

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Haviland Taylor

SYNOPSIS: Because Bob Powers has found out that Marsha married him to get out of her father's hands, she has introduced her to the new Mrs. Tarleton, the Powers honeymoon is shattered. Bob and Marsha are in New York to get a divorce and now Marsha realizes that she loves Bob far more than she ever loved Geoffrey.

Chapter 23 NEW TRAGEDY

Bob sat, long, lean, hunched over—he was too big to accommodate easily to the average small car—staring moodily ahead. The laxness of his arms, folded loosely across his chest, made Marsha close her eyes.

They had swung her so easily from the floor, those arms, and, although gentle, had been so firm. It seemed close to incredible that, only the day before, he had picked her up to settle her with him in a big chair before the fire. So incredible that it was a thing to smile over wily, while the cold crept close and deep.

They had adjoining rooms, and after he had unlocked her bags he went into his room and closed the door after himself. Alone, she made her way toward a long mirror to study her reflection in it.

Before she knew Bob, she had been inflexibly certain that a clever woman who was beautiful could do as she liked with any male. This certainty had been dissipated by new wisdom; if she could reach Bob thus, which she doubted, she knew it would be to hold him for but a little time.

The time done, he would loathe himself for yielding, and loathe her for having made him yield; and in his mind she would be further invested with evilness. Her outer loveliness could not help her with him; if she attempted to make use of it, it would hinder her. She turned away from the mirror, for the first time in her conscious life hating beauty.

She heard a tap on the door that divided the rooms. "Come in, please," she ordered faintly. Bob opened the door to stand at the threshold.

"About dinner," he said, "are you going down, or will you have it here?"

She realized he was anxious to avoid the table-tete-a-tete with her and she answered, "I'll have something here."

"Shall I ring?" he asked. "No, thank you. I'm not hungry now."

She felt the worry in his eyes, and she drew a quick, sharp breath. She still mattered a little to him; her comfort; her health still mattered a little to him.

"You ate no luncheon," he reminded. "True," she said, "perhaps you'd best ring." She wanted him at ease about her and she craved ardently to have within him as much peace as possibly could be. "You'll dine downstairs?" she questioned.

"I suppose so," he hesitated. She waited. It was obvious that he wanted to say something more. "I wish—" he faltered.

"Yes?" she prompted. "Oh, nothing. Anything I can do for you before I go down, or while I am down?"

"No, thank you so much. I was used to taking care of myself; I suppose I may as well grow used to it again." She managed to smile at him after her words but he could not answer her smile.

TARLETON, Bob supposed, would one day take care of her and the idea of Tarleton's caring for any woman, was, Bob thought, a somewhat Rabelaisian feat.

But she would understand Tarleton's manner of caring. It was, patently, all that she wished; some one who would look well with her in public, some one who would cheat her, and some one whom she could cheat. But now Bob was touched by her loneliness.

"Is there anyone," he asked, "whom you would like to see?" "Oh, heaven forbid!" she responded quickly and almost harshly. She laughed mirthlessly. "Fancy Aunt Gertrude at this moment!" she said.

His face stiffened. He didn't want that for Marsha; the enforced companionship that had drained her, weakened her, irritated her. "You won't have to consider your aunt," he promised; "I don't want you to go back to her."

He left her then and without switching on the lights she was alone.

dered to a window from which she stared down and into the street. Motors, motors, motors; going coming, hurrying, to fill the time . . . time . . . she turned her wedding ring; her engagement ring that Bob had slipped on her finger, only a few, short minutes before they were married.

"I think," she said aloud, "that it began then."

Her words echoed in the empty room; she turned, covered; she was, she found, desperately afraid of this empty room. It was a symbol for the endless stretch of level ground that lay before her. She needed him. Bob, who had told her how lonely she had been, by his companionship.

She whispered, "Bob!"

Then—a cold and a quiet minute gone—she smiled. Futility, it was, to call him, or try to cry for him anymore. He was dining downstairs so that he might not have to sit near her, whose need for him was agony. And even that need of hers wouldn't matter to one so unusually kind and because—she hated her—hated her!

AT FIVE on the following afternoon Marsha laid down a book she had tried to read, failed to read. Bob had been gone so long.

She looked at the roses that had been sent her, who was masquerading as having "a slight cold." On the card that had come with them was written in an old, not quite steady script, "For my very dear daughter (Child, come to see me, I am not afraid of catching colds). Your loving, Mother."

And on the reverse of the card was written; "I do not like to have you and Robert stopping at an hotel. I shall reason with him. Will you, too, please, dear? I do so want you both with me."

Some day, of course, the ache would dwindle, dim, Marsha reasoned. Aches must, or people could not love on, as they did.

The small clock in the leather case she always carried with her tolled five light, silvery notes. Where was Bob? He had been gone so long.

Then she heard his step in his room; his stride, always long, around the room. She sat, tense from listening. After an interval she heard him move again and after that came his tap upon her door.

She called "Come," he entered. She saw that his look of strain was deepened, that he did not trouble to avoid her eyes. He seemed unaware of her.

"May I sit down a few moments?" he asked. Something had happened, she realized, that had drained him of his last strength.

"Please," she answered. He settled on a chair that faced her. "Things have changed," he faltered. "It's pretty bad. It will be hard for you, I've been to see mother. She—she—"

"Hates me and is deeply hurt," Marsha supplied, levelly. Again she glanced toward the roses that had come with that card of dear and warming message.

"No, not that," he answered. He drew a deep breath, squared his shoulders, took a cigarette from a leather case he always carried, lit it with hands that were far from steady and then went on.

"She's ill," he stated flatly, "very ill; it's cancer. I could not tell her. You can imagine how she would feel over my telling her we were to be divorced. She has been, I know now, too happy over thinking I had you."

He rose abruptly, dropped the match to a tray, settled once more, spoke again. "After she told me about herself—and Llewellyn of St. James Hospital says she can live no more than a year—she went on to tell me how happy she is to know I have you."

He puffed hard on his cigaret. There was silence; "I couldn't tell her!" he broke out; "couldn't! I couldn't bear the thought of hurting her and the shock might have meant—"

Marsha inferred the rest of his statement. "I did not ask for a divorce," she said, "nor do I want one until you do, and in every way. . . . And if I can help you, and help your mother, I do so want to!"

She saw his eyes brim. She ached to draw his head to her breast and to hold it pressed tightly there as she did her best to soothe him, help him.

"It is a great deal to ask of you," he murmured wearily. "No," she contradicted. (Copyright, 1934, by K. Haviland Taylor)

Bob and Marsha evolve a plan, tomorrow.

SINNOTT STATION ADDS GREATLY TO PARK ATTRACTION

CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK, Ore. (Sp.)—Efforts to determine how a region of such rare beauty as Crater Lake can be made most satisfying to visitors have brought highly desirable results, reported Dr. John C. Merriam, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

D. C. under whose direction these efforts have been carried on for some time past through the cooperation of the national park service. He was a visitor in the park this week while en route north from Berkeley, Calif.

Dr. Merriam has taken an active interest in Crater Lake for many years and in the area has perceived ideal conditions to correlate esthetic and scientific values for the proper appreciation of the thousands of visitors annually arriving at the scenic wonder. The Sinnott Memorial observation station on Victor Rock, along the inner rim near the lodge, has been given especially careful study by Dr. Merriam as a direct aid to make this appreciation possible. The station has developed into one of the most popular attractions for park visitors who, through the use of its equipment, would more fully understand conditions which make Crater Lake possible, as well as enjoy its far-reaching scenic beauty.

Nine high-powered glasses in four divisions present the story of Crater Lake. Four glasses, trained on im-

portant rim points, tell of the origin of the mountain which once stood on the present site of the lake. Two are devoted to the forming of the crater. One tells of the origin of the lake, while two are trained on the exceptional beauty features of the raw scene. The glasses are supplemented by displays containing lava and other specimens directly connected with the history of the lake.

EMERALD POOL AT PARK NOW VISIBLE

CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK, Ore. (Sp.)—Emerald Pool, an unique body of water along the rocky shores of Crater lake, is returning after an absence of two years. During the summer of 1931, it was plainly visible to thousands of visitors from the Sinnott Memorial on Victor Rock, a short distance from the lodge, but the following two winters were so severe the pool was covered by great depths of snow which the summer sun could not melt.

While relatively small when viewed from the memorial observation station, 1000 feet above, the pool is of fairly good size and of an intense emerald color. For the past two weeks a big drift of snow has been gradually receding, exposing the highly colored waters which in years past have never failed to attract the attention of all visitors. It has also been the destination of numerous boat parties.

SEYMOUR, Mo. (UP)—Chas. Hargus, 21, stood in a freshly dug grave, pitching out the last shovelful of dirt. As his shovel flashed aloft it attracted a bolt of lightning, killing Hargus.

SERA STUDENT AID AVAILABLE AGAIN

CORVALLIS—Federal funds for assisting students of Oregon colleges through labor relief will again be available for the coming year, according to notification received by E. B. Lemon, registrar at Oregon State College. Funds for a limited number of students will be distributed through the state emergency relief administration.

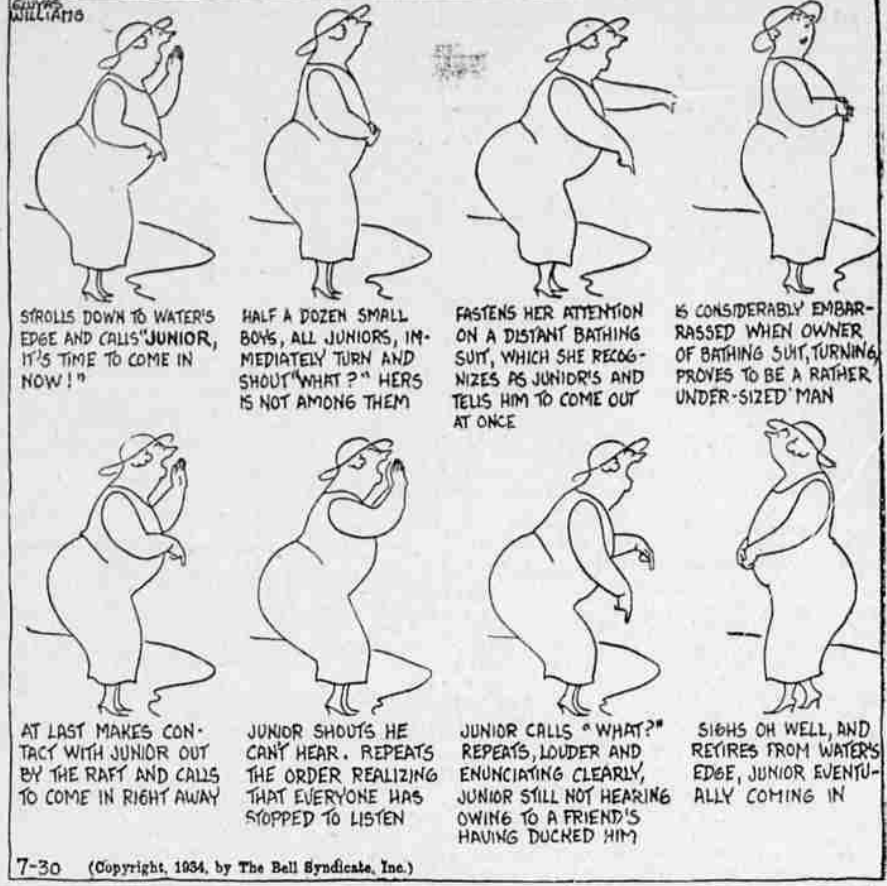
The percentage quota allowed will permit 224 students to obtain aid not to exceed \$20 a month and an average of not more than \$15 a month. Half of those receiving this work must not have been in any college or university last January. Applications are being received now by Registrar Lemon from those who would not be able to attend or continue in college without such aid. Character and scholastic records are considered.

"Blackie," Faithful Hen, Dead ALBANY, Ore. (UP)—"Blackie," ten-year-old Ancona laying hen belonging to Mrs. Alice Belmont, is dead. She was laying eggs three weeks before she died. Not only was she a good layer, she was a good mother, and year after year raised a brood of chicks. Last year she raised a family of turkeys.

Stunt Nearly Cost Life ST. CLAIRSVILLE, O. (UP)—James Garden, 24, almost lost his life while performing a favorite swimming stunt. He stayed under water until he frightened spectators. Elmer Satt, life guard, took Garden from 12 feet of water after he had been under six minutes. He was revived.

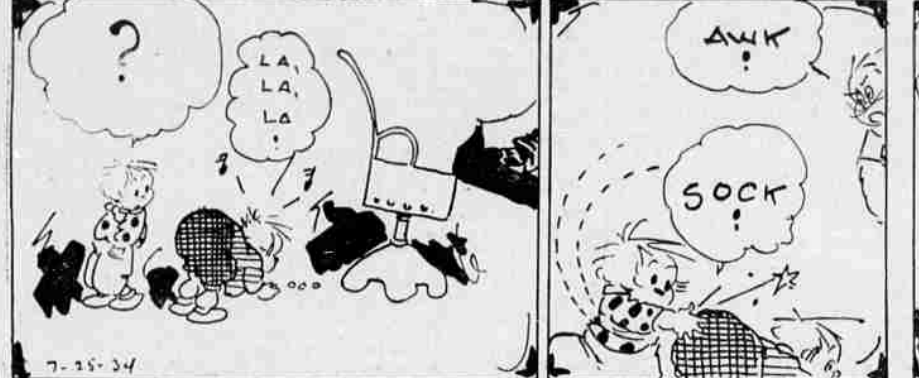
GETTING JUNIOR OUT OF THE WATER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S'MATTER POP—



7-25-34

WILLIUM, HE TEMPTED ME, POP



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THE NEBBS—A House for Sale



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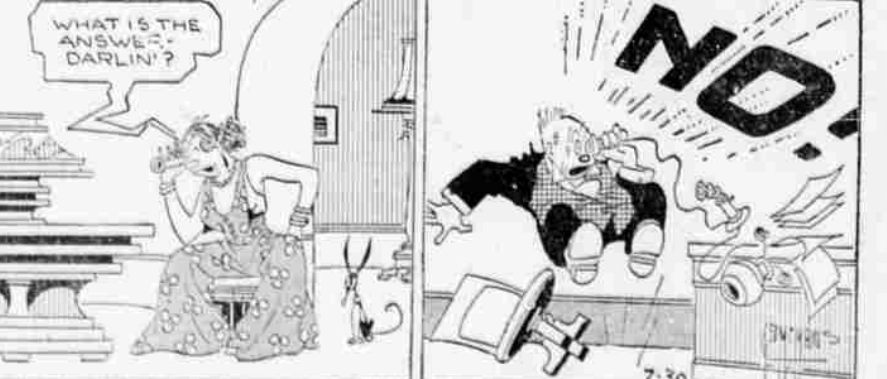
By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



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By George McManus



7-30

ENJOY
WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
GUM
5¢
AND
WORTH IT!

Louisiana Whiskey Cheap. NEW ORLEANS. (UP)—Whiskey here may be bought cheaper than in some states where it is illegal. A poor grade may be bought for as little as 30 cents a pint.

Bees Swarmed on Main Street. PAINESVILLE, O. (UP)—A sky-darkening swarm of homeless bees buzzed into busy shopping crowds on a main downtown corner here but harmed no one they frightened.

Bridgroom Too Busy. ALBANY, Ore. (UP)—County Clerk R. M. Russell was surprised when Wanda Goodwin, 18, appeared at his office and applied for a license to marry George Warren Howe, a logger. Howe was too busy to come, she said.

Gale O'Brien, star tackle on the University of Nebraska football team last fall, will play with the Boston Braves pro outfit.