

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katherine Haviland Taylor

Marsha and Bob Powers are married. Marsha is a girl who has learned that she married him because she thought Geoffrey Paulson had married another girl. But now Marsha loves Bob deeply, and is almost glad when she learns that his mother is the victim of an incurable disease, and decides they must plan the sort of happily married people until she dies.

Chapter 25
CHRISTMAS COMES

The sort of Christmas that Marsha found in the Powers' house was one she had never suspected could be with adults; disillusioned folk who must know there was no Santa Claus of any kind.

The murmur of tissue was blended with human whispers; Mrs. Powers was, obviously, planning when she found Mrs. Powers hiding mysteries behind cushions, or closing table or desk drawers at her approach, looking too infantilely guileless and innocent the while.

Marsha began to wonder what she could give Bob's mother that would make Bob's mother very happy. The matter demanded much thought.

One day she remembered she had always deemed the season, "that ghastly stretch!" It had seemed a time to her when people lied un-

rather tremulous, "Darling!" She said next, "It's—very dear of you to care—"

"I can't have you growing ill," said Bob, voice a trifle tight.

"I won't! I promise you! I'm the strongest person!" she assured him. "You mustn't be troubled for a moment about anything so futile. I won't do anything, cross my heart, to trouble you in any way!"

"I know that," he said; and he turned his hand to grip hers and hard. She had been splendid about everything; tactful, gentle, patient, understanding.

"You're quite a wonderful person," he said and not for his mother's benefit. His mother smiled at them; they did care and deeply and it was plain to see now. Occasionally, they had seemed a little remotely; she reasoned that they had been made to seem so by their consciousness.

It snowed persistently, delightfully, during the days that predated Christmas. Full days that were gently slowed toward the close of each afternoon when Marsha with Mrs. Powers, waited Bob's return. He was hurried by getting ready for his start for Mexico which was to be made on the twenty-eighth of December.



Mrs. Powers was knitting by firelight.

usually well, through gifts and wishes, and that intensification of insecurity that was forced by custom. It did not, she knew with surprise, seem "a ghastly stretch" now.

It was instead, a happy—an absurdly happy—and an exciting line of hurried days. Sometimes she even forgot that her connection with Bob was measured by the beat of his mother's heart, her place in the house seemed so permanent, so solid; she was so entirely at home.

"If it could last!" she thought at first. Then the wording changed; she began to think, "Make—It last!"

Which was probably a foolish petition to something that did not hear she reasoned yet it kept ringing through her mind with an intensity that hushed her breathing and that made her close her eyes.

Of course it could not last; sober moments told her that. Bob was through with her, and thus her chance for real life was gone. But over and over; over and over! "Make—It last! Please make—It last!"

MRS. POWERS told Bob that Marsha was "losing weight"; Bob studied Marsha anxiously.

"Marsha," said Mrs. Powers one evening as they waited the announcement of dinner, "is it customary for you to lose weight in the winter season?"

"I don't know, dear," Marsha answered. Bob was looking at her in that strained, tired, worried way, Marsha saw. Poor Bob! "I am quite well!" she said quickly; "I'm the strongest person I've ever been!"

"But you are losing weight," said Mrs. Powers; she added, "Robert must get you a little scales. He will teach you how to use it, dear. It is a matter of adjusting the weights—you will soon learn!"

"Bob know that his cousin Lattitia, with many of her contemporaries, would have had to suppress a rising smile over this. But Marsha was not amused; she laid her hand on his

leally injured, and five other persons were hurt late Tuesday when their automobile swerved from the highway while passing another car, and crashed over an embankment.

Mrs. Meadows was in a serious condition today from severe head injuries. She was the mother of Mrs. Clark, and in the car were two other married daughters and their children. They were returning from a picnic.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

WOMAN KILLED IN AUTO WRECK

OREGON CITY, Aug. 1.—(AP)—Mrs. Everett Clark, 28, of Portland, was killed; another woman, Mrs. Nellie H. Meadows, 60, of Portland, was seri-

WESTERN STATES HEAD MOVE TO CUT PROPERTY TAXES

Entire Problem Expected to Figure Prominently in Fall Elections Many States—Home Building Curbed

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—(AP)—Mid-western and western states have taken the lead over other sections in the movement seeking to encourage home construction through easing of the tax burden on real and tangible property.

With national attention now concentrated on the new federal home building program, the entire property tax problem will figure prominently in the fall elections of many states.

The tax burden always is an important item to be considered before building a home, and numerous organizations of property owners and the national association of real estate boards contend the levy on real estate now is so high it discourages construction of homes.

A survey of the local and state taxation committee of the association of real estate boards shows seven states have over-all limitation on property taxes, either by law or by constitution; 21 states have statutory or constitutional limits on real estate taxes; eight have no real es-

MOTORCYCLISTS KILL 2, HURT 30 WHILE STUNTING

LAKEWOOD, N. J., Aug. 1.—(AP)—Two stunting motorcycle roared into a church festival crowd at near-by Holmansville and left two persons dead and 30 injured, nine seriously, including themselves.

Drawn from the church by the roar of the racing cycles on the Lakewood-New Egypt road last night, the festival throng saw Milton Showell, 28, of Whitesville, and Stanley Koler-dock, 19, of Legler, stand on the seats of their machines and remove their hands from the handlebars.

Suddenly Showell's cycle swerved and plowed through the crowd for 30 feet, leaving a trail of prostrate persons. The other machine crashed into an automobile.

John W. Johnson, 80, and Everett Horner, 17, were fatally injured. Showell suffered concussion of the brain and internal injuries. Koler-dock has a broken leg, and internal injuries.

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 1.—(AP)—W. W. Payne, 53, president of the Pacific Export Lumber company and member of the port of Portland commission, died Tuesday at his summer home near Prindle, Wash. He had been ill several months. A heart attack, following an attack of pneumonia, caused his death.

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FLAX INDUSTRY NOW OUT OF RED

SALEM, Aug. 1.—(AP)—Governor Julius L. Meier later yesterday at a board of control meeting expressed his pleasure in the report of Secretary William Einzig that the state flax industry for the first time this year showed a profit and that the cash on hand was \$275,000 as compared to \$500 when the penitentiary flax industry was taken over under the Meier administration in 1931.

The governor stated one of his programs was to take the industry "out of the red" and to make it a profitable one for the state. This report, he said, shows it has been done. Prior to the Meier administration the legislature was forced to appropriate funds to make up the deficit in the industry at the penitentiary.

NEIGHBORHOOD BASEBALL

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



HEARING THAT THE FATHER OF THE BEST PITCHER IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE WAS THINKING OF MOVING, THE WALNUT STREET TIGERS, WHO ARE PRETTY WEAK IN PITCHING, FORMED THEMSELVES INTO A VOLUNTEER REAL ESTATE AGENCY TO TRY AND INTEREST HIM IN WHAT THEY CONSIDERED A SWELL PROPOSITION ON WALNUT STREET

SMATTER POP



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Mystery Is Solved!



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