

SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katharine Hamilton Taylor

SYNOPSIS: Torn apart and brought to the verge of divorce by Bob's misunderstanding of Marsha's friendship for Geoffrey Taylor, the two were gradually fed back together by the realization of Marsha's devotion to the old only recently. Now, however, Bob has surprised Marsha by trying to pry open a new controversy of his mother's personal effects. He is furious.

Chapter 41

INSULT

MARSHA'S face quivered. "You were mistaken," he said. "In thinking that she kept anything that would be of value to you in that box" (he nodded toward it). "Those amusingly set old pieces of jewelry are in a box at the bank where my mother kept her account. I sent you money, which you took, after the first, perfunctory, dramatic refusal. Wasn't it enough?"

Her eyes flashed; through his hands on her arms he felt her swaying cease and her angry tension follow. Still she made no sound. "If you are in some financial trouble, I'll help you out," he promised. "But I want no more thieving in this house and I ask you to keep out of this room."

Her anger quiesced, she smiled. "You have duped me," he said in a voice that was oddly soft for his words, "and from the first. Married to you not a month, I found you in your lover's arms and I found at that same time, you may recall, why I had been honored by your 'stooping' to me. Now I find you trying to pry open a box the contents of which I have never seen."

She opened her lips to speak; she gasped, closed them and for a moment her eyes, too, were closed. "You are a beautiful little cheat," he went on, "and I was again softening most amazingly to you. I have been dreaming of taking you back with me. But now I'm cured of you."

She smiled. "It is amusing," he questioned, teeth set, chin hardening. "I think it is rather amusing," she agreed. He had dreamed of taking her back with him!

Her smile, her answer, set within him as brutal an instinct as he had ever felt; he gripped her arms tightly and he stood thus, eyes narrowed and on her. At length he spoke. "Yes, I presume it is," he admitted, "that all men who love you are amusing to you. I am going to kiss you. My dear, why struggle? What difference can a kiss or two make to you? A great many men have kissed you, you know. Haven't they?"

He circled her shoulders with his arm and roughly kissed her once and then—forgetting everything but his hunger for her which survived hate and scorn—he kissed her again and again.

He heard her sob deeply and he dropped his arms to stand away. Blindly, she moved toward the door. "My God, what have I done!" he thought, "what have I done!"

HER room was dark when he reached his, carrying the painted box beneath his arm. And after he had set the box upon the table that was by his bed, he found on his bureau a note written in Marsha's hand, and near it a small card that had, one day, held French bonbons, but that now held bills.

"I took the money," she had written, "because I thought you were made more comfortable by my doing so. I always intended to return your money to you when I could without hurting you. After you wrote me of your worry made by my not cashing the checks, I did cash them, but you will find it all here."

Color flooded his face; he read the note again, glanced dully at the box that had one day held French bonbons, but that now held bills. He dropped to the edge of a deep chair as a sensation of acute self-scorn swept him. No matter what she was, or was not, he had no right to speak to her as he had, nor to kiss her as he had. He had lost grip as he had never dreamed he could.

With hands that trembled, he lit a cigarette to puff deeply and to stare, frowning, through the light smoke at an echo of Marsha's face. "To the end of time," he thought, "I'll hate you and need you!" He might as well turn in. When the dawn, cold, pale, gray,

slipped gently into being, Bob sat up, drew his knees up, dropped his head to his arms.

His night had been long and sleepless. He had fought his remembrance of kissing her again and again; given in to it; risen from it—ashamed. He had tried to remember every word he had said; he had planned his apology. And in the chase, had come to him the certainty that he had forgotten much.

He glanced toward the bureau; he could make out, in the hazy light, the casket that had once held French bonbons. And for perhaps the hundredth time since he had first seen it, he flushed.

He had given her that box, he remembered as his cheeks cooled. It was odd, her having kept it. She had said when he brought it to her, with some flowers, some books and an odd little trinket in jade that he thought she might like. "Don't be so good to me!"

She was not as heartless as he had said she was; he knew it! And he had told her that he was done with caring... well, he was not done with caring and he never could be. If she could know how it was with him, she might forgive him his brutality a little more easily. No matter what she had been, what she would be, what she was, he loved her! (His shoulders moved, with his deep sharply indrawn breath.)

It was a love that did not yield to argument nor reason and it was, primarily, love, not passion. Never before had he forgotten her through his needs, and he would never, he promised himself, so forget her again.

He recalled a story of Richard Harding Davis, in which a man, questioned by the father of the girl whom he wanted to marry, admitted that he would not hurry to the girl he wanted to marry, if he had only a year to live but instead to another woman.

It was like that; and if he had only a year, he would pick Marsha up, take her off somewhere where her screams wouldn't be heard, and love her very gently, but love her for the all-too-short space, and ask her to let him believe that she loved him.

It was curious; this divorce between love and respect. When younger, he had not dreamed it could be so. But it was so. Nothing had ever been for him more truly so. He loved her without respecting her and he loved her as he had not, once, dreamed men could love.

He had not known such rage as he had felt the night before, since childhood, and then he had suffered it but few times; he had soon been "too grown up to do that." And he had loosed it all upon her.

He wondered, sitting up in his bed, how long it would be before she woke and before he could ask her to forgive him his conduct of the night before. He hoped, intensely, that it would not be too long; he had had about as much of it as he could bear.

He raised his head from his arms and after a space of staring at the bonbon box on his bureau, he sank back. He had not slept during the night and his eyes closed; a drowsiness crept over him through which he saw Marsha's face. He slept to dream of her, holding her arms out to him as he ran up the gulch path and toward her.

When he awoke sunlight was boldly printed upon the floor, and a long, steady look at his watch, during which the dial became clear, told him that it was well after nine. He rose, sodden. Cold water helped him to gain the strength that he knew he would need in talking to her. Her room was quiet. He heard not a stir from it. She might, of course, have gone down to breakfast early.

When Bob gained the dining-room and when clock hands were leaning toward ten, he found old Bartholomew waiting him and smiling. "You rested better, sir," said Bartholomew, "and it has done me good to know it! Everything is ready and waiting and hot, sir. And the cook says as how it looks like true spring at last."

Bob is jaded, tomorrow, out of his blindness.

CHRIST'S COMING SEEN IN WORLD'S CONFUSED STATE

Being as his topic last night "Bursting Buds of Christ's Second Coming" in speaking from the local Church of the Nazarene pulpit, Fred M. Weatherford, pastor-evangelist, said:

"Some of the buds are scripturally noted, such as famines, pestilences and earthquakes in divers places. We have experienced within the past month a famine in our own middle states, for which the government has appropriated vast sums. We also have with us a pestilential scourge in the form of infantile paralysis. This may be associated with the more or less continuous influenza scourge. We have had more earthquakes in the past ten or twelve years than in several hundred years previously. The intensity of these mark them as an epoch of his soon coming."

"We wonder what kind of a humanitarian spirit it is when our government plows under a million acres of wheat, pours milk into the sewers, dumps potatoes into the ocean and makes fertilizer of its livestock, coincident with international famine."

"Confusion among nations is another budding indication. Governmental forms have passed into cycles from monarchy, aristocracy, constitutional monarchy and democracy in succession. Some have conjectured there is not a communist dictatorship, but these are only a revamping of some one of the other forms, until there is nothing new and untried ex-

cepting the kingship reign of Christ. "Destruction is not threatening the world; its fangs have already struck. The ship of state is not about to sink; it is already sinking before our eyes. The divorce mills are turning out one to every sixth marriage, consequently this has taken a toll in juvenile delinquency. Three hundred thousand are dying annually from social disease in the United States. An average of every fourth person, says a Chicago health institute has a social disease. We have twelve thousand murders and three thousand kidnaped in the United States in a year—an increase in murders since 1890 of three hundred and fifty per cent."

"Richieu warned France that they could not have stable civil government without God. When men cease to fear God they cease to regard the oath, and when the oath is disregarded no contract is binding and no life is safe. Thus we see iniquity is abounding. Generally speaking, the church is as cold as a dog's nose. Like warmness and formalism obtain. This is the prediction of Christ that would obtain incident to his second arrival."

"The Bible is God's official time card and you will not miss the train on which he moves his saints out of this old world if you will answer his call to preparation tonight. The safest pilot is not the one who will brave the roughest seas, but the one who knows the channel. Christ knows the channel and can get us into harbor."

The scientific world of our day has so outstripped the moral and spiritual pace that we need a scientific moralism until there is a conventional recovery in the moral and spiritual economy of life.

F. W. Bartlett, Medford's Taxidermist and Furrer, will open shop on or about Sept. 1st, at 20 S. Central.

FIRST RURAL CARRIER IN OREGON WILL QUIT

SALEM, Aug. 20.—(P)—Picking of early clusters was started in hop yards in most of the Willamette valley district today. Picking of the late or heavier hops will get started in about ten days.

FIRST HOP PICKING STARTS NEAR SALEM

SALEM, Ore., Aug. 20.—(P)—After carrying mail on a rural route for more than 37 years, with claims he was the first rural mail carrier in Oregon, F. C. Gunning of Turner will be retired October 1 on a substantial pension.

Zimmerman's Father Dead

MOHAWK, Ore., Aug. 20.—(P)—Christian Zimmerman, 83, lay dead today and his son, Peter Zimmerman, independent candidate for governor, returned from a speaking tour in eastern Oregon to attend the funeral tomorrow, at Yamhill.

His Dream Realized

VANCOUVER, Wash., Aug. 20.—The late James J. Hill, builder of railroads, the vast grain elevator that now dominates the Vancouver waterfront was formally opened here yesterday.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

MILEAGE



SETS OUT WITH JUNIOR FOR BRISK SUNDAY AFTERNOON WALK



BECOMES AWARE THAT JUNIOR HAS LABGED HALF A BLOCK BEHIND. CALLS TO HIM TO HURRY



JUNIOR REFUSES TO BUDGE UNTIL HE HAS COME BACK TO SEE THIS CATERPILLAR. GOES BACK



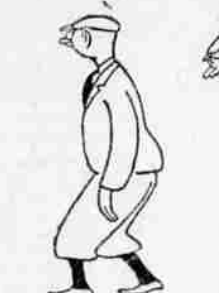
SEES CATERPILLAR, AND SETS OUT BRISKLY AGAIN UNTIL STOPPED BY CALLS FROM JUNIOR TO COME BACK AND TIE HIS SHOE



TIES SHOE AND GETS UNDER WAY AGAIN, UNTIL FORCED TO HURRY BACK, JUNIOR HAVING FALLEN DOWN AND HURT HIS KNEE



APPLIES FIRST AID AND SETS OUT AGAIN, DISCOVERING, AFTER A BLOCK, THAT JUNIOR HAS VANISHED ENTIRELY



WALKS BACK, FINDING JUNIOR BEHIND A HOUSE MAKING FRIENDS WITH A DOG



AND SO HAVING WALKED ABOUT TWO MILES IN COVERING A BLOCK AND A HALF, TURNS WEARILY FOR HOME

820

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

8 MATTER POP—



ANTI-NOISE RULES DON'T SEEM TO HELP ANY AROUND THIS HOUSE!



WE'VE GOT TO THINK UP SOME NEW WAY SO THAT ALL THE PAPAS AND MAMAS CAN BENEFIT BY FOLLOWING US!



NOW WE HAVE THE QUESTION—HOW TO MAKE KIDS BEHAVE. ANY SUGGESTIONS?



OH, I KNOW, POP! GIVE PRIZES!



OH, H, YES, POP!

8-15-34

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—What Became of the Diamonds?



THAT STIFF WE HAILED OUT OF YOUR PLANE IS 'DOPEY' KOYE AND BOB OF YOU HELD UP HIS CHIBBER, THE JEWELER, JUST ABOUT TWO HOURS AGO...



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. THE MAN IN MY PLANE IS MR. WALTERS, A DEPARTMENT INSPECTOR.



OH, YEAH—THE OTHER GUY—HEY, CLANCEY, HOP IN THAT PLANE, HOP IN THAT PLANE, HOP IN THAT PLANE, HOP IN THAT PLANE, HOP IN THAT PLANE...



CHIEF, WE SEARCHED ALL THROUGH THAT PLANE—BUT NARY A DIAMOND—COULD WE FIND...



THEN THIS GUY MUST HAVE TOSSED THE BAG OUT IN SOME SPOT WHERE HE FIGURED HED RECOVER IT LATER—HOW ABOUT IT, KID?

1455

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Note



WHAT HAPPENED, ALONZO?



DON' ASK ME, MISTAH BEN! FUST THING AN KNOW DE DAHKNNESS COME AN SWARM ALL OVER ME--



MUSTA BEEN DE DEBBIL! MUSTA BEEN ZEY DEBBILS! DEY COTCHED ME, FLING ME DOWN, TIES ME AN--



AIN'T THAT A NOTE PINNED AGAINST THAT TENT POLE?



WHAT DOES IT SAY?

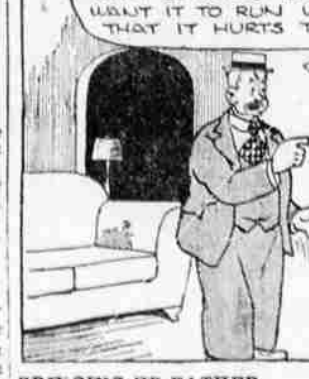


IT SAYS PLINTY! HERE, LISTEN TO THIS--

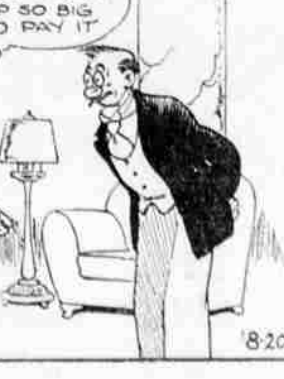
8-20

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

THE NEBBS—The Meddler



SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH CONNIE'S BILL? I DON'T WANT IT TO RUN UP SO BIG THAT IT HURTS TO PAY IT



WHY THERE IS NO BILL... CONNIE IS NOW IN THE EMPLOY OF THE WATER COMPANY AND SHE LIVES FREE IN OUR HOTEL... THAT KIND OF NEWS CAN'T MAKE YOU MAD



THERE YOU GO, YOU OLD STICK-YOUR-SNOOT-IN-EVERYTHING YOU GIVE HER A JOB, MONEY AND FREE BOARDING— YOU MAKE HER SO INDEPENDENT THAT SHE DON'T HAVE TO GET MARRIED TO NOBODY!



8-20



(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

BRINGING UP FATHER



DO YOU LIKE TO GO IN THE SURF, MR. JIGGS?



IS THIS YOUR FIRST VISIT TO THE BEACH?



YES, BUT IT AIN'T GONNA BE MY LAST.



WILL YOU BE ON THE BEACH TOMORROW? SAY, MR. JIGGS, MY DOG, JIMMY, LIKES YOU.



WILL YOU WAKE UP?



I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT WUZ JUST A DREAM!!!

8-24

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Salem Painter Takes Own Life

SALEM, Aug. 20.—(P)—William H. Denmore, about 60, died yesterday in a hospital here from a self-inflicted shot in the back. Denmore lived alone and was a painter.

FIRST MALHEUR CLERK IS BURIED IN ONTARIO

ONTARIO, Ore., Aug. 20.—(P)—Funeral services were held here Sunday for Judge E. H. Teat, 74, first county clerk of Malheur county and the first mayor of Ontario, who died Friday from a heart attack. The

Abccla Masonic lodge, of which Judge Teat was a charter member and past master, directed the service. Judge Teat came to Malheur county in 1885. He later was county clerk, mayor, bank cashier, city clerk, county judge, and a member of the legislature.

Queen of Salem

SALEM, Aug. 20.—(P)—Miss Marguerite Smith was announced winner of a city-wide popularity contest here, and as the result will represent this city at the American Legion convention in Astoria this week.

Phone 842. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

© 1934