

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katherine Haviland Taylor

SYNOPSIS: Bob Powers, tall, well-dressed, successful, and handsome, though Marsha married him for an unworthy reason, she has truly come to love him. He is on the brink of divorce, but each loves the other. Bob tries clumsily to drive Marsha out, and perhaps reach a compromise.

CHAPTER 40 THE PAINTED BOX

AT one that night Bob heard the careful closing of that door of Marsha's room which led to the hall. He wondered where she was going and he hoped the long, upper hall was warm enough to make her migration safe.

People who were reduced to colds, he realized, and colds, for the run-down, developed to worse ailments.

He paced his room as he tried to recall how high the fire in the library had been when he left it. He could not remember and the failure to remember worried him absurdly. She might be going to the library to get a certain book. She would stand by the shelves, hunting it. She would shiver and it would begin; that cold.

He considered following her, and dismissed the idea. She would not like it. She would most probably see his following her as a violent sort of intrusion. No doubt it would be that, as things were between them; a violent sort of intrusion.

He began to undress. On the morrow he would tell Bartholomew to see that the library fire was left, the last thing at night, burning high. Then if she would wander around in this manner (he felt a sharp irritation) she would be as safe as might be, under the circumstances.

Hours in bed were a substitute for sleep; the next thing, as a restorative, to sleep, if sleep would not come. He'd have to tell her so and imperatively.

She was doing nothing to help herself to grow strong. And she was far from well. It seemed as if she didn't care what happened to her. "They are the damndest!" he muttered half aloud and violently; thinking of women.

He looked at his watch before he lay down. It was, he saw, twenty minutes before two. What the devil was she doing? Probably killing herself; taking the first step toward killing herself any way!

He lay, with the light-light on, stretched on his bed, staring at the ceiling, still frowning. Half past two, he saw when he next looked at his watch. Well, he would give her twenty more minutes and then he would follow her whether she liked it or not.

HE turned on his side, miserably conscious of the discomfort of the bed he had known in months, and propped on an elbow he looked on the face of his watch, listening keenly. Ten minutes more and he would get up, find her and tell her frankly what he thought of her criminal negligence in her care of herself.

It had been years since he had suffered any such sweep of overmastering irritation, anger. He did not know that the most even tempered men on earth suffer this when the one woman menaces herself, her health, by neglect or by taking chances.

The ten minutes were up. He struggled from bed with a sharp suddenness that was made by his strain; shoved feet into slippers and, as he moved toward his door, got into the dressing gown he had picked up on the fly.

The upper hall, lit by a small night-light, was a place of gray and it was chill. He would say, as patiently as he could—and he must not lose his head—"You've been up close to two hours; don't you realize anything of what a chill might mean to you?"

He paused. There was a line of light beneath his mother's bedroom door. He suffered a moment's shock, then, with readjustment, he realized that Marsha was in the room. He did not like it, even her habit of going there by day; it seemed to him morbid, depressing for her; wrong.

HE considered tapping upon the door to dimple it. It might frighten her badly. He would open the door, speak gently. She would see him immediately, he decided. Softly he opened the door; for several long moments he stood at the threshold without speaking. His heart froze and the deep con-

cern he had felt for her was swallowed by rage; what was she doing to his mother, whom she had pretended to love?

He saw her, back toward him; her abundant, curling hair around her shoulders. Her negligee had slipped to leave one shoulder bare; he saw the whiteness of her skin outlined by undulating strands of black. He saw her shiver as he began to smile bitterly.

"What are you doing?" he lunged at her loudly. She turned with a start of falset panic; the knife she

held dropped from her suddenly limp hand to fall noiselessly upon the thick, velvet carpet.

Her other hand still rested upon the box she had been working to open; a painted wood box of another day that held the treasures which had belonged to Bob's mother. They were the dearest things his mother had owned, he knew, and things she had wished to hide from others' eyes. Even he had never seen that which was in the painted box.

He saw the color drain from Marsha's face; he saw her sway; her eyes, darkened by fright, were fixed on his eyes, and they did not waver.

He moved toward her, still smiling, and closed his hands around her wrists. "I am going to know what you were doing," he said; "I asked you and you are going to answer me. Do you understand?"

She moistened her lips before answering; she whispered a breathless, "Yes."

"What were you doing?" "I was trying to get the box open," she gasped. "I thought," she added childishly, "I had locked the door."

He laughed abruptly, harshly; loosed his hold on her wrists, and he turned to close the door. A moment and he was again, by her, and looking down on her; he glanced at the box. "A pity," he murmured, "to scratch it. It is rather an attractive old piece."

"I couldn't find the key," she admitted with a break of voice. "No, quite naturally not. She sent it to me."

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CULINARY CRAFT....

By Estella Dorgan, Director, Home Service, the California Oregon Power Company

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SUMMER DINNER-DISHES

Simple, whole-meal dishes are the answer to the homemaker's wish for release from the routine of cooking during summer months. They also are especially interesting in their unending change possibilities and their charming way of absorbing left-overs gracefully.

Your refrigerator will be a treasure house of this and that to add to dinner-dish and change the appearance and flavor any after day.

American Chop Suey.

- 1/2 lb. veal
- 1/2 lb. pork
- 1/2 cup onions
- 1/2 c sliced celery
- 3 c water
- 1 t salt
- 1 T brown sugar
- 1 c yellow corn

Cooked rice.

Cut the pork and veal in small pieces and brown in hot fat. Remove the meat and brown the onions and celery in the fat, add the water and cook one-half hour, add sugar and corn, and stir well, then add the meat and cook until thoroughly heated.

Serve over cooked rice and garnish with quartered tomatoes.

- Spaghetti Ring with Russian Filling.
- 1/2 lb. spaghetti
- 1 T butter
- 1 onion
- 1 lb. ground hamburger
- 1 c mushrooms
- 1 c tomato soup

Fry the cooked spaghetti in the butter with the onion, hamburger and mushrooms. Add the tomato soup, then pour into a heavily greased ring mold. Bake at 400 degrees for 45 minutes. When ready to serve fill the center with—Filling:

- 1 c thick cream sauce
- 2 T chili sauce
- 1/2 c chopped pickle
- 1/2 c asparagus tips
- 1/2 c grated cheese

Deviled Ham Meat Loaf.

- 1 c deviled ham
- 2 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 c boiling water
- 1 c cold water
- 1 c cream cheese
- 1/4 c catsup
- 1 c mayonnaise
- Lettuce
- Tomatoes

Add gelatin to boiling water, add cold water and stir until clear. Add the deviled ham and grated cheese and allow to chill. Blend the catsup with the mayonnaise and fold into the cooled mixture, then pour into mold. Serve on lettuce with quartered tomatoes. Hot biscuits and coffee complete this supper unless you wish to add a light dessert.

Dinner on a Platter.

Spinach, cauliflower, scrambled eggs. Arrange spinach around the outside of the platter, then the cauliflower inside the spinach, and finally pile the scrambled eggs in the center of the dish.

Ham Grill.

- 6 helpings of ham about size of tomato slices
- 6 tomato slices

- 2 T minced onion
- 2 T minced green pepper
- 2 c yellow corn

Soak the corn with peppers and onion in butter. Broil the ham and tomatoes, covering the tomatoes with buttered crumbs. Arrange on serving dish with outer ring of ham and tomatoes alternating. Fill center with the corn and garnish the dish with toasted triangles of bread.

Scalloped salmon.

- 2 c white sauce
- 1 1/2 c flaked salmon
- 1 1/2 c green peas
- 1 T minced parsley
- 1 T sugar
- 1 c buttered crumbs

Butter casserole well and place a layer of salmon in first, then peas, sprinkled with sugar and parsley, then another layer of salmon and another of peas. Cover with white sauce and sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Bake at 400 degrees for 20 minutes.

YOUNGSTERS IDOLIZE HEROES OF THE AIR

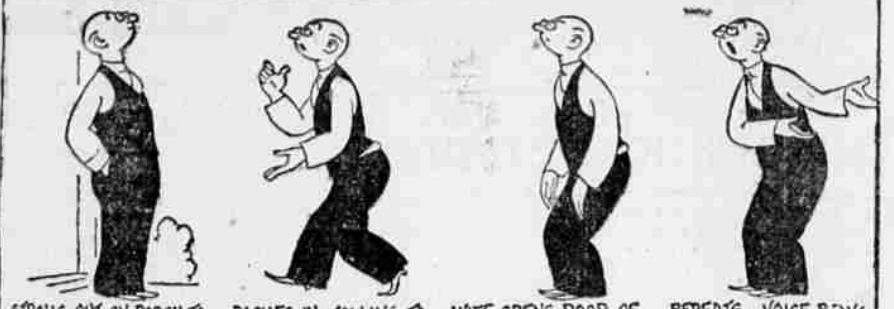
CLEVELAND, Ohio.—(UP)—"Young America no longer idealizes heroes of the wild west. Their hero today is the flying ace who is breaking speed and endurance records," said Colonel Roscoe Turner, very much an ace himself, when interviewed here.

Colonel Turner said that since the children nowadays see none of the children's heroes, they should be encouraged to build model planes.

Stanley Vestal, author of books about the west and the Indians, received an urgent request recently for the return of Sitting Bull's "medicine bundle," a gift to Vestal from the Sioux. The Indians wanted to break the drought with it!

THE FAMILY ALBUM—THUNDERSTORM

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

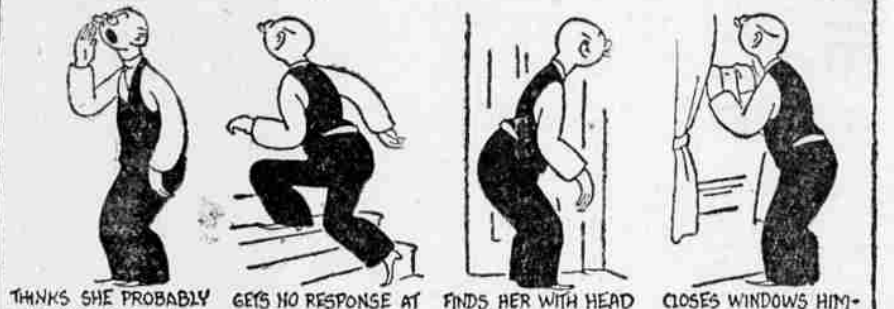


STROLLS OUT ON PORCH TO SEE WHY IT'S GETTING SO DARK. SEES BIG THUNDERSTORM COMING

DASHES IN, CALLING TO SHUT THE WINDOWS UPSTAIRS, IT'S GOING TO POUR IN A MINUTE

WIFE OPENS DOOR OF BEDROOM AND CALLS WHAT DID HE SAY

REPEATS, VOICE BEING DROWNED OUT BY SUD-DEN CLAP OF THUNDER



THINKS SHE PROBABLY COULDN'T HEAR, AND SHOUTS ORDER ALL OVER AGAIN TO CLOSE WINDOWS RIGHT AWAY

GETS NO RESPONSE AT ALL FROM WIFE AND DASHES UP TO SEE WHAT THE MATTER IS

FINDS HER WITH HEAD UNDER PILLOW, HAVING HEARD NOTHING SINCE FIRST CLAP OF THUNDER

CLOSES WINDOWS HIMSELF, GETTING LAST ONE SHUT AS STORM PASSES TO THE EAST AND SUN COMES OUT AGAIN

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SMATTER POP—

YES, HE IS A GREAT MAN! A STATESMAN AND A SCIENTIST!



GET THIS—THE PICTURE OF A GREAT MAN IMPRESSES HIM—HE IS THINKING!



GREAT MAN, POP?



OH, YES!



CAN HE WHIP CARNERA?



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Things Look Bad for Tommy!

BUT—I TELL YOU THAT MAN IS INSPECTOR WALTERS, OF THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE—



BUT HE BUMMED A RIDE WITH ME—SAID HE WANTED TO GO TO PHOENIX—THEN ANOTHER SHIP FOLLOWED US AND SHOT WALTERS—



WELL—WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE DIAMONDS THEN?



TELL YOU SHERIFF, THIS KID IS GOOD AS GOLD—I'VE KNOWN HIM FOR A LONG TIME—



WELL—THE WAY IT LOOKS TO ME—THIS KID BUMPED OFF DOPEY—THEN FAKED THE CRACK-UP—SO—



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Wreckage

CHEER UP, BEN—THE CHANCES IS TINY TO ONE WE'LL FIND BRIAR SINKIN' HIS TEETH INTO ONE OF ALONZO'S GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED POOCH MEALS!



REMEMBER, BEN, WE'RE ON AN ISLAND—BRIAR MUST BE ON IT, TOO—



HIVENLY DAYS, LOOK AT THE HAVOC!



GOOD NIGHT! WHAT'S HIT THIS PLACE?



BLESS DE LAND, I'VE SAVED! AIN' YO MISTAH BEN, LUKE AN' DAVE? YO AIN' DE WITCH, IS YO'?



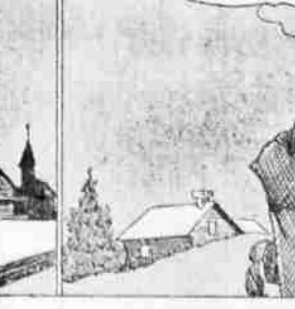
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THE NEBBS—You Can't Blame Me

NOW SHE DON'T WANT TO MARRY ME—SHE COULDN'T EXPECT ME TO MARRY HER WHEN SHE LOOKED SO OLD-LIKE AND SICK



HOW DID I KNOW SHE WAS GOIN' TO GET WELL SO QUICK?



HOW COULD SHE EXPECT ME TO MARRY HER WHEN THERE WAS NOTHING BUT EXPENSE STARING ME IN THE FACE AND SHE WAS EVEN LIMPING WHEN SHE CAME HERE



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BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL, HOW IS THE NEW COON GITTIN' ON!



LOVELY. SHE HAS SUCH A LITTLE DISPOSITION—SHE IS ALWAYS SMILING—I CAN HEAR HER NOW, SHE IS LAUGHING ABOUT SOMETHING



BY GOLLY, SHE HAS A LAUGH LIKE A WHISTLE OF A FACTORY—WHAT KIN SHE BE LAUGHIN' AT?



HAW HAW HAW!



SHE'S GOT YOUR FAMILY ALBUM AN' SHE'S HAVIN' THE LAUGH OF HER LIFE!



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CHANCE FOR GIRLS IN CINEMA CHORUS SLIM SAYS DANCE DIRECTOR

By LEO BABON (United Press Staff Correspondent.)

HOLLYWOOD.—(UP)—Only one out of every 4,000 girls in America even has a slight chance to become a chorus girl in motion pictures. That's slim pickings in view of the 2,000,000 girls in the United States of chorus-girl age—16 to 24—but that's the percentage set by Dave Gould, film dance director.

"The chances are slim indeed of becoming a film beauty," Gould says. "Competition is too keen." The director figures that some 4,500 or 5,000 girls invade Hollywood annually in search of varying degrees of fame. Only two per cent attain even bit parts. The remainder are positively willing to take chorus jobs

THAR'S GOLD IN THEM THAR DUCK GIZZARDS

COTTAGE GROVE, Ore. (UP)—Gold found in the gizzards of ducks today led to the hope that placer gold is nearby. O. V. Bressa accidentally discovered the gold when he broke a gizzard of a duck raised on Silk creek. He then retrieved another gizzard he had discarded and found other nuggets. The nuggets from both ducks were worth about \$1.

SNATCH AT BUTTERFLY CAUSES LONG PLUNGE

NEW YORK.—(UP)—Get that butterfly, honey," said Emma Taylor to her husband, Gordon, as they sat on a window ledge in Harlem. Gordon made a grab for the butterfly and she, and they both fell to the street. They will recover.