

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Haviland Taylor

SYNOPSIS: When Bob Powers discovers that his mother had only a few months to live, he asks his wife, Marsha, not to get the divorce he just has demanded. Bob goes to Mexico to look for his work there, and Mrs. Powers, misunderstanding with Marsha, and Marsha is in New York caring for Bob's mother. She is taking an afternoon off and has met by accident the man who caused the misunderstanding, Geoffrey Tarleton. She tells him she is happy with Mrs. Powers, even quite washcloths.

Chapter 22 LAST PARTING

Marsha laughed almost in the old way.

"I'll send you one some day if Bob doesn't mind, around a cake of soap. They're really unique, those wash-cloths. They would be admirable for minnow fishing in the Seine. Is it minnows?"

"I think so," he answered. He drummed the table with his fingers for a second; scowled at the pot of tea the water had brought him. "Marsha," she heard. She prompted with, "Yes?"

"If there's ever any chance for me will you?"

"I'm married, Geoff. Please remember that and that women who are thoroughly married as I don't listen to the call of the wild, or even consider that they could. If Bob turns me off as I know he will, for he'll never forgive me for marrying him to pay you—even when Bob has divorced me. I won't marry anyone else. It is Bob or no one."

"You're still young," he pointed.

"No," she shook her head definitely. Then she looked at a wrist watch and gathered up some packets that she had laid upon the chair.

Geoffrey Tarleton watched her wonderingly. Time was when the weight of an orchid was all that she could bear.

"Your friends miss you," he said.

"I'm glad, and I'd not tell them, but I will tell you, I don't miss them and I never shall. I'm really quite amazingly and deeply happy, through living a life you wouldn't understand, Geoff... but one obviously suited to me."

"I've grown deep roots and I've lost all my old leaves! Will you give my new self your gay blessing? I like to feel now-days that I have everyone's good will; I suppose that's another symptom of my encroaching years; sobering, or whatever you call it."

He rose as she rose. "I'll wish," he said slowly, "that the man who is worthy of you, Bob Powers, may find his eyes to know you. And if you could see my heart, which is full of you, you would know that no scamp or gentleman could do more than to make that wish; oblivious of others he raised it to his lips. He had never done that before."

He sat for long after she had left, staring at the chair where she had been. The old water carried a squat, full teapot back to the kitchen. Hunger of one sort dulled another sort, he knew, and he knew too that he had seen a tragedy.

Marsha hurried, on foot, toward the Powers' house; the small packets, which were "presents for mother," held close. The wind was keen and it whipped the color to her cheeks. She loved the battle of walking, face to gale, but within five blocks of the house she summoned a taxicab to get into it. She so wanted to get home.

heel and he saw... on the floor quite violently with both legs around the umbrella rack; and Bartholomew had said he had been "quite embarrassed" and he had "perspired profusely."

Mrs. Powers, hearing of the "lamentable accident" had urged him to take a "little sip of port" and he had; and did Marsha think habits could be grown by such "little sips"? Marsha did not; she was sure they could not! Very sure they could not!

Mrs. Powers relaxed; "He seemed to enjoy it so much," she admitted. A silence.

"You must be weary, Marsha, dear child!" Marsha heard. She had hoped Mrs. Powers had drifted into one of those short naps which were becoming a habit.

"Not one bit, precious, are you?"

"Not now."

"Would you mind my having my dinner on a tray here with you, Mother? We could have a sort of party."

Mrs. Powers brightened. "And you must have some of my jelly," she said, "there is an ample service for two."

Marsha said she would love having "a little" if there was really enough for two. And Mrs. Powers assured her (it took three long minutes) that there was enough for two.

BEFORE Marsha changed to something bright she settled in a deep chair in Bob's room; she had formed the habit, since his departure, of sitting there, and thinking there, of him.

And often she read and reread the letters that were made falsely affectionate for the benefit of his mother. And it was in Bob's room that she considered the loneliness that was coming and of what she could do to lighten it.

She knew the old ways of "giving time" were lost to her. She thought perhaps she would take up nursing—Mrs. Powers' doctor said she had a genius for it—and go into some children's hospital, her craft learned. And perhaps, caring for children, she would not have to dream so hungrily of her own children... children, of course, that would never be, now.

A clock struck and she rose; she ran downstairs a bit later to put the small presents on Mrs. Powers' tray. "Bless her!" said Bartholomew.

He saw a set of knitting needles; soft, small packets; handkerchiefs, lace collars and such, he judged. Mrs. Powers that afternoon had shown to Hannah the "lovely things my daughter gave me last week, because she said it was Wednesday. She jests always, Hannah."

"Yes, Mrs. Powers, and it lights a house—"

"Oh, Hannah; so much, Hannah! Do you see her coming, Hannah?"

"Not yet, Mrs. Powers."

"Draw a chair to the window, if you like, Hannah."

"I'd not be comfortable sitting in your presence, please, Mrs. Powers, and no one waiting for Mrs. Powers."

"No, quite true. You'll stay with her, Hannah?"

Hannah's eyes misted; but she answered steadily, with, "So long as she'll have me, Mrs. Powers."

"I'd like to go thinking you could care for her, Hannah. The dear child can't sew! And her pretty underthings often need a stitch."

Hannah couldn't respond. So many years she had been with her, the mistress... and now, one day a curtain would drop between them. For the first time Hannah considered ago with gratitude, to think, "It won't be long, at worst, that I'll not be doing for her. I'm seventy-two!"

The presents Marsha brought to Mrs. Powers were always sent to her by mysterious persons with very strange names. Mrs. Powers loved the game; she would laugh and laugh while Marsha manufactured tales of Mr. Wintergreen, Mr. Peppermint, (Marsha knew her audience and that jokes must be rather muted, stale and staid) Mrs. Pepper, Madame Cayenna.

"You would make the loveliest mother, dear," Mrs. Powers said once.

Marsha lost color. "I would try to be! I would try to be!" she whispered, "but before that I'd try to be a good wife!"

"Dear, you are a good wife," Mrs. Powers insisted with heavy content. "How can you think you lack in any way?"

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Marsha takes up again, tomorrow, the sad routine of her new life.

V. F. W. RESOLUTION URGES SCOTCHING COMMUNIST PERIL

A resolution urging action to stamp out communism was passed by Crater Lake Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, at the last meeting as follows:

"Whereas, The Veterans of Foreign Wars of the U. S. have fought on and for the maintenance of the integrity of the United States and to preserve our constitution and assure our freedom and democracy, and

"Whereas, The octopus of communism has stretched its tentacles from Russia to the United States and through the aid and support of intellectuals gone wrong, numerous schools, colleges, social, fraternal and civic organizations as well as labor unions are being penetrated with disguised communistic influences that tend to break down our sacred ties of government, thus fomenting revolution and bloodshed;

"Now Therefore, Be it resolved that Crater Lake Post, No. 1833, Veterans of Foreign Wars of the U. S. do all in its power to stamp out communism and preserve and defend the United States from all enemies whomsoever;

"And be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be placed on the minutes of this organization; a copy sent to department headquarters and a copy sent to the Mail Tribune for publication.

Signed, THOMAS K. FLYNN, I. D. CANFIELD, Commander Crater Lake Post, No. 1833, V. F. W.

LOGGING FIRM ACCUSED OF VIOLATING CLAUSES NRA LUMBERING CODE

TACOMA, Aug. 9—(AP)—In the first complaint charging violations of the lumber code to be filed in Washington, the Western Logging Company of Ocoosa, Grays Harbor county, is charged on six counts with failure to meet the provisions of the code.

The action brought by the federal government, through U. S. District Attorney J. Charles Dennis and Owen P. Hughes, his assistant, was filed here in the federal district court this afternoon.

The complaint charges that the defendant firm paid workmen in its camps 34.3 cents an hour, in violation of the NRA lumber and timber workers' code, which guarantees a higher scale.

It is further charged that boom men worked 216 hours and section men 228 hours in February instead of the code's prescribed 120 hours, and that the company declined to allow them time and a half for overtime.

JACKSON COUNTY SECOND IN FIRES ON FOREST LAND

SALEM, Aug. 9—(AP)—The careless smoker was blamed for 117 fires, the largest number from any one cause, for the period ending August 1, the state forester's office reported here today.

A total of 408 fires have occurred on lands coming under the jurisdiction of the state forester during that period, the report stated. Lightning was responsible for 59 fires, 38 were caused by incendiary, 23 by brush burning, 22 by slash and logging, and the balance due to unknown and miscellaneous causes.

Klamath county was hit hardest with 117 fires, of which two were of major proportion, the combined acreage burned being approximately 4000 acres. Jackson county was listed second with 63 and Curry third with 28. The most serious fire was reported in Jefferson county north of Sisters, in which about 4000 acres were burned over.

All units are now fully organized for the season, with all wardens, lookouts and patrolmen in the field, the state forester reported.

NATIONAL PARK STAMPS NOW AVAILABLE HERE

New national park service stamps of one and two-cent denominations are now on sale at the Medford postoffice, it was announced today by Roland C. Beach, assistant postmaster. The one-cent stamps are of the Yosemite issue, and the two-cent denomination are of the Grand Canyon of Colorado series.

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SAND
GLUYAS WILLIAMS
(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

1. IS TAKEN TO SANDY BEACH

2. WONDERS WHAT ONE DOES WITH SAND. SCOOPS SOME UP IN FISTS

3. WONDERS DOES ONE EAT IT

4. DECIDES THAT SAND IS DISTINCTLY NOT EDIBLE

5. BUT DISCOVERS THAT IT IS VERY PLEASANT WHEN A FISTFUL OF IT IS LET DRIBBLE THROUGH THE FINGERS

6. OR THROWN UP IN THE AIR AND LET RUN DOWN OVER ONE'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS

7. FINDS IN FACT THAT IT'S FUN TO SCATTER SAND IN ANY DIRECTION

8. NOTICES THAT OLD GENTLEMAN WHO WAS RECLINING NEARBY, GETS UP TESTILY AND MOVES OFF, BRUSHING SAND OUT OF HAIR

9. DISCOVERS THAT THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS TO DO WITH SAND THERE'S NO USE WORRYING ABOUT TESTY OLD MEN

By C. M. Payne

S'MATTER POP—

STILL LOOKING FOR YOUR NICKEL?

NO, AMBROSE FOUND IT!

THEN WHATCHA LOOKING FOR?

AMBROSE!

By Hal Forrest

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Strange Ship!

MY NAME IS JIM WALTERS, INSPECTOR FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA. WOULD IT BE ASKING TOO MUCH TO GIVE ME A LIFT TO PHOENIX?

INSPECTOR, YOU'VE ASKED THE RIGHT BIRD. I'VE NEVER LET A FLYER DOWN YET.

MIGHTY DECENT OF YOU TO GIVE ME THE LIFT SO I CAN MAKE MY APPOINTMENT

DON'T MENTION IT, INSPECTOR. ALWAYS WILLING TO HELP THE DEPARTMENT HOP IN.

SAY, INSPECTOR, DO YOU NOTICE THAT BIRD TAKING MY WASH?

NO—WHERE?

By Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Explorers Start

ALONZO, WHAT'RE YOU STIRRIN' UP?

MORNIN', MISTAH LUKE—OL' MAN BRIAR DONE BEEN MADE HAPPY BY BREAKFUS' AN' AH AIMS TO DO DE SAME FO' VO' ALL!

WELL, LETS GET STARTED! WHO ALL'S GOING?

LUKE O'BRIEN, THE OLD EXPLORER, IS GOIN'!

SO IS DAVE JONES.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, ALONZO?

MISTAH BEN, AH 'SPECTS AH'D BETTAR STAY HEAH—AH AINT NO GREAT SHAKES AT EXPLORIN'.

WHERE TO, BEN? I'M GAME FOR ANYTHING!

LET'S STRIKE OUT FOR DESSERT FIGHTOWN—

LET'S HOPE IT'S DESERTED!

By Edwin Alger

THE NEBBS—And Art Walks In

THE SNOWS OF THE WINTERS THAT HAVE BLOWN OVER YOUR HEAD HAVE LEFT TRACES IN YOUR HAIR—YOU'D BETTER LET ME BLOT THEM OUT

SO AHEAD—BLOT THEM OUT—THIS WONDERFUL WATER WAS MADE ME YOUNG—LET'S CHANGE THE SCENERY

YOU HAVE PRETTY HANDS, MRS. CONNIE—USE USUALLY DRAWN UP THE MAP ON ITS HANDS FIRST

WELL, I'VE TAKEN CARE OF MY HANDS USUALLY WOMEN RUB AND PAINT AGE OUT OF THEIR FACES BUT THEY FORGET THEIR AGE INDICATORS

NOW, I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MRS. CONNIE JUNIOR—MARKED DOWN FROM 40 TO 26

A FEW MORE BOTTLES OF THAT WATER AND A FEW MORE BEAUTY TREATMENTS AND SOMEBODY WILL HAVE TO BUY ME A DOLL

By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL DADDY, I'D LOVE TO GO TO THE MOVIES BUT I'D LIKE TO GO TO THE RACKET.

NO, THE PAT HEAD ASKED ME ALWAYS THAT HAD SUCH A WONDERFUL VOICE

FER GOODNESS SAKE! WHAT IS THAT RACKET?

CUPID'S DART HAS PUNCTURED MY HEART.

BY GOLLY, HES A SINGER, TOO. I'M GONNA TAKE THIS AFFAIR IN ME OWN HANDS.

HELLO! SEND UP AN AMBULANCE I'M GONNA HAVE A DATE AT FER YOU.

By George McManis

ARTISTS WILL PAINT BEAUTIES OF CRATER

CRATER LAKE NATIONAL PARK (Sp.)—Two eastern artists, L. H. Crawford, Wellsville, O., and Arthur Merkle, Cleveland, O., arrived at Crater Lake this week to devote the summer to the preparation of water color and oil paintings of the southern Oregon scenic wonder. The artists were chosen from a large group of prospects on the basis of having ability of best interpreting the beauty of Crater Lake on canvas.

They are stationed in the park under the federal public works of art project and are making their headquarters at the CCC camps located at Wineglass and Annie Spring. Their paintings will be the property of the government and will be placed in suitable places for display purposes.

KIOTO RESIDENT WANTS COPY JUBILEE EDITION

The Mail Tribune is still receiving occasional calls for copies of the Oregon Diamond Jubilee edition published during the celebration early in June.

Among recent requests for the special edition is one from Yoshitoyo Isumoji, Kioto, Japan. How the citizen of far Nippon came to know of the Mail Tribune's feature number, or why he is interested enough to write for a copy, is not disclosed in the letter.

Diets of civilized man cause tooth decay because they contain too little phosphorus, is a theory recently advanced.

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