

# SPITE MARRIAGE

by Katherine Haviland Taylor

Chapter 43  
PAINFUL HOUR

"YOU, you don't hate me," (Marsha dropped her arm, looked at him) "do you?"

"God knows I don't, Marsha!" he answered heavily, and he saw tears brim in her eyes. He pushed her heavy hair away from her forehead; ranning his hand over her forehead and across her hair.

"We're not going to worry about anything, Marsha, except the fact that I was brutal last night. I want you to know that it will never happen again. Can you believe me?"

"Yes, I've never once really doubted you. I—"

"Quiet, dear."

He made no sign against the welling of tenderness that filled him. She was frightened, pitiable and lovely, with her hair lying disheveled on the lines of her pillow.

And ill, she was his as he had dreamed she would be; his to care for. And he would care for her, so long as she needed him.

After a moment she relaxed and her sobs lessened.

"No one is going to bother you," he said slowly, close to sternly. "Do you understand? I won't let them! Do you hear me, Marsha?"

He took a half cup of tea she closed her eyes, shook her head.

"Please, take it away," she begged, "I don't know what's the matter, but I feel frightfully rough—chancecrossing and it may be embarrassing for everyone if you don't hurry it out! Successful nausea is one of those things that is never dignified!"

Frowning, he lifted the long-legged tray to set it in the hall. He did not like it. He would get Jackson to run in soon.

He stood by the bed, arms crossed, looking down at her; "Any pain anywhere?" he asked.

"No. You needn't worry. I often get this way when I'm worried or have a long stretch of short nights. One doctor told me that it was a kindness of nature; a protection for my body, which is very sound if not abused. It's nothing, really, for you to worry about."

"Um. Shall I go now? Could you sleep?"

"I don't think so. But I don't want to detain you."

"YOU'RE not detaining me." He dropped once more to the small chair that stood near her bed. "I feel," he went on, "that you would be better for talking this through."

"Yes, I believe so."



"No one is going to bother you, Marsha."

"Yes—"

"My darling!" he thought; his own eyes wet. "I'll fill anyone who bothers you full of buckshot!" he promised.

She laughed unsteadily.

"We're only going to have that worthy M.D. come in here to give you a pill and feel your pulse and tell you that a few days' bed will adjust the matter—see?"

"Yes—"

His touch had helped her, soothed her; he was elated by the fact.

"Breakfast next," he said and against her hair, "understand? A real one, coal miner's size! Tea or coffee?"

She laughed a little unsteadily. She said, "Yes, I think, this morning."

Bob's mind whirled. He was brought back to present and reality by Hannah's tap upon the door.

"WHO is it?" Bob called.

"It's I, Mr. Robert, Hannah. I wondered whether I might, please, bring Mrs. Powers' breakfast up now?"

"Yes. And make it a good one, Hannah."

"I will, sir, thank you, sir."

Marsha drew away. Bob rose. "Now suppose," he suggested, "we prop you up with pillows and drape one of these things around you," (he picked up a new 'tee' of coral hue from the foot of the bed) "and become attuned to soft-boiled eggs!"

She shuddered; he smiled down on her. "They have their place!" he stated, thinking, with a wry twist of heart that, for her, he might be long with nourishing, uninteresting, unspiced foods from which the jaded sometimes turn with loathing.

Tarleton was highly speeded! Had Tarleton's defections a part in her being ill, or was it all a product of that which he saw as his "etle brutality"? A little time and he would know. There would have to be some degree of frankness between them in order that they might determine the best thing for them to do.

Hannah brought the tray; Marsha tried to eat, but after she had

"I found my mother's note, Marsha, the one that has to do with us and her request. Did you know it was in her box?"

"Yes. She had shown me those things, all of them. You mustn't feel badly because I saw them first. It was only because I was here and she thought you loved me and that it would please you."

"She kept saying, 'I know Robert would want you to see these things!' so you see, it is not a reflection on you."

"It doesn't hurt me, Marsha."

"It must not, because she thought it would please you; you see?"

"Yes, I see. I see clearly," he answered. And he did see his mother's feeling, and Marsha's wish to save him from jealousy, by making him understand quite clearly that she had seen the contents of the box only because of her connection with him.

"It was her way of showing them to you," Marsha went on.

"I understand, dear. It doesn't hurt me in any way."

"I don't want it to. The thought that it might was what kept me silent last night when you said—that you said—"

"I understand," he said heavily and he drew a deep sigh; oppressed again by all he had done to her; the traces of which were tragically clear!

He saw her stiffen; he heard, "She didn't hate me!"

"My child!" he muttered, leaning toward her, but she drew away.

"She put a note I wrote her in that box. I wrote her notes some days when the postman brought her nothing much. They amused her and she liked one so much that she put it in the box. She knew I was trying to be nice. She knew."

Her eyes were wells of resentment; he felt the look in them to be hate for him; he moved unasily, touched, hurt, feeling he deserved the hurt.

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Bob and Marsha come to an agreement, tomorrow.

## TOASTMASTERS TALK GOVERNMENT FARMS AT WEB CLARK CABIN

Enlightening talks on various phases of government and their workings featured a meeting of the Toastmasters' Club Monday evening at the Webster Clark summer cabin at Shady Cove. Frank Hull was the main speaker, giving an instructive talk on Genchis Khan, Brother Paul and forms of government down to the present era.

Webster Clark presided as toastmaster for the club, officers of which are Dr. Robert E. Lee, president, and F. W. Gray, chairman. Other speakers were Dr. W. F. Conroy, who talked on kinds of government; Howard Gault, who spoke on power site developments of the present administration, and Victor A. Tengwald, who applied workings and forms of governments to present day conditions.

G. W. Kellington gave a toast, "Our Own Golden Cup," which told of the wealth and verdure of the Rogue river valley.

Other members of the club present were Don Carter, Dr. B. R. Elliott, Dr. James Johnston, and two guests, Tom Harvey and Frank Hull, Jr.

Refreshments were prepared by Mrs. Josephine Clark and Miss Sally Cole.

## BRISK BUSINESS IN AUTO PLATES

Roundup of foreign auto license plates in this county by the state police has resulted in issuance of close to 100 new Oregon licenses. The foreign licensed autos were chiefly from California, with scattering plates from Arizona, Alabama, Colorado, Illinois, Nevada, Nebraska, Kansas and Washington. For a week new licenses were issued by the sheriff's office at the rate of 15 a day, according to Chief Office Deputy Olga Anderson.

Among the Californians required to procure Oregon licenses were a few autoists with established residence in this county for a number of years. The California license costs \$3; the Oregon plate \$5.

The state police are continuing the campaign. Similar moves are underway throughout the state. The main activity of the state police shifted this week to the hop fields and prune orchards of the Willamette valley.

## PAYROLL CUT HITS STATE'S RECEIPTS

SALEM, Aug. 22.—(AP)—The roar of Cumberland falls in Kentucky, where water plunges 68 feet, can be heard from a distance of 12 miles at times.

## DEER HUNTER FINDS FLOCK OF 'BEARS' IN CALIFORNIA THICKET

SAN JOSE, Calif., Aug. 22.—(UP)—A deer hunter wandered into a mud-slat camp today and the resultant reverberations were heard in the sheriff's office here.

George Toso, Los Gatos rancher, gun on shoulder, emerged from a thicket into the midst of what he termed "shameless goings-on". Involving "ladies of all ages but mostly young."

Toso was not nearly as indignant as J. M. Spray of Oakland, leader of the sunbat colony. Spray put on his pants, went to the nearest telephone and asked the sheriff to arrest Toso for trespassing in the Garden of Eve.

"I told them they ought to be ashamed of themselves," Toso told Deputy Sheriff William J. McCaffrey. "Spray told me to mind my own business. We had words."

## GIRL SCOUTS CAMP SITE IS INSPECTED

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Carpenter, Mrs. R. E. Green and Mr. Vinson were at Dead Indian soda springs on Saturday looking over the site which has recently been acquired for the permanent girl scouts camp.

## FLORENCE, ITALY, AUG. 21.—(AP)—

Unconfirmed rumors said today that Premier Mussolini of Italy and Chancellor Schuschnigg of Austria, meeting here, were drafting a military clause for the Italo-Austro-Hungarian accord.

## HOT NIGHT

LIKES THESE HOT NIGHTS BECAUSE MOTHER DOESN'T MAKE HIM HAVE EVEN A SHEET OVER HIM. SETTLES COMFORTABLY FOR SLEEP

HEARS PARENTS COME IN, MOTHER WHISPERING THAT GOODNESS IT'S LIKE AN OVEN IN HERE

MOTHER HEARS HIM SIGH AND MURMURS SHE KNEW HE WOULDN'T GET TO SLEEP WITH IT SO HOT

WATCHES PARENTS TRY TO GET WINDOWS OPEN WIDER AND FINALLY PROP DOOR OPEN TO MAKE AIR CIRCULATE

IS RELIEVED WHEN THEY TIP-TOE OUT AND THINGS QUIET DOWN. GETS DROWSY AGAIN

IS ROUSED AS GRANDMA SAYS TO CLOSE DOOR BECAUSE IF A BREEZE CAME UP HE'D BE IN A DRAUGHT

MOTHER INTERFERES, BUT AFTER ARGUMENT COMPROMISES BY LAYING SHEET OVER HIM

BOTH GO OUT, MOTHER SURE HE'S GOING TO CRY BECAUSE HE'S TOO HOT, AND GRANDMA BECAUSE HE'S IN A DRAUGHT

DOESN'T QUITE KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT BUT SENSES THE GENERAL EXPECTANCY OF TROUBLE AND IS WILLING TO OBLIGE



## S'MATTER POP—

SK'BOOCH, SK'BOOCH!

SK'MATSD, SMUSH, SK'BOOCH!

SAY! WHAT'S OLD TIMER YELLING ABOUT? YOU CAN HEAR HIM A BLOCK AWAY!

SKILL'BOOCH!

HE HAD HIS HEAD TURNED AWAY WHEN I TELL! HE'S ASKING FOR AN ENCORE!



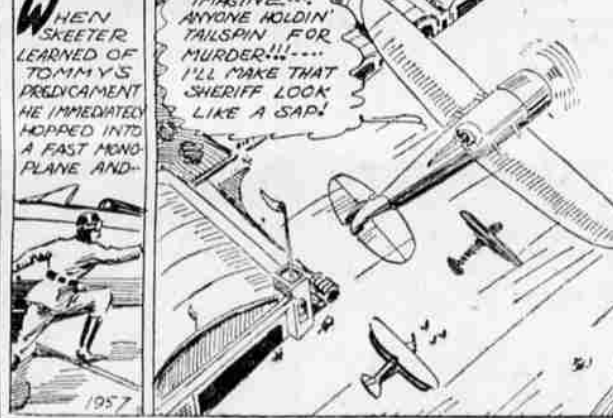
## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter on the War Path!

WHEN SKEETER LEARNED OF TOMMY'S PROMISE HE IMMEDIATELY HOPPED INTO A FAST MONOPLANE AND—

IMAGINE—ANYONE HOLDIN' TAILSPIN TOMMY FOR MURDER!!— I'LL MAKE THAT SHERIFF LOOK LIKE A SAPI!

I'LL GET HIM OUTTA THAT JAIL—IF-IF- I HAVE TO BLAST IT OPEN—

NO SIR, THEY AINT NO JUSTICE IN THIS WORLD! THEY LOCK UP TH' JURIES AN LET TH' CROOKS GO FREE— GIVE ME SOME MORE REVS I NEED SPEED!



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—No Sleep For Ben

WELL, LET'S PUT THESE TENT'S BACK UP— HAL JAEGER, WHOEVER HE IS, GURE MEANT BUSINESS—

BUT WE CAN'T MOVE OFFN THIS ISLAND TILL CAPN IKE COMES BACK—

WE'RE NOT THE FIRST TO KNOW ABOUT THE YUCATAN'S GOLD— JAEGER EVIDENTLY KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT—

OH, I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE YUCATAN'S GOLD OR HAL JAEGER OR ANYTHING ELSE! I WANT TO GET BRIAR BACK!

EASY NOW, ME BOY— YOU'LL BE WANTIN' SOME SLEEP FIRST AFTER THE TIME YOU'VE HAD TODAY—

I WON'T BE ABLE TO SLEEP, LUKE—



## THE NEBBS—Hope Springs Eternal

SHE SAID THAT IF SHE'D MARRY ANYBODY IT WOULD BE ME

SHE DIDN'T SAY IT STRAIGHT OUT BUT HINTED IT PURTY PLAIN AND I CATCH ON EASY

I'LL SEND HER SOME FLOWERS AND CANDY— IT'S KINDA LIKE THROWING MONEY AWAY BUT YOU CAN'T BE CHEAP WHEN YOU'RE COURTIN'— IF SHE MARRIES ME I CAN TIGHTEN UP A BIT



**Judge Walker and Wife Are Divorced**

GRANTS PASS, Aug. 22.—(Sp.)—Word has been received here of the divorce in Tillamook recently of Mrs. Arlie O. Walker, from her husband, Judge Walker of the 12th judicial district, both formerly of Grants Pass. Mrs. Walker will be remembered here as Miss Marguerite White.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

JARVIS! HAVE SOME CASH HERE SO I'LL PAY YOU YOUR WAGES BEFORE I GO OUT.

VERY GOOD, MUM!

WELL, MAGGIE HAS GONE OUT OH, JARVIS!

JARVIS— IF YOU WANT TO LEARN HOW TO PLAY POKER, THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT. I'LL TEACH YOU.

VERY GOOD, SIR.

SOMETHING TELLS ME HE HAS PLAYED POKER BEFORE?



**ENJOY**

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM**

THE PERFECT GUM

5¢

AND WORTH IT!

SWEETENS THE BREATH

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