

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Haviland Taylor

SYNOPSIS: Bob and Marsha Powers are on the verge of divorce because of Bob's stubbornness, jealousy and Marsha's former friendship for Geoffrey Turleton. But Bob's mother is ill of an incurable disease and he decides that until her death Marsha and he must pretend happiness. Bob is leaving December 28 to close out his work in Mexico.

Chapter 28 DEPARTURE

CHRISTMAS was over. The small tree which Bob had put up and Marsha had helped him trim, "as a surprise," was a little worn. And, Marsha realized waking, that it was morning of the twenty-eighth of December. That Bob was going, that day.

Well! She sat up in her bed. She had overslept she saw; she had been restless during the night, waking constantly to lie wakeful for long.

Bob going at noon on a train that would carry him south to the border and across it. People were kidnapped in Mexico; even people as big and as strong as Bob, she supposed.

He must be careful. She must ask him to be very careful. And to tell her where the could find a map of Mexico in the library. Perhaps he'd have time to mark it. He had prom-

ing to be right where you left us when you come back!" she said brightly, "and perhaps on extra happy, dividend days, we'll telephone you to say, 'Hello, are you there?' (This line is busy, please get off!) Bob, I can't hear. A little louder, please. Bob, are you there?" and repeat for about ten minutes, you know?

He smiled; took her into his arms. For a moment, he held her close, his cheek pressed to hers. Whatever she was not, she was a sport. And selfless, as his mother said.

He had come upon her with Bartholomew, planning a luncheon that would tempt his mother to eat. He knew she had asked old friends of his mother's to come in to tea that afternoon. The leave-taking with her was not all a masquerade for him... but Marsha need not know that.

He kissed her once; again; his arms tightened. He had forgotten his mother; that remembering her, and that the "display" had been enough, he let Marsha go.

SHE stood at the door with Mrs. Powers as he stepped into the motor. He saw Marsha's arm around his mother; Marsha waved at him, a jaunty little figure with chin high; but just before the motor door was

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—Riffling through the past in settled years provides many long ago tweaks. Last evening a yellowing scratch-pad revealed sundry activities of 20 years ago. I took every sort of job that came along and that I kept so many balls in the air at the same time seemed incredible.

Aside from the desperate effort to make this column walk alone, I was a theatrical, hotel and music house press agent. Sandwiched in were random verse, short stories, articles and a somewhat lazy try at The Great American Novel. A haphazard career of broken bits.

During one auspicious week, a week I did not step out of my hotel room for fear the keyhole would be plugged, I supplied the entire contents of a 36-page house organ along with other chores. Among the pseudonyms I used and which suffers a faint blush was Donald MacGregor Duprez.

All of this tiddly was naturally tight, dispersing vitality that meant nothing. But because life was young it seemed patently important. Once the slim pickings of free lance overwheeled and I turned to a regular job but there was none. There were depressions in those days, too.

Scattering literary fire is ever

hopeless. More than most callings, writing demands singleness of purpose. The late Joyce Kilmer wrote vicariously and feverishly until he went to war. Over there he did much thinking and slow writing and those tedious efforts are the only things of his remembered. The most furiously paced writer of modern times, Edgar Wallace, turned out a dozen mystery shockers annually over a period of years. But the one volume to occupy a permanency was his autobiography, done with care.

A legend of the news-rooms is that panegyric to doom, "The City That Was," by the most excellent reporter, Will Irwin, snatched a few lines at a time from the typewriter while San Francisco roiled in flames against historic hills. I read it recently. The title was magnificent inspiration, but the essay no better than Martin Green or a dozen re-write men dash off every day before lighting pipes and dropping around to Joe's. Little of writing that lasts is not painstaking.

Another specious romance of the editorial shops concerns William Allen White's "What's the Matter With Kansas?", reputedly flotsam filler a foreman plunked into the forms on a dull day. The myth persists it skyrocketed White into journalistic immortality over night. It was not a remarkable editorial, then or now; White's lasting fame is grounded in years of superb editorializing.

No place in cliffed-in Manhattan seems so spacious, skyey and friendly as Battery Park on a moonlit evening. The vast quiet, relieved only by the whispering seep and swish of the ocean, inspires confidences. O. Henry often carried away gems of philosophy from men who suddenly revealed thoughts on Battery Park benches. Vincent Astor, like many swains tongue-tied over proposal, is said to

have popped the question strolling a moonlit strip of Newport's Bailey Beach.

Now and then I hear from the rapidly dwindling commercial travelers, the types who sported a blue and white enameled U. C. T. lapel button and stopped at my Dad's hotel in a Missouri town. They were "knights of the grip" off Monday on the dinky locale, visiting the same towns, same merchants, week after week, year after year, returning to families every Saturday. As a class they were conscientiously loyal, sober and home loving. Yet the comic paper and vaudeville joke made them appear life's supremest philanderers, always on the make. There are one thousand and one variants of the traveling man and the farmer's daughter gag.

A drama of the 14th street subway steps and its forlorn beggar. For many years he held forth pencils and mumbled to passerby. One day a gentleman dropped a quarter and hurried on. Then minutes afterward he returned. "I want to apologize for insulting you," he said. "You are a merchant with pencils to sell. I treated you as a beggar. Please give me my pencils." A few years later the same gentleman appeared at a spruce news-stand blocks away. The owner in handing out a paper and accepting the change remarked: "You don't remember me but I owe you a lot. You made a beggar turn respectable." The beggar of the subway steps!

Warrant Call. School District No. 6. Notice is hereby given that there are funds on hand for the redemption of all warrants up to and including No. 761. Interest will cease on the 2nd day of August, 1934. Warrants are payable at The First National Bank, Medford, Oregon. GUY TEX, Clerk. School District No. 6, Central, Point, Oregon.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—PACKING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—It's Up to Tommy!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Escape!



THE NEBBS—It Was Ever Thus



BRINGING UP FATHER



closed, she ran down the steps and after he had put his hand into hers which she'd stretched to him he felt her kiss on it.

"I'll do everything—everything for her—and for you!" he heard.

He had not even thanked her, he realized, riding away. He looked down at his big, browned hand that she had kissed, and suddenly he held it to his lips.

She mattered terribly and deeply to him and she always would, she who had married him to show another man that he had not hurt her... who admitted this... who had kissed this other man... who lied—who—

He had grown tense; he sank back, spent. He must not let himself brood about it. No doubt she had been with Tarleton that day when she lied about being at her dentist's. Lord, how he had trusted her!

On certain days she was good; better than the best of women he had ever known. His varying regard of her, the changing emotions that this made, had helped to wear him out. If he could only get away from thought of her.

He must write her, of course... the sort of letters from which she could read bits to his mother. Sufficiently sentimental to satisfy his mother, but not the letters he would write to Marsha if she were all he had once dreamed her to be.

He had not spoken to her of the letters; their necessary tenderness, but she would understand. She understood a great deal without words. Heavens, the traffic!

She had clung to him, while saying goodbye to him, in a curious way. For a shaken second he felt her again in his arms; his cheek against hers. "And that way, madness!" he reminded himself.

He tried to think of the ravine across which his bridge would creep, but it was useless; and only a few months before, his keen mind always obeyed his wish.

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Tomorrow, Marsha enters upon her routine of mercy.

led to wire them regularly. Bob... going at noon.

He tapped on her door; "Come in," she called. He entered, crossed the room and with a "May I?" settled on the edge of the bed.

"If anything changes here, you'll wire, won't you?" he asked.

"Immediately."

"I'll come running."

"I know."

"I'll be back, anyway, in March at the latest. I think I can hurry my part of it through before then. Lord, I hate going! But can't let them down."

"I know; I'll do everything I can, and exactly as I think you'd want it done."

"I'm comfortable enough about that," he said slowly. "You're gentler and more understanding than I can be with all my trying."

"Oh, no! I'm sorry I overslept."

"I'm glad you did. I saw your light beneath the door. I knew you'd had a bad night."

"And you did too?"

"Well, more or less, I suppose. It doesn't matter. You'll write me about things!"

"Regularly, and as often as you like," she promised.

"Twice a week, if that's not too much?"

"Oh, no. I'd do that anyway."

He rose. "You must not—let yourself wear out!" he warned anxiously. "Promise me you won't! Get any help you need, Marsha. Will you promise me you will get all the help you need?"

"Yes, I do promise you anything you want me to promise, Bob!"

"Very well, and I thank you!" she said as he hurried toward the door.

His mother smiled bravely as she said goodbye; he looked on her eyes tragic. Llewellyn had said—"A year at most—" Perhaps before he could get back even, she would be gone. Perhaps he might lose his last days with her through his obligation to finish a job that no other man could swing.

He turned to Marsha. "We're go-

persistent drought and heat throughout vast areas.

Despite profit-taking on a large scale, wheat closed buoyant at but little below the day's peak, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 above yesterday's finish; corn 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 up; oats 1/2 to 3/4 advanced, and provisions unchanged to a rise of 30 cents.

WHEAT SOARS ON EUROPEAN BUYING

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—(AP)—Active European buying of wheat futures at Chicago caused broad speculative demand for all grains today.

Chicago wheat soared 2 1/2 cents a bushel and corn 2 cents, with all deliveries of corn and rye here as well as all wheat futures in Liverpool, Winnipeg and Buenos Aires overtopping the season's top price record. An outstanding immediate incentive for purchase orders came from reports of abnormal death of moisture curtailing the estimated yield of corn in the United States and of wheat in Canada.

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COPS ESCORT STOCK INTO CHICAGO YARDS

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—(AP) Cattle and hogs were driven into the Chicago stockyards today under police escort as commission men sought to resume trading, stopped for nine days by a strike of handlers.

Four hundred more stockyard employees, the commission men's hangers-on, joined the strike this morning. The commission men themselves handled the first shipments to arrive, forking hay to the cattle and filling the water troughs. The strikers pruned on the sidelines.

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