduced her to the "new Mrs. Tarleton," and she married Bob Powers out of spite. Now Geoffrey has come to call on Marsha, and although Bob feels the danger that he may discover the truth, and Marsha loves Bob now, and does not want him to know.

Chapter 20 THE BLOW

MARSHA joined him, wearing a scarlet frock that made her a flame; she called from the doorway. "Why didn't you smoke, Geoff? There are things on that low table by you."

"You thought," he asked, "that Tarleton was married, that night when—when you accepted me?"

"Yes, Bob, but—" her tone was strident, frantic. But she could make no inroad on his set, icy calm; his determination to speak; to dominate the scene.

"It was Tarleton's younger brother who was married, Marsha," Bob went on; "it was Tarleton's sister-in-law whom you met that night. I thought everyone knew of the marriage. It was talked of, considerably, a few months ago."

"I've often been a pirate," Geoffrey admitted with a wry smile and a raise of brows, "but believe me, Powers, I regret hurting you through this affair. However, now that we all understand—"

"We don't!" Marsha flung out unsteadily; "we don't! Bob!"

Marsha stepping back to a world of ruin, the world she had thought the one world, raised her shoulders, her dark, arched brows. "You would not believe me now, under oath. Bob, I presume?" she questioned.

"I prefer, if you don't mind, to discuss that when we're alone," he answered. But he had made his reply; the set of his chin, his bitter eyes, his stricken face, made further words unnecessary.

BOB turned then, toward the door and for an out-door man whose tread was sure, he was pitifully uncertain of motion.

"Bob!" Marsha appealed. He did not respond and she realized that, no matter how physically close they could stand, hereafter, he would ever be beyond her reach.

Geoffrey was smiling. "No end sorry," he said, as Bob disappeared. She covered her face with her trembling hands. He moved closer to pat her shoulder. He felt her shrink. "After the divorce," he said with a gentleness rare for him, "you'll look me up? We won't lose any more time. I won't trust you again for fear you might think me married to anyone who happened to be in the same room, on the same block—"

"Don't!" she appealed. She dropped her hands and he was shocked by the change in her face. She smiled slowly, stiffly.

"You don't understand—" she faltered, "I don't know how to make you understand. But you must believe this, even though you don't believe in love. I'm deeply in love with my husband. There will never be anyone else for me."

"Perhaps so," through with me; I think very probably he is. But—that wouldn't make me seek warmth elsewhere. I couldn't, having known him, let another man so much as touch my hand. Will you try to understand it's over between us? And—will you go?"

Geoffrey's ideas for revenge had faded. He was hurt, but, too, he was awed. And he had hurt her, whose sincerity had put within him a new sort of love.

"God," he said brutally, loudly, "I am sorry!"

She made no response. He turned to the door. At the door he paused. "If you want anything I can give you—"

She shook her head violently. He heard a weak, "But thank you."

He saw her sink to a small stool by the hearth; he left her crouched there and staring into the flames.

As he reached the hall he heard above him the hard tread of some one who must pace a room. He was leaving an inferno, which would haunt him, he knew.

If he could reach Powers to make Powers believe that truth that had grown in Marsha, would that help? He doubted it. A man of Powers sort probably could not forgive a woman who married him in order to keep from wearing the limp robe of the lifted: who married him, too, in order to tell another man, that she did not mourn his having married.

"Lord, what a mess!" he murmured. There was sleet in the air as he stepped out. The wind was bitter and cutting. He looked back at the small house, ominously silent. "And now what for them?" he asked of himself. "And their next move?"

Divorce, he presumed. He had never before forgotten himself through others. But Marsha's face had made him see how it was with her. She had looked old, and agony was in her eyes, and he had learned what love may be by looking in them. Her pain mattered, not his. (Copyright, 1934, by K. Haviland-Taylor)

FILM ACTRESSES DIFFER ON JOYS OF MOTHERHOOD

Some Fear Audiences Lose Interest if They Possess Child—Others Find Glamour Remains Undimmed

By Leicester Wagner.
United Press Staff Correspondent.
HOLLYWOOD, July 26.—(UP)—We were discussing a theme of a picture which deals with an actress who conceals the existence of her daughter in the fear that audiences would lose interest should the mother-daughter combination become known.

"Well, do children jeopardize the career of an actress?" Vera Teasdale asked.

"That's an unanswerable question. There are others who, thinking their glamour and beauty will disappear with motherhood, deny themselves children although they long for them. But there are many more who are proud mothers and still continue their careers, we discovered when we set ourselves to evolving a list."

Fan Following Held.
Being a mother doesn't necessarily mean that a woman must be a candidate for a portrait by Whistler. Those actresses who have dared to

NEW SISKIYOU ROAD TO KLAMATH RIVER IS GRAND SCENIC ROUTE

BIG APPEAL, July 26.—(Sp.)

For those who delight in the grandeur of the mountains and the crisp atmosphere of the high altitudes, the new government road leading from Beaver creek through the heart of the Siskiyou to the Klamath river is proving a popular Sunday drive. Although the route leads over the most excellent of mountain roads, where turn-outs have been provided every few yards, the winding road offers sufficient thrills for motorists.

Silver Fork basin, where grazing cattle dot the brilliantly colored landscape is one of the principal attractions of the route which extends through Cow creek to Donamur and on to Oak Knoll ranger station on the Klamath five miles above Oak Bar. A network of branch roads lead to Cinnibar Trail lookout, Little Applegate, Per's Guard station, Dutchman's Peak lookout, and Cinnibar springs. Next year sightseers may drive to the summit of Mount Ashland, and continue to that city.

Among those enjoying the trip into the Siskiyou Sunday were Attorney and Mrs. Gus Newbury and Martin Stevens and son Russell of Medford; Mr. and Mrs. Leon Offenbacher, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Kleinhammer, Mrs. Maud Kubil, Mrs. Dora Saltmarsh, Mr. and Mrs. John Herriot, Clara Kleinhammer, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kubil and son, Norman, of Applegate.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

WAYSIDE READING MATTER

START READING A SIGN WHICH SAYS THAT ON THIS SPOT IN 1854 THE —

FLASH PAST BEFORE THEY CAN FINISH

ASKS HUSBAND TO GO SLOWER, THERE ARE APT TO BE ALL SORTS OF HISTORIC SIGNS ALONG HERE

HUSBAND SLOWS DOWN TO SNAIL'S PACE. FOR MILES ONLY SIGNS ARE OF BILL'S BAR-B-Q LUNCH AND JOE'S COZY HOT DOGS

STOPS AT LAST BY INTERESTING TABLET ANNOUNCING THAT HERE TOOK PLACE THE FAMOUS MASSACRE OF —

HAS JUST ATTAINED FULL SPEED WHEN SIGN FLASHES BY WHICH WIFE IS SURE THEY SHOULD NOT MISS. BACKS UP WEARILY

READ THAT THEY ARE NOW APPROACHING THE HOME OF THE FAMOUS PEERLESS CONCRETE PIPE COMPANY. DRIVE ON

SMATTER POP

I'M ON A CLIFF A THOUSAN FEET UP AN' LOOKIN' DOWN INTO A VALLEY FULL OF LIONS

AWK! SAVE THE PIECES!

HEH, HEH! I FOOLED YA! I CHANGED IT INTO A OCEAN OF ICE CREAM!

YUM, YUM, YUM.

TSIGOSH, THAT'S QUICK THINKIN' IN THE FACE OF DISASTER!

TAILPIN TOMMY—Under Suspicion

ALL BOLTS, AFTER BEING GRILLED BY DETECTIVES IN CONNECTION WITH THE SLAYING OF BRUCE WILKINS, IS UNRAVELLING A WEIRD AND ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE TALE.

AFTER I GOT OUTSIDE THE HANGAR WINDOW I HEARD A LOT OF PEOPLE TALKIN' ABOUT—

"TOM, THE WATCHMAN BEING SLUGGED—I KNEW THEY'D BLAME IT ON ME—SO I LAMMED—"

"GOOD GOSH! AN' THEY'RE MY FINGER PRINTS!!"

WONDER IF IT'S SAFE TO LEAVE THIS PLACE NOW—"

"NEXT DAY I READ ABOUT WILKINS BEIN' KILLED—AN' THAT FINGERPRINTS HAD BEEN FOUND ON TH' WINDOW SILL OF HANGAR THIRTEEN—"

"I KNEW TH' POLICE WOULD HANG TH' KILLIN' ON ME—SO I HID OUT—GREW A BEARD AN' WORE DARK GLASSES—THEN I GOT A JOB IN A FILLING STATION—"

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Dave Jones Explains

YOU SEE, BEN, THERE'S ONLY ONE DECK BETWEEN US AND THE STRONG ROOM— WITH DYNAMITE WE CAN BLOW ENOUGH OF THAT OFF TO—

-- GET RIGHT ONTO THE ROOF OF THE STRONG ROOM—A LITTLE MORE DYNAMITE AND THE ROOF WILL GO— THEN THE WAY IS OPEN FOR US!

AND WE CAN DESCEND RIGHT INTO THE STRONG ROOM?

ABSOLUTELY! THE GOLD WILL BE OURS FOR THE TAKING!

OH, YEAH? AN' ALL THIS TIME A NEW FLOCK O' SEA MONSTERS WILL BE GETTIN' ON THE SIDELINES APPLAUDIN' YOU, EH?

DON'T WORRY, LUKE! THE DYNAMITE WILL TAKE CARE OF ALL INQUISITIVE SEA MONSTERS LONG BEFORE WE GO DOWN!

THE NEBBIS—Alibi Amby

HELLO AMBY, I'M SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU

HELLO, CONNIE, I'M PLEASED TO SEE YOU TOO

WHY HAVEN'T YOU BEEN OVER? IT'S BEEN LONESOME WITHOUT YOU

WELL, YOU SEE... I BEEN VERY BUSY... BUSINESS AND SO HEALTHY THAT YOU CAN LEAVE IT BY ITSELF— IT NEEDS NURSING

I CAN UNDERSTAND— DURING THESE TRYING TIMES YOU MUST WATCH THINGS CLOSELY BUT YOU COULD SPARE A LITTLE OF YOUR EVENINGS TO POOR LITTLE ME

WELL, WHEN I WORK THROUGH DAY AND GET THROUGH WITH MY SUPPER MY EYES GET SO TIRED THEY JUST CLOSE UP ON ME

MINIATURE AUTO RACES PLANNED

MILWAUKEE (UP)—The Blue Mound dog track four miles west of Milwaukee, is being put in repair after four years of idleness. Dog races will not be featured this year, however, but midget automobiles scarcely larger than their greyhound predecessors will course the quarter-mile dirt track. Irwin Kesting, Milwaukee garage-man, and co-owner of the track, has completed two of the "doodle-bugs" and has more under construction. Equipped with small four-cylinder motors, airplane wheels and cut-down parts of other cars, the midgets will be capable of attaining a speed of 85 to 100 miles an hour, Kesting claims. Anyone whose car does not exceed 76 inches in length, 44 inches in width and four inches ground clearance, will be eligible. More than a score of the little cars are under

SOVIET CONCILIATORY IN DEBT DISCUSSION

WASHINGTON, July 26.—(AP)—Secretary Hull announced today that "a sincere disposition to reach an agreement" had been exhibited at the first conference between Alexander Troyanovsky, the Soviet ambassador, and state department officials over settlement of Soviet-American debts and claims at approximately \$500,000,000.

JAPAN WILL DELAY DENOUNCING TREATY

TOKYO, July 26.—(AP)—Although powerful influences are at work to commit the government to a policy of denunciation of the Washington naval treaty, Japan's decision on the question will be postponed until results of preliminary conversation in London, to be resumed in October, are made clear.

BRINGING UP FATHER

I MUST HAVE THIS SPEECH DOWN PAT IF I WANT TO MAKE A HIT!

— AND ALTHOUGH THE BURDEN IS HEAVY I WILL BE STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY IT —

YOU WANT ME, MAGGIE?

YES, COME HERE.

I THINK I'LL CHANGE THAT PART OF THE SPEECH

BY C. M. PAYTO

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

BY HAL FORREST

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

BY EDWIN ALGER

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

BY SOL HESS

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

BY GEORGE McNIANUS

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.