

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Hasland-Taylor

SYNOPSIS: Bob Powers has returned home from his work in Mexico to find his mother dead, and his wife, Marsha, worn out with caring for her. Before he left they had been on the edge of divorce because of Bob's stubborn refusal to understand Marsha's relations with a friend of hers. Now neither quite knows what he wants; Bob is talking over the close understanding between himself and his mother.

Chapter 37 OLD PROBLEM

"AND you know," Bob went on, "how awkward I am; I never could get along with girls. I never could, or wanted to. You were the only one." He paused abruptly to continue with, "and my not knowing other women of any age, well, added to our closeness, my dependence upon her, hers upon me. It does seem as if I might have been permitted to get here in time, or have been let out of that job!"

Marsha found comforting him with words to be suddenly beyond her reach. Speech was too difficult; words would betray her! And, compromising upon the only possibility of showing him her sympathy, she leaned yet more toward him as she tightened her small, nervous, hot hands.

Very eager he was, she made her understand that soon, then both, the time together would be a matter for memory. She drew too close to him to suit him; she saw, too; his definite withdrawal had told her that.

And she had been hoping, and so fervently that she shook with the hope, that somehow Bob would forget all his stubborn doubt, to remember only all she would try to be.

He moved toward the doorway to turn back. "Please," he begged stiltedly, "don't cry any more!" "I don't think I shall," she answered, and she smiled in a way that troubled him. He found himself remembering her smile with anxiety, but with the feeling—and this made for a certain relief—that she wouldn't cry if she said she would not. And in this he was right.

BOB knew certainly, with a weak wish passed, that Marsha had no more wish than he to hurry anything; "anything" being the divorce.

"There's no use of our having done all that we have and then musing it up when our noses are almost over the ropes," she pointed out in her characteristic way.

"No," he agreed.

PIONEER DAUGHTER OF MRS. HOWLETT DIES IN SPOKANE

(By Gertrude Haak)

EAGLE POINT, Aug. 15.—(Sp.)—Mother Howlett received word of the passing of her daughter, Sarah Howlett Lewis, on Sunday, August 12, at her ranch home near Spokane, Wash. Mrs. Lewis was born June 3, 1899, on the old homestead of her parents, Alfred C. and Sarah Howlett, which was located about three miles from Eagle Point on the Big Desert, south of the present Cling Cling home and was the eldest daughter of 13 children, only two of whom are still living.

Raised in this community, she was married to James M. Lewis on September 3, 1920, while living on what is now the Ala Vista orchard and where her parents lived for 18 years. The first 10 years of her married life was spent with her husband on the Britt place and there, their two children, Edward and Virgie, were born.

They moved to Sterling on the Applegate river in 1926, where they lived until 1928, then went to Kansas for a year, returning in 1927 and moving to a ranch near Spokane, which has been their home ever since. Her husband, James H. Lewis, passed away in April of this year. Mrs. Lewis had been in poor health for several years, but with the passing of her husband she became more subject to

heart attacks, which resulted in her death.

Besides her aged mother, Mrs. Sarah Howlett of Eagle Point, she leaves to mourn her passing, one son, Edward Lewis of Colville, Wash., a daughter, Virgie Potts, of Sprague, Wash., two grandchildren, Donald and Delbert Lewis and two sisters, Octavia Shaw of Portland, and Hattie Howlett of Eagle Point.

She was buried near her home at Spokane.

And to Mother Howlett, beloved pioneer mother, who has endured all the privation, the heart aches and suffering, as well as the joys of the pioneer mother, the proprietress of the Sunnyside Hotel at Eagle Point, who, though nearing the four-score-and-ten mark, is still actively engaged in the performance of her daily duties, who has buried husband and eleven children, and to her daughter, Hattie, the sympathy of the entire community and of all of southern Oregon is extended in this sorrow.

WORK PROJECTS GIVEN APPROVAL

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 15.—(Sp.)

Work projects totaling many thousands of dollars—the largest running around \$20,000—and giving employment to hundreds of men and women on relief rolls of Oregon, were approved here today by the state relief committee.

The \$20,000 project includes clearing, grading and installing culverts and bridges on a four-mile section of the Wilson River road from Smith creek to Fall creek in Tillamook county. Materials will cost about \$5,000.

GRAZING DISTRICT FORMATION PLEAS SWAMP OFFICIALS

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—(Sp.)

Oscar Chapman, assistant secretary of the interior, said today upon his return from a series of conferences in the mountain states, that already applications had been received for the establishment of more grazing districts than could be organized in the next six months.

Chapman and his fact finding committee held hearings in Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana. He said the committee would leave here early in September to hold another series of preliminary conferences to discover the wishes and problems of stockmen and local officials in Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Oregon and Washington.

"The stockmen with whom we talked on the trip are accepting the Taylor grazing bill 100 per cent," Chapman said. "They admit they have been running their own ranges by over-grazing and are anxious to have us cooperate in working out their problems. And that is what we intend to do."

"We have found that there can be no general application of detailed regulations to various grazing districts," Chapman said. "Each locality in which grazing districts will be established has individual problems and conditions. Perhaps there can be a series of general regulations in the character of definitions adopted for all districts, but even these probably will have to be restricted in many of the districts."

KEEPING JUNIOR OUT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

DRIVES JUNIOR OUT OF DOORS TO PLAY, EXPLAINING SHE'S HAVING A TEA PARTY AND WANTS TO BE FREE FOR HER GUESTS

STARTS POURING TEA. BECOMES AWARE THAT JUNIOR HAS WANDERED IN AGAIN TO ASK HAS HE BEEN OUT LONG ENOUGH NOW

DRIVES HIM OUT AND LOCKS FRONT DOOR. RETURNS TO TEA PARTY, DOOR BELL STARTING TO RING VIGOROUSLY

FINDS IT'S JUNIOR WITH THE NEWS THAT HE IS THIRSTY. GETS HIM A DRINK OF WATER.

SENDS HIM OUT AND RETURNS TO HER GUESTS, BECOMING UNEASILY AWARE THAT JUNIOR IS CALLING TO HER OUTSIDE

CALLING GIVES WAY TO RINGING OF DOOR BELL, JUNIOR REPORTING THAT BUDDY, GEORGIE AND DICK WOULD LIKE DRINKS OF WATER TOO

WEARILY SUPERINTENDS DRINKS IN THE KITCHEN, GETS THE GANG OUT, AND RETURNS TO HER PARTY

AT END OF FIVE UNINTERRUPTED MINUTES, JUNIOR REPORTS HE'S THIRSTY AGAIN. DECIDES, SIGHING HE MIGHT AS WELL STAY IN

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Marsha hoped Bob would forget his stubborn doubt.

"And I wouldn't have anyone think that your mother made us stick together."

"Nor would I," he agreed again and this time morosely.

They were talking it over at the finish of a luncheon, after Bartholomew had left them.

Marsha had made things more easy than he had supposed they could be, Bob reflected as she poured his coffee; she had changed the shape of the table to bring it down to cozy, new smallness and she had had it moved.

The arm chair in which his mother sat, had disappeared. Marsha had been wholly considerate, rarely understanding, Bob sat staring at her, wishing she weren't so pale, so thin; that she would eat more; that she could sleep. He knew she did not; he saw her light too often, a sliver of gold, beneath the door that divided their rooms.

She had not moved her raiment, herself, to the lavender or the blue guest room. He was grateful, deeply grateful, that she had not; it helped him, during the sleepless nights, to know she was near and perhaps, he thought, heart quickening, his being within half comforted her.

He longed to ask her of that and of other matters, but he kept himself, by forcing his strong will, to the impersonal and apart from her whenever he could, without making the servants suspicious. They sat together each evening, usually pre-paring to read. They had their meals together, twice, and on days when the frigid, chill spring had repented its mood, they had more.

She saw that it helped him. He spoke loudly, quickly, of memories, hopes; a melange that, to a cool listener, would have seemed oddly unrelated, but that in his mind and heart knew poignant connection.

As he finished Marsha said: "I cared so much for your mother and she cared for me; she really did! And after her death I thought she must know all about me and everything of me, you know, that I had hidden from her, and it tortured me."

"I felt that if she did know me as I am, or rather as I was, she could not care for me. Then, night before last I began to feel that the dead know everything to forgive everything; or that their sleep is too deep to be troubled by the small compunctions of those who go on."

"And I believe that those dead know one or the other; a deep, good sleep or an understanding. And both are kind!"

BOB felt his tears start to slip down his lean cheeks; his tension relaxed and he knew ease until he saw that Marsha too was crying. Then came the chattering cogitation that she was being hurt and that he could not comfort her as he would.

She held his hand against her heart and he rose suddenly. He wanted her in his arms with a want so intolerable that he had to draw away sharply, quickly, lest he be mastered by his need.

Hands limp on her knees, she looked up at him. He saw, with relief, that her tears had stopped.

"I want you to know that I shall never forget your kindness," he said unsteadily.

SALEM, Aug. 15.—(Sp.)—Governor Julius L. Meier today announced suspension of the 30-day jail sentence imposed on William McDermitt of St. Helens. The suspension was in the nature of a conditional pardon. McDermitt was sentenced July 23 to 30 days in jail, and fined \$100 for driving while intoxicated.

Ferry sinks. OREGON CITY, Aug. 15.—(Sp.)—The Canby ferry, operated by the county, sank in the Willamette river yesterday while carrying a large truck-load of grain. The accident occurred in shallow water, and the boat was risen a few hours later without serious damage.

S'MATTER POP—

TOO MANY STREET ROBBERIES GOING ON, ENTIRELY!

TOO MANY ROBBERIES GOING ON!

TOO MANY?

AW, WHAT DOES YOUR POP KNOW ABOUT IT?

BETCHA A NICKEL HE DOES!

POP, HOW MANY PEOPLE SHOULD BE ROBBED?

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Bandit Scores a Hit!

COMMY IS DESPERATELY TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM THE STRANGE SHIP THAT IS PURSUING HIM, AND WHOSE OCCUPANTS HAVE KILLED INSPECTOR WALTERS—A PASSENGER IN TOMMY'S PLANE. MEANWHILE THE HOSTILE SHIP IS GAINING ON THE THREE POINT—

FINE SHOT YOU ARE—WHY DON'T YOU BLAST HIM DOWN NOW!

GIVE ME A CHANCE, WON'T YOU? THERE HE'S PULLED OUT OF RANGE AGAIN!

HOTCHA! I GOT 'IM THAT TIME! IT'S ALL OVER NOW BUT PICKING UP THE PIECES!

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—No Sign Of Briar

BRIAR! BRIAR! OH, BRIAR!

LUKE, I'M BEGINNING TO GET WORRIED—BEN'S COMBED THIS TOWN FROM ONE END TO THE OTHER—

IF WE MISSED A SINGLE BUILDING I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHERE IT IS!

LUKE, WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE BRIAR IS? COULD ANYTHING HAPPEN TO HIM?

NOW ME BOY, DON'T WORRY—WHY I'LL BET HE'S JUST GONE BACK TO CAMP TO TAKE ON SOME VITTLES!

NO, HE WOULDN'T GO WITHOUT ME—

I DON'T BELIEVE HE WOULD EITHER, BEN—

IT'S JUST WHISTLIN' I AM TO KEEP UP ME COURAGE!

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THE NEBBS—And I Laughed

YOUR COUSIN AMBY IS INTERESTED IN CONNIE AGAIN—HE'S ALL BURNED UP BECAUSE SHE'S GOING OUT WITH MAX!

HE TOLD ME THAT SHE HAD NO RIGHT TO GO OUT WITH MAX—HE DIDN'T PAY HER WAY HERE—HE WANTS ME TO SPEAK TO HER ABOUT IT

AND I SUPPOSE YOU SAID, 'ALL RIGHT, AMBY, I'LL FIX IT.' WELL, HERE'S ONE TIME YOU'RE GOING TO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS EVEN IF YOU HAVE TO CALL IN HELP TO DO IT

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BRINGING UP FATHER

I WONDER WHAT EXCUSE I CAN GIVE TO MAGGIE TO GET OUT OF GOING TO THE SEA-SHORE WITH HER FOR THE WEEK?

YES—WE ARE LEAVING THIS AFTERNOON FOR THE SEA-SHORE.

OH, ISN'T THAT NICE? THERE ARE TWENTY OF US GIRLS GOING THIS AFTERNOON—YOU KNOW, THERE IS TO BE A BATHING BEAUTY CONTEST—WE ARE ALL ENTERED—WE ARE ALL GOING TO BE THERE!

I MUSTN'T FORGET ME BATHING-SUIT!

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