

# SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Haviland Taylor

**SYNOPSIS:** The divorcee Mrs. Powers was forcing Marsha to get a divorce because of the fact that Bob's mother has fallen ill of an incurable disease. He decides that the old lady must not know of their unhappiness, and when he returns to finish up his work in Mexico he leaves Marsha to watch over his mother.

## Chapter 23 NEW ROUTINE

"HAS the postman stopped?" Mrs. Powers asked Marsha. "I think we should have a letter from Bob."

"Not yet, dear. I told Bartholomew to bring the letters up straight off!"

"I, too, spoke to him, to give much the same order. Have you noticed the begonia, Marsha?"

"The one with the sad, pale leaf?"

"Yes, dear. I thought when you smoked, you could blow smoke upon it, but gently."

"Yes, darling."

"Was that the postman?"

"I think not, dear, but I'll go see. Then I'll smoke the begonia."

"It has sprigs on it, I fear."

"I thought so, too, dear."

It had been the postman; no letter from Bob. Was there anything in the post that would divert his mother, Marsha wondered. Thank heaven, there was a letter from France.

She would make endless to-do about that, and with Marsha's confessing to her wonder about the writer and her further leading Mrs. Powers would tell her all about the writer; who her mother was, etc., and etc. That would mute the disappointment. Such handling had muted Mrs. Powers' disappointment for three days now.

Was he well? Safe? She paused a moment on the stair, chilled by fears.

Then, with a lift of chin she hurried upward.

"Bob?" Mrs. Powers asked as she appeared.

"No, but we could hardly hope to hear as yet; there hasn't been time. But you've a letter from France!"

"From France? Now I wonder—"

"Of course I don't know the writing; it's a rather bold writing. And beautiful paper. I'll get your letter cutter."

"Please, dear. I don't seem to remember that writing. Do you think it was written by a man or woman, Marsha?"

"I'd say a woman," Marsha answered slowly.

"As would I. The curly P. But some men curl Ps."

"Yes, I've noticed."

"But there is a boldness, too, that suggests a man."

This took ten minutes. "She's that patient," said Hannah later, "when I looked her way, sometimes I could see a halo round her, like there is on the Saints, themselves. Always gentle and soft-spoken—understanding, and with a heart that is rare to see!"

SHE had her first letter from Bob while Mrs. Powers' clergyman called. She sent the letter addressed to his mother upstairs where Mrs. Powers lay suffering in her bed; it was "a bad day."

And downstairs, Marsha sat holding her letter between her hands and closely, as she tried to listen. At one time, she knew, she would have been amused by "jotting the old dodo"; now she saw him as rather dear.

How was trying to entertain her with his long-winded and tedious description of a trip to the Holy Land. The congregation had sent him, he explained; she saw his pride.

"How they must love you!" she said, "and what a rare opportunity to see that wonderful place!"

He nodded, smiling. He had heard sundry whispers of her; this lovely and charming young woman. He couldn't understand them; he had never met a more delightful or beautiful young woman; Mrs. Powers talked of her by the hour. He listened happily and with sympathy. How unjust were men, and women!

She held Bob's letter closely between her palms.

She heard: "Travel, to my thinking, is broadening!"

"Oh, quite!" she agreed. Simply touched and warmed her now. The old one that she had been—dead! dead!

Bob had written a description of one drunken Pedro who, drunk, had palmed his hotel with a sticky sweet wine. Marsha laughed a little, and then frowned, reading it.

She wrote later: "Dear I. Everything is running along smoothly for us here. Your mother was made so happy by your letter to her. But I am going to tell you, because I know you want me to, not to write of drunken natives again. (It was funny.) She was deeply shocked by it, and you see, Bob, I couldn't very well keep your first letter to me from her."

Mrs. Powers had murmured, "How dreadful! How dreadful!"

"So please in writing me next time, say there are many very good and sober natives. And write me a little more warmly if you can; she expects it. Anything you mean you can put in parenthesis. I can slip extra sheets into yours. I show her the warm-toned letter I write you. She likes to see them, I know. But an extra letter sheet from you might not be easy for me to explain. I might open that letter before her. I want her to know she is in step with us; in full confidence. You understand?"

"I am learning to play checkers. I mean, I'm not! Do you remember Ring Lardner's 'The Golden Honey-moon' in that one old gentleman said, 'Checkers is a child's game,' and the other replied, 'I quote roughly, 'It is, the way you play it!' and that applies! I am being beaten horribly and I shan't be entered in the great American steeplechase! I love playing. I am happy serving your mother."

Her other letter began with, "My dearest—my very dearest husband—"

Bob read that—again and again—and one night he found himself penciling the parentheses that were to tell his chaff from grain, around the "My dearest—my very dearest husband" that Marsha had written and, too, around every other sentence of hers that matched the warmth of air he breathed.

He dreamed of her, despite his best intentions to think nothing of her; dreamed of her while awake to find, stepping from the dreams, the coldly bitter reality that was made by truth.

January whirled by. The bridge grew.

THERE were many games of checkers; there were, on Mrs. Powers' "good days," sober drives in a closed motor. There were small teas for Mrs. Powers' friends when Marsha poured, and talked of storing woollens and of the dietetic habits of moths, and of cooks and their migratory tendencies.

Marsha began to plan and to order the meals, to deal with tradespeople by telephone, to arrange flowers. Once and again she was forced to cheat herself of necessary sleep. In order to "get Bob's letter off."

Marsha had admired Mrs. Powers' dent knitting of wash-cloths; Mrs. Powers had replied, "Dear, it is no task at all—after you catch it. Let me teach you to knit them. I am certain it would fascinate you! Nothing is more soothing!"

The knitting of the wash-cloths did not suit Marsha, but she did her valiant best to learn, for she knew Mrs. Powers would find a new interest through teaching her.

"There is more to this than I supposed, Mother!" Marsha would admit with a sigh, to hear, "Darling, you are doing very, very well! In fact, and quite truly, remarkably well, considering that your aunt did not deem it wise to teach you these necessary things in childhood!"

Mrs. Powers invariably emphasized "aunt," when it applied to Miss Gertrude Moore. Miss Gertrude had made Mrs. Powers add a codicil to her prayers; this ran, "And soften the heart of your erring child, Lord, to that woman—who was not fair, as you know well, Lord, to our dear Marsha!"

Miss Gertrude had called upon Mrs. Powers to sit stonily silent as Mrs. Powers eulogized Marsha. The eulogies had grown loud and tremulous; they had done nothing. Miss Gertrude left Mrs. Powers shaking and close to tears.

When Marsha came back from seeing Miss Gertrude to her motor, Mrs. Powers put her arms around the girl who was chilled by the hideous feeling that her aunt might have said something to change Bob's mother toward her.

"I love you, dear!" Mrs. Powers said fiercely.

Tomorrow, Mrs. Powers writes a letter to Bob.

# JULY MARKED BY TEMPERATE HEAT AND CLEAR SKIES

Monthly meteorological notes for July as compiled by W. J. Hutchison, local meteorologist, show clear skies with normal warm July weather prevalent throughout the month.

Maximum temperatures averaged slightly lower than usual, while minimums ranged a little above normal. There were no unusually high temperatures and all maximum thermometer readings were below 95 degrees after the first day of the month; the highest temperature for the month being 95 degrees on that day. Nights were cool and pleasant with lowest temperatures averaging 54.1 degrees for the month. On the 22nd the thermometer recorded 47 degrees, the lowest for the month, making an absolute range in temperature of 48 degrees. The mean daily range was 33.9 degrees.

With an abundance of sunshine and seasonable weather crops in the valley made excellent progress. Small grains matured and were harvested under favorable conditions. Tree fruits developed satisfactorily and some varieties were ready to pick at the close of the month; an exceptionally early beginning of the fruit harvest season.

Measurable precipitation fell only on the 6th when a light thunder-shower passed over the valley. The total for this shower amounted to .02 inches. Very light rains also occurred on the 7th and 21st but were unmeasurable and were recorded as traces. Normal precipitation for July should be 36 inches. The seasonal rainfall deficiency continues to increase and at the close of July amounted to 6.82 inches. Total seasonal precipitation on that date was 11.92 inches.

Cloudiness throughout the month was confined to but five days, the remainder being characterized as clear. Smoke from forest fires drifted over the valley on a few occasions, limiting visibility somewhat for short periods. Weather conditions during the entire month were excellent for air traffic at Medford.

Date	Max.	Min.	Mean	Pre.	Clouds
1	93	59	77	.00	Cloudy
2	93	58	76	.00	Clear
3	86	48	67	.00	Clear
4	90	50	70	.00	Clear
5	90	56	73	.00	Clear
6	88	55	72	.02	Clear
7	76	56	66	T	Cloudy
8	83	53	68	.00	Clear
9	89	54	72	.00	Clear
10	87	57	72	.00	Clear
11	91	48	70	.00	Clear
12	93	50	72	.00	Clear
13	93	50	72	.00	Clear
14	86	57	72	.00	Clear
15	88	53	70	.00	P Cloudy
16	84	54	69	.00	P Cloudy
17	86	55	70	.00	Clear
18	89	55	72	.00	Clear
19	89	57	73	.00	Clear
20	79	51	65	.00	Clear
21	74	52	63	T	P Cloudy
22	85	47	66	.00	Clear
23	91	53	72	.00	Clear
24	89	57	73	.00	Clear
25	90	55	72	.00	Clear
26	95	54	74	.00	Clear
27	94	56	75	.00	Clear
28	92	57	75	.00	Clear
29	83	54	68	.00	Clear
30	89	50	70	.00	Clear
31	89	50	70	.00	Clear
Mean	88.0	54.1	71.0	.02	

# LIGHTNING CHIEF CAUSE OF FIRES, SMOKERS SECOND

SPOKANE, Wash., Aug. 6.—(AP)—Lightning continues to be the fire fighter's worst enemy with the careless smoker a poor second, data released Saturday night by the forest service revealed.

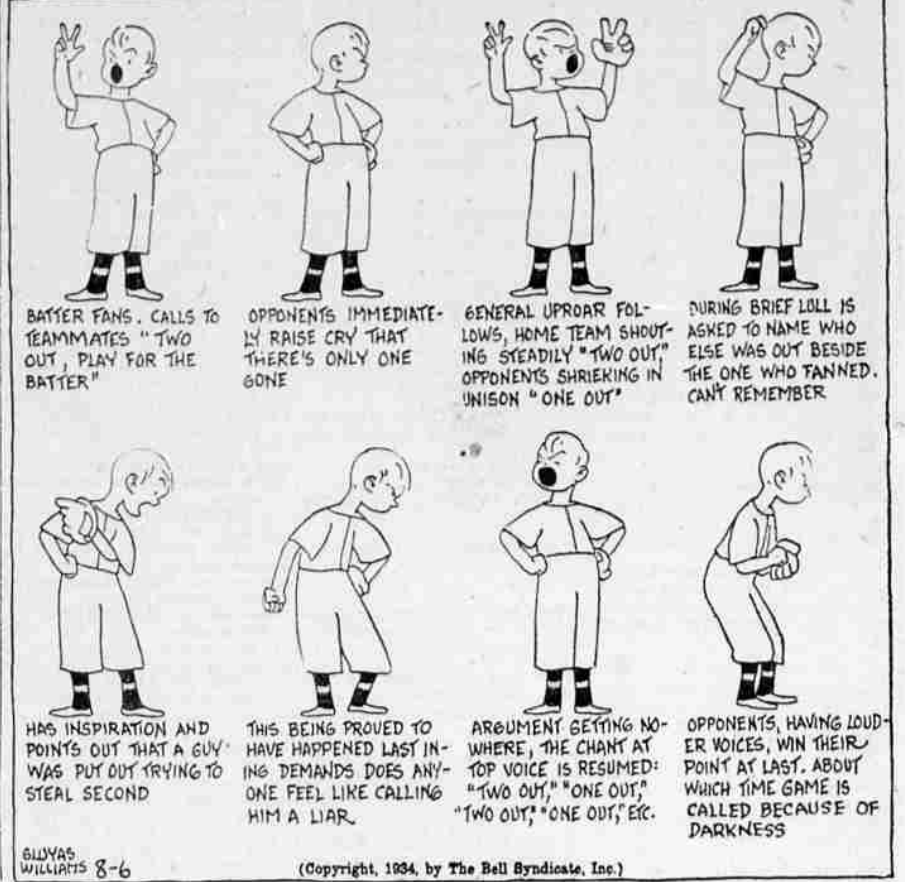
Information compiled on 62 fires in District No. 1, with headquarters at Missoula, Mont., charged lightning with starting 227, while 15 were blamed on smokers. Trains started six, campers five, and two were of incendiary origin.

Within the belt across northeastern Washington, northern and central Idaho and western Montana, the two major fires that remained uncontrolled were within an acre of submission tonight, the forest service office here said. Only a high wind would prevent complete trenching of the Trout creek fire in the Cabinet forest of western Montana, despite the absence of rain that fell over other fire-blighted areas.

The 30,000-acre fire in the Colville forest in northeastern Washington already was quelled on the western front, with control expected tonight, there being large cool areas within the fire lines.

Nippon Workers Die  
HIROSHIMA, Japan, Aug. 6.—(AP)—Twenty-five laborers were killed and eight injured today by a dynamite explosion during construction of a power plant at the nearby village of Nakano.

# "TWO OUT! ONE OUT!"



BATTER FANS CALLS TEAMMATES "TWO OUT, PLAY FOR THE BATTER"

OPPONENTS IMMEDIATELY RAISE CRY THAT THERE'S ONLY ONE GONE

GENERAL APPROAR FOLLOWS, HOME TEAM SHOUTING STEADILY "TWO OUT" OPPONENTS SHRIEKING IN UNISON "ONE OUT"

DURING BRIEF LULL IS ASKED TO NAME WHO ELSE WAS OUT BESIDE THE ONE WHO TANNED. CAN'T REMEMBER

HAS INSPIRATION AND POINTS OUT THAT A GUY WAS PUT OUT TRYING TO STEAL SECOND

THIS BEING PROVED TO HAVE HAPPENED LAST INING DEMANDS DOES ANY-ONE FEEL LIKE CALLING HIM A LIAR

ARGUMENT GETTING NOWHERE, THE CHANT AT TOP VOICE IS RESUMED: "TWO OUT" "ONE OUT," ETC.

OPPONENTS, HAVING LOUDER VOICES, WIN THEIR POINT AT LAST. ABOUT WHICH TIME GAME IS CALLED BECAUSE OF DARKNESS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 8-6

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# 'SMATTER POP—



WHEN I AM TEMPTED, I CAN'T HELP MYSELF! I HELPED MYSELF TO SOME JAM. I HELPED MYSELF BECAUSE I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF! HEH, HEH, HEH!

CONSNARN! I JUST HAD MOSCOW!

CONSNARN! I JUST HAD MOSCOW!

THAT WASN'T STATIC! THAT WUZ ME MAKIN' A FUNNY CRACK!

THEN GET OUT OF HERE SO I CAN GET THESE NOISES IDENTIFIED!

YES SIR

THEN GET OUT OF HERE SO I CAN GET THESE NOISES IDENTIFIED!

YES SIR

THEN GET OUT OF HERE SO I CAN GET THESE NOISES IDENTIFIED!

THEN GET OUT OF HERE SO I CAN GET THESE NOISES IDENTIFIED!

# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Off on a New Adventure!



TOMMY IS ON HIS WAY TO PHOENIX TO DELIVER A "THREE POINT" "37" PLANE TO AMERICA SKYWAYS CORPORATION, TO BE USED ON SHORT HAUL MAIL ROUTES!

THERE GOES THE BEST LITTLE JOB THAT ANY AIRPLANE FACTORY EVER TURNED OUT, HERB.

AND ONE OF THE BEST PILOTS AT THE CONTROLS, TOO, DON'T FORGET THAT, PAUL!

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# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Discovery



THEM WAS THREE BELLS JUST STRUCK AN' IT'S TIME, CAPN' IKE, YOU TURNED IN— YOU'VE EARNED A FAIR NIGHT'S REST SO YOU HAVE—

HE'S GONE, CAPN' IKE! CLEAN VANISHED!

WHAT!

HOW LONG SINCE? WE BEEN OUT O' GIGHT O' LAND FOR THREE HOURS NOW!

HIS BUNK AINT BEEN TOUCHED!

ALL HANDS ON DECK! SEARCH THE SHIP! FIND THE OLD MAN!

AVE, AVE, SIR—

AVE, AVE—

# THE NEBBS—A Home for Sale



HELLO, MRS. COONIE, I'M SYLVIA ADEBY, THE FORMER MRS. POTTS

IT'S NICE TO MEET YOU

I'M TIRED OF THIS PLACE AND I WANT TO GO AWAY FOR AWHILE AT LEAST AND I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU MARRY MR POTTS IF YOU COULDN'T INDUCE HIM TO BUY MY HOME—IT'S A DOLL HOUSE

I'M NOT ENGAGED TO MARRY MR POTTS. HE'S JUST MY FINE FRIEND BUT HE HAS NEVER EVEN MENTIONED MATRIMONY TO ME

WHY DON'T YOU THROW OUT A STRONG HINT TO HIM? HE'S GOT LOTS OF MONEY, YOU'VE GOT YOUR RING AROUND—THE ROSEY DAYS BEHIND YOU—TIME HAS DONE A REAL JOB ON YOUR FACE— YOU'D BETTER GET THAT LITTLE HOME OF MINE

# BRINGING UP FATHER



LORD ALGY BRAW IS IN THE CONSERVATORY. I WANT YOU TO MEET HIM LATER. GO PEEB IN AND SEE WHEN HE'S THE CATCH OF THE SEASON. I HOPE TO HAVE HIM FOR A SON-IN-LAW.

DON'T YOU THINK THERE ARE HARD ENOUGH TO TAKE IN ANOTHER BOARDER?

WITHOUT LOOKIN' I'LL GET IT'S A BOOBY, BUT I'LL TAKE A LOOK.

BY GOSH IS THAT THING ALIVE?

CATCH OF THE SEASON EH? BY GOLLY, IF A THING LIKE THAT GOT ON MY HOOK, I'D SHOVE AWAY ME FISHIN' ROD.

# River Tragedy

BAKER, Aug. 6.—(AP)—Austin Crawford of Robinson, 38, was drowned while swimming in the Snake river with a party of friends at the Wild-horse ranch located about 10 miles down the river from Robinson.

Oregon Weather.  
Fair tonight and Tuesday but cloudy on coast; temperature somewhat above normal in interior; gentle changeable wind offshore.

# Dane Prince Hurt

COPENHAGEN, Aug. 6.—(AP)—Prince Harald, a brother of King Christian of Denmark, broke his leg and received other injuries when he fell downstairs in the dark last night. The prince was brought to a private hospital here.

Pickers and packers tally cards, in large or small quantities, ready for delivery at Job Department Mail Tribune, 28-30 N. Grape.

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