

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Harland Taylor

SYNOPSIS: Bob Powers has, in his self-necked manner, forbidden Marsha to explain an episode out of her past. He has also demanded that she divorce him. Now he learns that his mother is incurably ill and asks Marsha to remain with her, acting the part of the happily married daughter. Marsha is glad to do it. For she loves Bob very deeply.

CHAPTER 26 LECTURE

BOB saw Marsha move toward the door to slip away, despite the most pressing of Victorian invitations to linger.

"She knows I want all the moments alone with you that I can have," said Bob after Marsha had disappeared. He stood looking at the spot where he had seen the last flutter of her skirt, as he continued to shake a long-extinguished match.

"I feel that we lack, Robert, when she is not here. I have no sense, with your wife near, of intrusion."

Mrs. Powers paused; Bob saw that she was "displeased."

"I have been wanting to say a few words to you, Robert, for some days."

"Yes, Mother?"

"I cannot feel that you quite appreciate Marsha, Robert; here is a rarely selfless, sweet, loving character."

"Oh, I know, I know that!" he faltered.

"Don't pluck at that nail, dear. You'll make it sore."

"Sorry," he clasped his hands; raised his face.

"If you had added your word to my invitation, dear, she would have lingered."

He wondered, as he felt a sharp knife plunged into an old, dull pain, whether she would have lingered if he had added his word. He thought not.

"Be tender with her, Robert. She has sadly lacked affection."

He had a flash of her, in Geoffrey Tarleton's arms. He rose to wander to and fro and hoped—fervently—that it wouldn't last much longer. This particular lecture was not easy to endure!

"She loves you so!"

"God!" The old hard plunge of heart . . . and longing.

"Of course," Bob managed to say quite, steadily, "of course I know that."

"You accept the fact too casually, my dear. Every man is not loved as you are loved by your wife."

"I hope not," he thought with a flash of bitter humor.

"Marsha says that no woman can do justice to herself or the subject with a man stamping around the room, Robert."

she was wearing too gold negligée with the soft yellow fur at the neck and broad cuffs. He wished she would get rid of it. It brought too close to him a moment he would forget.

"If I may have a few words with you?" he said.

"Certainly, come in." He stepped from his room to hers. "Will you sit down?" she asked.

"Well, perhaps, I want to talk over with you a few matters," he answered. "There are several things—"

"Sorry my raiment is so spread around," she apologized as he paused. She picked up from a chair a slimy bit of straps and lace, a pair of golden stockings. He had been so insane about her; everything she wore or touched.

He must have bored her frightfully, he realized, despite the fact that he had exercised an amazing restraint. She remembered his kneeling at her feet; kissing a small, gold shoe before he slipped it on for her and how she had felt; her inner plea that ran, "Don't! Don't! Let me kneel to you and tell you how cheap I've been and hear you say 'I love you! It doesn't matter! I love you anyway!'"

But that dream was past. He knew how cheap she had been and he didn't love her; and he couldn't say so, of course.

"Is there anything particular?" she asked. He was oddly, heavily silent, staring down at his hard-gripped hands.

"Oh, yes!" He came back with a jerk. "It's about the way I treat you. I am not sufficiently affectionate."

"I see."

"You are good about all this, Marsha."

"No, I'm not," she denied flatly. "Don't offer me even one laurel; I don't deserve it! I'm doing what I love to do. Mother—your mother—thinks we're rather chill!"

"That I am."

"I see—"

"So, you see occasionally, I shall have to—"

"I understand."

"I hope you won't mind very much," he said. She smiled at that, and in a way that he did not understand. "And one more thing," he added. Yet again he hesitated.

"Yes?"

"You must need money."

"No, I don't, Bob, thank you so much—"

"But—"

"I have a sufficient income of my own; it's not a great deal, but it's quite enough—I meant to speak to you about it, but we never talked of money save at that moment when you told me I could check on your account."

He wondered why she had stayed with Miss Moore to whom she was not suited; with whom she had not been happy. He had supposed Marsha to be without income of her own.

TURKEY FIGHTING ILLITERACY WITH FREE EDUCATION

Adult Evening Schools and Education in Army Among Methods Being Used to Bring Light to Country

By Ferdinand C. M. Jahn
United Press Staff Correspondent.
ANKARA, Turkey—(UP)—Illiteracy is being combated by the Kemalist government.

According to the last census, in 1927, only ten per cent of the Turkish population were able to read. It is estimated that, at present, about half of the population is literate.

Aside from normal school activity, progress chiefly is due to the work of adults' evening schools which were organized when the Latin script was introduced four years ago.

Education in the army, where the young recruit is acquainted in a course of three months with reading, writing and arithmetic, also has done much to diminish illiteracy.

Education obligatory.
Primary education is obligatory. According to official statistics the number of primary schools in 1932 was 6333 with 19,821 teachers, 318,964 male and 174,832 female pupils.

The government rapidly is filling the gaps, and many a Turkish village school compares quite well with similar institutions in western countries. Great stress is being laid in all schools on physical culture for boys and girls alike.

Education free.
Education is free of charge. Even in government boarding schools no fee for the maintenance is made.

The Ghazi School, the Ismet Pasha Institute of Domestic Sciences, the Commercial High school, the Academy of Music in Ankara, with their splendid equipment and their highly qualified staff of teachers, furnish proof of the ambitious program the Ghazi's government is carrying out in the field of education.

Internal reforms of Hikmet Bey, energetic minister of education, leave no doubt that it is not the facade only which is being changed. He has ruthlessly dismissed over 30 professors of Istanbul university as not corresponding to modern standards of science.

Most of them have been replaced temporarily by foreign scientists. Other experts are invited from abroad for high and secondary schools.

FIRE TAKES GRAIN IN SAMS VALLEY

SAMS VALLEY, Aug. 2.—(Sp.)—Fire broke out on the Archie Downs place at 9 o'clock Sunday night and before being detected had spread to the grain stacks, resulting in the loss of eight stacks of grain or an estimated loss of 1000 bushels.

Help was quickly summoned through the George McDonough family, but the grain was practically gone when help arrived.

Mr. Downs attributed the fire to a party of squirrel hunters who he believed dropped a cigarette while passing through his place earlier in the evening.

Communist Funeral for Two.
CLEVELAND—(UP)—Communist funeral services were held for Samuel Arsentini, 42, and Mrs. Winnie Williams, 37, shot to death during a riot at Cuyahoga county relief administration office. The double rites were arranged entirely by the communist party. Police guarded the procession.

Probate Court Judge Dead.
WILMINGTON, O.—(UP)—Judge J. E. Kimbrough, 89, Civil War veteran, for many years on the probate court bench and once superintendent of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan's home at Xenia, O., died here recently.

Irrigating Now.
ODDEN, Utah—(UP)—F. A. Hulsh solved his drought problem for \$5. He started digging a well, sank it 25 feet, struck water, bought pipe for \$5, and now has a steady stream of fresh water.

Unwritten Law Slayer Is Held for Hearing.
WOODLAND, Cal., Aug. 2.—(UP)—Judge Charles Duke, war veteran and San Leandro city official, was arraigned today and charged with the "premeditated first degree murder" of his young wife's post-lover, Lamar Hollinghead.

Too "Noisy" With Bull.
ZANESVILLE, O.—(UP)—When he attempted to twist a ring in a bull's nose, James Ford, 45, farmer of Pullman, was injured seriously when the animal became angry.

THE PARKING PROBLEM

MOTHER CALLS HIS SUPPER'S READY, COME IN RIGHT AWAY

TRUNDLES CART INTO GARAGE TO PARK IT

PARKS TRUCK AND RETURNS TO WIND UP MECHANICAL AUTO-MOBILE

TRIES TO GET AUTO IN UNDER ITS OWN POWER, WHICH PROVES HARD BECAUSE OF ITS TENDENCY TO RUN IN CIRCLES

PARKS AUTO AT LAST, AND PUSHES TRUCK OUT A-GAIN TO PICK UP PIECE OF FREIGHT THAT HAD DROPPED OFF

AND SO COMES IN FOR SUPPER HALF AN HOUR LATE, EXPLAINING HE COULDN'T BE QUICKER BECAUSE OF SO MANY CARS TO PARK

UNWRITTEN LAW SLAYER IS HELD FOR HEARING

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MATTER POP

POP, POP! KEEP MY JIME FER ME!

MAM WANTS TO TSET WITH ME-AN' TAKE IT OFFA ME!

OH, TOMMY!... THE CHIEF WANTS YOU IN HIS OFFICE RIGHT AWAY-- IT'S IMPORTANT!

WHAT'S THE RUSH, BETTY?

IT WILL ALWAYS BE HAPPY LANDINGS FOR DICK AND ME-- THANKS TO YOU, AND NO SKEETS!

FORGET IT, DICK! I KNEW YOU WEREN'T THE SORT TO SHOOT A PAL IN THE BACK!

TOMMY: SKEETER-- I CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH YOU SAVED MY NECK!

I'll tset you've tseen in that jam!

Who me?

AHA!

Yes, you are good about all this, Marsha.

No, I'm not, she denied flatly. "Don't offer me even one laurel; I don't deserve it! I'm doing what I love to do. Mother—your mother—thinks we're rather chill!"

"That I am."

"I see—"

"So, you see occasionally, I shall have to—"

"I understand."

"I hope you won't mind very much," he said. She smiled at that, and in a way that he did not understand. "And one more thing," he added. Yet again he hesitated.

"Yes?"

"You must need money."

"No, I don't, Bob, thank you so much—"

"But—"

"I have a sufficient income of my own; it's not a great deal, but it's quite enough—I meant to speak to you about it, but we never talked of money save at that moment when you told me I could check on your account."

TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Important Summons!

WILKINSON MURDERED HIMSELF BY ACCIDENT—WHEN HE PLACED REAL BULLETS IN DOUGLAS' MACHINE GUN CLIP INSTEAD OF HIS OWN. HE INTENDED TO KILL HIS PAL, DOUG, BUT HIS MIND, FOGGED BY LIQUOR CAUSED HIM TO MAKE A MISTAKE IN SWITCHING THE CARTRIDGE BELTS—1940

GOT HIM TRUSSSED UP? GOOD! NOW, BACK TO THE SHIP WITH HIM, LADS!

WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHO YOU ARE? INSTEAD O' CLAWIN', SCRATCHIN' AN' FIGHTIN' LIKE A WILDCAT, WHY DON'T YOU LET OLD CAPN IKE BE YOUR FRIEND?

KNOW WHY CAPN IKE ROUND YOU UP? CAUSE Y'AIN'T HAD A SQUARE DEAL! CAUSE THERE'S A PLOT TO ROB YOU, AN' CAPN IKE IS GOIN' TO SEE THAT JUSTICE IS DONE YOU!

COME NOW, AN' I'LL GNIP THE ROPES THAT BIND YOU—WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME IS HAL JAEGER—

There are moments when you make me feel small," he admitted; he added quickly, almost briskly, "You'll have to take money from me: I owe you everything: you're doing so much here."

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Hermit's Name

WELL, IF MY COUSIN AMBROSE ISN'T THE STAR FOOL OF ALL TIME—IN YOUR WILDEST DREAMS YOU COULDN'T IMAGINE SUCH A FOOL!

THE WHOLE TOWN IS TALKING ABOUT AMBROSE—EVERYBODY ASKS HOW CAN A FELLOW TRUST A WOMAN WHO TOOK HIS MONEY AND JEWELRY AND RAN AWAY

WELL, WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT? AMBROSE IS OVER AGE—IF HE MAKES A FOOL OF HIMSELF, WHO'S GOING TO SUFFER? AND IF SHE TAKES HIM FOR A COUPLE THOUSAND MORE, HE'LL STILL HAVE MORE DOUGH THAN ANYONE IN TOWN SO WHO'S THE FOOL?

DADDY, WHY DON'T YOU MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL AROUND THE HOUSE AND PLEASE MOTHER?

A GOOD IDEA

THIS OUGHT TO GIT ME AT LEAST THREE NIGHTS OUT THIS WEEK.

WOW! I KNOW THAT TOUCH!

THE NEBBS—The Wise Fool

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HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO COME OUT IN THE YARD IN YOUR UNDERSHIRT? HAVE YOU NO DECENCY?

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

BRINGING UP FATHER

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CALVES' TENDONS NOT 'VULNERABLE' IN A TENNIS BAT

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal.—(AP)—A fellow named Achilles, mythology has it, was vulnerable in the heel, but the tendon which bears his name may produce string for tennis rackets tougher than anything yet used for this purpose.

Tests made at the University of Southern California laboratory here by Dr. Ernest A. Rayner showed that string made from the tendon of a calf's heel withstood the pounding of tennis balls for an accumulative effort of 308,961 blows, while the closest rival, the best grade of sheep gut commonly used in rackets, was more than 53,000 strokes behind. Other specimens were some 100,000 blows behind, all of them ranging

from 245,248 blows to 198,083 blows before they broke.

Elasticity tests showed the new string to vary only 2 centimeters in deflection as against 2 1/2 to 3 centimeters for the other strings tested. Put to the extreme humidity test, the string made from the calf's tendon, after being soaked half an hour in water, came back to its original starting point, while the other specimens showed a deflection of from 2 to 4 centimeters.

The tests, Dr. Rayner said, showed the new string not only to be more rugged, but also that it would withstand atmospheric changes better, retaining its fine tension essential to championship play.

The string is made through a complicated process. Dried calf's tendons are exploded under pressure into a fine fiber, which is spun and then woven into a cord which is polished down to standard string sizes.

WASHINGTON—(UP)—Into the police station today was brought three year old Paul Manette. The charge: "Drunk and disorderly." A stomach pump sobered up Paul and police began questioning his father, Bernard Manette.