

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Haviland Taylor

SYNOPSIS: Marsha married Bob Powers because the man she thought she really loved, Geoffrey Torleton, had she believed, married another girl. But Marsha speedily realizes that she loves Bob for more deeply than she had Geoffrey, Geoffrey calls, and she confesses the truth about her marriage—which Bob overhears. Now they are headed back to New York, and divorce.

Chapter 22
SOUP TORTURE
BOB sat back of a raised paper, which Marsha knew he did not read, as they went by train to town. Durham, his mother's chauffeur, would come for the maids and see that the car was taken to town, Bob had said; Marsha knew that he did not trust himself to drive.

Their start had been early; so much had happened in so short a time! They would reach New York in early evening, when people, for the most part happy people, hurried to theatres. Bob had not eaten lunch, Marsha realized and with worry. That she also had not eaten, was a fact she did not consider.

He lowered his paper. Her heart beat hard, sickeningly. He leaned toward her chair. "My mother is sensitive," he be-

lievilled in the taxicab. She turned for her handkerchief; he saw her search her bag. Was she crying? No, thank heaven. Just a dab at one corner of her eye. A clab, perhaps, or dust. Again he stared ahead.

Outside, Fifth Avenue was cloaked in her most becoming dress. Dusk made the air hazy and soft. Lights, which would grow harsh in another hour or two, shrill from being backed by black, were now gentle looking as if they hung behind layers of moist, brown-gray chiffon.

Motors, which were sumptuous in the light of day, now became huge shooting things with flashing eyes, or, brilliantly lit frames from which women in velvet cloaks, or soft fur wraps, looked indolently out upon the passing throng.

The buses, those lumbering elephants of traffic, stopped at curbs, then, after a heavy jerk or two, went ponderously on.

People hurried. It was the going out and the getting home hour. And the faces of most held the look of happiness and expectation. The air, which was crisp, added to the feeling, and so, to the picture.

BOB absorbed it stupidly. Through his absorption beat the chilling consciousness that he was seeing all

PAIR ARRESTED IN ROSEBURG TRYING CASH LOST DRAFT

L. Champion, alias Robert Lanoue, 23, and Gerald Abbott, 18, both claiming residence at Stockton, Cal., were taken into custody here last night following an alleged attempt to pass a bank draft in the sum of \$6,647.20, the draft bearing a forged endorsement.

The draft, state police officers report, was a few days ago at Portland by Henry Mueller, who claimed to have dropped a pocketbook containing the draft and \$150 in cash in a public rest room.

Champion and Abbott, it is stated by the officers, endeavored to use the draft in payment for an automobile, but the local dealer, R. H. Wilson, became suspicious and held up delivery of the car while a local bank traced the draft by telephone. The two men were taken into custody at a local hotel. Two girl hitchhikers who had accompanied the pair from Oregon City were not arrested.

Abbott is reported to have told state police officers, they state, that Champion has twice been convicted for swindling, and an effort is being made today to determine his past record.

Good Fur Market Shows Return Of Prosperous Times

TACOMA, Wash., July 28.—(UP)—Fifty thousand Alaska muskrat skins were en route from Tacoma to London, Eng., today.

They represented part of \$72,000 worth of Alaska furs purchased as auction here by buyers representing leading fur houses of the world.

The muskrats brought 20 per cent more than a year ago and were taken to the London market because of the favorable exchange.

Active demand also was shown for lynx, ermine, cross fox, white fox and otter.

HORNSBY'S WIFE ASKING DIVORCE

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 28.—(AP)—Rogers Hornsby, manager of the St. Louis Browns, today was sued for divorce by Mrs. Mary Jeanette Hornsby his second wife.

She alleged indignities and asserted Hornsby has an ungovernable temper, is jealous and "criticized, nagged, fretted and heckled" the plaintiff.

Mrs. Hornsby asks for alimony and custody of their son, William.

Ann White, Spiritualist Medium will be at Hotel Hall Monday and Tuesday, July 30 and 31. Advice given honest and with a guarantee. You will find me different.

OREGON LIQUOR MUST PAY TAX TO GOVERNMENT

SALEM, Ore., July 28.—(AP)—"License and control by the commission of the manufacture, sale, distribution, use and advertising of liquor by private parties constitute the exercise of essential governmental functions." The internal revenue bureau said, and admitted that "taxes and license fees collected in the supervision and regulation of such activities do not constitute income or profit which is subject to federal income tax."

This would eliminate from taxation gallonage fees and licenses collected from wine and beer dispensers and breweries.

The federal ruling observed that "police power is and remains a governmental power, and applied to business activities is the power to regulate those activities, not to engage in carrying them on."

Wool Sales Lag
BOSTON, July 28.—(AP)—U. S. Dept. Agr. Activity in the Boston wool market during the past week was confined largely to inquiries by Manufacturers. Scattered sales were closed on fleece, territory, and Texas spot wools mostly at the asking price prevailing last week.

Rev. Evelyn Marshall, missionary of the National Federation of Spiritual Science churches, Free lecture Sunday, 8 p. m., at 315 So. Riverside. Subject, The New Revelation.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—FAMILY DEBTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TRIES TO READ PAPER, WHILE WILFRED ARGUES WITH MILDRED FOR THE 50 CENTS SHE OWES HIM SO HE CAN GO TO MOVIES

MILDRED CLAIMS MOTHER PAYS HER THE DOLLAR SHE OWES HER

MOTHER, BEING APPEALED TO, DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT OWING ANYBODY A DOLLAR

REMINDS HER THAT SHE PAID FOR THE GAS FOR HIS CAR WHEN HE LEFT HIS MONEY HOME SO HE CAN JUST PAY MILDRED THE DOLLAR

AT THIS POINT MEMBERS HE HAS ALREADY ADVANCED HER 2 DOLLARS ON HER NEXT ALLOWANCE

WILFRED SWITCHES THE ISSUE BY RECALLING THAT HE DOESN'T THINK HE EVER GOT PAID FOR CLEANING OUT THE CELLAR

REMINDS HER THAT SHE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH FOR THE LAUNDRY AND MILDRED GAVE HER A DOLLAR

DECIDES THE ONLY WAY HE'LL EVER GET PAPER READ IS TO GIVE WILFRED 50 CENTS AND GO TO MOVIES

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Was she crying? A clinder, perhaps.

gan. "feels amorphous intensely, you know. So I feel it would be best for us to put up at some hotel for a few days, and until affairs are somewhat-adjusted, I don't want her troubled, worried."

"No, of course not."
"I'll evade explanation for the present. Then when the matter is decided, our course of action, I mean, I'll tell her the truth."

Marsha said nothing; he glanced once into her eyes. They hurt him anew; the hurt was a pin prick in numb flesh. She was probably sorry to have knocked him as she must know she had, he decided.

He heard her say "Bob—" in a muted, frightened way that made her seem a child. Yet again he lowered the paper. "Where are we going?" she asked.

"I don't know. Would Murray Hall suit you? It's quiet. We want to avoid seeing it's quiet, we know, of course."

Her chin raised, her face stiffened. "It will suit me as well as anywhere," she said.

SHE stared then from a misted window and upon a darkening world. In their many talks Bob had told her of how he, with his mother, had often stopped at that hotel while the house was being opened or closed, or refurbished and of how, there, there was a reassuring feeling of solidity and of old New York and of years lived well.

There was irony in stopping there. But she realized that cruelly had had no part in his incapability of the place; that he was incapable of such cruelty. He had mentioned it because he knew it well; because the struck, dulled, grasp blindly, the first, dulled, grasp blindly, the first, dulled, grasp blindly.

Bob was conscious of a dull anger at himself as they rode up town. He should have thought of where they would put up; it was awkward to head where they headed. Yet what difference? Nothing could change, lighten or intensify the situation. It had its bold, black, solid form.

that he had dived for, for months, and that it didn't matter. The hour was one which he, a trifle ashamed of his want for home and his love of it, had when an expatriate remembered constantly.

Small flashes of home had come upon him at odd times, sometimes while he wrote reports and made his requirements to the New York office.

Then in the candle flame he would see a wavering picture, and through it feel the cold air. And that had made the pull. The pull to get back; to feel it, smell it, love it. And he had come, and then Marsha; and he hadn't seen or felt anything else and now—

Well, it was almost over, and he would go back to his work, carrying a new set of thoughts—he could not burden them dreams—and the crippling burden of disillusionment.

"We're almost there," he heard, and answered with "Yes."
"What were you smiling at?" she ventured timidly.

"I was thinking of a chap I had on a small job near Chihuahua; he used to spend his evenings waiting for those big spiders that come so thickly at some seasons, and when they ventured out, he used to pour candle grease on them which he kept hot for the purpose in a saucer. They were fallen down in that way all over the floor. I almost broke my neck from skidding across the place."

"How ghastly!"
"Oh, I don't know! It is less ghastly than some of the things men do when they are alone too much and too far from home, and appetites and dissipation one can understand. But that sort of thing—"

She hoped he would go on. It was the first time he had talked with her; it made her swallow convulsively, and she had to clasp her hands in order to keep them where they belonged.

Notice is hereby given that School District No. 49, Jackson County warrants No. 11838 to 11912 inclusive are called for payment. Interest to cease on July 30, 1934. Warrants to be presented for payment at office of the District Clerk, City Hall, Medford, Oregon.

S'MATTER POP—

HE WOULDNT GIVE IT TO ME!

SO, YOU TOOK IT!

OH, NO, POP!

HOW'D YOU GET HOLD OF IT THEN?

OH, I GAVE IT TO ME!

OH!

I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU TOOK IT!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Woman In The Case Appears

IT IS TRUE—EVERYTHING THIS MAN HAS TOLD YOU WAS THERE!

YOU MEAN YOU SAW THE CARTRIDGE CLIPS IN HIS OWN SHIP? THEN HOW WAS IT HE WAS SHOT—INSTEAD OF DOUGLAS?

I—WANTED TO SEE HIM THAT NIGHT—HE HAD BEEN DRUNKING AGAIN—I—FOLLOWED HIM INTO THE HANGAR—HE HAD A CARTRIDGE BELT IN HIS HAND—

HE HAD TOLD ME THAT HE WAS TO FLY THE FOKKER NEXT DAY—HE WASN'T SURE—IT MIGHT BE A SPAD—I SAW HIM STAND BESIDE THE FOKKER—HE SEEMED TO HESITATE AS THOUGH HE WERE CONFUSED

WHEN HE CLIMBED INTO THE SPAD AND PLACED THE BELT OF CARTRIDGES INTO THE GUN—

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BEN-WEBSTER'S CAREER—The First Stop!

GOOD YOUNG MAN! DANCE A DIFFERENT JIG WHEN CAPN IKE RETURNS!

I'VE GET DIRECT TO HURRICANE ISLAND—

HURRICANE ISLAND NOTHIN'! FIGHTOWN'S OUR FIRST STOP, SHIFTY, AN' WE'LL BE THERE BY DARK TONIGHT—

WHAT FOR?

WHAT FOR, YOU FOOL? I'M OUT TO BAG THE HERMIT LIVIN' ON ANCHOR ISLAND AN' THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND HIM!

OLD CAPN IKE WANTS HIM WRAPPED AN' TIED AN' ON THE GHEM FOR FURTHER USE, THAT'S WHY—WITH HIM IN OUR HANDS, SHIFTY, WE'LL GET THE GOLD OUT O' THE YUCATAN AN' GET IT LAWFULLY!

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THE NEBBS—The Open Secret

DID YOU SEE THAT WRITE-UP YOU GOT IN THE NORTHVILLE METROPOLITAN? BOY, WHEN YOU BUST OUT IN PRINT YOU STEAL THE SHOW.

DING DONG! DING DONG! DO WE HEAR WEDDING BELLS? IS IT POSSIBLE OUR STAFF AND RETIRING BANKER IS TAKING A HIGH ONE INTO THE MATRIMONIAL POOL AGAIN? IT IS LOVED WITH THIS MISS OR RATHER MRS. COLEBE BEFORE HE LED OUR SOCIETY LEADER, MISS APPREBY TO THE ALTAR, ETC. ETC.

YES, THAT'S ALL YOUR DOINGS!! I DON'T KNOW WHY I KEEP TELLING YOU SECRETS—YOU'RE AS SECRET AS A BILLBOARD.

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GOOS BAY BREAKS SHIPPING STRIKE

MARSHFIELD, Ore., July 28.—(AP)—The Matson line freighter, Golden State, crossed out of the harbor here today with logs and lumber, the first vessel to take cargo from this port since the steamer Anten sailed two days after the waterfront strike started on May 9.

Loading of the Golden State had been under way since Tuesday with gangs of non-striking millmen and loggers. Union longshoremen made no attempt to halt the work.

Four ships remain in the harbor. One of them, the Arna, was being loaded at the Coos Bay Lumber company dock, under close guard. It was said the lumber company, whose employees are loading the Arna, will resume work as soon as sufficient cargo has been moved to relieve the congestion on the docks.

MOONEY APPEALS FOR MERRIAM'S CLEMENCY

SACRAMENTO, July 28.—(AP)—petition for clemency was filed today with Acting Governor Merriam by Thomas J. Mooney, San Quentin prisoner serving a life sentence for the 1916 preparation day bombing in San Francisco. The governor declined to comment at this time.

The petition stated that Mooney was making application for pardon and that the petitioner would like the later his reasons for seeking clemency and for asking for an open hearing.

Warrant Call
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BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL! ME FOOT IS GITTIN' BETTER—BUT IT STILL HURTS A LITTLE.

IT'S A LUCKY THING I ONLY SPRAINED IT!

HILDA! DROP WHAT YOU ARE DOING AND COME HERE—

YES, MUM.

I WISH I HAD A PIECE OF WOOD TO KNOCK ON FOR LUCK

O-W!

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