

GREAT RICHES

by Mabel Howe Farnham

SYNOPSIS: James Edmond, III, just has passed his bar examination, and begins a law career in the office of his dead grandfather's partner, Judge Helcomb. The judge's grandchild, Judge Helcomb, is a great friend of James, and the numerous family friends, especially the women, monopolize about his life. They find the rich James Northrup—but James drops James for Leslie Harris, daughter of a printer who sometimes drinks too much!

Chapter 14 ABOUT LESLIE

IN New Concord there was a rumor current, but never confirmed, that John Harris, the father of Leslie, was the black sheep of a good family cast off on account of his intemperate habits.

It was certain that he had an education of sorts, for when he was very drunk he was fond of quoting the classics and on the rare occasions when he was persuaded to put on his shabby Prince Albert and accompany his wife to church he had, as everyone conceded, quite the air of a gentleman.

He was never known, however, to speak of his family or antecedents and it was believed that his wife knew as little about them as anyone else. Mrs. Harris always referred to her husband as "Mr. Harris" even in the bosom of her family and she regarded him with enormous respect, in spite of the fact that he drank up so much of his income that she was forced to take in sewing in order to make ends meet.

She was a patient tired little woman, the daughter of a small grocer, and no one ever heard her complain, either of her husband or of her hard, dreary life.

John Harris had boarded at her mother's when he first came to New Concord and Mrs. Harris was never quite certain how they came to be married. John had suggested it in an expansive moment and some way it never occurred to her to say no.

At that time Mr. Harris was not a printer but a reporter. He had drifted into New Concord one winter's morning and asked for work at the office of the Daily Globe. As there was apparently nothing about a newspaper office which he could not do they gave him a job in the composing room. Later he told the editor very casually that he had once been a reporter on the New York Sun, but afterward denied making any such statement. However, in an emergency he was "fired on" as a reporter and held this position for two years, at times with brilliant success.

Naturally Mr. and Mrs. Harris had never been received in New Concord's inner social circle, but Leslie, their only child, had been admitted from her school days. There wasn't much to Leslie, as everyone agreed; she was just a sweet little thing, though young and old liked her.

In fact, no one could help liking Leslie; she was that sort. Perhaps it was because she seldom offended anyone, hadn't enough "gumption," as Miss Julia said. And then she was naturally such a happy little person, happy as a child is happy without thinking about it.

THE Harris family lived in a humble frame cottage very close to Miss Julia Pratt's. Miss Julia fronted on North Fifth street and the Harrises on Elm, but their back and side yards met and mingled in neighborly fashion. From her back windows Miss Julia could see Leslie at work in the kitchen or shaking rugs on an upstairs porch or digging in her garden.

Leslie was a "master hand" with flowers and in the spring and summer and late into the autumn the Harris place was ablaze with color and fragrance. Partly, perhaps, because of her bright yellow hair Leslie reminded Miss Julia somewhat of her own daffodils swaying so happily in the spring breeze.

She seemed as careless and carefree as they—just a pretty delightful everyday garden flower that anyone might raise. In contrast, Jane Northrup was a stately American beauty rose that had required the best of nurture and generations of breeding to bring to its full perfection.

"Leslie is a pleasant little body," said Miss Julia out loud to Booky (short for Booker T. Washington) her large black tom cat and constant companion, "and there's no denying she's pretty in a baby way, but she's not the wife for James."

Miss Julia sighed and reflected bitterly on the incomprehensible ways of men and of their deplorable penchant for doll baby types instead of practical sensible women of "character." Miss Julia did not think much of men. At least it could be said in James' favor that he was no worse than the rest of his sex.

James meantime was sitting in a

dark corner of Leslie's little side veranda with black murder in his heart. Near him sat Tom Ellsworth and Bud Howard. On the tall sprawled Jackson Crowell—all good fellows and tried and true companions but unwelcome at the present unhappy moment.

It was one of those rare nights in June that poets have sung about from time immemorial. The mischievous old moon had for the hundred thousandth millionth time turned the world into a place of silver mystery and enchantment.

It was so fair a night that sleepy little nesting birds woke up, took their heads out from under their wings and sang a bar or two before they discovered it was not morning and went back to sleep again. Leslie's side porch was a pleasant place even in the daylight.

There was a hammock and cushions and chairs that were designed especially for comfort. A honey-suckle in full bloom trailed over its four posts and met overhead and made the porch for the moment seem the center of a great fragrant bouquet.

On such a night, therefore, with his chosen fair one near, surely James should have been happy; but he most emphatically was not.

For, in the favored place, beside Leslie on the porch step, sat the alert, the successful, the immaculately clad Samuel Fletcher whose hair always stayed brushed and who always knew exactly what to do with his hands and feet.

SAM, of course, had his guitar with him, and as usual he was strumming it and making the night hideous by yowling to the moon about love—always about love and kissing. "Though it were De-a-th," he sang feelingly, "I'd gladly die, Oh my love, I'd gladly die, for this, for this." James could have strangled him.

Sam always made James feel shy and tongue-tied and hideously awkward. Sam was only a year or two the senior, but he had assumed all the airs of an octogenarian since the wholesale grocery house for which he worked had sent him out on the road selling beans and canned goods and similar "trash."

He boasted that he stayed at all the best hotels in every town he "covered" and to hear him talk he had the unlimited expense account of a Jay Gould. To James he was altogether "fresh" and pushing and vulgar.

What Leslie, the sweet, the shy, the incomparable... Leslie, with her dear appealing little ways, her soft little hands, her marvelous understanding, her big dark blue eyes that made a man sort of gulp every time he was bold enough to look down into them... what a rare soul like hers could see in that—that mutt! He sighed audibly at this shattering of his ideal; and Tom and Bud and old Jack sighed with him.

But their misery was not to endure forever. The hateful song was barely finished before Leslie had coaxed her four sulking swains down on the steps beside her or on the cushions in the grass at her feet and in a little while had them singing in chorus and laughing as happily as if they had not each known a man's bitter disillusionment a few moments earlier.

She persuaded Bud to favor them with "Frankie," his new coon song and made Sam play the accompaniment through all the seventeen verses.

Afterwards she smiled up at James in her shy little way and adroitly started him talking about Boley Henderson, his latest client, who had recently been arrested by Old Lady Blue for conduct and language unbecoming a colored gentleman.

When he repeated the repartee in court between the two contestants, in spite of the judge and the other restraining minions of the law, Leslie laughed her silvery, throaty little laugh until the murder died in James' heart and his shattered idol was built up again miraculously, at a bound.

When he went home and hour or two later he was treading on air. Leslie always made him feel like that.

No one on earth, excepting possibly his grandmother, had ever understood him as Leslie did and he never left her without feeling shiny with happiness inside and out.

He dreamed the most marvelous dreams walking home that night—dreams of winning such honor and renown and glory that Sam Fletcher's ugly nose would be twisted completely out of joint.

There are complications in the Harris family, tomorrow.

PORTER SERVICE FOR U. P. PATRONS

Porter service will be provided in coaches and chair cars on principal Union Pacific trains, including Portland Rose and the recently announced Pacific Limited, beginning today, states an announcement by A. S. Edmonds, assistant traffic manager.

"The purpose of incurring expense of the porter service" said Mr. Edmonds, "is to provide the best possible convenience and comfort for our coach and chair car passengers, and is but a further expression of a policy to furnish all such service as may tend to popularize travel by train."

It will be the duty of these porters to not only maintain the interior of cars in a clean attractive condition, but to extend a cordial and willing personal service to passengers, who are at all times considered our guests while they are on Union Pacific trains. For that reason, these porters are carefully selected for their appearance and manner and then carefully trained to the niceties of courtesy and attentive personal service."

MRS. MAE CARTER DIES IN SAN FRAN

Mrs. Mae Carter, wife of David Webb Carter of the Club Clear store of this city, passed away Saturday evening at 8:45 at the home of her

PIONEER WOMAN PASSES IN K. F.

Mrs. Z. T. Halterty of Klamath Falls, the former Miss Annie Applegate, daughter of Capt. O. C. Applegate of that city, passed away at Klamath Falls Saturday night after an illness of only two days. She was born in Linkville, the town that later became Klamath Falls, in 1881.

She is survived by her husband, Z. T. Halterty, son Daniel, and one daughter, Hazel, all of Klamath Falls. Also surviving are her father, Capt. Applegate, three brothers, Frank L. of this city, Roy of Portland, and O. C. Applegate, Jr., of San Francisco, besides two sisters, Mrs. Rachel Good of Klamath Falls and Miss Jeanne Applegate of Santa Barbara, Calif.

The deceased was well known in this city, where she leaves a host of friends. Services and interment will be held in Klamath Falls Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

REESE CREEK RESIDENT INJURED BY UNRULY COW

Elroy Jackson was severely shaken up and bruised Friday evening when a young cow which he was milking turned on him, knocking him down and kicking him in the ribs.

Fine For Digestion

STARTING FOR A PARTY

GET DRESSED FOR PARTY AND ASKS MOTHER IS IT TIME TO START YET

FINDS THEY WON'T START FOR AN HOUR BUT FUYS HER OVER THINGS ON, INCLUDING GLOVES

PERCHES ON EDGE OF CHAIR, CALLING AT INTERVALS IS IT TIME NOW?

CAN STAND INACTION NO LONGER. MOVES BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN FRONT DOOR AND WINDOW TO SEE IF OTHER CHILDREN ARE STARTING

CALLS ANXIOUSLY THEY'D BETTER GO, SOME LITTLE GIRLS PASSED WITH THEIR MOTHERS, AND THEY MAY BE GOING TO THE PARTY

GOES OUT TO KITCHEN TO CHECK ON TIME WITH THE MAID IN CASE MOTHER'S WATCH MAY BE SLOW

RETURNS TO FOOT OF STAIRS, HOPPING UP AND DOWN AND CALLING SHE KNOWS THEY'LL BE LATE

FINALLY WEARS MOTHER DOWN AND THEY START, ARRIVING MUCH TOO EARLY AND HAVING TO WALK UP AND DOWN UNTIL IT'S TIME TO GO IN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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SMATTER POP

WILLYUM, SMATTER?

AW!

HERE AM I, TRYING TO REMEMBER A RULE OF POLITENESS POP TOLD ME

By C. M. Payne

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Change of Plans!

MADE IT! HE HASN'T TURNED AROUND YET!

WE'VE GOT ONE CHANCE, PAL, HORSES!

IF THEY GET TOO CLOSE TO US, WE'LL SEPARATE AND CONFUSE THEM—

By Hal Forrest

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAPEER—The Whining Horn

By Edwin A. Fox

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THE NEBBY ON VADY

By Sol Hess

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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

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GERMAN MILITARY PLAN SPEEDS UP

BERLIN, April 1.—(AP)—Germany's military reorganization gained momentum today as the cabinet empowered the army to obtain land for maneuvers, garrisons and other military purposes. The cabinet's decree would enable the Reichwehr to construct land for fortifications on the frontiers. A government spokesman said: "The purpose of the decree is not for fortifications but for garrisons, drill and target practice grounds. Until and maneuver grounds used by the army before the war were taken away from the Reichwehr after 1919. Thus Tempelhof, formerly Berlin's big exercise field, is now the nation's principal airport."

JAPAN TO KEEP HAND IN L. OF N.

GENEVA, April 1.—(AP)—Japan will maintain her interest in European affairs, observers here believe, despite her resignation from the League of Nations. Diplomatic quarters today said they attached considerable importance to the conference of Japan's European diplomatic corps to be held in Paris in June for general exchange of views concerning European problems. Last November—time to get then—scheduled and repaired. Called in and delivered Medford Cycles, 23 N. 2d. Phone 261.